

The Great Southern Trendkill Tour: Ft. Worth, Texas

September 19, 2025 | Dickies Arena - Ft. Worth, TX

Introduction

The camera sweeps across the sold-out Dickies Arena in Ft. Worth, Texas. Red and gold spotlights dance across the crowd as pyrotechnics erupt from the stage in a thunderous display. The fans are on their feet, signs waving wildly -- "ROSS IS BOSS," "VALENTINE 4EVER," "AMY WAS RIGHT," and "WRESTLEUTAH!" The roar is deafening as the broadcast fades in live.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Great Southern Trendkill Tour! Tonight, we come to you LIVE from the heart of Ft. Worth, Texas -- inside the world-class Dickies Arena -- and the UTA is ready to bring the fight to the Lone Star State!"

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, I gotta tell you -- I've been in a lot of buildings in my day, but this place is a powder keg tonight. These people didn't come to sip sweet tea and watch line dancing -- they came to watch fists fly, hearts break, and bodies crash through tables. That's what UTA is all about!"

John Phillips: "Couldn't agree more, Mark. And what a night we have lined up. We'll hear from Chris Ross, who's promised to address Eric Dane Jr. after their war of words -- and fists -- on this tour. Ross has never been shy, but when you talk about calling out the son of the "Only Star," you know tensions are going to run high."

Mark Bravo: "High? They're through the roof! Chris Ross has been chasing his shot, and every time he gets close, Dane Jr. is there to stick a knife in his back. Tonight, for the first time since Duluth, he's got a live mic and a live crowd in Texas to back him up. And judging by these fans, he won't have to say much to set this place on fire."

The camera cuts to wide shots of the crowd stomping their feet and clapping along, creating a rumble that echoes throughout the arena.

John Phillips: "And of course, Mark, the women's division has been the talk of the wrestling world after the chaos on IN THE ZONE. Valkyrie Knox was pushed to her absolute limit, Susanita Ybanez nearly pulled off the biggest win of her career, and then Amy Harrison made her shocking return to make a statement heard loud and clear."

Mark Bravo: "Shocking? John, that was like a lightning bolt. Harrison stormed the ring, beat the tar outta both women, and walked off with Valkyrie's championship in her hands. You think the champion's just gonna sit back and let that slide? No chance. Susanita's probably not in a forgiving mood either. I'm telling you -- we're not done with that story tonight. Not by a long shot."

The crowd erupts into chants of "VAL-KY-RIE!" followed by dueling boos and cheers when "AMY

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HARRI-SON!" gets countered with loud jeers.

John Phillips: "All of that, and still, we've got a blockbuster main event. Jarvis Valentine puts the UTA Championship on the line against Maxx Mayhem. The champ, beaten and bruised from recent wars, faces a man who thrives in chaos. Can Valentine hold on, or will the era of Maxx Mayhem begin tonight in Texas?"

Mark Bravo: "If you ask me, Valentine's walking into a meat grinder. Maxx Mayhem doesn't just want the gold -- he wants to break people. But, and this is a big but, John... every time folks count out Jarvis Valentine, he finds a way. The guy's all grit, all heart, and these fans believe in him. That could make all the difference tonight."

The cameras cut back to the announce desk where Phillips and Bravo stand, hyped and smiling, as the chants shake the building.

John Phillips: "Ft. Worth, are you ready for the United Toughness Alliance?"

The crowd erupts with a deafening roar of approval.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, they're ready, partner. And so am I. Let's not waste another second -- the Great Southern Trendkill Tour starts right now!"

A Boss Arrival

The cameras cut to the loading dock of Dickies Arena, where a white SUV pulls up. The driver's door opens, and out steps Chris Ross, dressed in jeans, a worn leather jacket, and a UTA t-shirt beneath. There's no smile, no showboating -- just a grim look of determination on his face. He slings a duffel bag over his shoulder and marches toward the entrance with heavy strides.

A few backstage staffers greet him, but Ross barely acknowledges them, his eyes fixed straight ahead. The camera follows him down the corridor as he passes production crates and equipment, his boots echoing against the concrete floor. His jaw is set, his fists clench and unclench at his sides. The atmosphere is raw -- unfiltered intensity from a man who has something to say.

John Phillips: "And there he is! Chris Ross has arrived here in Ft. Worth! Tonight, he promised to address Eric Dane Jr. -- and the entire UTA -- after everything that's gone down in recent weeks."

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, when Ross says it's going to be raw and unfiltered, you better believe it. This isn't going to be some polished PR statement. This is going to be Ross, unchained, saying exactly what's on his mind. And knowing him? I don't think Dane Jr. or anybody else is going to like it."

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Ross reaches the locker room door with his name on it, pauses for just a second to breathe, then pushes inside. The door slams behind him as the camera fades back to the arena.

Malachi Cross vs. Aaron Shaffer

The arena lights dim, and for a moment there's silence. Then -- whoooooosh! -- a blast of wind machines rip across the stage, kicking up the curtains as a pulsing beat drops through the PA system. The crowd surges to its feet as Aaron Shaffer bursts out onto the stage, sprinting full tilt with his long hair flowing like a storm unleashed.

Shaffer slows at the top of the ramp, spreading his arms wide as the wind swirls around him. He points to the ring, then to the crowd, the energy radiating from him like lightning about to strike. He pounds his chest twice, then breaks into a run, sliding down the ramp before springing onto the apron in one fluid motion. He vaults clean over the ropes, landing in a crouch at center-ring before popping up to roar at the crowd.

John Phillips: "Listen to this ovation! Aaron Shaffer is BACK in the UTA! It's his first match since losing the WrestleZone Championship to Iron City Wrestling's Graysie Parker, and you can feel how much this means to him."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, he's back alright, but let's not forget -- Shaffer vowed to bring that title back home, and so far he hasn't delivered. And with Scott Stevens putting a bounty out for whoever can return the belt to UTA? You have to wonder, is Shaffer wrestling for redemption... or survival?"

Shaffer climbs the turnbuckle, throwing up a fist as the wind machines still swirl, his silhouette dramatic against the flashing lights. He mouths "This is MY house" into the hard cam before hopping down, pacing the ring with boundless energy. He points toward the ramp, beckoning for his opponent with a smirk of confidence, ready to prove himself once again on the big stage.

John Phillips: "The storm has returned, and Aaron Shaffer is ready to prove that his comeback isn't just about pride -- it's about reclaiming his place at the top of this company."

Mark Bravo: "Well, he better be careful what he asks for. Malachi Cross is waiting in the wings, and that man doesn't just wrestle opponents, John... he buries them."

The fans buzz louder in anticipation as the lights begin to shift, the ominous tones of Malachi Cross's entrance about to darken the arena.

The arena plunges into darkness, and the crowd noise hushes into uneasy murmurs. A low fog begins to seep out across the stage, spilling down the ramp like a tide of mist. The haunting echo of Gregorian chants fills the air, deep and ominous, before slowly warping into heavy, resonant bass hits. The tron flashes with stark, stone-like imagery -- crumbling statues, cracked tombstones, and finally, a close-up of eyes like cold tombstones staring back at the audience.

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Through the fog emerges Malachi Cross. He moves with eerie calm, his arms crossed over his chest like a corpse, his head lowered beneath the glow of a single spotlight. Each step is deliberate, each pause purposeful, as though he's walking not toward a match -- but toward a burial service. His presence is enough to send a shiver through the crowd.

John Phillips: "And there he is -- Malachi Cross. A man who calls pain his religion. Every movement, every hold, every strike... it's like a prayer to him. Cold, methodical, terrifying."

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, look at Shaffer in the ring. You can feel it -- his energy, his fire -- it's hitting a brick wall. Malachi doesn't care about Shaffer's comeback story. He doesn't care about bounties or redemption. He's here to punish, plain and simple."

Malachi reaches the bottom of the ramp, slowly raising his head to fix his unblinking gaze on Aaron Shaffer. He climbs the steel steps one by one, fog swirling around his boots, before stepping between the ropes with the same corpse-like composure. Once inside, he stops dead-center, lowering his head again before uncrossing his arms with a slow, almost ritualistic motion.

The chants fade as the lights return, leaving Malachi standing motionless in his corner, eyes still fixed on Shaffer. The champion-hopeful paces with restless energy, shaking out his arms, while the priest of violence simply waits, silent and unmoving.

John Phillips: "This is a clash of styles, of personalities, of philosophies. Aaron Shaffer fights with energy, risk, and fire. Malachi Cross fights with patience, dread, and inevitability. Something has to give."

Mark Bravo: "Or someone's going to get buried."

The referee checks both men, then signals for the bell as the Ft. Worth crowd rises to their feet in anticipation.

The referee signals for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Aaron Shaffer bounces on the balls of his feet, light and quick, his hair whipping as he circles. Across from him, Malachi Cross stands motionless, arms down at his sides, his cold eyes fixed on Shaffer. The crowd hums with anticipation as the contrast becomes immediately clear: restless energy against eerie stillness.

John Phillips: "There's your visual, folks. Shaffer's like a storm rolling in -- all speed, all movement -- while Malachi looks like he's already carved Aaron's headstone."

Mark Bravo: "That's the thing about Cross, John. You don't fight him, you survive him. And survival ain't easy."

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Shaffer darts in, fakes a lock-up, then spins away, wagging a finger and smirking toward the crowd. The fans cheer as his confidence radiates, but Malachi doesn't flinch -- his head just tilts slightly, like he's studying prey. They circle again. Shaffer rushes forward for a collar-and-elbow, but Malachi absorbs it with eerie calm, planting his feet and driving Shaffer backward a step.

They break. Shaffer shakes his arms loose, nodding. He darts in again, this time slipping behind for a waistlock, looking for a takedown. But Malachi slowly pries at his grip, wrenching Shaffer's arm and dragging him into a grinding side headlock. Shaffer winces, trying to wriggle free, but Malachi just tightens, his expression unreadable.

John Phillips: "Malachi with that suffocating control -- no wasted motion, no emotion, just pressure."

Mark Bravo: "And look at Shaffer, he's already getting frustrated. He's gotta keep moving, but Malachi's got him anchored like a gravestone."

Shaffer fights back, shoving Malachi into the ropes and slipping free. On the rebound, he leaps up with a quick hurricanrana attempt -- but Malachi plants his feet and blocks it, tossing Shaffer off like swatting a fly. The crowd groans at the impact as Shaffer hits the mat, rolling back up with a determined grin despite the sting.

John Phillips: "Shaffer went for that signature quickness, but Malachi just muscled right through it!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what I mean. You can't dance around the storm when the storm doesn't move."

Shaffer circles again, clapping his hands to rally the fans, while Malachi slowly lowers his head, arms crossing in that chilling pre-burial stance. The mind games are in play as much as the wrestling, both men feeling out the other's strategy.

Malachi Cross lowers his head, arms folded across his chest again in that eerie ritualistic pose. Aaron Shaffer circles once more, watching closely. Then -- BOOM! Shaffer explodes forward with a sudden burst of speed, ducking under Malachi's outstretched arm and rebounding off the ropes.

On the return, Shaffer launches into a flying forearm smash that catches Malachi square in the jaw! The crowd roars as the methodical punisher actually stumbles back a step. Shaffer pops up instantly, his energy electric, motioning for the fans to get louder.

John Phillips: "There's that explosiveness! Aaron Shaffer finally finding his opening, and listen to this crowd come alive!"

Mark Bravo: "Sure, he knocked Malachi off balance, but you can't win matches with energy drinks and good vibes, John. He better keep on him!"

Shaffer does exactly that -- hitting the ropes again and springboarding off the middle rope for a crisp dropkick

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that rocks Malachi back into the corner. The crowd erupts as Shaffer charges in with a cyclone clothesline, snapping Malachi's head back against the turnbuckles. Shaffer doesn't stop, backing up, flipping his hair back, then sprinting across the ring with a whirlwind DDT out of the corner!

Malachi crashes to the mat, and Shaffer hooks the leg for a quick cover.

One! ... Two! ... Malachi powers out with authority, shoving Shaffer halfway across the ring!

John Phillips: "Shaffer with the first near fall of the match! He's using that speed, that explosiveness, to keep Malachi off balance!"

Mark Bravo: "But did you see how Malachi threw him off? Like tossing garbage out the window. That wasn't just a kick-out, that was a message: 'You're not even close.'"

Shaffer rolls to his feet, grinning through the intensity, and slaps his chest as the crowd chants his name. He points to the turnbuckle, signaling for something bigger. The fans respond with thunderous cheers as Shaffer climbs the ropes, perching on the top with his arms spread wide like a man ready to ride the storm.

John Phillips: "Aaron Shaffer is feeling it here in Ft. Worth! What a way this would be to punctuate his return!"

Shaffer steadies himself, eyes on Malachi as the big man stirs below, and prepares to fly.

Perched on the top rope, Aaron Shaffer steadies himself as the crowd rises to its feet, the energy in Dickies Arena electric. Malachi Cross pushes himself up slowly, shaking off the cobwebs, when Shaffer suddenly launches into the sky --

Storm Surge Moonsault! Shaffer flips through the air with perfect grace, crashing down across Malachi's chest and hooking the leg on impact!

One! Two! ... Malachi powers the shoulder up!

John Phillips: "So close! Shaffer nearly put him away right there with the Storm Surge Moonsault -- what a return statement that would've been!"

Mark Bravo: "Nearly, John. Nearly doesn't mean a thing when you're in there with Malachi Cross. The man treats near falls like speed bumps -- slows him down for a second, then he keeps coming."

Shaffer sits up, adrenaline coursing, nodding as the fans cheer him on. He slaps the mat and pulls himself up, dragging Malachi with him. He whips Malachi into the ropes, ducks under a rebound strike, and springs off the opposite side -- catching him with a high-impact Gale Force Dropkick that sends Malachi tumbling into the corner!

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The crowd roars again as Shaffer pops back up, pounding his chest. He sprints to the opposite corner, pumping up the crowd before charging across the ring. He leaps, twisting through the air, and smashes Malachi with a running knee strike in the corner that leaves the punisher slumped against the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Shaffer is rolling! He's chaining these moves together like a man possessed!"

Mark Bravo: "And wasting time showboating, too. That's the difference between these two -- Shaffer plays to the crowd, Malachi plays to the grave."

Shaffer pulls Malachi out of the corner, points to the crowd again, and hooks him for a Twister Slam setup, looking for his big sequence finish. The crowd is buzzing, the storm fully rolling now as Shaffer grits his teeth and prepares to hoist him.

Aaron Shaffer roars as he hooks Malachi Cross, spinning him dizzy in the setup -- then plants him with the Twister Slam in the middle of the ring! The crowd erupts, leaping to their feet as Shaffer sprawls across Malachi for the pin.

One! Two! ... Thr--NO! Malachi jerks the shoulder up at the last possible second, sending a ripple of shock through the arena.

John Phillips: "What?! That was three! Aaron Shaffer just planted Malachi with the Twister Slam and nearly stole it in his first match back!"

Mark Bravo: "Nearly, John! Malachi Cross doesn't die easy. That was the champ of the grave kicking out -- and trust me, this isn't over."

Shaffer sits up, running his hands through his hair, eyes wide with disbelief. The crowd is still buzzing, some chanting his name, others chanting "That was three!" He slaps the mat twice, regaining focus, before pointing to the turnbuckle again. The storm hasn't passed -- he wants to end this with an exclamation point.

Shaffer climbs to the top rope once more, the fans rising with him, anticipation high. He steadies himself, breathing deep, eyes locked on Malachi's motionless body below. The arena swells with cheers as he spreads his arms wide -- ready to ride the storm again.

John Phillips: "Shaffer's looking to finish this -- another high-risk, high-reward moment coming!"

Mark Bravo: "Or high-risk, crash-and-burn, John. And against Malachi Cross? You make one mistake, and the funeral march begins."

Shaffer takes flight -- but just as he soars, Malachi rolls to the side! Shaffer crashes hard to the mat, clutching his ribs, the crowd groaning in unison. Malachi sits up slowly, his expression blank but his presence chilling, like death itself rising from the canvas.

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Aaron Shaffer writhes on the mat, clutching his ribs after the missed dive. The crowd groans, the air sucked out of Dickies Arena as Malachi Cross sits up slowly. His head hangs low, arms limp at his sides, before he deliberately plants his hands and pushes to his feet. The arena lights seem colder as he rises, like a shadow creeping back over the ring.

John Phillips: "Look at this... Malachi Cross rising like something out of a nightmare. That crash may have cost Aaron Shaffer everything."

Mark Bravo: "This is what I told you, John. Shaffer played to the crowd one too many times, and Malachi doesn't forgive mistakes. He punishes them."

Malachi moves with eerie calm, staring down at Shaffer. He bends low, his eyes narrowing as he grabs Aaron by the wrist and yanks him up -- only to drive him down again with a crushing short-arm lariat. Shaffer flips nearly inside out before crashing to the mat, clutching his ribs tighter.

The crowd boos loudly as Malachi kneels beside him, one hand gripping Shaffer's hair, the other pressing against his chest. He leans close, almost whispering, before wrenching Aaron's arm backward into a sickening angle, twisting his shoulder while digging a knee into his spine. Shaffer cries out, kicking at the mat as Malachi's blank expression never changes.

John Phillips: "Oh, the torque on that shoulder joint! Malachi's not just wrestling -- he's dissecting Shaffer piece by piece!"

Mark Bravo: "Exactly. Slow it down, make him feel every second of it. Pain is the prayer, John -- and Malachi Cross is the preacher."

Shaffer claws for the ropes, gasping, but Malachi drags him back to the center, releasing the hold only to drop a falling gutwrench slam across the same ribs that hit the canvas moments earlier. The air blasts out of Shaffer's lungs, and he rolls over, coughing.

Malachi rises again, pausing deliberately, crossing his arms across his chest with that corpse-like stance as the crowd showers him in boos. Then he advances slowly, methodically, placing his boot on Shaffer's chest and pressing down hard, forcing the air from his lungs again as the referee warns him.

John Phillips: "Malachi isn't just trying to win this match -- he's trying to suffocate the spirit right out of Aaron Shaffer."

Mark Bravo: "And the scary thing is... he's doing it. Look at Shaffer. This isn't the whirlwind anymore, this is desperation."

Malachi bends again, dragging Shaffer upright and pushing him into the corner, where he drives a series of Muay Thai knees into his ribs, each strike echoing through the arena. Shaffer slumps against the turnbuckles, gasping for breath, while Malachi backs up slowly, the methodical predator savoring his control.

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Malachi Cross grabs Aaron Shaffer by the wrist, dragging him out of the corner like a ragdoll. He sweeps Shaffer's legs out from under him with one precise motion, then drops to the mat beside him. In a heartbeat, Malachi snakes his arm around Shaffer's neck, rolls his body into position, and cinches in the Purgatory Clutch -- a tight sit-out arm triangle choke. The arena groans as the submission is locked in dead-center.

John Phillips: "Purgatory Clutch! Malachi has it locked in, and Aaron Shaffer is in serious trouble!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, this is beautiful, John. Look at the angle -- cutting off air, cutting off blood, crushing those already battered ribs all at once. This is violence wrapped in religion."

Shaffer thrashes, kicking his legs, trying desperately to create space. Malachi sits stone-still, his face blank, eyes closed like he's in prayer. Every wrench tightens the choke, every second dragging Shaffer closer to fading out. The crowd rallies, clapping in unison, trying to will him back to life.

Shaffer's arm starts to droop, the referee lifting it once -- it falls. The crowd gasps. The ref lifts it a second time -- Shaffer barely keeps it raised, his hand trembling. The fans roar louder, stomping their feet as Aaron shakes his fist, refusing to go down.

John Phillips: "Shaffer's not giving up! He's still alive in this thing!"

Mark Bravo: "Alive, maybe, but for how long? He's not fighting Malachi Cross anymore, John -- he's fighting gravity, he's fighting his own lungs!"

With a sudden burst of energy, Shaffer twists his hips and rolls, forcing his body just enough to drape a foot onto the bottom rope. The referee sees it and calls for the break. Malachi holds until the four-count, finally releasing with glacial slowness, his blank eyes staring through Shaffer as he slumps onto the ropes, gasping for breath.

Malachi sits back on his knees, his arms crossing once more as the boos cascade down. The predator has tasted blood, and he's ready to finish the ritual.

Malachi Cross rises slowly, dragging Aaron Shaffer upright by the hair. He pulls Shaffer into position, setting up for another punishing slam -- but Shaffer suddenly fires off a wild forearm to the jaw! The crowd pops as Malachi's head snaps back, though his expression barely changes. Shaffer fires another, then another, each one grittier than the last.

John Phillips: "Shaffer's fighting back! He's running on fumes, but the heart is still there!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but how many shots does he have left in him? Malachi eats punishment for breakfast."

Malachi swings with a heavy clothesline, but Shaffer ducks -- he hits the ropes, rebounds with a flying forearm smash that stumbles Malachi back a step. The crowd comes alive as Shaffer kips up, wincing from the pain in his ribs but refusing to stay down. He points to the fans, who erupt into cheers, rallying behind

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him.

Malachi charges again, but Shaffer spins and catches him with a Whirlwind DDT! The big man spikes headfirst into the canvas, and Shaffer crawls into a desperate cover.

One! Two! ... Malachi powers out!

John Phillips: "Near fall! Aaron Shaffer is throwing everything he has left at Malachi Cross!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at him -- he's holding his ribs, sucking in air. The storm's starting to lose power, John."

Shaffer grimaces but pulls himself back up. He stumbles to the corner, climbing to the second rope. The crowd buzzes as he steadies himself, leaping off with a missile dropkick that floors Malachi again. Shaffer rolls through the landing, slapping the mat and roaring as the fans rally behind him louder than ever.

He grabs Malachi by the wrist, whipping him into the corner. Shaffer sprints forward, ignoring the pain in his ribs, and crashes into him with a big clothesline. Malachi staggers out of the corner, and Shaffer hooks him up -- Tempest Suplex! He plants Malachi hard and floats over for another cover.

One! Two! ... Malachi kicks out!

John Phillips: "Shaffer with another huge move! He's fighting with everything he's got -- this place is electric!"

Mark Bravo: "But John, look at Cross -- he's already rolling to his knees. You don't keep Malachi down for long, and Shaffer knows it."

Shaffer slaps the mat, rallying the crowd as he signals for the end. He pulls Malachi into the corner, pointing to the sky -- the setup for the Eye of the Storm cutter. The fans rise in anticipation as Shaffer climbs the ropes once more, determined to seal the deal.

The fans are on their feet as Aaron Shaffer steadies himself on the top rope, gasping for breath but feeding off the roar of the Ft. Worth crowd. Malachi Cross staggers to his feet, groggy but still dangerous, his cold eyes locking onto Shaffer. Aaron points to the sky, then launches -- twisting through the air before hooking Malachi's head on the way down.

Eye of the Storm! Shaffer spikes Malachi with the top-rope cutter, the ring shaking on impact! The crowd explodes as Aaron scrambles into the cover, hooking both legs with all his might.

One! Two! Three!

DING DING DING!

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The fans erupt in thunderous cheers as Aaron Shaffer collapses onto his back, exhausted but victorious. The referee raises his arm as Shaffer clutches his ribs with the other, his chest heaving. The storm has struck, and it's left Malachi Cross lying flat on the canvas.

John Phillips: "What a return! Aaron Shaffer does it! He beats Malachi Cross in his first match back, and what a statement this is for the former WrestleZone Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "I'll admit it, John -- I didn't think he'd pull it off. Malachi had him dead to rights, but Shaffer weathered the storm, found his opening, and delivered. That's guts, that's resilience, and that's a man who's serious about redemption."

Shaffer rolls out of the ring, clutching his ribs, but with a smile spreading across his face as he raises a fist to the fans. The crowd chants his name as he backs up the ramp, pointing to the camera and mouthing, "I'm bringing it home." Inside the ring, Malachi sits up slowly, blank expression unchanged, staring at Shaffer like a man studying the next burial waiting to happen.

John Phillips: "The storm has returned, and Aaron Shaffer has made it clear: he's back, he's dangerous, and he's got his sights set on bringing the gold back to UTA."

The camera lingers on Shaffer at the top of the ramp, standing tall, before cutting away to the next segment.

I am That Bitch

The camera cuts backstage to the interview area. Melissa Cartwright stands ready with a microphone in hand, the UTA logo glowing behind her on the banner. Beside her, dressed in bold red-and-black gear with flashy accessories and curled red hair bouncing as they pose, is the newest signee to the UTA roster -- Troy Lindz. The crowd gives a mixed but loud reaction at the sight of them on the big screen.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the newest addition to the United Toughness Alliance -- Troy Lindz! Troy, this is your first official night here with UTA. The fans want to know -- who is Troy Lindz, and what can they expect from you?"

Troy adjusts their shades, smirking wide as they tilt their head toward Melissa, then directly into the camera. Their voice drips with flamboyant charisma, their words punctuated by hand gestures and dramatic flair.

Troy Lindz: "Oh Melissa, sweetheart, the real question isn't who is Troy Lindz -- it's how long before everybody in this company wakes up and realizes what they're dealing with. 'Cause let me make this crystal clear... I am that bitch. Period."

The crowd inside Dickies Arena reacts audibly -- cheers, jeers, and plenty of noise. Troy grins, soaking it all

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in like fuel.

Troy Lindz: "Flamboyant? Baby, I was born to shine. Viral? Please, I'm a whole trending topic. Dangerous? You're damn right -- because when I step in that ring, it's not a matter of if I rise to the top... it's a matter of when. And trust me, the countdown's already started."

Troy leans in closer to the camera, their smirk turning sharp.

Troy Lindz: "So get comfortable, UTA Universe. 'Cause soon enough... you're all gonna bow down."

They snap their fingers with dramatic flair, blowing a kiss toward the lens as Melissa looks wide-eyed beside them, clearly taken aback by the bravado. The camera fades back to ringside as the buzz from the crowd continues.

Locked Doors

The camera cuts backstage to a hallway. Maxx Mayhem strolls up to a door marked "Chris Ross," smirking to himself. He knocks twice -- not hard, but loud enough to echo. He immediately reaches for the handle, but it doesn't budge. Locked. He chuckles, leaning his shoulder against the door.

Maxx Mayhem: "Hey Chrisy-baby! Buddy! Open up, man. Don't tell me you're in there ignoring me already."

Silence. Mayhem presses his ear against the door, knocking again in a playful rhythm.

Maxx Mayhem: "C'mon, let me in. I don't eat much... okay, that's a lie, but I'll still fit on your couch."

Still no answer. Mayhem squats down to peek under the crack of the door, then knocks again, this time speaking more loudly like he's talking through a wall to an old friend.

Maxx Mayhem: "What are you doing, writing poetry in there? Come on, Chris, it's me! Your favorite creator of chaos!"

The door remains locked and silent. Mayhem finally stands, huffing, throwing his arms up in mock offense before kicking the door lightly with his boot.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem trying to get under Chris Ross' skin again, but Ross clearly isn't answering tonight."

Mark Bravo: "Can you blame him? Ross said he's coming out here later with something raw, unfiltered, and focused. The last thing he wants before that is Maxx Mayhem barging in, eating his catering, and running his mouth."

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Mayhem sighs dramatically, knocking one last time with exaggerated gentleness.

Maxx Mayhem: "Fine. But you're missing out on quality Mayhem time. Your loss, bud."

He walks off down the hall, still muttering to himself, while the camera lingers on the door marked "Chris Ross," locked and silent.

Trust Fund Tag Team Championship Open Challenge

*The arena lights dim to a gold hue as the unmistakable warble of "Lifestyle" by Rich Gang rattles through Dickies Arena. A wave of boos washes over the crowd before the beat even drops. Smoke floods the stage and out strut the Rich Young GRAPLRZ -- Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington -- draped in obnoxious designer gear like they just walked off the set of a reality show called *Frat House Royalty.**

Jacoby leads the way, chewing gum with lazy confidence, oversized shades hiding his smug grin, his phone in hand recording the moment. Behind him, Darian bounces with that high school linebacker energy, shirtless under a silk bomber jacket, flexing his pecs and yelling "We're up! We're up!" at nobody in particular. The boos grow louder with every step they take down the ramp -- exactly what they want.

John Phillips: "And here come the Self proclaimed Trust Fund Tag Team Champions -- Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington, the Rich Young GRAPLRZ! And Mark, say what you will about their arrogance, their attitude, or their frat boy antics -- but last week in Houston, they walked out with a huge win over U.S.A. to keep those titles."

Mark Bravo: "Hey, don't hate the rich, John. Hate the fact that the GRAPLRZ back it up! Everyone thought Ryder and Durant might shock the world -- but the champs flexed, they flossed, and they flat-out proved why the gold isn't going anywhere. Like they say: they're up!"

At ringside, Jacoby pauses to film a slow pan of the booing crowd, mouthing "too broke" at the hard cam before sliding into the ring. He sprawls across the ropes like he's poolside while Darian hits the ring at full sprint, bouncing the ropes once, twice, and landing in a loud flex dead-center with a roar of "That's attitude!" The crowd pelts them with boos, but the champs bask in it, soaking up every ounce of hate like it's applause.

John Phillips: "Love them or loathe them, the Rich Young GRAPLRZ don't care what the people think. To them, every arena they step into is just another country club they own."

Mark Bravo: "And business is booming, Johnny boy. The belts say it all -- everybody else is playing catch-up."

Jacoby snatches a microphone from ringside and leans over the ropes, smirking at the hard cam as Darian struts circles behind him, still shouting "We're up!" The Ft. Worth crowd boos mercilessly as the champions get ready to speak.

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Jacoby Jacobs leans on the ropes, smirking into the mic. Darian Darrington flexes and shouts "We're up!" as the boos rain down. But suddenly, the music shifts -- dark, metallic chords rumble through Dickies Arena, and the crowd immediately perks up with a roar. The titantron flashes molten steel imagery as smoke billows from the stage.

Out step the challengers -- Gideon Graves and Magnus Wolfe, the Iron Dominion. The arena lights dim to cold gray as the pair stalk forward, their presence suffocating compared to the GRAPLRZ's gaudy flash. Graves, the Pittsburgh powerhouse, trudges with a grim glare, every step heavy with menace. Beside him, Wolfe slinks forward with that predator's grin, eyes locked on the ring as though already dissecting the champions limb by limb.

John Phillips: "Oh my! Ft. Worth, business has just picked up! Answering the Open Challenge -- Gideon Graves and Magnus Wolfe, the Iron Dominion!"

Mark Bravo: "Talk about a mood swing, Johnny. From TikTok dances to two men who look like they crawled out of a steel furnace. I don't like it. These two don't come to entertain -- they come to hurt people."

Magnus Wolfe walks with deliberate calm, smirking toward the hard cam after every step, while Gideon Graves doesn't break stride, eyes locked dead ahead. The contrast is unnerving -- cunning tactician and cold brute -- but together, they radiate danger. Fans in the front row lean back instinctively as the duo passes.

John Phillips: "We've seen what Iron Dominion can do on this tour. Magnus Wolfe is as cunning a technician as you'll find, a man who loves to twist joints and make opponents suffer. And Gideon Graves -- six-foot-four, two hundred and eighty-five pounds of steel-mill brutality. If the Rich Young GRAPLRZ thought this would be another easy flex, they're in for a rude awakening."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but let's be real -- the GRAPLRZ already beat U.S.A. last week. These belts aren't leaving Vestavia Hills unless somebody pries 'em out of Jacoby and Darian's cold, diamond-studded hands. And as cocky as they are, they're champions for a reason."

John Phillips: "That reason is because they created the belts Mark..."

Iron Dominion reach ringside. Magnus slides under the ropes like a predator slinking into a trap, while Gideon climbs the apron with methodical menace. Inside the ring, the GRAPLRZ's confidence wavers just a bit -- Jacoby lowers his shades, his smirk faltering, while Darian puffs out his chest, shouting, "We're still up!" louder than ever, almost trying to convince himself. The champions retreat to their corner as Iron Dominion stand tall, staring them down with ice-cold intensity.

John Phillips: "The Rich Young GRAPLRZ said 'open challenge' -- and the Iron Dominion have answered. And now, we're about to find out if the flashy champions can survive the storm."

The referee raises the Trust Fund Tag Team Championship belts high above his head, the Ft. Worth crowd buzzing with anticipation. On one side, the cocky champions, the Rich Young GRPLRZ -- Jacoby Jacobs

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lounging on the ropes like he's at a pool party, and Darian Darrington flexing and barking "We're up!" loud enough to drown out the boos. On the other, Iron Dominion -- Gideon Graves looming like a steel furnace come to life, and Magnus Wolfe smirking with predator's confidence.

The bell rings.

Jacoby starts for the GRPLRZ, chewing his gum with exaggerated arrogance as he struts into the center of the ring. Across from him, Magnus Wolfe cracks his neck and prowls forward, eyes locked on his smaller opponent. The size difference is obvious, but Jacoby just smirks, throwing up a peace sign toward the hard cam before circling.

John Phillips: "Here we go! Jacoby Jacobs starting things off for the Rich Young GRPLRZ, and it's Magnus Wolfe for the Iron Dominion. Talk about a contrast in styles -- lightning speed versus cold, calculated punishment."

Mark Bravo: "And don't forget, Jacoby thrives on embarrassing people. He'll taunt, he'll dance, he'll showboat -- but the kid can go. Wolfe better not blink, or he'll be on a highlight reel."

They lock up -- but it lasts only a second. Wolfe instantly wrenches Jacoby's arm into a twisting hammerlock, cranking down with brutal precision. Jacoby yelps, flipping dramatically before cartwheeling into a reversal. He breaks free, springboards off the middle rope, and lands on his feet with a smug bow toward the crowd. Boos rain down, but Jacoby laps it up like applause.

Magnus doesn't flinch. He just smirks, shakes his head, and charges forward -- clipping Jacoby's knee with a savage dragon screw that flips him head over heels. The cocky grin evaporates as Jacoby clutches his leg, writhing.

John Phillips: "Ohhh! Dragon screw! That's the cunning of Magnus Wolfe -- he'll target a limb and dismantle you piece by piece."

Mark Bravo: "Jacoby's gotta be careful here. You start letting Wolfe get in your joints, your knees, your arms -- and you're not dancing anymore, you're just begging for mercy."

Wolfe doesn't waste a second, dragging Jacoby to the Iron Dominion corner and tagging in Gideon Graves. The crowd roars as the brute steps in, dwarfing Jacoby. Graves hauls him up with two massive hands, glaring before planting him with a crushing pendulum backbreaker. Jacoby cries out, flopping to the mat as Darian shouts encouragement from the apron, clapping his hands and yelling, "C'mon, Jacoby, we're up!"

John Phillips: "And now here comes Gideon Graves, the steel-mill monster from Pittsburgh. This is bad news for the GRPLRZ -- if Graves keeps control, this could end quick."

Graves drags Jacoby up again and muscles him into the corner with heavy forearms, the sound echoing through Dickies Arena. He tags Wolfe back in, and the Iron Dominion cut the ring in half, isolating Jacoby as

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they begin their systematic dissection of the champion.

Magnus Wolfe slithers back into the ring off the tag, immediately pouncing on Jacoby's weakened leg. He twists the ankle, stomps down on the knee, then drags him into position for a sharp knee lift to the jaw that rattles the smaller champion. Jacoby stumbles backward, clutching both his leg and face as Wolfe stalks him with a predator's grin.

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe dissecting Jacoby Jacobs -- first the leg, now the jaw. Every strike calculated, every hold meant to take away Jacoby's speed."

Mark Bravo: "Jacoby's gotta stop trying to out-wrestle this guy and find a way to outsmart him. Wolfe's not here to go viral -- he's here to maim you."

Wolfe wrenches Jacoby into a side headlock, dragging him toward the Iron Dominion corner again. Gideon Graves tags in, stepping over the ropes like a looming executioner. Together, they whip Jacoby into the ropes -- Wolfe snapping him down with a single-arm DDT as Graves follows with a bone-jarring elbow drop across the chest. Jacoby writhes on the mat, gasping for breath.

Graves hauls Jacoby up by the hair, glaring coldly before hurling him into the turnbuckles. He charges with a thunderous corner lariat that nearly folds Jacoby in half. As Jacoby collapses, Graves methodically pulls him out and hoists him high for a pendulum backbreaker -- holding him across his knee, stretching his spine, and sneering as Jacoby screams.

John Phillips: "Oh my Lord! Gideon Graves bending Jacoby in half like he's made of nothing! That's pure steel-mill strength right there!"

Mark Bravo: "I'll give credit where it's due -- Graves doesn't play around. But Jacoby's got a heart of gold... or maybe that's just his chain. Either way, the kid needs a tag and fast."

Graves finally tosses Jacoby to the mat and tags Wolfe back in. Magnus wastes no time, mounting him in the corner with a flurry of knee strikes -- one, two, three, four -- until Jacoby slumps. Wolfe grabs him by the hair, sneers at the crowd, and plants him with a snap German suplex that sends Jacoby bouncing across the ring like a ragdoll.

The crowd roars its approval as Wolfe rolls smoothly to his feet, smirking at the prone champion. Darian Darrington leans over the ropes, shouting frantically, "Tag me, bro! Tag me! We're up!" Jacoby crawls in his direction, but Wolfe stomps down on the bad leg, dragging him back into enemy territory.

John Phillips: "Textbook tag team strategy from Iron Dominion. Cut the ring in half, isolate your prey, and dismantle them one piece at a time."

Mark Bravo: "And it's working. Jacoby's stuck in no man's land, and Darian's over there screaming like a frat pledge on initiation night. Not looking good for the champs right now."

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Wolfe tags Graves back in. Together, they hoist Jacoby up for a brutal double suplex, slamming him dead-center in the ring. Graves covers -- one... two... Jacoby barely kicks out, rolling to his side and clutching his ribs as the crowd cheers the Iron Dominion's near-fall.

Graves doesn't flinch. He rises slowly, staring down at Jacoby with cold eyes, then lifts him into position for a gorilla press. With shocking ease, he hoists the 145-pound champion above his head and parades him around the ring before dumping him stomach-first across the top rope. Jacoby flops to the apron, coughing and gasping for air.

John Phillips: "This is dominance. This is punishment. The Iron Dominion are tearing the Rich Young GRPLRZ apart here in the opening minutes."

Mark Bravo: "I hate to say it, but this could be a short night for the champs. Jacoby looks like he's about one more slam away from going viral for all the wrong reasons."

The referee checks on Jacoby as he slumps on the apron. Meanwhile, Darian paces furiously on the apron, slapping the turnbuckle pad and shouting at the top of his lungs: "TAG ME IN! TAG! WE'RE STILL UP!" The crowd rallies behind Iron Dominion as Graves drags Jacoby back inside and signals for another tag to Wolfe, the champions' isolation looking worse by the second.

Magnus Wolfe tags back in, stepping through the ropes like a wolf ready to finish the kill. Jacoby Jacobs is sprawled on the mat, gasping, clutching his ribs and knee. Wolfe stalks forward, reaching down to drag him up -- but Jacoby suddenly springs to life, rolling Wolfe into a small cradle out of nowhere!

One! Two! Wolfe kicks out hard, shoving Jacoby halfway across the ring. The near-fall pops the crowd, but Jacoby uses the momentum to scramble toward his corner. He stretches an arm out desperately -- fingertips grazing Darian's -- but Wolfe grabs his ankle, yanking him back into the center of the ring.

Wolfe smirks, shaking his head, and twists Jacoby's leg for another dragon screw -- but this time Jacoby counters! He flips through, landing on his feet in a stumble, and out of nowhere blasts Wolfe in the temple with an enzuigiri. The shot drops Wolfe to a knee. Jacoby leaps, lunges, and--

TAG!

The roof nearly blows off Dickies Arena as Darian Darrington explodes into the ring. He barrels at Wolfe with a football tackle that sends the technician flying into the corner. Wolfe staggers up just in time to eat a massive running clothesline. Darian's eyes are wide, veins bulging, as he points to Graves on the apron and yells, "You're next!"

John Phillips: "Listen to this place! Darian Darrington is in and business has picked up!"

Mark Bravo: "Now THAT'S attitude, baby! Darian just turned this match on its head!"

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Darian hauls Wolfe up and plants him with an Oklahoma Slam that rattles the ring. He doesn't stop -- bouncing off the ropes, he crashes down with a flying shoulderblock that leaves Wolfe writhing. Darian pops to his feet, flexing his biceps with a roar as the crowd boos, but he soaks it in like thunderous applause.

Gideon Graves storms into the ring to cut him off, but Darian meets him head-on -- a crushing running clothesline sends the big man spilling back through the ropes. The crowd gasps as Darian pounds his chest, screaming "We're UP!" at the top of his lungs.

John Phillips: "Darian's a one-man wrecking crew! He just knocked Graves off the apron, and Wolfe's in serious trouble!"

Wolfe staggers to his feet in the corner. Darian charges, unleashing a flurry of corner shoulder tackles -- one, two, three -- punctuated by a bellowing "CREDIT CHECK!" before flattening Wolfe with a spine-jarring Trust Fall spinebuster. Jacoby, recovered on the apron, is bouncing in excitement, filming the chaos on his phone while reaching out for a tag.

Darian tags Jacoby back in. The champs line up their double-team: Darian scoops Wolfe onto his shoulders as Jacoby springboards in -- CRASH! A tandem slam-and-cutter combo that plants Wolfe flat on the mat. Jacoby sprawls for the cover, smirking for the hard cam as the referee slides into position.

One! Two! Wolfe kicks out at the last second!

John Phillips: "So close! The Rich Young GRPLRZ almost stole it right there!"

Mark Bravo: "Almost only counts in beer pong, John! Finish him off, boys, you've got 'em right where you want 'em!"

Jacoby, frustrated, stomps Wolfe's chest while Darian shouts encouragement from the apron. The champions strut arrogantly, Jacoby taunting the crowd with finger guns as they regroup, looking to keep control and set up for a big finish.

Jacoby Jacobs struts around Magnus Wolfe, wagging a finger in his face before slapping him across the head like he's scolding a little brother. The crowd boos mercilessly as Jacoby turns to the hard cam, winks, and mouths, "Don't be mad we're rich and better lookin'." Wolfe groans, pushing to all fours -- only to eat a springboard dropkick that flattens him back to the mat.

Jacoby paces toward his corner, tagging in Darian Darrington. The big man barrels in, scooping Wolfe up like dead weight. With exaggerated showmanship, Darian presses Wolfe high above his head, marching him toward the center of the ring before slamming him down with a thunderous Gorilla-Press Slam. Jacoby immediately scales the ropes, perching on the top turnbuckle with his phone raised like he's filming it live.

John Phillips: "Oh no, this is trouble -- the champions are setting up for something big!"

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Mark Bravo: "Film it, Jacoby! This is what viral gold looks like!"

Darian signals for the end, shouting "Platinum Plunge time!" as he drags Wolfe up into position for his finisher. The crowd gasps, but Jacoby, still recording on his phone, leaps off the top rope -- WHAM! A springboard clothesline connects at the same time as Darian's crushing Bossman Slam variation. Wolfe crashes to the mat, wiped out by the double-team.

Jacoby scrambles into the cover, tossing his phone aside at the last second and hooking Wolfe's leg with exaggerated confidence. Darian drops to one knee beside him, flexing to the hard cam as the referee slides in for the count.

One! Two! Thr--

Gideon Graves storms into the ring at the very last moment, booting Jacoby in the head to break the pin! The arena erupts in a mixed reaction -- cheers for the save, boos for the interruption -- as the match continues.

John Phillips: "Graves with the save! The Iron Dominion's title hopes are still alive!"

Mark Bravo: "Come on! That was three! That was the cleanest win the GRPLRZ ever had, and Graves ruined it!"

The referee scolds Graves, ushering him back to his corner, but the damage is done. Darian stomps the mat in frustration, barking at the ref, while Jacoby yells "That was three!" into the hard cam, pointing to his own wrist as if showing a fake watch. Meanwhile, Wolfe crawls slowly toward the ropes, clutching his neck and ribs, the crowd starting to rally behind the Iron Dominion.

The champions regroup, Jacoby tagging Darian back in as they stalk Wolfe. Darian drags him upright, holding him steady as Jacoby lines up for the kill shot...

Darian Darrington steadies Magnus Wolfe, locking his arms behind his back while Jacoby Jacobs lines up for a free shot. Jacoby cocks his fist dramatically, looking to the crowd with a smirk. The boos rain down as he winds up -- and instead of throwing a punch, he flicks Wolfe on the forehead with two fingers and laughs like he just pulled the world's funniest prank.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on! This is just mockery!"

Mark Bravo: "That's called psychological warfare, Johnny. Make your opponent look foolish, keep 'em rattled -- that's championship-level thinking!"

Wolfe seethes, jerking against Darian's grip -- but before he can break free, Jacoby blasts him with a sliding clothesline to the ribs. Wolfe crumples, and Darian plants him with a running powerslam for good measure. The GRPLRZ strut around the ring, soaking in the hatred from Ft. Worth as if it's adoration.

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Jacoby tags back in, climbing the ropes and pulling out his phone again. He films himself mid-match, throwing a mock peace sign to the hard cam before leaping for a flashy springboard armdrag -- only to land and freeze, turning his phone toward Wolfe's prone body like he's about to upload the clip.

Darian slaps the mat rhythmically, shouting "We're up! We're up!" while Jacoby mockingly yells, "This is too easy!" The crowd is livid, stomping and clapping in unison, trying to rally Magnus back to life.

John Phillips: "The arrogance of the Rich Young GRPLRZ is off the charts tonight. They're treating this like it's a game, but Iron Dominion is still in this fight."

Mark Bravo: "Hey, if you're this good, you've earned the right to play with your food a little, John. Don't hate the GRPLRZ because they're living their best lives."

Jacoby mounts Wolfe and throws down exaggerated "slap punches," clearly pulling his shots while grinning like he's streaming live. But Wolfe finally snarls and shoves him off with raw power. The crowd surges -- but Jacoby scrambles back, leaping to tag Darian just as Wolfe tries to rise.

Darian storms in and immediately cuts Wolfe back down with a football tackle. He drags him into the GRPLRZ's corner, where both men choke him with their boots on the bottom rope, high-fiving each other while the referee counts and warns them. The champs pull away at four, throwing their hands up innocently before flexing and laughing at the crowd's outrage.

John Phillips: "This is disgraceful! Two-on-one choking in the corner, and they're mocking the official while they do it!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what I call effective teamwork. If the ref didn't see it, did it really happen? Even better -- if the ref DID see it and still couldn't stop you? That's domination."

Darian whips Wolfe across the ring into the ropes, catching him on the rebound with a spine-jarring Bossman Slam -- the Platinum Plunge! He hooks the leg, Jacoby already celebrating on the apron like the match is over.

One! Two! -- Wolfe kicks out! The crowd erupts as Darian sits up in shock, yelling at the referee, "That was three! That was attitude!" Jacoby waves his hands, demanding the official speed up the count next time.

The GRPLRZ regroup, dragging Wolfe back into their corner. Jacoby tags in again, both men lifting Wolfe up for a double suplex attempt. They heave him high... but this time, Wolfe shifts his weight midair, crashing down on both champions in a desperate counter! The crowd explodes as all three men writhe on the mat.

John Phillips: "There's the opening! Wolfe countered, and now both Rich Young GRPLRZ are down! This is the Iron Dominion's chance!"

Mark Bravo: "No, no, no! Get up, boys! Don't let him crawl -- don't let him crawl!"

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Wolfe begins dragging himself toward Gideon Graves, who's leaning over the ropes with his massive arm stretched out, the crowd thundering for the tag. Jacoby scrambles desperately, grabbing Wolfe's ankle to hold him back...

Jacoby Jacobs claws desperately at Magnus Wolfe's ankle, screaming "You're not going anywhere!" as the Ft. Worth crowd stomps and claps in unison. Wolfe grits his teeth, dragging himself inch by inch across the canvas, the predator now reduced to pure survival. Jacoby digs in, trying to haul him back -- but Wolfe twists, spins, and nails Jacoby with a sudden enzuigiri to the side of the head! Jacoby collapses in a heap.

The arena explodes as Wolfe lunges forward, every ounce of his body straining toward the outstretched hand of his partner--

TAG!

The roof nearly comes off Dickies Arena as Gideon Graves storms into the ring like a steel-mill freight train. Darian Darrington charges, but Graves cuts him down instantly with a monstrous big boot that echoes like a gunshot. Jacoby staggers up -- and gets scooped and hurled halfway across the ring with a thunderous overhead belly-to-belly suplex.

John Phillips: "Good Lord! Graves is cleaning house!"

Mark Bravo: "This isn't fair! Somebody stop this man -- he's a machine!"

Jacoby stumbles into the corner, dazed. Graves barrels in with a crushing corner lariat that nearly flips the smaller champion inside out. Darian tries to recover, charging back at Graves, but gets hoisted high into the air -- and dropped stomach-first across the top rope with Snake Eyes before eating a brutal Steam Hammer knee drop. The crowd is roaring, feeding off every destructive move.

Magnus Wolfe, now recovered, slides back into the ring and joins his partner. Together, they whip Jacoby into the ropes -- Wolfe pops him up, and Graves catches him midair with a sit-out spinebuster, the Iron Drop! Jacoby crashes to the mat, lifeless, as Wolfe signals to the crowd with a sharp, confident smirk.

John Phillips: "The Iron Drop! The challengers have the champions right where they want them!"

Darian dives in to break it up, but Wolfe cuts him off with a running knee trembler that blasts him to the floor. Graves covers Jacoby, the crowd counting along with the referee--

ONE! TWO! ... *Jacoby just barely gets a shoulder up!*

John Phillips: "How in the world did Jacoby Jacobs survive that?!"

Mark Bravo: "Because he's a champion, John! Champions dig deep! That was instinct -- pure gold-plated instinct!"

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Graves rises slowly, eyes narrowing in cold fury. He drags Jacoby up by the hair, glaring at the crowd before signaling for the Grave Maker. Wolfe grins, leaning against the ropes, waiting to see the champions crushed under Iron Dominion's wrath.

Gideon Graves towers over Jacoby Jacobs, hauling him up by the hair. With cold precision, he hooks him for the Grave Maker. The crowd roars in anticipation as Graves steadies himself, ready to drive Jacoby into the canvas. But just as he lifts--

Jacoby wriggles free! He gouges Graves in the eye with his thumb -- the referee too far to see it. Graves staggers, blinded, and Jacoby tumbles backward toward his corner.

John Phillips: "Oh come on! Thumb to the eye! That's disgusting!"

Mark Bravo: "That's survival, Johnny! Champions' privilege!"

Magnus Wolfe storms the ring, furious. He grabs Jacoby from behind, hooking him for the Predator Plex -- but before he can throw him, Darian Darrington barrels in like a freight train, smashing Wolfe with a football tackle that drives both men into the ropes. Wolfe tumbles through to the floor, clutching his ribs.

Meanwhile, Graves shakes off the eye rake and charges at Jacoby -- but Jacoby drops to his stomach and rolls between Graves's legs, diving to tag Darian back in. Darian explodes into the ring, catching Graves with a sudden Platinum Plunge! The crowd gasps as Darian covers -- one, two -- Graves kicks out with authority!

John Phillips: "Graves is still in this! The Iron Dominion are not going down easy!"

Jacoby, now back on the apron, scrambles to his feet, pulling something from his jacket draped over the corner post. The camera catches it -- a shiny, gold-plated phone. As the referee is distracted trying to get Wolfe back to his corner, Jacoby slides into the ring and SMASHES the phone across Graves's temple! Graves crumples instantly.

Jacoby hides the evidence under his jacket and flops to the apron as if nothing happened. Darian, wide-eyed and grinning, hauls Graves up one more time -- CRASH! Another Platinum Plunge plants him dead-center. Jacoby tags in, strutting arrogantly as he drops into the cover, flexing for the hard cam with a smug peace sign.

One! Two! Three!

The bell rings as the crowd erupts in furious boos. Darian pounds his chest, screaming "We're UP!" while Jacoby sprawls on Graves's chest, laughing like he just pulled the prank of the century. The referee raises their arms, the Trust Fund Tag Team Championships back in their possession.

John Phillips: "That's highway robbery! The Rich Young GRPLRZ had to use a cell phone to the skull to escape with their titles!"

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Mark Bravo: "Robbery? Please! That's called innovation, Johnny. You think billionaires play fair? No, they play to win -- and the GRPLRZ just proved why they're still the champs."

At ringside, Magnus Wolfe pounds the apron in fury while Graves lies dazed, blinking back the impact of the phone shot. Inside the ring, Jacoby holds his title high with one hand and films himself with the other, panning over Darian flexing as the fans shower them with boos. The Rich Young GRPLRZ strut up the ramp, obnoxious as ever, escaping with their gold intact.

A Champion's Mindset

The camera cuts backstage to the interview area, where Melissa Cartwright stands poised with microphone in hand. Behind her is the UTA Championship banner, and beside her -- taped ribs, a faint limp, but eyes burning with determination -- is the UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine. The championship rests proudly over his shoulder, gleaming under the arena lights.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine. Jarvis, tonight you step into the ring with Maxx Mayhem -- a man who has built his reputation on chaos, brutality, and pushing opponents to the breaking point. You've been through wars in recent weeks, and some question how much you have left in the tank. What's your mindset heading into this title defense?"

Jarvis adjusts the belt on his shoulder, taking a moment to run a hand through his damp hair before leaning in toward the microphone. His voice is steady but intense.

Jarvis Valentine: "Melissa, I've been hearing it all week. That I'm banged up. That I'm too beat down. That Maxx Mayhem is going to eat me alive tonight. And you know what? They're right about one thing -- I'm hurt. I've been taped up, iced up, and fighting at less than one hundred percent for weeks now. But that's the life of a champion. You don't get days off. You don't get to wait until you feel perfect. You fight, because that's what this title demands."

He pats the championship, his eyes locked on the camera.

Jarvis Valentine: "Maxx Mayhem thrives in chaos, but I thrive in moments like this. Every time someone says I can't, every time they say I'm done -- I find a way. Tonight will be no different. Maxx wants to drag me into the gutter, but I've fought my whole life to climb out of places darker than anything he can imagine. And I'll be damned if I let him take this championship away from me."

Jarvis squares his shoulders, leaning closer to the microphone, his voice lowering but growing sharper.

Jarvis Valentine: "So my mindset? Simple. Survive the storm, outlast the chaos, and leave Ft. Worth the same way I walked in -- as the UTA Champion."

Melissa nods, impressed by his intensity, as the camera lingers on Jarvis holding the title high. The shot

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fades as the anticipation for the main event builds.

Contract Signing

The ring is set: a black table draped with the UTA logo, two leather chairs, and a clipboard with thick stacks of paperwork. A pair of security guards stand on either side, and the crowd buzzes with anticipation. The spotlight snaps to the stage.

? "Remember the Name" by Fort Minor ?

The beat hits, crisp and percussive, and B.R. Ellis strides onto the stage. Dressed in his blue-and-gold singlet, boots laced high, his wrists freshly taped, Ellis pauses under the light. He bows slightly to the crowd -- respectful, restrained -- before beginning his measured march to the ring.

John Phillips: "This is a big moment, Mark. Last week on **IN THE ZONE**, it was made official -- Ellis would challenge the client of the mystery woman who has been taking notes the last few weeks at The Great Southern Trendkill. And tonight, the contract makes it real."

Mark Bravo: "You know what I love about this guy? No nonsense. No wasted steps. He's like a wrestling machine, John. If you ask him what he eats for breakfast, it's probably suplexes."

Ellis climbs the steps, wipes his boots on the apron, and steps through the ropes. He doesn't posture, doesn't pander. He walks directly to the table, adjusts his knee pads, and cracks his knuckles before pulling out the chair. He sits, posture upright, eyes fixed on the hard cam.

The music fades, replaced by the crowd's chant of "E-LLIS! E-LLIS!" Ellis doesn't acknowledge it. He reaches for the clipboard, slides it closer, and rests his hands on the table, waiting for the next entrance.

John Phillips: "You can feel the tension, Mark. This isn't just about paperwork -- this is about Ellis making his mark on the biggest stage UTA has to offer."

Mark Bravo: "And whoever's about to walk through that curtain? They're about to find out what happens when you try to take Ellis lightly."

Ellis sits poised at the table, pen ready. The crowd buzzes in anticipation of who will answer this contract. But before the announcer can even speak--

Total blackout.

The gasps ripple through Dickies Arena. The hum of the audience shifts to nervous energy. Then, cutting through the void--

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? "Hell Raiser" by Ozzy Osbourne and Motörhead ?

A single haunting guitar riff slices across the silence. The crowd explodes, half in cheers, half in disbelief.

Mark Bravo: "Wait a second--wait a second, John! You know who that is! The brightest star in Texas has come home!"

John Phillips: "No... it can't be--"

The riff screeches to a sudden halt. A white spotlight snaps on at the top of the ramp. And there he is: UTA Hall of Famer Scott Stevens, standing tall, arms folded, eyes blazing. The roar of the Ft. Worth crowd hits like thunder, shaking the arena. But it's not just Stevens who has everyone on edge--because walking beside him is a figure unfamiliar to the UTA stage.

Avril Selene Kinkade, dressed in a sleek black suit cut to perfection, steps into the light. Her posture is unyielding, her heels clicking in perfect rhythm like a clock counting down to judgment. Her presence alone shifts the tone from nostalgia to menace.

John Phillips: "Scott Stevens is here! Along with that woman from the last few shows taking notes, who introduced herself as..."

Mark Bravo: "That, John, is Avril Selene Kinkade. One of the most ruthless legal minds in this business. She doesn't come out unless contracts are on the table... and when she does? Someone's life usually changes for the worse."

Stevens doesn't break stride. He and Avril march down the ramp like generals inspecting a battlefield. The noise inside the arena is deafening, fans torn between respect for a Hall of Famer and dread for what his presence usually means. When they reach the ring, Stevens parts the ropes, holding them open with surprising formality for Avril. She steps through, all grace and venom, eyes never leaving Ellis at the table.

Mark Bravos: "Scott Stevens is here on business--flanked by one of the most dangerous negotiators in the sport."

John Phillips: "And look at Ellis in that ring. Stoic as ever, but you can feel it--this has turned from a simple contract signing into something a whole lot darker."

The crowd buzzes louder, a mixture of excitement and unease, as Stevens and Avril stand across from B.R. Ellis, the contract still lying untouched in the center of the table.

The buzz continues as Scott Stevens folds his arms, standing silent as stone beside the table. All eyes shift to the woman at his side. She adjusts the cuffs of her sleek black suit, then reaches for the microphone, her posture perfect. The crowd simmers as her crisp, British accent cuts through the noise.

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Avril Selene Kinkade: "Ladies and gentlemen... for those who may not know, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Avril Selene Kinkade. I am not a wrestler, nor do I intend to be. I am a solicitor, a negotiator, and the premier architect of contracts in this business. When my pen touches paper, destinies are decided. Futures are rewritten. And tonight--Mr. Ellis--yours is about to change forever."

She sets the microphone on the table for a beat, smiling thinly at Ellis, who remains stoic in his chair. The crowd rumbles, some booing, some murmuring, all uneasy with her calm poise. She lifts the mic again, turning to address the fans.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You may not know me. But mark my words... you will remember me. Because I do not waste my time on frivolities. I do not associate with vanity. I represent only those who are inevitable."

She steps closer to the table, heels clicking like a metronome. Her gaze pierces Ellis across the table.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "And tonight, Mr. Ellis, I am here for one reason only: to oversee the signature of my client. He is here. He is ready. And once his name is on this page, your fate is sealed."

The crowd buzz spikes again, this time with chants of "WHO? WHO? WHO?" Avril doesn't flinch. She glances briefly at Stevens, who smirks, before turning back to Ellis.

John Phillips: "This is unsettling, Mark. Avril Selene Kinkade just made it very clear--whoever she represents, Ellis isn't signing for the match he thought he was."

Mark Bravo: "And if Stevens is standing by her side, you know this isn't smoke and mirrors. Whoever this client is, John, Ellis is about to meet them face-to-face."

Avril lifts her chin, her voice steady and precise.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "So... Mr. Ellis... shall we bring him out?"

Avril Selene Kinkade's smirk sharpens as she glances toward the stage. The lights in Dickies Arena snap out again, plunging the crowd into pitch black. A nervous murmur swells... until--

? "Boots and Blood" by Five Finger Death Punch ?

The drums erupt like artillery. Red strobes slice through the darkness in violent bursts, mimicking muzzle fire. The reaction from the crowd is instant: shock, disbelief, and a wall of boos mixed with awe.

John Phillips: "No... no way! That's Gunnar Van Patton's music!"

Mark Bravo: "You've gotta be kidding me, Phillips! They said he'd never wrestle in North America again. Banned! Blacklisted! And now--thanks to Stevens and Avril--he's here in UTA."

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Through the haze and the strobes, a figure emerges at the top of the ramp. Gunnar Van Patton. The "Fallen Soldier." Blond hair cropped tight, an eyepatch shadowing the void where one eye used to be, tattoos etched across his arms like battle scars. He wears a sleeveless combat vest, his expression unreadable but dangerous. Every step down the ramp is slow, deliberate, and heavy, as if the earth recoils with each impact.

The crowd hurls insults, but Gunnar doesn't flinch. He doesn't even acknowledge them. His gaze is locked on B.R. Ellis, who stands now at the table, fists clenched at his sides. Inside the ring, Stevens smirks like a man who just detonated a bomb. Avril watches with clinical detachment, her arms folded, satisfied.

John Phillips: "Look at Ellis, standing his ground. But how could he have possibly prepared for this? For Gunnar Van Patton?!"

Mark Bravo: "He couldn't, John. None of us could. This is a man who's not here to wrestle -- he's here to destroy."

Gunnar reaches the ring apron, climbs the steps without a glance to the crowd, and ducks under the top rope. He paces into the ring with the same focus he once carried onto battlefields. The red strobes cut out, the music fading, leaving only the sound of the crowd's jeers and Ellis' heavy breathing.

Avril takes the microphone again, her voice cool and precise.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Mr. Ellis... allow me to officially introduce you to your opponent at *The Great Southern Trendkill*. My client. The Fallen Soldier. Gunnar Van Patton."

Gunnar steps forward, standing nose-to-nose with Ellis across the contract table. His lips curl into the faintest smirk as he mutters a few unheard words directly into Ellis's face. The tension in the arena is suffocating.

John Phillips: "This is a powder keg, Mark. You can feel it. Any second now this is going to explode."

Mark Bravo: "Ellis is a technician, a fighter's fighter... but he's staring down a man who's been forged in war and remade in violence. If I were Ellis, I'd be thinking twice about signing that page."

Ellis, jaw clenched, doesn't back down.

He slowly pulls the clipboard toward him. The crowd cheers as he grabs the pen, signing his name with sharp strokes. Then, without breaking eye contact with Gunnar, he slams the pen onto the table.

Avril slides the contract across to Gunnar, who doesn't even look at the paper. He simply scrawls his signature with a single motion, then tosses the pen away. His eyes never leave Ellis.

John Phillips: "It's official! At *The Great Southern Trendkill*, B.R. Ellis goes one-on-one with Gunnar Van Patton!"

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Mark Bravo: "And Ellis may have just signed his own death warrant."

Avril just smiles.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Oh, Mr. Ellis... you signed with such conviction. Such confidence. And yet, not a moment spared for the fine print. How tragically poetic, as you too shall not be spared."

The crowd's roar falters, replaced by murmurs of confusion.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You see, Mr. Stevens is not here to entertain delusions. He is here to witness the execution of terms -- terms he personally helped negotiate, mind you, with full awareness of what they would unleash. You see, a man of his caliber does not waste his time on someone so tragically beneath him. He brokered the deal, opened the door, and now he stands back to watch it close on you, as if it were the lid of your casket. You signed to face my client. And he, unlike Mr. Stevens, finds no shame in breaking what's already fragile -- only satisfaction."

Ellis and Gunnar stand nose-to-nose across the table, the contract signed and sealed. The crowd is at a fever pitch, waiting for one of them to move first. Suddenly--

Gunnar strikes. A thunderous forearm smash cracks Ellis across the jaw, sending him stumbling back. The crowd erupts in boos as Gunnar stalks forward, methodical and merciless. Ellis swings back, firing off a stiff right hand -- but Gunnar shrugs it off and blasts him with a knee to the ribs, doubling him over.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on! This was supposed to be a contract signing, not an ambush!"

Mark Bravo: "You expected anything less from Gunnar Van Patton? This man isn't here to sign papers, John. He's here to make a statement."

Gunnar hammers Ellis with clubbing blows to the back, each one echoing through Dickies Arena. He yanks Ellis up by the hair and drives him face-first into the contract table. The wood rattles under the impact. Ellis slumps, dazed, but Gunnar isn't finished.

The Fallen Soldier boots Ellis in the gut, folding him in half. He hooks his arms, lifts him high into the air -- the crowd gasps -- and with terrifying force, powerbombs him straight through the contract table. The wood shatters, splinters flying, as Ellis crashes through in a heap.

John Phillips: "Good Lord! He just put Ellis through the table! Somebody stop this!"

Mark Bravo: "That's a message, John. Signed, sealed, delivered. At The Great Southern Trendkill, Ellis isn't stepping into a wrestling match... he's stepping into combat with a monster."

Ellis lies wrecked in the rubble of the shattered table, groaning in pain. Gunnar Van Patton stands tall above him, chest heaving but expression ice-cold. At ringside, Avril Selene Kinkade claps softly, almost bored, while

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Scott Stevens grins like a man who just executed a perfect plan.

John Phillips: "Why is Stevens allowing this? After everything we've seen for weeks -- fines, suspensions, chaos -- why is Gunnar Van Patton safe to tear Ellis apart like this?"

Mark Bravo: "Because this isn't chaos, John. This is controlled chaos. The difference is Stevens. He's the one who made this happen. He brought Gunnar in. He knew exactly what Van Patton would do, and he's smiling because it's all going according to plan."

John Phillips: "So you're saying this assault is sanctioned? That Stevens and Kinkade are just going to let Gunnar run wild?"

Mark Bravo: "Not run wild -- be unleashed. If only others had aligned themselves with Stevens the way Van Patton has, maybe they'd be the ones standing tall instead of lying in splinters. Ellis thought he was signing for a match. What he really signed for was an execution."

The boos rain down as Gunnar finally steps back, dropping the broken clipboard onto Ellis's chest like a calling card. Avril gives a nod of approval before exiting the ring, Stevens holding the ropes for her. Gunnar lingers for a moment, staring down at his fallen opponent, then turns to the hard camera with a cold, dismissive glare.

John Phillips: "Folks, it's official -- at *The Great Southern Trendkill*, B.R. Ellis will face Gunnar Van Patton. But after tonight, you have to wonder if Ellis will even make it there in one piece."

Mark Bravo: "He'll make it, John. But he won't like what's waiting for him when he does."

The segment closes on the wreckage: Ellis writhing among the shattered table, Stevens smirking, and Gunnar Van Patton standing over it all like a soldier surveying a battlefield.

East Coast Invasion

The screen cuts to black before slamming into a barrage of city skylines -- neon lights, roaring crowds, and iconic arenas flashing one after another. A booming narrator's voice overlays the visuals as fast-paced rock music kicks in.

Narrator (V.O.): "The Great Southern Trendkill shakes the foundation... but the United Toughness Alliance isn't slowing down. No -- we're just getting started."

The shot transitions to the Madison Square Garden marquee glowing in the night, then to the gritty exterior of the 2300 Arena, packed with rabid fans chanting.

Narrator (V.O.): "This fall... the UTA invades the East Coast."

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A rapid-fire montage rolls: Angela Hall hitting the Hurricane Hammer, Jarvis Valentine standing tall with the UTA Championship, Valkyrie Knox raising the Women's Title, Chris Ross brawling, and the Rich Young GRPLRZ strutting with their Tag Team gold. Each moment punctuates with flashes of city names: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Norfolk.

John Phillips (V.O.): "The biggest stars. The loudest crowds. The toughest fights -- all under the bright lights of the East Coast!"

*The video slows to a dramatic beat: Jarvis Valentine staring into the hard cam, his championship draped over his shoulder. The words appear on the screen in bold red and gold: "**Black Horizon**".*

Narrator (V.O.): "It all leads to one night... one reckoning... where legacies will be written in blood, sweat, and gold."

The package closes with the UTA logo smashing onto the screen, flames flickering behind it, before fading to black with the tagline:

"The UTA East Coast Invasion Tour -- Are You Ready?"

Angela Hall vs. Dahlia Cross

The lights in Dickies Arena fade to a deep purple hue as the first slinky notes of "Venom" by Little Simz pulse through the speakers. The crowd immediately lets out a wave of boos, knowing exactly who's about to appear. A violet spotlight flickers at the top of the stage, and through the haze steps Dahlia Cross, scarf dragging behind her like a snake's tail.

She slinks forward at a deliberate pace, her lips curled into a sneer as she surveys the Ft. Worth crowd with disdain. Some fans heckle from the front rows, but Dahlia only smirks wider, twirling her scarf once before letting it drag lazily across the ramp. Her violet hair glimmers under the strobes as she rolls her neck, eyes fixed on the ring as though she's already dissecting her prey.

John Phillips: "Here comes Dahlia Cross -- dangerous, deliberate, and absolutely venomous in the ring. Tonight she's looking to do what no one has managed in months: stop the incredible winning streak of Angela Hall and walk away with her first championship here in the UTA."

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, Dahlia is cold-blooded. She doesn't care about streaks, she doesn't care about momentum, she doesn't even care about the fans. All she cares about is bending Angela Hall into knots and finally adding gold to her résumé. And let me tell you -- she's overdue."

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Dahlia reaches the ringside area and pauses, tilting her head slowly as she stares into the ring with an unsettling calm. She drapes her scarf across the bottom rope, climbs onto the apron, and leans back into the ropes with a cruel little smile, soaking in the animosity from the fans. Then, with a deliberate slink, she ducks between the ropes, pacing the ring like a cat ready to toy with its prey.

John Phillips: "That smile tells you everything you need to know. Dahlia thrives on control, on manipulation, and on cruelty. If she can slow this match down to her pace, Angela Hall's title reign could be in serious jeopardy tonight."

Mark Bravo: "Angela might have speed, but Dahlia has poison -- and poison spreads, John. One mistake, one limb left open, and Dahlia will exploit it until Hall has nothing left."

The purple lights fade as Dahlia backs into her corner, sitting casually on the middle turnbuckle, staring up the ramp with wicked amusement as she waits for the champion's arrival.

The arena plunges into darkness. A crack of thunder echoes through Dickies Arena, and in an instant the tron flashes with jagged blue lightning. The opening beat of Angela Hall's theme hits, and the crowd erupts into cheers. A surge of blue light floods the stage as Angela Hall strides out, the UTA Women's United States Championship strapped proudly around her waist.

Angela's face is pure focus -- jaw set, eyes locked ahead. She doesn't pander, she doesn't play games. Her long strides mirror her track-and-field roots, a woman built on speed, explosiveness, and control. Every step down the ramp radiates intent: tonight, Dahlia Cross is another obstacle to clear on her path of dominance.

John Phillips: "Listen to this ovation for Angela Hall! She has been unstoppable since capturing the Women's United States Championship -- defeating every opponent put in front of her, night after night. And tonight, she faces a challenger unlike any other in Dahlia Cross."

Mark Bravo: "Angela Hall may be the champ, but streaks like hers make you a target. Everybody studies you, everybody looks for cracks. And if anyone's going to find those cracks, it's Dahlia. She's like a viper -- patient, ruthless, and waiting for that one opening."

Angela reaches ringside, unstraps her championship, and raises it high for the hard cam as the lightning visuals continue to flash across the tron. The crowd roars, chanting her name. She slides into the ring with purpose, rising quickly and climbing the turnbuckles to hold the title aloft once more, her expression unchanging: focused, relentless, unshaken by Dahlia's smirk from across the ring.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall isn't just winning -- she's dominating. Tonight, she's not just defending a title, she's defending her momentum, her reputation, her streak. This could be the biggest test of her reign so far."

Angela hops down, handing the belt to the referee, who raises it high for the crowd to see. Across the ring, Dahlia Cross leans back in her corner with that wicked smile, licking her lips as though she's already imagining the gold around her waist. The tension is palpable as both women lock eyes, the storm and the

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venom about to collide.

The referee passes the Women's United States Championship to ringside and calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

The crowd buzzes as Angela Hall and Dahlia Cross step cautiously out of their corners. Angela bounces lightly on her toes, eyes locked on Dahlia, every muscle twitching with track-sprinter explosiveness. Across the ring, Dahlia tilts her head, violet hair falling over one eye as she slinks in a slow circle, smirk still plastered across her face. The tension is thick -- champion and challenger, storm and venom, neither blinking first.

John Phillips: "Here we go! Angela Hall, the reigning and defending Women's United States Champion, against Dahlia Cross, who has waited her whole career for this moment. You can feel the electricity in this building."

Mark Bravo: "And you can feel the venom too, John. Dahlia knows Angela's tough, she knows this is the biggest mountain she's ever climbed -- but she's not intimidated. She's amused. That's what makes her dangerous."

The two women finally lock up. Angela's height and leverage immediately give her control, muscling Dahlia back into the ropes. The referee steps in to call for the break, and Angela slowly pulls back, hands raised -- but Dahlia sneers and slaps her across the cheek! The crowd gasps as Angela's head snaps to the side, her jaw tightening.

John Phillips: "Oh, that's a mistake! Dahlia with blatant disrespect!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not a mistake, John, that's strategy! You wanna rattle a champion, make her mad, make her reckless. Dahlia's already inside her head."

Angela exhales sharply and circles back in. This time, she shoots in low, ducking under Dahlia's arm and taking her down with a quick single-leg. The champ wastes no time, transitioning into a front headlock, grinding Dahlia into the mat. Dahlia squirms, pulling her knees under her, but Angela wrenches tighter, reminding everyone of her wrestling base.

*Dahlia finally scrambles to the ropes, forcing the break. Angela releases clean, backing up a step, but this time it's **her** smirk that flashes across her face as she motions with her hands for Dahlia to get up.*

John Phillips: "That's the difference, Mark. Angela Hall can play mind games too, but she's got the explosiveness to back it up. Dahlia's going to have to pick her shots very carefully."

Dahlia rises, brushing her cheek as if insulted by the mat burn more than anything else. The two circle again. Dahlia fakes a collar-and-elbow, then drops low for a leg sweep -- Angela hops over it! Dahlia spins up with a back elbow, but Angela ducks and counters with a sharp forearm that stumbles the challenger. The crowd

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cheers as Angela presses forward with blistering speed, firing off a series of forearm smashes that back Dahlia into the corner.

The referee calls for a clean break as Angela steps back, but this time she doesn't wait long. She charges in with a running knee -- only for Dahlia to sidestep at the last moment, sending Angela's knee crashing into the turnbuckle! Dahlia pounces instantly, wrapping her hands around the champ's throat for a vicious corner choke, smiling wickedly as the referee counts.

John Phillips: "And just like that, Dahlia turns the tables! She's got no problem bending the rules if it means gaining an edge!"

Mark Bravo: "Angela wanted to make a statement, but Dahlia's reminding her that titles don't get handed out for style points. This is going to get nasty, and I love it."

The referee yanks Dahlia off at four, but she just raises her hands innocently, that wicked grin never fading. Angela clutches her throat, coughing, as Dahlia slinks back toward the center, eyes glinting with cruel delight. The chess match has officially begun.

Angela Hall clutches her throat, trying to shake off the choke as Dahlia Cross stalks her from the corner. Dahlia's lips curl into that venomous smile before she darts in, driving a stiff palm thrust right into Angela's windpipe. The champion stumbles back, gasping, as the referee warns Dahlia -- who only spreads her arms and shrugs, feigning innocence.

John Phillips: "That's a direct shot to the throat! Dahlia knows exactly how to skirt the rules, Mark. She's exploiting every second of every count."

Mark Bravo: "You call it skirting, I call it brilliance! Why throw twenty punches when one shot to the throat gets the job done? That's efficiency, John."

Dahlia presses her advantage, sweeping Angela's legs out from under her and dropping a sharp elbow across the champion's knee. Angela cries out, clutching at her leg as Dahlia rises slowly, savoring the moment. She stomps down once, twice, three times on the same knee before dragging Angela to the ropes.

Dahlia drapes Angela's leg over the middle rope, leaning in with her full body weight while gripping the top rope for leverage. Angela writhes, shouting in pain as the referee counts.

John Phillips: "This is dangerous! Dahlia could shred those ligaments if the referee doesn't pull her off!"

Mark Bravo: "And yet -- she lets go at four. She knows the rules as well as anybody, John. This is Dahlia at her best -- she's not breaking rules, she's bending them until they scream."

The referee forces Dahlia back, but she slithers right in again, yanking Angela's leg off the ropes and snapping it down with a vicious dragon screw. Angela grabs at her knee, rolling on the mat, while Dahlia sits

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up and smiles, brushing violet hair from her face like she's savoring the pain she's inflicting.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall is in trouble right now. That knee is the key to her explosiveness -- if she can't plant and launch, there's no Lightning Bolt Lariat, there's no Thunderclap Spear, there's no Storm Surge Moonsault."

Mark Bravo: "Exactly, John! Cut down the base, and the sprinter can't sprint. Dahlia doesn't have to beat Angela at her own game -- she just has to take the game away."

Dahlia grabs Angela by the ankle, dragging her back to the center of the ring before twisting her into a single-leg crab. The champion shouts in agony, clawing at the canvas as Dahlia leans back, her violet hair hanging loose as she smiles cruelly at the jeering crowd.

John Phillips: "Dahlia has Angela tied up in the Violet Vice! This submission could end the match right here!"

Mark Bravo: "We could be looking at the end of the streak, John! Imagine -- Dahlia Cross, finally with gold around her waist, and Angela Hall just another victim on her list."

Angela roars, powering up on her arms, dragging herself inch by inch toward the ropes. Dahlia yanks back harder, but Angela lunges forward, fingertips brushing the bottom rope before finally grabbing hold. The referee forces the break as the fans cheer loudly, chanting Hall's name.

John Phillips: "Angela gets to the ropes! The champion survives -- but that leg is already badly compromised."

Mark Bravo: "And Dahlia doesn't look frustrated at all. She looks amused. That's the scariest thing, John -- she's enjoying this."

Dahlia lets go with a mocking bow to the official, then crouches low, waiting for Angela to rise, ready to strike again.

Dahlia Cross rises with that wicked smile, advancing on Angela Hall like a predator closing in on wounded prey. She reaches for Angela's leg again -- but Angela explodes upward, blasting Dahlia with a forearm to the jaw that sends the challenger stumbling back. The crowd pops as Angela fights to her feet, shaking out the bad knee.

John Phillips: "There's that fighting spirit of Angela Hall! The champion's not going down quietly tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "Sure, she got a shot in, but that leg's already cooked. Every burst costs her double, John. She's running on borrowed time."

Angela surges forward with blistering forearms, each strike snapping Dahlia's head back. She whips Dahlia

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into the ropes and meets her on the rebound with a sharp dropkick -- but she lands awkwardly on her bad leg, grimacing even as the crowd roars.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall still hits the dropkick, but you can see it -- she's favoring that knee already."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and Dahlia saw it too. You don't smirk like that unless you know you've still got an opening."

Dahlia scrambles to her feet, but Angela is on her in a flash, hooking her for a Cyclone DDT -- and hitting it clean! The ring rattles as Dahlia spikes to the mat. The champion pops back up, the crowd roaring, but her leg buckles slightly as she steadies herself.

John Phillips: "Cyclone DDT! Angela Hall is rolling now, the champion showing why she's been untouchable in recent weeks!"

Angela feeds off the energy, pointing to the corner as the fans erupt in cheers. She scales the turnbuckles quickly, but not without a slight hesitation as her knee twinges on the climb. Still, she steadies herself, eyes locked on Dahlia, and launches --

Storm Surge Moonsault! Angela crashes down perfectly across Dahlia's torso. She hooks the leg for the cover!

One! Two! Dahlia kicks out!

John Phillips: "So close! Angela nearly put Dahlia away right there with the Storm Surge!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at her knee, John! She's clutching it again. Yeah, she hit the moonsault, but how many more times can she explode like that before Dahlia ties her up in knots again?"

Angela pushes up, slapping the mat in frustration, but the crowd is firmly behind her now, chanting her name. Dahlia, meanwhile, crawls to the ropes, smirking even in pain, her hand brushing her jaw as though amused that the champion actually rocked her. Angela steadies herself, clearly determined to press the advantage despite the damage.

Angela Hall pushes herself up, the fans rallying behind her with thunderous chants. She pulls Dahlia Cross to her feet, eyes blazing with determination. With a sudden burst, she whips Dahlia into the ropes and charges forward -- BOOM! A Lightning Bolt Lariat connects, flipping the challenger inside out. The crowd roars as Angela drops to cover.

One! Two! Dahlia kicks out!

John Phillips: "Angela Hall nearly retained right there! Dahlia got turned inside out by that lariat!"

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Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but look at Angela! She's still favoring that knee. She can't string too many of those big bursts together -- every move has a price tag tonight."

Angela slaps the mat, feeding off the crowd, and pulls Dahlia back up. She hooks her head, spins, and drills her with a snap suplex. Without hesitation, she rolls through, powering Dahlia back up and hitting a second! The fans cheer louder with each slam. Angela hoists Dahlia again -- a third snap suplex in quick succession sends the challenger sprawling.

John Phillips: "Three in a row! Angela Hall is a woman possessed tonight! She said she wanted to make a statement, and this is exactly how you do it!"

Angela drags Dahlia toward the corner, signaling to the crowd again. They roar in anticipation as she sets her sights on the top rope. She climbs, wincing slightly on the bad knee, but pushes through, balancing on the turnbuckle. She leaps -- Twister Slam variation from the top, spinning midair and crashing down across Dahlia's chest!

Cover! One! Two! Dahlia barely gets the shoulder up!

John Phillips: "Another near fall! Angela Hall is throwing everything she has at Dahlia Cross, and still, the challenger stays alive!"

Mark Bravo: "Stay alive? John, Dahlia's doing more than that -- she's making Angela burn through her gas tank. Every aerial, every suplex, every sprint? That knee is screaming louder than these fans. Dahlia's biding her time."

Angela, breathing heavy but still focused, sits back on her knees and looks out at the crowd. They clap in rhythm, urging her on. She nods, wipes sweat from her brow, and pulls Dahlia up again. Angela hooks her arms, signaling for the double powerbomb setup -- the move that leads straight into her finisher. The fans rise to their feet in anticipation.

John Phillips: "If Angela hits this, it could be the end for Dahlia Cross!"

Angela hoists Dahlia up for the first powerbomb -- but Dahlia kicks her legs wildly, raking Angela across the face mid-lift! Angela stumbles back, dropping Dahlia to her feet. The challenger wastes no time, snapping in close with a vicious knee strike right to Angela's injured leg, cutting the champion down in an instant.

Mark Bravo: "See?! I told you! All it takes is one shot, and Dahlia's back in control!"

Angela crashes to the mat, clutching her knee in agony as Dahlia smirks, licking her lips like a predator that's just cornered its prey.

Dahlia Cross circles Angela Hall like a predator toying with wounded prey. She kneels down, yanks Angela's leg out straight, and stomps viciously on the knee joint. Angela cries out, clutching at her leg, but Dahlia just

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grins, tilting her head as though she's admiring her own work.

John Phillips: "Oh no, Dahlia is going right back to that knee. Every stomp, every twist -- it's calculated cruelty!"

Mark Bravo: "Calculated? John, it's genius. If you can't run, you can't win. Angela Hall built her whole game on speed and explosiveness -- Dahlia is taking that foundation away brick by brick."

Dahlia drags Angela toward the ropes, hooks her leg over the bottom strand, and then leaps up, crashing down across the knee with all her weight. Angela howls in pain, pounding the mat. Dahlia doesn't stop -- she leaps again, and again, each impact drawing more boos from the crowd as the champion writhes.

John Phillips: "She's trying to tear the ligaments! Somebody's got to stop this before she cripples the champion!"

Mark Bravo: "This is championship wrestling, not a charity, John. Dahlia's here for the gold -- Angela's knee is just collateral damage."

The referee forces Dahlia back, but she slinks forward again, grabbing Angela by the ankle and snapping her down with another brutal dragon screw. Angela clutches her knee, rolling across the mat, gasping in agony. Dahlia drops beside her, calmly trapping the leg and twisting into a Violet Vice submission, wrenching back with cruel delight.

The crowd explodes in noise as Angela screams, fighting to drag herself across the canvas. Dahlia leans back further, her violet hair hanging in her face, her lips curled into a smile as she watches the champion suffer.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall is in deep trouble here! Dahlia has the Violet Vice cinched in, and Angela might not be able to hold on much longer!"

Mark Bravo: "Tap, champ, tap! Save yourself the pain and give Dahlia what she's earned!"

Angela claws at the mat, the fans on their feet, clapping and chanting her name. Inch by inch, she drags herself forward, her fingertips reaching desperately. Dahlia shakes her head, yanking back harder, but Angela's willpower is too strong. With one final push, she lunges -- grabbing the bottom rope!

The referee calls for the break, and Dahlia lets go at four, rising with her hands in the air as if she's the victim. She steps back slowly, smirking at the jeering crowd while Angela writhes against the ropes, clutching her knee.

John Phillips: "Angela survives again, but for how much longer? Dahlia is dissecting her, piece by piece."

Mark Bravo: "You can feel it, John. The storm's losing power. And when the storm clears, all that's left is the

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venom."

Dahlia crouches low in the corner, licking her lips as she waits for Angela to struggle back to her feet, clearly ready to pounce again.

Dahlia Cross stalks forward, that sinister grin painted across her face, reaching to hook Angela Hall's bad leg again. But Angela lashes out with a sudden forearm strike to the jaw. Dahlia stumbles back a step, but shakes it off, coming right back -- only to eat another stiff forearm from the champion.

John Phillips: "Angela's fighting back! It's not pretty, but it's effective!"

Mark Bravo: "That's desperation, John. She's swinging like a cornered fighter, not a champion in control."

Angela struggles to her feet, using the ropes for leverage, her face twisted in pain. Dahlia charges, but Angela plants her good leg and fires off a sharp back elbow that stuns the challenger. The crowd roars as Angela pulls herself upright, throwing another forearm, then another, stringing them together with sheer grit.

Dahlia stumbles backward into the corner, and Angela charges -- not at full sprint, but enough to drive a stiff clothesline into her chest. Dahlia slumps against the turnbuckles, and Angela follows with a series of knee strikes, wincing with each one as her bad leg buckles beneath her.

John Phillips: "You can see the pain written all over Angela Hall's face, but she refuses to stop! Every strike is costing her -- but she's landing them anyway!"

Mark Bravo: "She's burning herself out, John! Dahlia doesn't have to win this exchange -- she just has to survive it until that knee gives way."

Angela grabs Dahlia by the wrist and whips her into the opposite corner, then hobbles after her. She connects with a running back elbow, the crowd exploding as the challenger staggers out of the corner. Angela takes a deep breath, steadies herself, and drops Dahlia with a snap powerslam, holding on for the cover.

One! Two! Dahlia kicks out!

Angela slaps the mat once, frustration mixing with determination. She drags Dahlia up slowly, her movements deliberate, and hooks her for a suplex. Dahlia fights it, blocking with her foot, but Angela grits her teeth, musters the strength, and powers her up -- dropping her hard in the center of the ring. The crowd roars its approval as Angela rolls to her knees, clutching her bad leg but nodding with grit.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall is digging deep! Every move is costing her, but she refuses to let Dahlia Cross take control again!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, yeah, guts and glory and all that. But look at her, John -- she's hurting. Dahlia doesn't

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have to win in ten minutes, she just has to wait for Angela's body to betray her."

Angela pushes herself back to her feet as the crowd chants her name. She points to Dahlia, determination etched across her face, and steadies herself, preparing to finally unleash the explosive offense she's known for.

The fans are on their feet as Angela Hall shakes out her bad knee, steadying herself. Dahlia Cross stumbles up slowly, dazed from the suplex. Angela suddenly explodes forward--

THUNDERCLAP SPEAR! She cuts Dahlia in half with devastating force. The champion clutches her knee for a heartbeat but crawls into the cover, hooking both legs tight.

One! Two! Dahlia just kicks out!

John Phillips: "Ohhh, that was close! Angela Hall nearly ended Dahlia Cross right there with the Thunderclap!"

Mark Bravo: "But look at her, John -- that knee's screaming. Every time she explodes like that, it's doing as much damage to her as it is to Dahlia!"

Angela doesn't let frustration show. She slaps the mat, rises with determination, and immediately drags Dahlia back up. The crowd is roaring as she hooks her arms--

Double powerbomb setup! Angela lifts Dahlia high and slams her down once, rattling the ring. The fans scream as Angela keeps hold, muscling Dahlia back up for the second slam. WHAM! Dahlia crashes hard again, eyes glassy as she rolls weakly on the mat.

John Phillips: "Two powerbombs! Angela Hall isn't just surviving -- she's making a statement tonight!"

Angela doesn't stop -- she pulls Dahlia upright again, the strain clear on her face, her bad knee trembling but refusing to give out. She hoists Dahlia a third time, planting her dead-center with a thunderous third powerbomb that shakes the canvas. The fans explode in a deafening ovation as Angela staggers, adrenaline carrying her through the pain.

Mark Bravo: "This is insane! Three straight powerbombs on that bad wheel -- she's gonna blow her knee apart, John!"

Angela drops to her knees, dragging Dahlia into position. She signals to the crowd, who erupt in anticipation, knowing what's coming. Angela hooks Dahlia's arms and wrenches her into position--

HURRICANE HAMMER! Angela drives Dahlia's head into the mat with devastating impact and sprawls for the cover, the fans counting along with the referee.

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One! Two! ... Dahlia kicks out at the last possible second!

John Phillips: "Unbelievable! Dahlia Cross survives the Hurricane Hammer! How did she kick out of that?!"

Mark Bravo: "Because she wants it, John! Because she's tougher than Angela thought! And Angela better be careful -- she's emptying the tank right now, and Dahlia's still breathing!"

Angela sits back on her knees, sweat pouring, her chest heaving. She slaps the mat again, refusing to relent. The champion grabs Dahlia by the hair, dragging her up with fire in her eyes, determined to end it once and for all.

Angela Hall hauls Dahlia Cross up, the challenger swaying on rubber legs after enduring a barrage of punishment. The champion spins behind her, hooks both arms, and with sudden force drags her down into a tight crossface variation -- the Calm Before the Storm! The arena erupts as Angela wrenches back, locking Dahlia in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "There it is! Calm Before the Storm! Angela Hall has it cinched in tight, and Dahlia's got nowhere to go!"

Mark Bravo: "No, no, no! Don't let it end like this, Dahlia! Twist, crawl, something -- do anything!"

Dahlia thrashes, clawing desperately at the mat, her violet hair covering her face as she reaches for the ropes. Angela roars with determination, pulling back harder, her focus unbreakable. The crowd chants in unison: "TAP! TAP! TAP!"

Dahlia stretches one arm out, fingertips grazing the canvas, but Angela shifts her weight, yanking back even further. Dahlia's smirk -- once so venomous -- fades into a grimace of pain. She claws at Angela's grip, but there's no escape.

Finally, Dahlia slaps the mat in submission!

DING DING DING!

The crowd erupts as Angela releases the hold, rolling onto her back in exhaustion, clutching her knee but smiling through the pain. The referee retrieves the UTA Women's United States Championship and helps Angela to her feet, raising her arm high.

John Phillips: "What a victory! Angela Hall survives the storm and ends it with her signature submission! That's decisive, that's dominant, and that's why she is still your UTA Women's United States Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "I'll give her credit, John. She dug deep, she fought through the pain, and she put Dahlia down. But make no mistake -- that knee is a bullseye now. The streak continues, but for how long?"

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Angela takes her belt back, climbing the ropes to hold it high for the roaring Ft. Worth crowd. Her face is a mix of pride and grit -- a champion who has proven herself once again, but who carries the scars of battle into whatever comes next. At ringside, Dahlia glares up from the mat, her lips curling into a faint smile even in defeat, as though plotting the next time they'll meet.

Jesus Mother of Christ

The camera cuts to the locker room of the Rich Young GRPLRZ. Jacoby Jacobs is sprawled across a leather couch with his phone, filming himself talking about "another easy payday," while Darian Darrington flexes in the mirror, shouting "We're UP!" for the fifteenth time since their match ended. The Tag Team Championship belts sit on the table in front of them, gleaming under the fluorescent lights.

There's a knock at the door. Jacoby lowers his shades, smirking.

Jacoby Jacobs: "That better be room service with extra champagne."

Darian struts over and swings the door open. Standing there in a wrinkled, worn-out suit, blue-and-red mask slightly crooked, is none other than Madman Szalinski. The crowd watching on the big screen pops instantly. Darian just blinks. Jacoby looks up from the couch and snorts.

Jacoby Jacobs: "You're not the stripper I ordered."

Madman chuckles, stepping inside, adjusting his tie.

Madman Szalinski: "Hah! Good one, kid. Nah, I got something better than that. I got a proposition. How about we do something big at The Great Southern Trendkill? You boys, the Rich Young GRPLRZ, and my guys in a little Trust Fund Tag Team Championship Open Challenge. Set it right now."

The GRPLRZ glance at each other, intrigued. Madman suddenly yells out the door.

Madman Szalinski: "Guys, come on!"

Silence. No one enters. Jacoby and Darian raise their brows, amused. Madman clears his throat, louder this time.

Madman Szalinski: "GUYS. COME ON!"

Still nothing. Jacoby snickers, filming this on his phone. Madman shakes his head, muttering, before putting a finger up as he walks to the doorway.

Madman Szalinski: "They should be right he--"

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He turns and comes face to face with one of the El Fantasma Oscuros, who appears in the doorway silently, inches from his mask. Madman nearly jumps out of his shoes.

Madman Szalinski: "Jesus Mother of Christ!"

Madman stumbles back, clutching his chest.

Madman Szalinski: "These guys. Always doing that."

He steadies himself, turning toward the door again -- but now it's empty. He turns back and the El Fantasma Oscuro has already slipped into the room, standing eerily behind the GRPLRZ, silent and still.

Madman Szalinski: "Ah, there ya are."

He turns again, and BAM -- the second El Fantasma Oscuro is suddenly nose-to-nose with him. Madman jerks back again, exasperated.

Madman Szalinski: "You're going to give me a damn heart attack. You gotta stop doing that."

He brushes himself off, straightening his crooked tie, before turning back to the GRPLRZ, who are both wide-eyed, half-amused, half-concerned.

Madman Szalinski: "You boys against my boys here. El Fantasma Oscuro One and El Fantasma Oscuro Two, trademark pending."

Jacoby and Darian exchange a confused glance, then shrug, smirking.

Darian Darrington: "Sure. Whatever, man. Just make sure we get that sweet PLE payday and we're good."

Madman nods proudly, clasping his hands like he just brokered a million-dollar deal. Behind him, the two El Fantasma stand perfectly still, staring unblinking at the GRPLRZ. The champs look uneasy now. Jacoby lowers his shades, leaning toward Madman.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Umm... they ok, man?"

Madman rolls his eyes, waving dismissively.

Madman Szalinski: "Yeah, they always do this. It's weird. You get used to it."

The camera lingers on the GRPLRZ's nervous expressions as the El Fantasma continue their blank, eerie stare, the image fading.

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Four's A Crowd

The camera cuts elsewhere, where Melissa Cartwright stands with microphone in hand, the UTA logo shimmering on the backdrop behind her. Beside her, leaning casually against the wall with a sly smirk, is Amy Harrison. Amy adjusts the strap of her leather jacket and tosses her hair back as the crowd inside the arena reacts with loud boos echoing through the feed.

Melissa Cartwright: "Amy, at last Friday's show, you made your return in shocking fashion. You interfered in the match between Valkyrie Knox and Susanita Ybanez, attacked both women, and even walked away with the UTA Women's Championship in your hands. Then on the last IN THE ZONE, there was that chaotic ending to the show. But now, questions are swirling -- especially with Valkyrie, Susanita, and even Marie Van Claudio all watching closely. What do you have to say about the fallout from your actions?"

Amy smirks wider, almost laughing to herself as she steps closer to the microphone.

Amy Harrison: "Fallout? Melissa, what I did wasn't fallout -- it was a wake-up call. Valkyrie Knox, Susanita Ybanez, Marie Van Claudio... they're all so busy fighting each other, they forgot the most dangerous woman in this company was still breathing. So if you ask me, it looks like those three have some things to work out. And while they're tearing each other apart, I'll just be standing right here... waiting for the crown to come back home where it belongs."

The boos grow louder as Amy smirks into the camera -- but before she can continue, Valkyrie Knox storms into frame, fire in her eyes. She lunges toward Amy, fists clenched, ready for a fight. Amy immediately backs up, hands raised, that same cocky grin never leaving her face.

Valkyrie Knox: "You think this is a game, Amy? You blindside me, steal my title, and now you wanna stand here and talk big? Let's settle it right now!"

Before Valkyrie can pounce, Susanita Ybanez bursts onto the scene, shouting over Valkyrie, her voice sharp and full of fire.

Susanita Ybanez: "¡Oye, Valkyrie! You think you're the only one with a score to settle? That was MY match she ruined! That was MY moment! Don't you dare think you're the only one she disrespected! In fact, you disrespected me too!"

The two women shout at each other nose-to-nose while Amy leans against the wall, watching with that devilish grin. Then, suddenly, Marie Van Claudio steps into the frame, putting her arms between Valkyrie and Susanita as she tries to play peacemaker.

Marie Van Claudio: "Enough! Both of you, enough! This is exactly what Amy wants -- the two of you at each other's throats while she just laughs about it. We need to be smarter than this!"

The chaos continues as the voices rise, Valkyrie pointing at Susanita, Susanita barking back, Marie trying to

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push them apart -- and Amy chuckling under her breath as if she's enjoying every second. Finally, a booming voice cuts through the commotion.

Scott Stevens: "QUIET!"

The UTA General Manager Scott Stevens steps into frame, towering over the group with a scowl on his face. Everyone goes silent, though Amy crosses her arms, clearly amused.

Scott Stevens: "Amy, you had no business interfering in Valkyrie and Susanita's match. And Valkyrie, you had no business interfering in Amy and Susanita's match either."

Amy tilts her head, smirking, and fires back before Stevens can continue.

Amy Harrison: "Sounds like Susanita's the common problem here."

Stevens snaps his glare back at her and raises a hand.

Scott Stevens: "Enough! Hush it, Amy."

He then turns to Marie Van Claudio with a raised eyebrow.

Scott Stevens: "And Marie... why are you even in this mix? You've got no stake in this fight, yet here you are."

Marie opens her mouth to respond, but Stevens cuts her off with a shake of his head.

Scott Stevens: "Doesn't matter. What matters is this -- the bickering ends here. You want to settle this? Fine. At *The Great Southern Trendkill* in Lawton, Valkyrie Knox will defend her Women's Championship... in a Fatal Four Way. Against Susanita Ybanez, Amy Harrison... and you, Marie Van Claudio!"

The arena crowd explodes with cheers at the announcement. Valkyrie glares at Amy, Susanita yells over her shoulder at both of them, Marie looks stunned but determined, and Amy simply grins, leaning back against the wall as though everything is going exactly her way. Stevens storms off as the camera fades out on the chaotic scene.

Just Announced

*The screen cuts to a sharp red-and-gold UTA graphic. Bold text flashes across: "**JUST ANNOUNCED - THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL**". The crowd buzzes as the image transitions to split-screen shots of all four women.*

Top center: Valkyrie Knox, the reigning Women's Champion, title draped over her shoulder, eyes cold with

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defiance. To her right: Amy Harrison, sneering with brazen confidence. To her left: Susanita Ybanez, fists clenched, radiating fiery determination. At the bottom: Marie Van Claudio, arms crossed with her trademark smirk, a legend returned and ready to prove she still belongs.

The background pulses with storm-like visuals, bolts of gold lightning striking across the screen as the match graphic locks into place: **Valkyrie Knox (c) vs. Amy Harrison vs. Susanita Ybanez vs. Marie Van Claudio.**

Narrator (V.O.): "At The Great Southern Trendkill... the UTA Women's Championship will be put to the ultimate test. Valkyrie Knox defends against three challengers -- Amy Harrison, Susanita Ybanez, and the returning legend Marie Van Claudio. One title. Four warriors. No escape."

The screen flashes the event details -- **The Great Southern Trendkill • Lawton, Oklahoma • September 28, 2025** -- before fading back to the live arena shot as the crowd roars.

John Phillips: "That's huge! Valkyrie Knox won't just face one challenger -- she's got to survive three of them, all in the same night!"

Mark Bravo: "And I love it! Amy Harrison's been running wild, Susanita wants revenge, Marie Van Claudio wants her legacy back, and Valkyrie's smack in the middle. That title might not be going home with her, Johnny."

Tyler Cruz vs. Jaxson Ryder

The lights in Dickies Arena dim before red, white, and blue strobes fire across the stage. The opening chords of "Light 'Em Up" by Fall Out Boy blast over the speakers, and the crowd immediately rises to its feet. Bursting out onto the stage, Jaxson Ryder throws his arms wide, full of fire and charisma. He jogs from one side of the stage to the other, slapping hands and pointing toward the fans. Behind him steps his tag team partner, Carter Durant, clapping and motioning for the crowd to get louder.

Jaxson crouches low, then springs up with a fist in the air before sprinting down the ramp, slapping hands along both sides. Durant follows at a steady pace, hyping the crowd with shouts of "We're U.S.A, baby!" Ryder slides into the ring with energy to spare, popping up to the middle rope where he pounds his chest and salutes the crowd. Durant circles outside the ring, keeping watch but flashing a grin at his partner's momentum.

John Phillips: "Listen to this place light up for Jaxson Ryder! This young man has been nothing but energy and heart since the first day he stepped into a UTA ring."

Mark Bravo: "I'll give him that, John -- but don't forget, his partner Carter Durant is out here too. When these guys are together, the chemistry's undeniable. Tonight though, Ryder's on his own, and Cruz is no lightweight."

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The arena shifts as the beat of "Adrenalina" by Jennifer Lopez & Ricky Martin kicks in. Red and white strobes sync with the Latin EDM rhythm, and out steps Tyler Cruz, exuding charisma. He dances at the top of the ramp, hips moving to the beat, drawing cheers and whistles from the crowd. A quick clap sequence gets the fans joining in before he breaks into a sudden handspring down the ramp, landing perfectly with his arms wide.

Behind him, Jet Lawson strolls confidently, a sly smile across his face, filming the crowd on his phone as he keeps pace. Cruz bounces from side to side, clapping along with fans before vaulting onto the apron in one fluid leap. He springboards over the top rope with a smooth roll, popping to his feet with a grin as the music hits its peak. Lawson takes his post on the outside, smirking toward Carter Durant on the opposite side.

John Phillips: "And here comes Tyler Cruz, a second-generation luchador with all the flair and fearlessness you'd expect -- and maybe a little extra showmanship to boot."

Mark Bravo: "A little? Look at the guy, he's soaking it in like a sponge. But don't let the dancing fool you, John -- Cruz is fast, crafty, and more than capable of putting Ryder down for the count."

The referee checks both men as the crowd buzzes with excitement. Carter Durant slaps the apron in support of his partner while Jet Lawson leans casually against the ropes on his side, jawing at Durant already. Ryder bounces in his corner, Cruz twirls his wrist, and the stage is set.

The referee signals for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Both men step to the center of the ring as the bell echoes. Jaxson Ryder extends a hand, nodding with a smile. Tyler Cruz looks at the hand, then at Ryder, before smirking and slapping it in. The crowd applauds the show of respect before both men circle, their eyes locked, the energy palpable.

John Phillips: "That's what it's about right there -- two young stars showing respect before they lock up. But don't mistake respect for hesitation, this is going to get competitive in a hurry."

Mark Bravo: "Sure, sure -- respect now, but give it five minutes, John. Let's see how Ryder feels about respect when Cruz kicks him in the jaw."

They tie up collar-and-elbow. Ryder shows his size advantage early, pushing Cruz back toward the ropes. The referee steps in for the break, and Ryder releases cleanly, taking a step back with his hands up. Cruz shakes out his arms, nodding, then claps to get the fans going before circling again.

This time Cruz slips behind into a waistlock, but Ryder counters with a standing switch of his own, dragging Cruz down to the mat with a quick amateur-style takedown. Ryder floats over to a headlock, wrenching it in, but Cruz wriggles out, cartwheeling to his feet to the crowd's delight. The two reset, and the fans clap in appreciation of the slick exchange.

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John Phillips: "What a sequence! That's pure athleticism on display -- Ryder with the technique, Cruz with the flair to break free. This crowd is loving it."

Mark Bravo: "It's nice, but you can't just pop the crowd with cartwheels all night. At some point, one of these guys has to take control."

They circle again, this time Cruz ducks under Ryder's lock-up attempt, springboarding off the middle rope for a quick armdrag. Ryder pops back up, nodding as if to say "okay," and charges -- only for Cruz to hit another armdrag, sending him across the mat. Ryder slaps the mat once, pops up again, and the two stare down in the center, the fans cheering the stalemate.

On the outside, Carter Durant pounds the apron, urging Ryder on, while Jet Lawson leans against the barricade, grinning smugly and clapping sarcastically. The tension between the partners simmers while the two competitors reset in the ring.

John Phillips: "You can feel the chess game here, Mark. Ryder's power and grit against Cruz's agility and flash -- and neither man has blinked yet."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but I'm waiting for the mistake, John. Somebody's gonna slip, and that's when this thing's gonna tilt."

They lock eyes again, both nodding slightly, ready to kick things into another gear.

They tie up again, Ryder lowering his base this time. He slips behind Cruz, cinches the waist, and lifts -- snapping him back with a sharp suplex. The crowd applauds as Ryder pops right up, clapping his hands to rally the fans. Cruz rolls through and stands, only to eat a crisp dropkick right to the chest. Ryder kips up smoothly, flashing a grin as the energy surges in Dickies Arena.

John Phillips: "That's picture-perfect execution from Jaxson Ryder -- simple, effective, and clean! That's how you take control of a match."

Mark Bravo: "Sure, it's clean now. Let's see if he keeps it that way once Cruz starts twisting around like a pretzel."

Ryder pulls Cruz back to his feet, hooks the head, and drops him with a spinning neckbreaker. He floats over into a quick lateral press.

One! ... Cruz kicks out with authority.

Ryder doesn't let up. He drags Cruz up again, whips him into the ropes, and on the rebound launches with a high springboard crossbody that crashes across Cruz's chest. Ryder hooks the leg.

One! Two! ... Cruz slips the shoulder out.

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John Phillips: "Another near fall, Ryder stringing moves together, keeping Cruz grounded. That's smart wrestling -- neutralizing the high flyer by not giving him a chance to breathe."

Ryder nods, acknowledging the close call, then pulls Cruz upright once more. He whips him into the corner, rushes in, and connects with a running bulldog out of the turnbuckles. The crowd pops again as Ryder kneels, feeding off their cheers, while Carter Durant slaps the apron rhythmically in encouragement.

Mark Bravo: "Ryder's playing his game right now. Everything tight, everything technical, everything in control. But he better watch it, John -- Cruz only needs one opening, and this whole thing flips upside down."

Ryder rises and signals to the crowd, pointing to Cruz before pulling him to his feet again. The fans rally, ready for more as Ryder stays firmly in the driver's seat.

Ryder hooks Cruz for another suplex, looking to keep him grounded, but as he lifts, Cruz twists mid-air, flipping free and landing behind him on his feet. The crowd gasps as Ryder turns around -- only to be met with a lightning-quick rope-walk arm drag! Cruz vaults to the second rope, springboards, and snaps Ryder across the mat with pinpoint precision.

John Phillips: "Unbelievable! Tyler Cruz landed on his feet and just flipped Ryder inside out with that arm drag!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Cruz for you, John. You think you've got him locked down, and then boom -- he's behind you, above you, and dragging you halfway across the ring!"

Ryder scrambles up, charging, but Cruz meets him with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors, spinning him across the ring. The fans roar as Cruz kips up, clapping his hands to the rhythm, getting the crowd clapping along with him. Even Jet Lawson is banging the barricade outside, barking at Carter Durant as if to rub it in.

Ryder rises again, holding the ropes for balance. Cruz sprints, leaps onto the second rope, and backflips into a gorgeous dropkick that connects flush with Ryder's chest. Ryder crumples to the mat, clutching his ribs, and Cruz dives in for a cover.

One! Two! ... Ryder kicks out!

John Phillips: "Near fall! Cruz is back in this match, and the speed advantage is suddenly tilting this one in his favor!"

Mark Bravo: "This is exactly what I was talking about. Ryder's got all the fundamentals in the world, but against a guy like Cruz? Flash beats grind every time."

Cruz hops back to his feet, twirling his wrist theatrically, then points to the corner. The crowd cheers as he heads toward the turnbuckles, perching on the top rope with a grin, eyeing Ryder as he struggles to get up.

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Tyler Cruz perches on the top rope, arms spread, soaking in the cheers. He points down at Ryder, who's just now pushing to his knees, and the crowd buzzes with anticipation. Cruz shouts out, "¡Vamos!" before springing up to his full stance -- but Ryder suddenly lunges forward, shaking the ropes with both hands. Cruz loses balance and crashes hard, straddling the turnbuckle. The crowd winces as Ryder steadies himself, catching his breath.

John Phillips: "Ohh! Big move by Ryder -- he cuts Cruz off at the ropes, and that just stopped the high-flying showcase dead in its tracks!"

Mark Bravo: "Smart. Cruz was about to take flight, and Ryder said nope, not tonight. Sometimes you just gotta rattle the cage."

Ryder climbs up to the second rope, grabbing Cruz by the head. The crowd rises as he sets him up for a superplex, but Cruz fights back with a few sharp elbows to the ribs. Ryder grits his teeth, answers with a stiff forearm to Cruz's jaw, and hooks him again. With a roar, Ryder hoists him up and sends both crashing down with a massive superplex!

The ring shakes as both men lie sprawled on the mat, the fans erupting in cheers. Carter Durant pounds the apron, shouting encouragement, while Jet Lawson yells at Cruz to get up.

John Phillips: "Superplex! Ryder with a huge impact move to put Cruz back down, and this could change the entire momentum of the match."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but both these guys are rattled. That one took as much out of Ryder as it did out of Cruz."

The referee begins the ten-count as both men stir, Ryder rolling toward the ropes while Cruz clutches his back in the center. The crowd claps in unison, willing them both back to their feet.

At the count of six, Ryder pulls himself up with the ropes, shaking the cobwebs out. Cruz is slower to rise, clutching his back. Ryder sees the opening, slaps the mat to fire up the fans, and pulls Cruz up by the wrist. He whips him hard into the ropes, meets him on the rebound, and nails a snap suplex with crisp precision. The crowd cheers as Ryder rolls through, popping back up with energy.

John Phillips: "Ryder's finding that second wind! This is what he does best -- stringing together that clean, technical offense!"

Cruz staggers back up and Ryder strikes with a running bulldog, planting him face-first in the mat. The crowd pops again as Ryder kips up, saluting the fans. Carter Durant is pumping his fist on the outside, shouting, "Let's go, Jaxson!"

Ryder paces to the corner, clapping in rhythm with the crowd. Cruz stumbles to his knees -- and Ryder explodes forward with a superkick right to the jaw! Cruz crumples to the mat, and Ryder wastes no time

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diving into a cover.

One! Two! ... Cruz kicks out at two and three-quarters!

John Phillips: "So close! Ryder hit that superkick flush, and Cruz barely had enough left to get the shoulder up!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the heart of a luchador, John. You can knock him down, you can knock the air out of him, but he'll fight until the last breath."

Ryder doesn't look discouraged -- instead, he points to the sky, signaling it's time for the Ace Driver. The crowd rises to their feet as Ryder drags Cruz to his knees, setting up the hook kick that leads into his emphatic finish.

Jaxson Ryder stalks behind Tyler Cruz, the crowd clapping in rhythm. Cruz staggers to his feet, dazed. Ryder cracks him with a sharp hook kick that snaps his head sideways. In one fluid motion, Ryder hooks both arms, lifts Cruz high, and drives him down with the Ace Driver! The arena erupts as Ryder sprawls across for the pin.

One! Two! Three!

DING DING DING!

The fans explode with cheers as Ryder rolls to his knees, pounding his chest in triumph. Carter Durant slides into the ring, raising Ryder's arm high while pointing at him with pride. Cruz lies on the mat, clutching his neck, as Jet Lawson quickly pulls him to the outside, glaring back into the ring protectively.

John Phillips: "What a win for Jaxson Ryder! He hits the Ace Driver with authority, and that's enough to seal the deal against Tyler Cruz tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "I'll give Ryder credit, that was sharp -- but don't overlook Cruz. He had flashes where this thing could've gone the other way. If Lawson wasn't there pulling him out, Cruz might've wanted a rematch right now."

Durant and Ryder pose together, raising their arms in front of the crowd, red-white-and-blue lights flashing once again. At ringside, Jet Lawson helps Cruz up the ramp, Cruz clutching his jaw but pointing back at the ring, mouthing words the cameras can't quite catch.

John Phillips: "You can feel it, Mark. That tension between U.S.A. and Velocity Vanguard isn't over by a long shot."

Mark Bravo: "Not even close, Johnny. This was round one -- and I promise you, these two teams are going to run it back in a big way."

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The camera lingers on Ryder and Durant celebrating as the screen fades to black, setting the stage for the next segment.

Your Next Challenge

The camera cuts backstage where Angela Hall, still glowing after her successful defense against Dahlia Cross, leans against a production crate with the UTA Women's United States Championship slung proudly over her shoulder. She's catching her breath when Scott Stevens, UTA General Manager, steps into frame. The crowd pops audibly at the sight of him on the big screen.

Scott Stevens: "Angela Hall. Congratulations. That was a statement tonight against Dahlia Cross. You've been on a roll, and I've gotta say... you're proving every week why you're the United States Women's Champion."

Angela adjusts the title on her shoulder, nodding with a confident smile.

Angela Hall: "Thanks, Scott. But honestly? I've beaten just about everyone they've thrown at me. I've gone through the best this roster's had to offer. So what's next? Where do I go from here?"

Stevens smirks knowingly, resting his hands on his hips.

Scott Stevens: "That's exactly why I'm here. You're right -- you've faced nearly everyone. Nearly. But I've got someone in mind. Someone you haven't wrestled. Someone new. At The Great Southern Trendkill... Angela Hall, you're going to defend the United States Championship against Emily Hightower."

The crowd reacts with surprise and excitement. Angela tilts her head, clearly intrigued. Stevens continues.

Scott Stevens: "And in case you didn't know -- Emily's the daughter of a former UTA superstar, David Hightower. She's young, hungry, and ready to prove herself. I think she's exactly the challenge you've been asking for."

Angela smirks, standing a little straighter as she pats the faceplate of her title belt.

Angela Hall: "Emily Hightower, huh? Alright, I like it. If she wants to make her name off me, she better bring everything she's got. Because I don't plan on slowing down anytime soon. I'm ready for the challenge."

Stevens nods approvingly, leaving Angela standing tall, the title gleaming on her shoulder as the camera cuts back to the arena.

John Phillips: "What an announcement! At The Great Southern Trendkill, Angela Hall will defend her U.S. Women's Championship against the debuting Emily Hightower!"

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Mark Bravo: "The daughter of David Hightower -- now that's a pedigree! But Angela Hall's no easy mark, John. That's going to be a fight."

Hightower Arrives

Challenge of Steel

The camera cuts backstage to Jarvis Valentine lacing up his boots, the UTA Championship resting on a bench beside him. He's focused, jaw set, preparing for Maxx Mayhem. Suddenly, the crowd in the arena reacts as Brick Bronson steps into frame. The two lock eyes, and tension instantly fills the room. Jarvis stands, ready if it comes to blows -- but Bronson raises a hand calmly.

Brick Bronson: "Relax. I'm not here to fight. Not tonight. I just came to wish you good luck out there."

Jarvis eyes him carefully, not entirely convinced, but nods slightly. Bronson continues, his voice steady, almost respectful.

Brick Bronson: "I've seen the rumors, I've read the reports. All this talk that there's nowhere to go with you and that belt, that no one ants to see Bron and Valentine go at it again. Man, it's all BS. I know it, you know it. But I want to prove it. So if you walk out tonight still champion... I want you one more time."

The crowd inside the arena pops at the challenge. Jarvis looks down at the title for a moment, then back at Bronson, a grin slowly spreading across his face.

Jarvis Valentine: "One more time, huh? You know what... I like it. Because you're right, Brick. Once we tear it up again, all the naysayers, all the doubters -- they'll be silenced. But how about we make it interesting this time?"

Jarvis picks up the championship and slings it over his shoulder, stepping closer to Bronson.

Jarvis Valentine: "Let's do it inside a Steel Cage."

The crowd roars at the announcement. Bronson smirks, nodding firmly, the intensity in his eyes unshaken.

Brick Bronson: "You've got yourself a deal."

The two men stare each other down for a long moment -- no brawl, no cheap shots, just the weight of the promise between them. Bronson finally turns and walks away, leaving Jarvis clutching his championship with

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fire in his eyes as the scene fades back to ringside.

John Phillips: "Did you hear that?! If Jarvis Valentine retains tonight, we are getting a UTA Championship rematch inside a Steel Cage!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what I'm talking about! Valentine and Bronson locked inside steel? That's the kind of fight that'll shut everybody up -- one way or another."

Not Tonight

The camera cuts backstage, following Chris Ross as he marches down the hallway toward the ring entrance. Jeans, jacket, UTA shirt -- his look grim and focused. The screwdriver glints faintly in his right hand as crew members scatter out of his way. The tension is thick, everyone knowing what's about to come.

Suddenly, Maxx Mayhem jogs up beside him, grinning ear to ear, trying to keep pace.

Maxx Mayhem: "Hey! There you are, Ross! Been dodging me all night, man. What's the big deal? C'mon, say something to me, give me a little fire, let's go!"

Ross doesn't slow his stride. He doesn't even turn his head. He just mutters, low and gravelly, eyes fixed on the curtain ahead.

Chris Ross: "Not tonight."

Ross keeps walking, disappearing around the corner toward gorilla position. The camera stays on Mayhem, who stops in his tracks, his grin fading into an annoyed scowl. He kicks the wall lightly, shaking his head, but then smirks faintly as if undeterred.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Maxx Mayhem still looking for attention, still trying to get under Chris Ross' skin... but Ross is locked in tonight, Mark."

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "Yeah, Ross isn't cracking jokes, isn't biting on distractions. He's walking straight to the fire. And if I were Eric Dane Jr., I'd be nervous as hell."

The camera fades out on Mayhem's frustrated face before the broadcast cuts to a WARNING SCREEN.

Warning

The live feed suddenly cuts to black. A sharp white text warning appears on screen with a low, ominous tone playing underneath.

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On-Screen Text: "Warning: The following segment is presented uncensored. Viewer discretion is advised. This presentation may contain strong language and content not suitable for children."

The warning lingers for a moment before fading out. The crowd inside the arena buzzes in confusion and anticipation, knowing something different -- something dangerous -- is about to happen.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Ladies and gentlemen, you've seen the warning. Chris Ross demanded this time be his and his alone, raw and unfiltered. We want to remind you this will not be suitable for younger viewers."

The warning fades completely and the arena lights dim.

Raw & Unfiltered

The crowd buzzes with anticipation. A heavy guitar riff tears through the speakers as "Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow kicks in. Smoke floods the stage, swirling in the flicker of white strobes. After a long pause, Chris Ross steps out from behind the curtain.

No posing, no playing to the crowd -- just Ross, in jeans, a battered leather jacket, and a UTA t-shirt. His hair's slightly unkempt, his face grim, and his eyes cold. Clutched in his right hand: the screwdriver. He walks with his head down at first, then looks up slowly as the boos begin to pour in from the Ft. Worth crowd.

John Phillips: "And there he is... the Keystone State Killa. Chris Ross said he was coming out here tonight raw and unfiltered, and if you know his history, Mark, that's not an empty threat."

Mark Bravo: "No kidding. This is a guy who's made a career out of violence. A guy who's left bodies scarred, careers shortened, and fans horrified. And now he's back in the UTA, walking down that ramp like the devil's come to collect."

Ross doesn't look left or right as he trudges to the ring, ignoring the jeers and insults hurled from the barricades. He slides under the bottom rope, screwdriver in hand, and doesn't even rise fully. Instead, he drags himself into the far corner and sits down against the turnbuckles, staring blankly into the sea of faces before him.

The music cuts, leaving only the roar of the crowd. Some booing. Some chanting his name. Others just watching, unsettled. Ross finally raises the microphone with his free hand, his knuckles white around the handle.

Chris Ross: "They told me I could come out here tonight and say whatever I wanted... no scripts, no censors, no filters. Just me. So I hope you're ready, because I don't give a damn if it makes you cheer, boo, or vomit. I'm not here to entertain you. I'm here to tell you the truth."

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The crowd's noise rises -- some with intrigue, some with venom. Ross shifts slightly, screwdriver still in his lap, his voice low and steady but burning with intensity.

John Phillips: "This is chilling, Mark. Chris Ross isn't posturing -- he looks like a man with something heavy to unload."

Mark Bravo: "And that's the scary part. Because when Ross says it's unfiltered, you better believe he's about to cross lines nobody else dares touch."

Ross leans forward, eyes locked on the hard camera.

Chris Ross: "Let's start from the beginning..."

Ross leans forward from his corner seat, microphone trembling slightly in his hand -- not from fear, but from the sheer intensity running through him. The crowd noise dips into a tense hush, sensing the weight of what's coming.

Chris Ross: "You know what's been eatin' at me? It's not the whispers. It's not the fans in the crowd booing me every time I walk out here. It's not the damn fines, suspensions, or blacklists. What's been eatin' at me is you, Eric Dane Jr. You stood in this ring... and you had the balls to mock my girlfriend's death... and then call me a coward."

The crowd pops -- half with cheers, half with jeers -- at the mention of Dane's name. Ross' lip curls into a snarl as he points the screwdriver toward the camera.

Chris Ross: "You dare call me a coward, motherfucker? After everything I've been through? After the graves I've stood over? After watching my entire life get stripped away piece by piece?! After every chance I had at being a World Champion -- every chance I had at being a future Hall of Famer -- was taken from me?!"

Ross stands now, pacing the ring like a caged animal, voice rising with every word.

Chris Ross: "You wanna know what a coward does? A coward puts a rope around his neck and hangs himself in the dark. A coward puts a gun in his mouth and pulls the trigger. A coward downs a bottle of pills and waits to drift away. That's what a coward does!"

The audience shifts uncomfortably -- some gasping, some booing, some even applauding the brutal honesty. Ross points to his chest, his voice breaking with fury.

Chris Ross: "But me? I'm still here! I'm still standing, breathing, fighting. I didn't quit, I didn't roll over, and I sure as hell didn't die! You call me a coward, Dane? The reality is I'm a stronger motherfucker than a spoon-fed bitch like you will EVER be!"

Ross grips the mic tighter, pacing, voice now simmering with venom.

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Chris Ross: "You wanna know how this really started, Eric? It started with the world tryin' to cancel me. Every fan. Every company. Every so-called friend. Nobody gave a shit about me. They just wanted me gone -- out of wrestling, out of sight, out of mind."

Boos rain down, mixed with chants of "You deserve it!" Ross sneers, jabbing a finger toward the crowd.

Chris Ross: "And while I was being run out of every locker room, every arena, every chance I scraped for, people like you got handed the spotlight. People cheered for Eric Dane Jr., the golden boy, the chosen one -- a kid who only got through the door 'cause of nepotism! Because of his last name!"

Chris Ross: "So yeah, I broke. I snapped. I damn near killed both Danes. I left Scott Stevens bleeding. I scarred men who'll never look the same again. And what did I get for it? Not contracts. Not respect. Not my name in lights. I got a shit-box apartment in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, with nothing but four walls and this screwdriver to remind me of what I used to be."

Ross stops pacing. He leans against the ropes, eyes locked on the hard camera, voice dropping to a low growl.

Chris Ross: "Now it's more than that. It's more than the suits who've tried to erase me. More than every company that ran me out the second I got a sliver of a chance. More than the UTA throwing my bio up on their website like a damn afterthought. More than the trolls online that celebrate my pain and spread their bullshit rumors."

Chris Ross: "No, Eric. This is personal now. You think you've seen violent? You think you've seen unhinged? That was me when it **wasn't** personal."

Chris Ross: "You ain't seen nothing yet. You called me a coward, and you're about to find out just how strong I am when there's nothing left for me to lose!"

The crowd roars -- some booing, some on their feet -- the tension crackling through the arena as Ross pounds the ropes, his body trembling with rage.

John Phillips: "This is chilling... Chris Ross just drew the line in the sand, and Eric Dane Jr. is squarely on the other side of it."

Mark Bravo: "That's not a line, John. That's a grave, and Ross is daring Dane to step inside."

Ross storms back to the center of the ring, screwdriver in hand, chest heaving. He glares straight into the hard cam.

Chris Ross: "Eric Dane Jr... at The Great Southern Trendkill, I'm challenging you to a Street Fight. No rules. No holds barred. Anything goes. You think I'm unhinged? You think I'm violent? Step into my world and I'll show you exactly what those words mean!"

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The fans erupt in a mixture of cheers and outrage, the split reaction deafening. Ross lowers his head, pacing like a predator as he snarls into the mic one last time.

Chris Ross: "This isn't about wins and losses. This isn't about belts. This is about me ending you before you ever get the chance to become half the man your daddy was. At Trendkill, Eric... your blood stains the mat."

Ross hurls the microphone to the mat with a violent crack. The arena sits in silence.

Then, the unmistakable beat of "Made You Look" by Nas hits. The crowd erupts as Eric Dane Jr. steps out onto the stage, microphone in hand. He stares straight down the ramp at Ross, who's frozen in the ring, screwdriver still in hand.

John Phillips: "Ohhh here we go! Eric Dane Jr. is here! He's not letting Ross' words go unanswered!"

Mark Bravo: "You can feel it, John. This place is about to blow sky high."

The two men lock eyes, the hate radiating between them. Dane lifts the mic, waits for the crowd to quiet, then finally speaks.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I... ACCEPT."

The roof nearly comes off Dickies Arena as the crowd explodes. Ross smirks faintly, gripping the screwdriver tighter. Dane lowers his mic, never breaking eye contact, as the scene fades out on the stare-down.

Ross/Dane II

The screen cuts from the chaos in the arena to a bold red-and-gold graphic, thunder rumbling in the background. A storm effect rips across the screen as dramatic text slams into place:

"JUST ANNOUNCED - THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL"

The graphic splits, one side showing Chris Ross in his jeans and jacket, grim-faced with his screwdriver in hand. The other side shows Eric Dane Jr., hoodie pulled up, eyes blazing with intensity. Lightning strikes through the middle of the screen, cracking the two images apart as the match title slams across in bold lettering:

"STREET FIGHT - NO RULES, NO HOLDS BARRED"

*The UTA logo glows beneath as the event details appear: **The Great Southern Trendkill • Lawton, Oklahoma • September 28, 2025***

Narrator (V.O.): "At The Great Southern Trendkill... Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr. collide in an Oklahoma

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Street Fight. No rules. No limits. No mercy."

The crowd's roar can be faintly heard underneath the package as the graphic lingers for a moment before fading back to ringside.

John Phillips: "It's official -- Ross versus Dane in an Oklahoma Street Fight at The Great Southern Trendkill! This is going to be pure carnage."

Mark Bravo: "Ross wanted unfiltered violence, and now he's got it. Eric Dane Jr. said yes -- and at Trendkill, somebody's not walking out whole."

Still No Love

The camera follows Chris Ross as he pushes through the curtain and into gorilla position, sweat still clinging to his brow, screwdriver in hand. The crowd's roar is still audible behind him. Standing there waiting, bouncing on his heels with restless energy, is Maxx Mayhem. His title match is up next, but his grin is aimed squarely at Ross.

Maxx Mayhem: "The Artist paints! That was magnificent!"

Mayhem throws his arms wide, smiling wildly, expecting some kind of reaction. Ross doesn't break stride, doesn't glance his way -- he just brushes past, expression still cold, eyes fixed down the hallway.

Mayhem's smile falters, annoyance creeping across his face.

Maxx Mayhem: "What? No good luck for your ol' pal Max?"

Ross keeps walking, vanishing into the shadows of the hallway. Mayhem scowls, shaking his head, then waves it off with exaggerated sarcasm.

Maxx Mayhem: "Must be his time of the month."

He pops his knuckles, rolls his neck with a crack, and grins back at the camera, his wild energy returning. The tension from Ross' promo hangs in the air, but Mayhem's focus is shifting -- it's main event time.

John Phillips: "Ross wants nothing to do with Maxx Mayhem tonight -- but Mayhem doesn't seem to mind. He's got the UTA Champion in his sights next."

Mark Bravo: "You see that grin? That's a man who lives for chaos. If Jarvis Valentine thought this was gonna be just another defense, he's in for a rude awakening."

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The camera lingers on Mayhem as he paces, fists clenched, ready to make his entrance for the main event.

Maxx Mayhem vs. Jarvis Valentine

The house lights dim as sirens wail through Dickies Arena. The tron flickers with static, and then "Holiday" by Green Day blasts over the sound system. The curtain bursts open as Maxx Mayhem storms out, swinging a dented trash can lid overhead, laughing like a madman. He slams it against the ramp, sending a metallic clang echoing through the building as the crowd unleashes boos and scattered cheers.

John Phillips: "Here comes chaos in the flesh. Maxx Mayhem isn't like anybody else in this company, Mark -- he's unpredictable, he's dangerous, and he lives for moments just like this."

Mark Bravo: "Unpredictable? Dangerous? John, he's a walking demolition derby! I mean, this guy once powerbombed himself through a table just because he thought it would be funny. He doesn't care if he gets hurt, and that's what makes him so scary."

Mayhem struts halfway down the ramp, pausing to scream something unintelligible at the camera before licking the lens. He tosses the trash lid into the ring and slides under the ropes, popping up to his feet. Climbing the turnbuckle, he flips off the crowd with both hands, drawing more boos and laughter. He hops down and paces the ring like a rabid dog waiting to be unleashed.

John Phillips: "Remember, Maxx Mayhem has been circling this championship picture for weeks. He was the first man to confront Jarvis Valentine after he won the title, and he's been in his ear -- or maybe in his nightmares -- ever since."

Mark Bravo: "And tonight, John, it's not about respect. It's not about legacy. For Maxx, it's about proving that chaos rules all. If he walks out champion, the whole UTA changes overnight."

The arena plunges into darkness. The crowd noise shifts into a roar of anticipation. Suddenly, the opening chords of "American Flags" by Tom MacDonald thunder through the sound system, and the arena is drenched in red, white, and blue lights. Pyro bursts from the stage like fireworks as Jarvis Valentine steps out, the UTA Championship glinting around his waist.

John Phillips: "And here comes the champion -- Jarvis Valentine! He's been carrying the weight of this company since winning that title, and tonight he's got one of the most unpredictable challengers you could possibly face."

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis says he's a fighting champion, but let's be real, John -- some people don't buy it. We've heard the rumors, we've seen the headlines. The critics say he doesn't deserve to hold that belt. That's why this match is so huge -- because if he can beat Mayhem, he shuts them all up. And if he doesn't? Ohhh boy..."

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Jarvis raises his hand in a subtle "Q" shape at the top of the ramp, the crowd giving a mixed but thunderous response. He strides to the ring with confidence, pyro firing behind him like Independence Day. Valentine climbs the steps, unstraps the title, and hoists it high as the crowd erupts once more.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine has survived every obstacle thrown his way -- Chris Ross, Brick Bronson, the critics, the doubters -- and tonight he looks to prove that no matter the chaos Maxx Mayhem brings, he's still the champion of this company."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but it's easy to survive when you know the rules. Tonight? With Maxx Mayhem in there? Rules are more like... suggestions. This could be the wildest title match we've seen all year."

The referee holds the UTA Championship high as the fans stand on their feet, the atmosphere electric. Both men glare across the ring at one another, the tension crackling in the air.

DING DING DING!

Before the sound of the bell has even faded, Maxx Mayhem explodes across the ring like a missile. He rakes Jarvis Valentine straight across the eyes with both hands, sending the champion stumbling back into the corner. Mayhem cackles maniacally, grabbing Jarvis by the head and slamming him face-first into the top turnbuckle over and over again.

John Phillips: "And Mayhem wastes no time -- this isn't a wrestling match, this is an ambush!"

Mark Bravo: "Exactly what I told you, John. Maxx doesn't wait, he doesn't wrestle. He brawls, he blindsides, and he breaks you down."

Jarvis tries to cover up, but Mayhem bites at his forehead, drawing shrieks from the crowd. The referee shouts, warning Mayhem, but the challenger throws his hands up mockingly before spinning and cracking Jarvis with a discus elbow that drops the champion to a knee.

Mayhem grabs the trash can lid he tossed in earlier, smashes it against the mat like a cymbal, then swings it across Jarvis' back with a thunderous clang. The champion writhes in pain, the arena raining boos.

John Phillips: "That damn trash lid! And the referee's already lost control of this match -- Maxx Mayhem is doing whatever the hell he wants!"

Mark Bravo: "And you know what? It's working. Jarvis hasn't gotten out of the gates yet. Mayhem came to turn this into a street fight whether the rules allow it or not."

Maxx drags Jarvis back up and whips him hard into the ropes. On the rebound, Mayhem leapfrogs into a swinging neckbreaker, spiking the champion on the mat. He dives into a quick cover, grinning ear to ear.

One! Two! ... Jarvis kicks out!

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Mayhem slaps the mat, mock-pouting, then flips off the hard camera to loud boos. He pops to his feet, yanking Jarvis by the hair and shouting, "This your hero? This your champ?!" before laying in stiff forearms to the jaw.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is in trouble early, and the challenger's loving every second of it."

Mark Bravo: "This is Mayhem 101, John. Chaos, carnage, and comedy -- until the moment he drops you on your head. Jarvis better find some air or this title reign could be over in record time."

*Maxx Mayhem yanks Jarvis Valentine to his feet by the hair and hurls him over the top rope. The champion crashes to the floor outside, clutching his ribs. Mayhem follows right behind, hopping down with a gleeful grin, shouting insults at the front row. He grabs a steel chair from ringside and slams it shut with a loud *crack* that makes the crowd wince.*

John Phillips: "Oh no... Mayhem's got a chair. Somebody needs to stop this before it gets completely out of hand!"

Mark Bravo: "What'd you expect, John? This is Maxx Mayhem -- if it's not nailed down, he's using it!"

Maxx waits for Jarvis to get to his knees before ramming the chair into his midsection. Jarvis doubles over, gasping for air, and Mayhem cackles before cracking the chair across the champion's back, sending him sprawling into the barricade. The crowd boos loudly, but Mayhem soaks it in, strutting around ringside like he owns the place.

He drags Jarvis up and whips him spine-first into the steel steps with a sickening crash. Jarvis writhes in pain, clutching his lower back as Mayhem hops onto the steps, spreading his arms wide like a conquering hero. He then launches off the steps with a cannonball senton, crashing down onto Jarvis and both men spill into the floor padding.

John Phillips: "Oh my god! Mayhem just threw his own body like a weapon -- and he doesn't even care if he wrecks himself in the process!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the point, John. Mayhem hurts himself just to hurt you worse. That's what makes him so damn dangerous."

Maxx staggers up, laughing, dragging Jarvis by the arm. He slams the champion face-first onto the announce table, then climbs up onto the apron. He shouts, "HOLIDAY ROAD TRIP!" before sprinting across and diving off with a flying crossbody -- right into Jarvis, sending both men tumbling over the commentary desk!

The crowd erupts with a mix of shock and disgust as the announcers scramble back.

John Phillips: "They just wiped us out! Mayhem is absolutely out of his mind, launching himself and the

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champion through our table!"

Mark Bravo: "He's laughing, John! Look at him! This guy's a psycho and he LOVES it!"

Maxx crawls out of the wreckage first, dragging Jarvis by the head, mocking him as dead weight. He shoves the champion back under the ropes, then follows, slapping the mat with both hands as if demanding recognition. The challenger hooks the leg for another pin attempt.

One! Two! ... Jarvis kicks out again!

Mayhem slams his fists against the mat in mock frustration, then licks Jarvis' face as the crowd roars in disgust. He yells into the hard cam, "I told you, this is MY time!" before dragging Jarvis back up for more punishment.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is taking a beating like I've never seen before -- but he's still alive in this match!"

Mark Bravo: "Alive, maybe. But if Mayhem keeps this up, he'll be champ by the end of the night."

Maxx Mayhem drags Jarvis Valentine up by the hair again, laughing as he points to the hard cam and shouts, "This is YOUR hero?!" He goes to whip Jarvis into the corner -- but Jarvis plants his feet, reverses the whip, and sends Mayhem crashing into the turnbuckles instead. The crowd comes alive as Jarvis stumbles forward, clutching his ribs, summoning whatever strength he has left.

John Phillips: "Wait a second -- Jarvis with the reversal! He's still got fight left in him!"

Mark Bravo: "But look at him, John. Every step is agony. How long can he keep this up?"

Jarvis staggers in and drives a shoulder into Mayhem's midsection, then another. He pulls back, breathing heavy, before hoisting Mayhem up for a German suplex. The crowd roars as he bridges, holding for the cover.

One! Two! ... Mayhem kicks out!

Jarvis sits up slowly, grimacing, his back clearly in pain from the earlier chair shots and steel steps. He pounds the mat once, forcing himself to stand. Mayhem crawls to the ropes, smirking even through the punishment, and Jarvis grabs him from behind -- only for Mayhem to elbow him hard in the jaw, breaking free.

But instead of crumbling, Jarvis fires back with a discus clothesline that nearly turns Mayhem inside out! Both men collapse to the mat, the crowd rallying behind the champion.

John Phillips: "Good lord! Jarvis just leveled Mayhem with that clothesline, but he might have knocked

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himself loopy in the process!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what makes this a coin toss now, John. The champ is digging deep, but every move takes everything he's got."

The referee begins a ten-count as both men writhe on the canvas. Jarvis crawls toward the ropes, pulling himself up slowly, sweat pouring down his face. Mayhem sits up on the other side, laughing even through the pain, muttering "more, more, more." Jarvis charges and plants him with a running bulldog, the crowd roaring again!

Jarvis doesn't go for the pin. Instead, he forces himself to his feet, eyes blazing with determination, signaling that he's ready to fight through whatever's left in the tank.

John Phillips: "The champion is still standing! Jarvis Valentine is refusing to die here in Ft. Worth!"

Mark Bravo: "But he's burning fuel fast. If he doesn't end this soon, Maxx Mayhem will drag him right back into hell."

Jarvis Valentine drags himself upright, sweat pouring, as the Ft. Worth crowd begins clapping in unison. He shakes the ropes to fire himself up, then yanks Maxx Mayhem to his feet. Jarvis hoists him up and plants him with a sidewalk slam that rattles the ring. The fans roar, sensing the tide shifting. Jarvis covers.

One! Two! ... Kick out!

Jarvis wipes his face, breathes hard, then stalks Mayhem again. He pulls him up by the hair and whips him to the corner. Jarvis follows in with a huge clothesline, the impact echoing through the arena. Mayhem stumbles out and Jarvis scoops him for a back suplex, dropping him hard to the canvas. The fans cheer louder now as Jarvis pounds his chest, pointing to the belt at ringside.

John Phillips: "The champion's stringing it together! Sidewalk slam, suplex, and he's finally got Mayhem reeling!"

Mark Bravo: "Don't celebrate too early, John. Maxx Mayhem has a way of flipping the switch when you least expect it."

Jarvis lines up for another discus clothesline as Mayhem staggers to his feet. He charges -- but Mayhem ducks at the last second! Jarvis bounces off the ropes, and Mayhem springs forward with a snap DDT, spiking the champion headfirst into the mat. The crowd gasps as Mayhem rolls Jarvis onto his back and hooks the leg.

One! Two! ... Jarvis kicks out!

Mayhem sits up, laughing like a madman, slapping his own forehead before pointing at the referee and

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shouting, "Count faster, dammit!" He pulls Jarvis back up, taunting him with slaps across the face. The champ swings wildly with a punch, but Mayhem sidesteps and plants him into the corner, hammering away with a flurry of body shots.

John Phillips: "And just like that, Maxx Mayhem shuts the door on Jarvis Valentine's comeback!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what I've been telling you -- you can't predict Mayhem! The guy thrives on chaos, and Jarvis just walked right into it."

Mayhem climbs the second rope, raining down punches as the crowd counts along -- but instead of finishing cleanly, he bites Jarvis on the forehead again, sending the arena into boos. He leaps down, cackling, then points to the corner, signaling for the Crash Course cannonball.

Maxx Mayhem backs into the opposite corner, his eyes wild, tongue out as he smacks the top turnbuckle. He points at Jarvis Valentine slumped against the ropes, screaming, "TIME FOR A HOLIDAY!" The crowd erupts with boos as Mayhem charges full speed across the ring.

He launches his entire body into the corner, crashing into Jarvis with the full force of the Crash Course cannonball. The impact is so violent that Mayhem himself collapses to the mat, laughing through the pain. Jarvis crumples lifelessly to the canvas.

John Phillips: "Oh my god! The Crash Course connected! Mayhem hit all of it -- and he destroyed himself in the process!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the thing, John! He doesn't care! He'll wreck his own body if it means wrecking yours worse. And right now, Jarvis Valentine looks DONE."

Mayhem crawls over Jarvis, draping an arm across the champion's chest, his eyes wide and crazed as the referee slides into position.

One! ... Two! ... THR-- JARVIS KICKS OUT!

The arena explodes in shock, half the crowd roaring in relief, the other half gasping. Mayhem sits up, pounding the mat with both fists, then rolls onto his back, laughing hysterically as if the kickout only fuels his madness.

John Phillips: "How?! How in the world did Jarvis Valentine survive that?! The Crash Course has put away plenty of opponents -- but not tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "He may have survived, John, but look at him. He's barely moving. If Maxx can string one more big shot together, we might be looking at a new UTA Champion."

Mayhem pulls himself to his feet, gripping the ropes for balance, his body battered but his grin unbroken. He

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signals for another move, yelling "MAXXIMUM CARNAGE!" as the crowd boos, preparing to finish the job.

Maxx Mayhem stalks Jarvis Valentine, wobbling but grinning like a man possessed. He drags the champion up by the arm, hooks him for Maximum Carnage -- but at the last second, Jarvis twists free! He shoves Mayhem chest-first into the corner, and when Mayhem staggers back, Jarvis explodes forward with a discus clothesline that nearly flips him inside out!

John Phillips: "Discus clothesline! Valentine just flattened Mayhem, and listen to this crowd come alive!"

Mark Bravo: "That's pure adrenaline, John! He's running on fumes, but when the championship's on the line, sometimes fumes are enough!"

Jarvis stumbles to the ropes, using them to steady himself, then stomps the mat to fire up the crowd. He pulls Mayhem to his feet, scoops him up, and plants him with a powerful back suplex. Jarvis sits up, pounding his chest, the fans roaring as he shakes the pain from his body.

He doesn't stop -- Jarvis charges into the corner, waits for Mayhem to rise, and drills him with a running bulldog that spikes the challenger face-first into the mat. Jarvis flips him over for the cover.

One! Two! ... Mayhem kicks out!

Jarvis slaps the mat, frustrated but not slowing down. He drags Mayhem up again, setting him for a neckbreaker slam. He hits it with authority, bouncing the challenger off the canvas as the crowd chants, "VAL-EN-TINE! VAL-EN-TINE!"

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is rolling! Bulldog! Neckbreaker! The champion's throwing everything he's got left at Maxx Mayhem!"

Mark Bravo: "And the scary part is, John? Mayhem keeps getting up. He's laughing through it all! This guy's insane -- but Jarvis is digging deeper than we've ever seen."

Jarvis signals for the end, hoisting Mayhem up across his shoulders. The crowd rises as he prepares for the Patriot Plunge, his finisher. Mayhem thrashes wildly, trying to fight free, but Jarvis tightens his grip, determination etched on his face.

The crowd is on its feet as Jarvis Valentine steadies himself, hoisting Maxx Mayhem into the fireman's carry. He takes one step, then drops Mayhem headfirst into the mat with the devastating Patriot Plunge! The ring shakes from the impact as Jarvis sprawls over Mayhem for the cover.

John Phillips: "Patriot Plunge! That's it! Jarvis Valentine has put Mayhem away!"

The referee slides in -- but before the count can even begin, Mayhem spasms to life. With a burst of pure desperation, he rolls sideways, tumbling under the bottom rope. He crashes to the floor outside, clutching his

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neck and laughing through the pain, barely saving himself from certain defeat. The crowd rains down boos, furious at the escape.

Mark Bravo: "Unbelievable! Mayhem just survived by the skin of his teeth! That was pure instinct -- or pure lunacy -- but either way, he's still alive in this match!"

Jarvis pounds the mat in frustration, running his hands through his hair. He glares down at Mayhem, who's sprawled on the floor, half-smiling, half-broken. The champion slides out of the ring after him, seething, determined not to let the challenger slither away.

John Phillips: "Jarvis had him dead to rights, but Maxx Mayhem somehow rolled out of the ring before the referee could count! The champion knows he has to finish this, and finish it fast."

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis better be careful. The second you follow Mayhem outside, you're in his world -- and we all know how ugly that can get."

Jarvis drags Mayhem up by the hair on the outside, his face a mask of determination, as the referee leans over the ropes urging them back inside.

Jarvis Valentine drags Maxx Mayhem up from the floor by his wild hair, the challenger still laughing even as he's grimacing in pain. The champion smashes him face-first into the steel steps, then whips him into the barricade with a sickening thud. The fans roar with approval as Jarvis pumps his fist, finally unleashing his fury.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! Jarvis Valentine is fighting with fire, and Maxx Mayhem is finally paying for all of his chaos tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but how long can you punish a guy who loves pain? Mayhem's probably enjoying this!"

Jarvis rips Mayhem up and hurls him across the announce table, sending monitors flying. He climbs on top, pulling Maxx with him, and signals to the crowd -- the champion wants to end this once and for all. But as Jarvis lifts Mayhem for another Patriot Plunge, Mayhem rakes the eyes desperately, breaking free.

*Mayhem drops to the floor, crawling under the apron. The crowd boos, knowing what's coming. When he emerges, he's holding a kendo stick. The referee immediately waves his arms, warning him -- but Mayhem grins wide and cracks the stick across Jarvis' back with a loud *CRACK!**

John Phillips: "No! Not the kendo stick!"

Mark Bravo: "And here we go -- Mayhem doesn't care about the title, he cares about carnage!"

Mayhem rains down shot after shot, splintering the stick across Jarvis' shoulders, ribs, and back. The referee slides out of the ring, waving furiously, shouting for the bell.

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DING DING DING!

Ring Announcer: "Ladies and gentlemen, your winner by disqualification... and still UTA Champion... Jarvis Valentine!"

The announcement barely finishes before Maxx Mayhem hoists a steel chair and smashes it into Jarvis Valentine's ribs again. The champion crumples to the floor, gasping for air, clutching at his midsection. Mayhem sets the chair around Jarvis' neck, eyes wide, tongue out, laughing manically as he lines up to stomp.

John Phillips: "Oh no, no, no -- don't do this! He'll end Jarvis' career right here!"

Mark Bravo: "Somebody stop this lunatic before he cripples the champion!"

Before Mayhem can strike, the crowd erupts. Brick Bronson charges down the ramp like a freight train, eyes locked on Mayhem. The challenger barely has time to react before Bronson explodes into him with a massive spear that sends both men crashing to the floor outside the ring!

The arena shakes as Bronson mounts Mayhem, hammering him with ground-and-pound punches, the crowd roaring with every shot. Mayhem flails, laughing even as the fists rain down, but Bronson's fury doesn't let up.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson just saved the UTA Champion! He cut Mayhem in half with that spear!"

Mark Bravo: "And don't forget, John -- Bronson and Valentine aren't friends. But Brick's got a steel cage match coming, and he's not about to let Maxx Mayhem ruin his shot at the gold."

Officials finally swarm ringside, dragging Mayhem away from Bronson's clutches. The chaotic challenger howls with laughter, blood trickling from his lip, shouting incoherently as security restrains him. Bronson stands tall, chest heaving, before turning to check on Jarvis. The champion, battered and clutching his ribs, locks eyes with Bronson. There's no handshake, no embrace -- just a silent nod of respect between warrior and contender.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is still the UTA Champion, thanks to the intervention of Brick Bronson -- but you can feel it, Mark. That steel cage is looming, and it might be the only way to settle it between those two men."

Mark Bravo: "And when it happens, John, there'll be no one to save either of them. No escape. Just two warriors locked in steel with the richest prize in wrestling on the line."

*The final shot shows Jarvis clutching his championship against his chest while Bronson looms nearby, eyes fixed on the belt, the steel cage match at **The Great Southern Trendkill** all but promised. The crowd roars as the broadcast fades to black.*

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Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "A Boss Arrival" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Malachi Cross vs. Aaron Shaffer" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "I am That Bitch" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Locked Doors" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Trust Fund Tag Team Championship Open Challenge" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "A Champion's Mindset" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Contract Signing" - Written by Ben, tony.

Segment: "East Coast Invasion" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Angela Hall vs. Dhalia Cross" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Jesus Mother of Christ" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Four's A Crowd" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Just Announced" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Tyler Cruz vs. Jaxson Ryder" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Your Next Challenge" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Hightower Arrives" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Challenge of Steel" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Not Tonight" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Warning" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Raw & Unfiltered" - Written by Ben, chris.

Segment: "Ross/Dane II" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Still No Love" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Maxx Mayhem vs. Jarvis Valentine" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite