

East Coast Invasion: Boston, MA

October 31, 2025 | Agganis Arena - Boston, MA

Introduction

The cameras whip across a sea of costumes and signs inside a sold-out Agganis Arena. Orange and violet lights pulse. A low fog rolls across the stage as a jack-o'-lantern grin animates on the big screen. A BOOM of pyro kicks off the broadcast.

John Phillips: "Happy Halloween, Boston! Welcome to the United Toughness Alliance and the next stop of the East Coast Invasion! We are live from the Agganis Arena, and tonight is already giving me chills!"

Mark Bravo: "Chills? Buddy, I brought two hoodies and a stack of candy bars and I'm still not ready. It's spooky season, it's fight night, and this Boston crowd is out of its mind!"

Another volley of pyro rakes the stage. Camera pushes down the ramp to the ring, ropes taped with subtle orange accents. Fans in elaborate costumes pound the barricades.

John Phillips: "We've got a monster of a card tonight. Triple threat tag team mayhem is on deck as Velocity Vanguard, U.S.A., and El Fantasma collide--three teams, one ring, zero room for mistakes."

Mark Bravo: "Velocity Vanguard flips physics, U.S.A. brings the muscle, and El Fantasma? They haunt your blind spots, baby. You blink on Halloween, you wake up counting lights!"

The tron flashes quick cuts: Angela Hall lacing her boots; Amy Harrison hoisting the Women's Title; Eric Dane Jr. pacing with the WrestleZone strap; B.R. Ellis drilling chain-wrestling reps; a silhouette teased for later.

John Phillips: "Speaking of champions--The Empress herself, Amy Harrison, defends the UTA Women's Championship against a surging Angela Hall. Hall knows what it takes to hold gold; Harrison knows how to break hearts and records."

Mark Bravo: "Angela's been eating miles and mauling resumes. But Amy's been feasting on doubters for months. I call it a coin flip--except Amy keeps the coin."

John Phillips: "Then it's the WrestleZone Championship: Eric Dane Jr. versus the resident workhorse, B.R. Ellis. Ellis has pushed champions to the brink--tonight he tries to kick the door off the hinges."

Mark Bravo: "EDJ talks slick and backs it up. Ellis doesn't talk--he suplexes paragraphs outta you. That's a main event anywhere in the country... and we're not even at our main event!"

The lights narrow to a single white beam at center ring as the UTA Championship graphic hits the screen.

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John Phillips: "And in our headline bout, Jarvis Valentine puts the UTA Championship on the line against a mystery opponent tied to the very heart of UTA's past. On Halloween night, the ghosts come calling."

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis has stared down legends and shot down rumors, but you wanna talk about tricks and treats? A surprise challenger is both. If a ghost of UTA past walks through that curtain, Boston might blow the roof clean off."

Crowd swells into a deafening "U-T-A!" chant. The camera floats to the commentary desk where John and Mark stand, fired up.

John Phillips: "Strap in, folks. Costumes on, lights down, volume up. The East Coast Invasion rolls into Boston--"

Mark Bravo: "--and tonight, the only thing scarier than the tricks are the hits! Let's light the fuse!"

The bell rings. Theme music surges as we smash cut to the opening video package..

An Explosive Start to the Show

The intro package fades out on a thunderous crowd. Cameras cut backstage where the loading bay doors swing open. The roar of engines fades as Maxx Mayhem and Kaine step out of a matte-black SUV. Maxx has the Trust Fund Championship slung over his shoulder, Kaine right beside him, his hood up and expression unreadable.

Mark Bravo: "Well, there's trouble already walking through the door, partner!"

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem and Kaine--newly minted chaos merchants--arriving in style, and look at that... Mayhem's still carrying the Trust Fund Tag Team Title!"

Before they can take two more steps down the hall--

Chris Ross (off-camera): "MAYHEM!"

The camera whips around just in time to catch Chris Ross charging down the corridor like a bull. Maxx drops his duffel and the title, bracing himself. Kaine steps forward, cracking his knuckles, ready to throw down.

John Phillips: "Oh no, Ross is here--and he's not waiting for introductions!"

Officials and security flood the hallway, grabbing arms, pushing bodies apart. Chaos erupts--voices overlapping, shouts echoing through the concrete walls. Suddenly, Scott Stevens bursts into frame, his voice cutting through the commotion.

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Scott Stevens: "Whoa whoa whoa whoa! STOP IT! STOP IT!"

Stevens wedges himself between the three men, arms out like a referee breaking up a hockey fight. Security restrains Kaine while two officials hold Ross back, his chest heaving.

Scott Stevens: "I know you guys have a lot to settle--a LOT--but you've also got obligations! Those Trust Fund Championship titles... tonight, they're being retired!"

The crowd in the arena ERUPTS as Stevens' words echo backstage.

Mark Bravo: "Wait, what?!"

John Phillips: "Did he just say the Trust Fund Titles are being replaced?!"

Scott Stevens: "That's right! Starting tonight, they'll be replaced with brand new UTA Tag Team Championship titles!"

The fans explode again, chanting "U-T-A!" so loud it can be heard through the hallway walls. Ross sneers. Mayhem smirks. Kaine tilts his head, studying Stevens.

Scott Stevens: "And one more thing! Whoever wins the triple threat tag team match tonight--they'll face you two for the championships, TONIGHT!"

Another pop from the live crowd shakes the building. Mayhem and Kaine glance at each other, then down at the old belts lying on the floor. Ross is still seething as Stevens points between them.

Chris Ross: "I'm not teaming with that asshole!"

Maxx Mayhem: "That's fine, gov... I got my man Kaine here."

Kaine cracks a faint grin beneath his hood as Stevens throws up his hands in frustration.

Scott Stevens: "Then you better figure out how to make this work, because I am NOT having another show filled with this... this... whatever THIS is!"

Stevens storms off. Security slowly backs away. Mayhem picks the old title up off the ground and slings it over his shoulder again. He and Kaine exchange a knowing smirk while Ross glares, fists clenched, breathing heavy.

John Phillips: "You can feel it, Bravo. Something's boiling over--and tonight, it might just spill all over Boston!"

Mark Bravo: "Halloween's about monsters, and these three might be the scariest ones in the building."

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The camera pans down to the gleaming Trust Fund title plate before fading.

God Damn Son

The feed cuts from the chaotic hallway to another part of the arena, where the camera finds Madman Szalinski pacing in front of a flickering monitor. Beside him stand the twin terrors, El Fantasma Oscuro I and II, each wearing their signature masks and matching black-and-silver ring gear. On the screen, Scott Stevens' words echo: "Whoever wins the triple threat tag team match tonight will face the champions for the titles, TONIGHT!"

John Phillips: "And we're getting reactions all over the building, Bravo. There's Madman Szalinski and his boys, El Fantasma, about to enter that triple threat tag team bout!"

Mark Bravo: "Madman looks like he just found out Christmas came early--and Halloween's giving presents!"

Madman throws his hands into the air, his face lighting up in disbelief and excitement.

Madman Szalinski: "GOD DAMN SON! Can you boys believe it? If you win this match, you get a shot TONIGHT for tag team gold!"

The Oscuros don't move. Both tilt their heads slowly, their cold eyes hidden behind the mask lenses. Silence. Just the hum of the lights above them.

Madman Szalinski: "This is huge! This could be our moment, boys!"

Madman grins ear to ear, smacking one Oscuro on the shoulder and pumping his fist like a coach before a big game. The Oscuros remain stoic--one adjusts his glove, the other cracks his neck--but neither speaks. Madman shakes his head with a laugh.

Madman Szalinski: "Alright, fine! I'll do all the talking--y'all just do the haunting!"

He claps his hands together and points toward the entranceway.

John Phillips: "Madman's fired up, and the Oscuros are as unreadable as ever. But a win tonight puts them in a UTA Tag Team Championship match before the night is over!"

Mark Bravo: "Talk about high stakes, John--Halloween night, Boston crowd, and a shot at brand new championship gold on the line? This is what UTA does best!"

Madman straightens his jacket, takes one last deep breath, and looks into the camera with wild eyes.

Madman Szalinski: "It's time for our first match!"

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He storms off down the hall, the Oscuros following silently behind as their eerie theme begins to echo from the arena. The lights flicker, the camera fades, and the crowd buzzes in anticipation.

It's about U.S.A

The camera cuts to another corner of the backstage area, where the stars and stripes hang proudly over a metal locker. Carter Durant and Jaxson Ryder -- the powerhouse duo known as U.S.A. -- are standing side by side, already geared up. Ryder is stretching his shoulders, while Durant stands arms crossed, eyes locked on a monitor showing the replay of Scott Stevens' announcement.

John Phillips: "And there they are -- U.S.A., Carter Durant and Jaxson Ryder -- two men who've made it clear they want their shot at gold. You can bet they just heard the same announcement as everyone else."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, they heard it loud and clear, partner. You can practically see the adrenaline kicking in. Nothing gets these two more fired up than the chance to represent their country with championships on the line."

Durant cracks a half-smile, shaking his head as he turns to Ryder.

Carter Durant: "So let me get this straight... we win tonight, and we get to beat Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem for the NEW UTA Tag Team Championships -- same night?"

Ryder adjusts his wrist tape and nods firmly, a determined grin forming under his stubble.

Jaxson Ryder: "Damn right we do. And brother, I don't plan on waiting any longer. Those two have been playing games for weeks -- it's time somebody shut 'em up and showed what real champions look like."

Carter Durant: "Exactly. We didn't come all this way to sit on the sidelines while clowns like Mayhem and Kaine treat the tag division like a circus. We're soldiers. We fight. We earn it."

Ryder smacks his fists together, the sound echoing off the concrete walls. Durant nods with conviction, his voice steady but fired up.

Carter Durant: "Tonight's about more than titles. It's about pride. It's about U.S.A. taking those belts and proving once again -- we don't back down, and we don't get scared."

Durant glances toward the camera, stepping closer with intensity in his eyes.

Carter Durant: "Boston's about to see a fight for the ages. Velocity Vanguard, El Fantasma, whoever steps up -- bring your best. Because when that bell rings, there's only one thing that matters..."

Jaxson Ryder: "The red, white, and blue standing tall at the end of the night!"

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The two men bump fists, the camera catching the U.S.A. logo on their jackets as they march out of frame toward gorilla position.

John Phillips: "Focused. Fired up. That's the kind of intensity that wins championships."

Mark Bravo: "And if you're Velocity Vanguard or El Fantasma, you better believe those two aren't just fighting for themselves -- they're fighting for the flag, and for the right to make history tonight!"

The screen fades to the U.S.A. logo briefly before transitioning to the next scene.

Velocity

The camera shifts to yet another corner backstage, this one lit by flickering neon and a faint hum from a nearby power box. Velocity Vanguard -- Tyler Cruz and Jet Lawson -- lean against a steel case marked with their signature "VV" logo, taping their wrists and watching a replay of Scott Stevens' announcement on a monitor. Both men smirk, the kind of smirk that says they've been waiting for this.

John Phillips: "And now we're checking in with Velocity Vanguard -- Tyler Cruz and Jet Lawson -- two of the flashiest, fastest, and frankly most dangerous athletes in the UTA tag division."

Mark Bravo: "Dangerous and unpredictable, John. You blink and these guys have already hit you with something that belongs in a highlight reel. They thrive on chaos -- and tonight? We got plenty of that on the menu."

Tyler Cruz finishes wrapping his wrist and looks over at Jet with a sly grin.

Tyler Cruz: "So, lemme get this straight -- we win the triple threat, and we go straight into a tag title match the same night?"

Jet Lawson: "That's exactly what I heard. And honestly? Couldn't be a better setup for us."

Tyler Cruz: "Yeah, because while everyone else is whining or fighting over who hates who more, we'll be doing what we do best -- outpacing, outsmarting, and outclassing everybody in that ring."

Jet smirks, flipping a roll of tape between his hands before tossing it into a crate.

Jet Lawson: "U.S.A.'s strong, El Fantasma's spooky, but the Vanguard? We're inevitable. They talk about making history -- we are history in motion."

Tyler Cruz: "Exactly. Tonight, it's not about tricks or ghosts or taglines. It's about showing Boston what speed and precision look like when they collide at full throttle."

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He slaps the side of a production crate, the metal ringing like a bell. Jet cracks his neck, then looks dead into the camera.

Jet Lawson: "Velocity Vanguard isn't here to survive this invasion -- we're here to lead it."

Tyler Cruz: "And by the time the night's over, those shiny new UTA Tag Team Titles?"

Jet Lawson: "They'll be moving at the speed of Vanguard."

The two fist bump with a sharp snap as the camera pans out -- the words "Velocity Vanguard" flash briefly across the screen in stylized font. The roar of the crowd in the arena bleeds through as the camera fades back toward ringside.

John Phillips: "Confident words from Velocity Vanguard -- and they've got every reason to be. These guys are lightning in a bottle."

Mark Bravo: "Three teams, one shot at glory, and then the champs waiting at the end of the night. That's not a match -- that's a warzone, partner!"

The crowd noise swells as the bell for the opening match begins to ring.

Velocity Vanguard vs. U.S.A vs. El Fantasma

The arena lights flicker and then abruptly shut off. A deep pulse rumbles through the Agganis Arena as purple mist begins to roll from the stage, flowing like cold breath across a tombstone. Suddenly--

"Cemetery Gates" by Pantera hits the PA system with a mournful wail of guitar. The crowd erupts as a single spotlight pierces the fog, illuminating a lone figure emerging from behind the curtain.

John Phillips: "And here we go! Leading his specters of the night... the one and only Madman Szalinski!"

Madman steps into view wearing his weathered grey suit, sleeves slightly frayed, collar loosened. His signature red and blue mask glimmers under the spotlight, paint worn at the edges as though touched by time and war. He pauses at the top of the ramp, taking a slow, deep breath as he looks out over the Boston crowd. The fans respond with a roar of appreciation--Madman, a beloved figure of resilience and legacy, lifts his hand in gratitude.

Mark Bravo: "There he is, John! The Madman himself! A legend, a warrior, and tonight--a man guiding two phantoms into battle!"

Madman waves both arms outward, soaking in the cheers. Then, with a single sharp point of his finger toward the entranceway... the haunting melody deepens. Smoke bursts upward in twin columns.

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Two silhouettes emerge--low, crouched--then rise slowly as if levitating from the mist. El Fantasma Oscuro I and II glide forward in perfect sync, each wearing their black-and-silver masks etched with ghostly symbols. Their movements are unnatural, like shadows acting of their own will. They don't blink. They don't speak. They only stare ahead--into the ring, into the future.

John Phillips: "Chills. Actual chills. El Fantasma Oscuro--known across the globe for their aerial precision and supernatural ring presence--are prowling toward that ring, and you can feel the energy shifting in this building."

Mark Bravo: "You don't prepare to face El Fantasma... you prepare to survive them. These two never break eye contact, never break formation. They're not just here to win--they're here to send a message."

Madman walks ahead of them, his suit jacket catching the low fog as though dragging mist with him. He reaches ringside, climbing the steel steps, and turns to the crowd once more--raising both arms in a cross shape, symbolizing unity and fate. The Oscuros split left and right, ascending the apron simultaneously before slingshotting over the ropes in identical fluid motions, hitting the canvas and rolling into kneeling positions in the center of the ring, heads lowered.

John Phillips: "Look at that symmetry! Look at that control! I've been calling matches for years, and I can tell you--El Fantasma Oscuro might just be the most coordinated tag team we have ever seen step foot in a UTA ring."

Mark Bravo: "And Madman Szalinski at ringside? That's a heartbeat right there. That's emotion. These fans LOVE him, and that love is fueling those two phantoms right now."

The camera closes in on the Oscuros. They slowly raise their heads in unison, eyes fixed dead ahead. The fog lingers around them as their music fades...

John Phillips: "This triple threat is about to open the show in a terrifying, electrifying way--and El Fantasma Oscuro are ready to take their place in history tonight."

The arena lights shift suddenly to a brilliant blaze of red, white, and blue. A single snare drum hits. Then another. Then a rolling cadence like boots on pavement. The fog on the ramp is swept away by a gust of air--followed by the triumphant blare of brass horns as a rousing, New Orleans-style second line anthem takes over the sound system.

John Phillips: "Oh, you know what that means!"

Mark Bravo: "The heartbeat of the people is here--we're about to be joined by two men who fight for pride, honor, and country. Here come Carter Durant and Jaxson Ryder--U.S.A!"

Carter Durant bursts from the curtain first in a sprint, bursting with energy, teal-and-purple spotlights swirling overhead to represent his New Orleans roots. He points to the sky, then to the people, high-fiving every

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outstretched hand along the ramp. Fans are on their feet, clapping in rhythm with the band-style entrance.

Behind him, the lights strobe in pure red, white, and blue as Jaxson Ryder emerges with a burst of power--leaping into view with a big shout, pounding his chest. The chorus of an alt-rock anthem kicks in, and Ryder salutes the crowd before joining Carter at the top of the ramp. The two meet at center stage, nod to one another, and then raise their fists to the crowd in perfect unison.

John Phillips: "Carter Durant is pure athleticism--a man who has dedicated his success to the very city that raised him. And beside him, Jaxson Ryder--a natural leader with charisma that could power this entire arena!"

Mark Bravo: "Speed, passion, amateur dominance--these boys got it all! And listen to this crowd--they're READY to ride with U.S.A tonight!"

Carter and Ryder make their way to the ring at a brisk pace--Durant slides under the bottom rope in one smooth motion, popping up with his arms wide to the crowd. Ryder takes the steel steps, pausing at the top to point across the ring at El Fantasma Oscuro, nodding in a respectful but defiant way. He steps between the ropes and joins Durant, both men moving to the center of the ring.

They strike a pose--Durant pointing to the sky, Ryder standing firm with a fist over his heart. The horns hit one last triumphant note before fading.

John Phillips: "Three teams. One shot at tag team glory. You can feel the electricity building--and Boston is LOVING every second of it!"

The arena suddenly plunges into darkness again--this time not ominous, but electric. The sound of a heartbeat begins to echo -- BOOM-boom. BOOM-boom. The heartbeat slowly speeds up as streaks of electric blue and neon red begin pulsing down the ramp, racing from stage to ring like data streams in motion.

John Phillips: "And now... the future arrives."

Mark Bravo: "Get your cameras ready folks, because these two are human highlight reels!"

A pulse of static hits the tron in glitchy bursts before locking into the Velocity Vanguard sigil. A blast of CO2 cannons fires, and Jet Lawson EXPLODES from the curtain in a blur--sprinting forward and leaping into a front flip onto the stage platform, landing with perfect superhero precision. The crowd pops.

Tyler Cruz follows in rhythm to high-energy Latin EDM, dancing with flair at the top of the ramp before executing a rapid-fire handspring into a corkscrew twist, landing in perfect sync beside Jet. The lights blaze white-hot for a second as both men strike a dual pose -- Jet pointing skyward, Cruz clapping with the rhythm of the music, getting the crowd into motion.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson and Tyler Cruz! Velocity Vanguard! These two have made a career out of redefining gravity!"

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Mark Bravo: "Look at the confidence--Jet's the tech genius with a death wish, and Cruz? A second-generation lucha superstar with flair for days! Together--they're velocity, innovation, and absolute chaos!"

They make their way down the ramp at high speed--Jet sliding under the rope and immediately rolling into a handspring backflip, landing on his feet in the center of the ring. Tyler vaults onto the apron in one leap, springboards over the top rope, and lands in a spin before dropping into a crouch, eyes locked on the competition.

Velocity Vanguard stands face-to-face with U.S.A. and El Fantasma Oscuro--three teams, six warriors, each squared off with laser focus. Madman Szalinski stands just outside the ring, hands gripping the middle rope, eyes wide with anticipation.

John Phillips: "The ring is full. The stakes are sky-high. The winners go on to face Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem tonight for the brand new UTA Tag Team Championships!"

Mark Bravo: "Three teams enter. One destiny awaits. And John--this crowd is ready to blow the roof off this arena!"

The referee steps forward, checking each team, issuing final instructions as the music fades.

John Phillips: "The bell is about to ring--our opening contest of the night is moments away!"

The camera sweeps across the ring as all six competitors take their positions -- one legal man from each team stepping forward while their partners hold the ropes, ready to tag in at any moment. The crowd is on their feet, buzzing with anticipation. Ringside, Madman Szalinski pounds the apron with both hands, shouting words of focus to the Oscuros.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, THIS is not just an opening contest -- this is a gateway to destiny! The team that secures a pinfall here TONIGHT will go on to challenge for the brand new UTA Tag Team Championships... in the main event... in the SAME NIGHT!"

Mark Bravo: "And let's not forget who holds those belts -- Maxx Mayhem and Chris Ross. Two men who hate each other more than any of the teams in this ring do! Maxx turned on Ross the moment they won those titles. They don't want to fight together--but they HAVE to!"

John Phillips: "Whoever wins this match doesn't just get a title opportunity -- they step into one of the most combustible championship situations in UTA history! Mayhem and Ross might explode before the bell even rings!"

Mark Bravo: "Who knows, John... winning this match might be the EASY part!"

Back in the ring, El Fantasma Oscuro I steps into the center for his team, his cold stare fixed forward. For

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U.S.A., Carter Durant rolls his shoulders, bouncing on his toes with electric anticipation. For Velocity Vanguard, Jet Lawson stands tall, one hand raised, eyes shifting between his rivals.

The referee checks all three men, then signals for the bell.

DING DING DING!

The crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "And here we go! Triple threat tag action with everything on the line! El Fantasma Oscuro I, Carter Durant, and Jet Lawson are your legal men to start us off!"

Mark Bravo: "Fasten your seatbelts, folks -- if you blink, you'll miss something spectacular!"

The three circle each other cautiously -- but caution lasts only a moment. In an instant, Jet Lawson launches forward at Carter Durant, only for El Fantasma I to spring into motion as well, and the match explodes into a flurry of motion--

Jet Lawson and Carter Durant lock eyes for a split second--then both men nod and turn at the exact same moment, blasting El Fantasma Oscuro I with stereo dropkicks! The phantom hits the ropes but rebounds gracefully, landing in a three-point stance like a shadow reforming.

John Phillips: "Already you see it--temporary alliances forming! Jet and Carter realize the threat El Fantasma poses!"

Jet charges, going for a springboard knee strike--but El Fantasma vanishes beneath him, rolling forward into a handspring. Carter tries a hurricanrana--El Fantasma ducks, pops up, and hits both opponents with a spinning double back elbow that takes them down simultaneously!

Mark Bravo: "He hit 'em both! Didn't even breathe doing it! That's why you never take your eyes off El Fantasma!"

El Fantasma sprints to the ropes--springboards--and hits a PERFECT moonsault onto Jet Lawson. He hooks the leg!

John Phillips: "Quick pin! This could be over already!"

1!

2--

--Carter breaks it up with a dropkick to the back!

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John Phillips: "Durant keeping this one alive! Remember, first pinfall wins--no eliminations!"

Carter kips up and immediately lifts Jet Lawson to his feet, then whips him into the ropes. Lawson rebounds--Carter leapfrogs--Jet rolls under--pops up--and HITS a sling blade on El Fantasma!

Mark Bravo: "This is insane! These guys are at full throttle from the jump!"

Carter spins Jet around and nails a snap suplex, floating over and transitioning into amateur-style ground control. El Fantasma pops up on the apron and tags his partner, El Fantasma Oscuro II, who springs to the top rope.

John Phillips: "Here comes the second ghost!"

El Fantasma II launches with a springboard dropkick, catching both Carter and Jet in the chest, knocking them apart! U.S.A.'s Jaxson Ryder immediately tags Carter's back and enters as the legal man.

Mark Bravo: "Smart by Ryder--get fresh legs in there!"

Ryder rushes El Fantasma II, hitting a pop-up hurricanrana that launches the phantom across the ring. Ryder then bounces off the ropes--only to be cut off by Tyler Cruz tagging in from Jet Lawson's corner. Cruz bursts in with a handspring elbow that catches Ryder flush!

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz with the velocity! You can't blink during a Velocity Vanguard match!"

El Fantasma II recovers and tags in his brother. Both Oscuros enter and hit a double enzuigiri on Cruz. They then rebound off opposite ropes, hitting a synchronized somersault cutter and rope-walk hurricanrana combination on Ryder! Madman Szalinski is pumping his fists outside, shouting encouragement.

John Phillips: "Madman isn't interfering--he's uplifting! He knows momentum is everything in a match like this!"

Meanwhile, Carter Durant hits a springboard crossbody onto both Oscuros, sending them tumbling. Ryder rallies, lifting El Fantasma I into position for the Ace Driver--but Tyler Cruz springboards in with a missile dropkick! ALL FOUR MEN ARE DOWN! The crowd is roaring!

Mark Bravo: "Bodies are flying! Ropes are snapping! And remember--whoever gets the pin here goes on to face Maxx Mayhem and Chris Ross for the NEW UTA Tag Titles later tonight!"

John Phillips: "And the world is wondering--can Mayhem and Ross even function as champions?! Mayhem betrayed Ross the second they won the belts! Kaine is by his side now--and you know he'd love to watch Ross fall!"

We get a split-screen showing Ross pacing angrily backstage, Maxx grinning wickedly, Kaine standing still

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like a statue.

Mark Bravo: "These teams are not just fighting for gold--they're fighting for the right to walk into a powder keg. Whoever wins has a guaranteed front-row ticket to a meltdown!"

In the ring, all three legal men begin to stir. The energy shifts as the crowd rises again, sensing the next wave of chaos. Carter Durant is first to his feet, gripping the ropes for momentum. El Fantasma Oscuro I kips up silently, eyes locked on Durant. Jet Lawson rolls to a knee, wiping sweat from his brow, every muscle coiled.

John Phillips: "These men are already wrestling like this is the final round--but this is JUST to earn a title match later tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "And against two champions who hate each other's guts! I'd call that a prize *and* a punishment!"

Carter charges at El Fantasma I--who ducks and springs to the top rope in a heartbeat, leaping backward with a Phantom Spiral Corkscrew Plancha that wipes out both Durant and Lawson!

John Phillips: "THE PHANTOM SPIRAL! OUT OF NOWHERE!"

El Fantasma hooks Carter's leg!

1!

2--Jet Lawson DIVES and breaks it up!

Mark Bravo: "Jet with the save! If he was half a second slower, this match was over!"

*Lawson pulls Fantasma up--whips him toward the corner--Fantasma runs up the turnbuckles in a smooth parkour flow and backflips clean over Jet! The crowd *gasps*. Jet turns--RIGHT into a low dropkick to the knees!*

John Phillips: "El Fantasma moves like something from beyond human!"

With Jet stunned, Carter taps Jaxson Ryder back in. Ryder bursts in and immediately nails El Fantasma I with a superkick, turns, and catches Jet with a running bulldog! Ryder roars to the crowd!

Mark Bravo: "Jaxson Ryder firing up Boston! You can feel the energy building to a fever pitch!"

Ryder sees an opening--he grabs El Fantasma I for the Ace Driver setup--but El Fantasma II SPRINGBOARDS into the ring and hits a flying knee to break it up! Carter Durant flies in from the top rope hitting a springboard enzuigiri on Oscuro II! Tyler Cruz tags himself in mid-chaos!

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Cruz vaults to the top rope in one motion--

John Phillips: "Tyler looking to fly!"

--ROCKET BURST! A running corner tornillo spins through the air and lands square on Carter!

1!

2--RYDER breaks it up AT THE LAST INSTANT!

Mark Bravo: "This is insane! Near fall after near fall--and the crowd is losing their minds!"

All three teams start tagging feverishly. Jet Lawson tags back in and connects with his Skyline Spiral corkscrew press on Ryder! El Fantasma II tags in and steals a cover--and Carter dropkicks them apart!

The Oscuros regroup, tagging each other in and out rapidly--ghostlike motion, trapping Ryder in their corner, hitting rapid-fire double-team strikes: corner knees, rolling back elbows, and a slingshot dropkick combo.

John Phillips: "Textbook tag isolation! The Oscuros are ghosts--but this is tag team mastery!"

*Madman pounds the mat outside, rallying the fans. The crowd begins chanting "LET'S GO GHOSTS! *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*"*

Ryder out of nowhere counters with a pop-up hurricanrana that sends Oscurro I FLIPPING across the ring! The crowd explodes as Ryder makes a diving tag to Carter Durant!

John Phillips: "Hot tag to Carter! Here comes the storm!"

Carter springboards in--hits a springboard dropkick on El Fantasma II--runs to the ropes and nails Jet Lawson with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! Tyler Cruz tries to intervene--Carter ducks a lariat--ENZUIGIRI!

Mark Bravo: "Carter Durant is on FIRE!"

He looks around, points to the sky, signaling the Whirlwind Finale...but as he climbs the ropes...

--El Fantasma Oscurro I RETURNS from the shadows, leaping onto the second rope BEHIND him!

John Phillips: "El Fantasma stalking the high-flyer!"

He hooks Carter... SUPER INVERTED SNAP DDT FROM THE SECOND ROPE!

Mark Bravo: "WHISPERS OF DEATH!!!"

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El Fantasma I hooks the leg. The referee slides in--

1!

2!

JET LAWSON LEAPS--BUT EL FANTASMA II CUTS HIM OFF WITH A LOW DROPKICK MID-AIR!

3!!!

THE BELL RINGS AS THE CROWD ERUPTS!

The bell echoes through the arena as "Cemetery Gates" hits once again. The Agganis Arena erupts in a mix of shock and exhilaration as El Fantasma Oscuro I rolls off Carter Durant, rising to his feet with eerie calm. El Fantasma II joins him, the two standing motionless in the center of the ring as the referee raises their arms in victory.

John Phillips: "They did it! EL FANTASMA have won this triple threat tag team match -- and now they will face Maxx Mayhem and Chris Ross later TONIGHT for the brand new UTA Tag Team Championships!"

Mark Bravo: "John... I don't think it's sunk in yet. These two ghostly enigmas just punched their ticket to a main event where the champions hate each other's guts! Maxx Mayhem turned on Chris Ross the moment they won the titles -- and now Kaine stands beside Mayhem! This is gonna be absolute chaos!"

*Outside the ring, Madman Szalinski leaps with joy--yes, *leaps*--slapping the mat, pulling at his mask with elation. He rolls into the ring and pulls both Oscuros close, raising their arms toward the crowd. The fans are on their feet, chanting "GHOSTS! GHOSTS! GHOSTS!"*

John Phillips: "Madman Szalinski is OVER THE MOON! He knows what this means! El Fantasma are one win away from becoming the FIRST holders of the newly restored UTA Tag Team Championships!"

Mark Bravo: "But... John... imagine what they're walking into. Maxx Mayhem and Chris Ross -- forced to defend as partners despite absolute hatred. Maxx has Kaine in his corner. Ross is alone. The match hasn't even started and the champions are already at war with each other!"

We cut to the backstage monitor: Maxx Mayhem is laughing, amused, while Kaine stands behind him with arms folded like a vengeful omen. Chris Ross storms into frame, getting in Maxx's face. Security is already trying to separate them.

John Phillips: "Tensions are already exploding backstage! Can the champions even make it to the ring without tearing each other apart?!"

Mark Bravo: "El Fantasma didn't just win a match tonight... they may have picked the perfect moment to

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strike. Ross and Mayhem are a ticking time bomb. These ghostly brothers? They might just be the ones to collect the pieces."

Back in the ring, the Oscuros slowly lift their masked faces to the rafters, then point toward the stage -- signaling their claim on destiny. Madman Szalinski pumps his fist and mouths the words: "Tonight. We finish it."

John Phillips: "The table is set for our main event -- El Fantasma versus Maxx Mayhem and Chris Ross for the UTA Tag Team Championships! Boston, are you ready?!"

The crowd erupts as we fade with the shot of the brothers standing still in the ring, mist swirling around them, their path set--for gold or for war.

Shiny and New

The screen fades in slowly from black. A soft spotlight illuminates a black velvet-draped table positioned backstage. Resting atop it--perfectly centered--are the brand new UTA Tag Team Championship belts. Polished gold plates shimmer beneath the light, each center plate emblazoned with the UTA logo, majestic eagle wings stretching outward, silver filigree etched into every curve. Velvet-lined straps ripple slightly, as though the titles themselves are breathing, waiting to crown their rightful bearers.

John Phillips (voiceover): "Ladies and gentlemen... there they are. The newly restored UTA Tag Team Championships."

The camera slowly pans closer, focusing on the fine detail of the main plate. We see intricate engravings--historic dates, homage to legendary teams of the past--gleaming beneath thick protective lacquer. The belts radiate legacy.

John Phillips: "These championships replace the Trust Fund Titles... the very titles currently held by Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem."

Mark Bravo: "And let's be real... I don't even know if THEY know who the true champions are right now. Maxx stabbed Ross in the back the moment they won those belts... and now Kaine stands beside Mayhem like a viper coiled in the grass."

The camera zooms out just enough to reveal a flickering monitor in the background showing highlights from the triple threat match El Fantasma just won.

John Phillips: "Later tonight, El Fantasma Oscuro I and II have a chance to make history--to claim these titles, to carve their names in the legacy of UTA tag team wrestling."

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Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and hell--we'll see if Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem can even coexist long enough to make it to the ring, let alone DEFEND them! That match could break down before the bell even rings!"

The camera settles on the glimmering gold one last time, the reflection of arena lights dancing across the plates like ghostly flames.

John Phillips: "The future of the tag division begins tonight. The belts are ready... the world is watching... and things are heating up!"

We fade out on the image of the titles -- gleaming with promise and danger, waiting to choose their champions.

I Came to Finish This

The camera cuts to the backstage loading area just as a sleek black SUV rolls to a stop. The moment the door opens--an eruption of cheers pulses through the arena, so loud it bleeds into the backstage microphones.

John Phillips: "Listen to this ovation! The Agganis Arena just came UNGLUED!"

Out steps Marie Van Claudio--dressed in a fitted silver coat over ring-ready attire, her posture regal, her glare focused. She adjusts the collar with a flick of her wrist, her expression a mixture of fire and unshakable control. She's battered, still showing faint bruising around her shoulder and neck--war wounds from two weeks ago when Hardcore Sandy ambushed her and threw her off the stage in a brutal, orchestrated assault executed under the orders of the Empress herself... Amy Harrison.

Mark Bravo: "Two weeks ago, Amy Harrison and Hardcore Sandy tried to erase this woman from existence--they tried to END the legend of Marie Van Claudio!"

*Marie takes her first steps into the hallway. The camera moves in closer. She pauses, hearing the roar of the live crowd chanting her name: *M-V-C! M-V-C!**

John Phillips: "There she is--the First Lady of UTA! And if the Empress thought Marie would stay gone, she's got a nightmare on her hands... because Marie is IN THE BUILDING."

Marie slowly removes her sunglasses, locking her eyes directly into the camera lens. Her voice is low, steady, resolute.

Marie Van Claudio (softly): "I didn't come here to talk. I came here to finish this."

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She steps forward with purpose, her heels echoing down the corridor as we catch a final glimpse of determination etched across her face.

Mark Bravo: "Amy Harrison... Hardcore Sandy... if you're watching this... your judgment day just walked through the door."

John Phillips: "The Empress may hold the title--but the Queen... has returned to claim her throne."

The camera pans back to show the roaring crowd on a monitor as we fade to the next segment.

Finish Her

*The camera cuts immediately to another area backstage--an opulent dressing room bathed in gold lighting. The UTA Women's Championship is draped over the shoulder of **Amy Harrison**, "The Empress," who is already in full ring gear. Beside her stand **The Empire**--Selena Vex smirking confidently, Rosa Delgado cracking her knuckles, and Hardcore Sandy still wearing the cold stare of a predator.*

The monitor in front of them shows the live shot of Marie Van Claudio arriving. The moment MVC appears on screen, the crowd's cheers echo through the hall--and Amy's eyes narrow with pure disdain.

Amy Harrison: "Ugh! What is she doing back?!"

Amy rolls her eyes dramatically, clutching the championship closer to her shoulder. She steps forward, glaring into the mirror, adjusting her gear with icy precision. The crowd can be heard chanting MVC's name faintly through the arena walls.

Mark Bravo (voiceover): "Amy Harrison is NOT happy to see Marie Van Claudio... and after what happened two weeks ago, can you blame her?"

Amy turns sharply to face her Empire.

Amy Harrison: "Listen up. My match is next. I am about to defend **my** championship in front of the entire world. And I am NOT letting that washed-up relic ruin my moment."

She steps directly in front of Hardcore Sandy, eyes locked with intent.

Amy Harrison (low and venomous): "Make sure she doesn't interfere. And if she does..."

Amy pauses--slowly tilts her head--staring into Hardcore Sandy's unblinking eyes.

Amy Harrison (coldly): "Finish the job this time."

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Hardcore Sandy cracks a faint, cruel smile as Rosa Delgado nods with approval. Selena Vex folds her arms, already plotting. Amy turns back to the camera, lifting the Women's Championship high with a sinister grin.

John Phillips (voiceover): "Chilling words from the Empress--commanding her Empire to do whatever it takes to eliminate Marie Van Claudio once and for all!"

Mark Bravo: "Harrison's match is next--and now there's a war brewing backstage AND in the ring. Things are about to get real ugly, real fast."

The camera lingers on Amy's smirk as the screen fades.

Inevitability Over Chaos

The camera cuts to the backstage interview area where Melissa Cartwright stands with microphone in hand, poised and ready. Footsteps echo from down the hallway--El Fantasma Oscuro I & II step into frame, still masked, still silent, their presence chilling. Madman Szalinski walks between them, sweat still glistening on his brow, his weathered grey suit scuffed from the excitement of victory.

Melissa Cartwright: "Madman... El Fantasma has just earned a shot later tonight for the brand new UTA Tag Team Championships against Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem. How do you guys feel heading into the main event?"

Madman wipes his forehead, breath heavy but determined. He looks to both Oscuros--neither move, not a blink, not a word--then turns to Melissa with wild, fiery eyes.

Madman Szalinski: "How do we feel? Melissa, we feel ALIVE! You hear that crowd out there? They ain't just cheerin'--they're callin'. They're callin' for a new era! They're callin' for ghosts to take hold of destiny!"

He throws an arm around each Oscuro, pulling them in tight.

Madman Szalinski: "These two? They don't talk. They don't argue. They don't stab each other in the back!"

He pauses.

Madman Szalinski: "They order damn pineapple on pizza knowing I can't stand that. They're brothers in every way that matters. Meanwhile..."

Madman leans closer to the camera, pointing straight into the lens.

Madman Szalinski: "You've got Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem--two men who'd rather tear each other apart than hold a belt together. You got Kaine lurkin' in the shadows. You got egos so big they can't fit through the same doorway!"

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The Oscuros slowly turn their masked faces toward each other in eerie unison... then back to the camera.

Madman Szalinski (grinning wide): "And THAT... is our advantage. Because tonight ain't about chaos. Tonight... is about inevitability. And the inevitable truth... is that these ghosts?"

He taps each Oscuro's chest.

Madman Szalinski: "Are about to haunt the UTA Tag Team Championship... forever."

Madman throws his arms out as the Oscuros take one step forward, staring dead into the lens. The crowd in the arena can be heard chanting faintly in the background: "GHOSTS! GHOSTS! GHOSTS!"

Melissa Cartwright: "Thank you, Madman. El Fantasma--set for the main event later tonight!"

The trio walks off with measured steps, Madman hype-talking them as they disappear down the hallway.

Angela Hall vs. Amy Harrison

The lights in the Agganis Arena drop into darkness. For a moment, nothing--then a single strike of thunder CRACKS over the sound system, accompanied by a flash of electric blue lightning that streaks across the video tron. The audience roars as mist begins to curl along the stage.

A pulse of storm-like drums begins--steady, powerful, building. The tron displays a swirling cyclone of energy, then the name appears in jagged electric font:

ANGELA HALL

John Phillips: "Here comes the challenger! A former United States Champion, standing six-foot-eleven in heels of pure athletic supremacy--Angela Hall is storming back into title contention!"

Mark Bravo: "Focused. Relentless. She doesn't play games, she doesn't pose for attention--Angela Hall is an unstoppable force of nature in that ring."

Blue lightning explodes from the stage in synchronized bursts as Angela Hall strides through the curtain with unwavering focus. Her gaze is intense, locked straight onto the ring. The storm-blue lighting reflects across her ring gear, highlighting the rippling muscle and poised precision of every step.

She pauses halfway down the ramp, lifting a hand skyward. A crack of lightning bolts across the tron behind her--and the crowd erupts again.

John Phillips: "At six feet tall, Angela Hall is not only one of the most powerful athletes in the division--but one of the most versatile! She can fly, she can strike, and she can chain wrestle with the best technical

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wrestlers in the world."

Mark Bravo: "And tonight she's got a chance to dethrone the Empress herself. A woman who will do anything--and I mean anything--to keep that championship around her waist."

Angela reaches ringside, slides under the bottom rope in one fluid motion, then stands center ring with her eyes closed for a moment--feeling the storm build. She extends both arms out wide. A final lightning bolt animation crashes on the tron as the house lights return to full brightness.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall is ready for battle. Focused. Calculated. And hungry to become UTA Women's Champion for the first time."

Mark Bravo: "But standing in her way is the most dangerous woman in the company--Amy Harrison. And Amy's been waiting to use this match to send a message to Marie Van Claudio."

The storm calms. The crowd buzzes. The challenger waits--undaunted--as the lights turn crimson in preparation for the champion's arrival...

The arena plunges into a deep crimson glow as the opening chords of "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment hit the sound system--haunting and seductive. A low roar rises from the crowd as a wall of red smoke crawls across the stage.

John Phillips: "Here she comes... the UTA Women's Champion... the Empress... Amy Harrison."

Golden sparks cascade from the tron as Amy Harrison steps through the curtain, the UTA Women's Championship draped proudly over her shoulder. She pauses at center stage, slowly raising her chin as though basking in divine worship. A confident smirk curls her lips as she traces her fingers along the title plate, eyes never leaving the ring.

Mark Bravo: "You can say what you want about her attitude, her methods--but Amy Harrison is one of the most accomplished wrestlers in the world. There's a reason she sits on that throne."

Amy struts forward with graceful arrogance--hips swaying, eyes cold, every movement calculated power. As she reaches the top of the ramp--BOOM!--a burst of pyro explodes behind her in the shape of a crown.

Then--another theme hits, darker, more ominous. The rest of The Empire emerges: Selena Vex, Rosa Delgado, and Hardcore Sandy step out from behind the curtain, forming a royal procession behind their Empress.

John Phillips: "And here comes the Empire--Harrison's personal wall of destruction. If you aren't intimidated by Amy herself, the three women behind her will finish the job!"

Amy doesn't look back--she simply raises one finger without turning around. The Empire falls in formation

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behind her as she walks. When they reach halfway down the ramp, Amy stops in place. She slowly turns to face her loyal enforcers.

The camera zooms tight on her face--sharp, poised, dangerous.

Amy Harrison (cold, commanding): "Stay here... and make sure no one gets through."

Hardcore Sandy cracks her neck, eyes burning with malicious intent. Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado nod in sync, forming a line across the ramp--blocking any possible interference.

Mark Bravo: "Oh that is BRILLIANT. Amy Harrison knows that Marie Van Claudio is in the building--and she's not taking any chances tonight."

Amy turns her back to her empire--a sign not of trust, but of supreme confidence in her control over them--and continues down the ramp alone, the champion's aura undeniable.

She climbs the steel steps slowly, brushing a hand across the top rope as if tracing the edge of her empire's territory. Entering the ring, she raises the title high into the crimson light, soaking in the adoration and hatred alike.

John Phillips: "That right there is the face of power in the UTA Women's Division--arrogant, calculating, unstoppable... or so she believes."

Mark Bravo: "And now--she's locked inside with Angela Hall. No escape. No Empire. Just one Empress... and one challenger ready to dethrone her."

The music fades. The arena throbs with anticipation. The referee steps forward to present the championship.

The referee holds the UTA Women's Championship high into the air. The crowd rises, electricity crackling through the arena. Amy Harrison casually leans into the ropes, smirking, completely unbothered. Angela Hall's eyes are laser-focused--her stance low, ready to strike.

John Phillips: "And there it is--the most coveted prize in women's wrestling. Angela Hall looking more than ready... Amy Harrison looking as confident, or perhaps overconfident, as ever."

Mark Bravo: "Amy doesn't see Angela Hall as a threat. And that, John... that might be her first mistake of the night."

The bell rings.

DING DING DING

Amy steps forward slowly, rolling her wrist, smirking arrogantly. She lazily offers a single hand to Angela as

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though inviting a collar-and-elbow tie-up--but then pulls back, wagging a finger in Angela's face.

Amy Harrison (mocking): "You're in my world now, darling. Try to keep up."

Angela doesn't react. She simply circles. Amy laughs, then lunges forward for a quick lock-up--only to immediately shove Angela back, throwing her arms wide as if to say, "See? Too easy."

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison playing mind games--classic Empress manipulation."

Amy then turns her back to Angela for a moment, leaning against the ropes and blowing a kiss toward the crowd. Angela uses that opening--she charges and grabs Amy in a waistlock, rolling her backward into a quick pin attempt!

1!

--Amy kicks out instantly, popping up with shock in her eyes.

Mark Bravo: "Angela almost caught her napping! Harrison did NOT expect that!"

Amy scrambles up--Angela is already there--snapmare takeover! Angela hits the ropes--returns--Gale Force Knee to the back of Amy's shoulders!

John Phillips: "Lightning-fast offense from Angela Hall! The challenger came READY to go!"

Amy rolls to her feet--Angela hits a Cyclone DDT out of nowhere! Amy crashes hard, clutching her head, stunned.

Mark Bravo: "She's out-wrestling the champion! Angela Hall is turning this into a hurricane of offense!"

Outside the ring, Selena Vex widens her eyes and takes a step forward, ready to interfere--but Rosa Delgado places a firm hand across her chest, stopping her.

John Phillips: "Look at that--Selena wants to get involved early, but Rosa Delgado is pulling rank! The Empress said stay put, and The Empire is obeying... for now."

In the ring, Amy slides into the corner, shaken, staring at Angela with disbelief.

Amy Harrison (muttering): "Okay... okay... this little storm wants to blow? Let's see you weather a war."

Angela steps forward, poised, eyes never leaving the champion as the crowd buzzes--momentum is shifting, and the Empress's arrogance has been checked.

Amy pulls herself up using the ring ropes, her pride visibly stung. Angela stands center ring, hands up,

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ready. The crowd chants her name--"AN-GE-LA! AN-GE-LA!"--as Amy paces cautiously, a flicker of annoyance on her face turning into cold calculation.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall has forced the champion to reassess her entire approach."

Mark Bravo: "Amy came in here toying around--now she's starting to realize this isn't a showcase... it's a fight."

Amy slowly steps in as if to tie up again, this time extending a respectful hand--almost apologetic. The crowd immediately boos.

John Phillips: "Do not trust that handshake, Angela!"

Angela hesitates... and Amy STRIKES--boot to the midsection! She snaps Angela into a side headlock, wrenching hard, grinding her forearm across Angela's face with malice.

Mark Bravo: "There it is! Classic Harrison! Fake the respect, bring the aggression!"

Amy transitions quickly--headlock takedown. Angela hits the mat hard. Amy pops up, dragging Angela with her, and drives a forearm across the upper back. Then another. She presses Angela's face into the canvas with one hand as she motions to the crowd with the other.

Amy Harrison (smirking): "You don't outshine the Empress."

Amy snaps Angela up--Irish whip--on the rebound, Amy nails a back elbow right to Angela's jaw, sending the challenger staggering. Amy takes the moment to pose arrogantly, wagging her finger.

John Phillips: "That was brutal elbow control from the champion--now she's back in her element."

Amy hooks Angela--Fisherman's Suplex with a bridge!

1...

2--Angela kicks out with force!

Mark Bravo: "Angela kicks out strong! But Amy's regained the momentum!"

Amy wastes no time--mounted punches, slamming hard shots across Angela's forehead. The referee steps in with a warning, but Amy only breaks at four, smiling sweetly as she holds her hands up innocently.

John Phillips: "That right there is the cunning of Amy Harrison. She pushes every single boundary she can get away with."

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Amy drags Angela to the ropes, using them to apply a choke with her knee pressed into Angela's throat. Angela's face strains red as the referee begins the count.

Referee: "One! Two! Three! Four--"

Amy releases at the last instant, turning away and blowing a kiss toward The Empire at ringside. Selena Vex applauds, Rosa Delgado nods approvingly, and Hardcore Sandy barely reacts--eyes locked on Angela with surgical coldness.

Mark Bravo: "The Empress is back in control, and now this is where she is most dangerous. When she feels insulted? She becomes unstoppable."

Amy drags Angela to the center, hits the ropes--BIG running knee strike to the ribs--Angela crumples over in pain.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is systematically dismantling Angela Hall to reestablish dominance."

Amy stands over Angela, raising the title hand to the rafters with a mocking smile.

Amy Harrison (taunting): "Bow to your queen."

The crowd erupts into boos as Amy licks her finger and presses it to Angela's forehead as though crowning her. But Angela suddenly GRABS her wrist--yanks Amy down--SCHOOLBOY ROLL-UP!

1!

2!--AMY KICKS OUT WITH PANIC IN HER EYES!

John Phillips: "Angela nearly stole it! Amy cannot afford even one moment of arrogance in there!"

Amy scrambles to her feet--Angela is already up--THUNDERCLAP SPEAR!!! The crowd explodes as Angela nearly cuts Amy in half!

Mark Bravo: "WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?!"

Amy Harrison lays sprawled in the corner of the ring, clutching her ribs after the impact of Angela Hall's spear. The crowd is roaring, feeding Angela energy. The Empire at ringside is in chaos--Hardcore Sandy writhing from the chair shots, Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado being held back by security.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is completely isolated! The champion has no backup--The Empire is in ruins!"

Angela grabs Amy by the wrist, dragging her upright. With raw intensity, Angela hooks Amy from behind--

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--DOUBLE POWERBOMB SETUP!

Mark Bravo: "If Angela hits this, Amy's reign may end right now!"

Amy thrashes wildly, raking at Angela's eyes in desperation. Angela stumbles back just enough for Amy to slip free. Amy hits the ropes--BLASTS Angela's knee with a precision dropkick! Angela drops to one knee!

Amy lunges--SNAP DDT! She rolls Angela onto her back, hooks the leg!

Referee: "ONE! TWO!--"

Angela kicks out with authority!

John Phillips: "Angela Hall will not stay down! The challenger is still in this fight!"

Amy slams the mat and screams in frustration. She turns to yell at the referee--but her expression changes instantly.

Mark Bravo: "Look at Amy's face... she just realized she's not alone anymore..."

The camera swings to the ramp--

Charging down with furious purpose are Valkyrie Knox Susanita Ybanez, and Marie Van Claudio wielding a steel chair.

John Phillips: "IT'S HAPPENING! Valkyrie! Susanita! And MARIE VAN CLAUDIO are marching toward the ring!"

Rosa Delgado tries to intercept--but Valkyrie SPEARS HER to the ground. Selena Vex swings wildly at Susanita--but Susanita cracks her with a roundhouse kick, dropping her. The crowd is going ballistic.

Hardcore Sandy is barely standing when--CRACK!--Marie Van Claudio SMASHES the chair across Sandy's spine! Sandy collapses, screaming in pain.

Mark Bravo: "Marie Van Claudio is dismantling The Empire! The First Lady is taking NO prisoners tonight!"

Amy Harrison, panic flooding across her face, backs herself into the corner--her eyes wide as she watches Marie Van Claudio and her allies tearing through The Empire at ringside. Her attention is completely consumed by the chaos outside the ropes. She doesn't realize Angela Hall has risen behind her.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is frozen--her empire falling apart before her eyes!"

Angela steps forward, silent as a storm rolling in. She explodes--

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--LIGHTNING BOLT LARIAT!!!

The impact nearly flips Amy inside out as she's crushed into the turnbuckles.

Mark Bravo: "SHE JUST DECAPITATED THE CHAMPION!"

Amy crumbles out of the corner, stunned. Angela hauls her up--POWERBOMB SETUP. The crowd surges to their feet in anticipation.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall is about to finish this! Marie Van Claudio is on one side, The Empire is down--and Amy Harrison has nowhere left to run!"

Angela wrenches Amy up for the powerbomb setup--but Amy Harrison suddenly rakes Angela's eyes with her thumb, hidden from the referee's view! Angela staggers back, clutching her face as the crowd boos furiously.

John Phillips: "Cheap shot! Classic Amy Harrison! She'll do whatever it takes to survive!"

Amy immediately drops to the mat, rolling Angela into a small package and grabbing a handful of tights--

ONE!

TW--Angela kicks out!

Amy scrambles away on instinct, rolling under the bottom rope to the outside, desperate to create distance. But in her dazed panic, she forgets what's waiting for her.

She backs up--right into someone standing behind her. The crowd ROARS.

Mark Bravo: "Oh... oh she backed into the wrong woman!"

Amy freezes in place, eyes widening. Slowly, she turns her head... and there stands Marie Van Claudio, steel chair gripped firmly in her hands, jaw clenched, eyes burning with righteous fury.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison has just backed into the First Lady of UTA... and I don't think she has ever looked more terrified!"

Amy instantly spins to face Marie fully, her bravado vanishing in an instant. She throws both hands up in surrender, shaking her head rapidly. Her knees buckle slightly--she drops down to both knees, scooting back in the classic beg, pleading with wide eyes.

Amy Harrison (panicked): "No! No, no--Marie--listen, LISTEN! You don't want to do this--we can talk--please--please don't--"

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Marie slowly raises the chair just slightly, enough to make Amy flinch and scramble backwards on her knees, practically crawling along the floor in terror.

Mark Bravo: "She's BEGGING! The Empress is begging for mercy!"

Inside the ring, Angela Hall is rising back to her feet, eyes locked on the scene unfolding outside. The referee is counting Amy out, but the champion is trapped in her own nightmare, surrounded with nowhere to run.

Amy Harrison remains on her knees, pleading pathetically as Marie Van Claudio raises the chair for a killing blow. The crowd is begging for it--thousands on their feet.

Crowd: "HIT HER! HIT HER! HIT HER!"

But before Marie can swing--

WHAM!

Selena Vex blasts Marie from behind with a forearm! On the other side, Rosa Delgado tackles Valkyrie Knox into the barricade! Hardcore Sandy, despite the earlier chair assault, throws herself into Susanita with a spear of pure desperation!

John Phillips: "THE EMPIRE HAS RE-GROUPED! THEY'RE BACK ALIVE!"

Mark Bravo: "Amy Harrison just got saved from certain doom--MAKE NO MISTAKE--she DID NOT plan that! But she sure as hell wants everyone to think she did!"

Amy slowly stands, adjusting her gear with exaggerated calm, brushing imaginary dust off her shoulders. She gives a smug smile and flips her hair back, pretending she orchestrated the entire rescue.

Amy Harrison (mock confidence): "See? That's why I run this division!"

The crowd boos loudly, not buying it for a second. The Empire continues to brawl with Marie, Valkyrie, and Susanita at ringside--but Amy turns her back to them, fully believing she is in control once again.

John Phillips: "She's delusional! The Empire saved her--but she's acting like she's commanding the battlefield!"

Amy turns back toward the ring with her smug grin--only for her face to instantly twist in pain.

Angela Hall has reached through the ropes--grabbing two fistfuls of Amy's hair!

Amy Harrison: "AAAAAAAHH! LET GO! LET GO!!!"

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Angela yanks Amy HARD, dragging the champion up onto the apron, screaming as her knees scrape against the edge. Angela's expression is pure fury, eyes blazing with relentless focus.

John Phillips: "ANGELA HALL HAS HAD ENOUGH!"

Mark Bravo: "And the Empress is about to be dragged back to reality! There's nowhere left to hide!"

Angela pulls Amy fully onto the apron, positioning her for a suplex into the ring as the crowd roars in anticipation...

Angela Hall pulls Amy Harrison up onto the ring apron, muscles flexed, ready to suplex the champion back into the ring. The crowd is on their feet, sensing the end is near--when suddenly--

CRACK!

Someone leaps the barricade from the crowd--sliding under the bottom rope like a snake--and drives their shoulder directly into the back of Angela Hall's knee!

John Phillips: "WHAT THE--SOMEONE JUST HIT THE RING!"

Angela screams in pain, collapsing to one knee as Amy drops safely back to the floor. The referee immediately signals for the bell, calling off the match.

DING! DING! DING!

Mark Bravo: "This match is thrown out! That's a disqualification!"

The attacker stands up, brushing violet hair from her face--and the arena ERUPTS in shock and rage.

John Phillips: "IT'S DAHLIA CROSS! DAHLIA CROSS HAS HIT THE RING!"

Dahlia doesn't hesitate--she launches a vicious stomp into Angela Hall's injured leg, then another, then another--each one cold, surgical, practiced. Angela writhes helplessly.

Mark Bravo: "Dahlia Cross has a long, bitter history with Angela Hall... and she may have just cost her the UTA Women's Championship!"

Amy Harrison scrambles back into the ring, hysterical with relief--and instantly turns vicious.

Amy Harrison (screaming): "YES! YES! BEAT HER! BEAT HER DOWN!"

Amy kicks at Angela's side while Dahlia continues stomping the knee, her expression calm... almost eerily pleased. Angela tries to crawl away--but Dahlia grabs her ankle and SLAMS her knee into the mat.

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John Phillips: "Amy Harrison has been saved--**SAVED**--by Dahlia Cross! The Empress lives another day!"

Outside the ring, the brawl between Marie Van Claudio, Valkyrie Knox, Susanita Ybanez and The Empire continues to explode across the ringside area--security flooding in, barely able to hold them back.

Mark Bravo: "Outside the ring you've got Marie with that chair, the Empire trying to regroup, Valkyrie throwing hands--this place has descended into absolute chaos!"

Meanwhile, in the ring, Dahlia drops to one knee beside Angela--smiling--as she slowly traps Angela's leg in a figure-four position.

John Phillips: "She's going for the Violet Vice! She's gonna tear Angela's knee apart!"

Amy dances around them like a maniac, clutching her title, shouting with glee.

Amy Harrison: "Break it! END HER!"

The bell continues to ring frantically as referees and officials charge in to try and separate them... but the damage has been done. Dahlia smirks up at a horrified Angela--completely satisfied with her destruction.

Mark Bravo (low, intense): "Dahlia Cross just aligned herself with the Empress... and the entire women's division may never be the same."

The screen is chaos. The sound is chaos. And in that chaos--Amy Harrison stands tall, clutching her title... not because she won... but because someone else made sure she didn't lose.

Both of 'Em

The camera transitions backstage. Under a bright spotlight, the brand new UTA Tag Team Championship belts sit displayed on a velvet-lined presentation table. The intricate gold plates gleam--untouched, pristine, awaiting rightful champions.

Standing beside them with a clipboard in hand is Scott Stevens, a visible look of stress etched on his face. He adjusts his glasses, glancing off-camera.

Scott Stevens: "Gentlemen."

The camera pans back--revealing Maxx Mayhem and Kaine striding confidently into the frame. Mayhem's expression is smug, eyes locked on the titles; Kaine stands silent, arms folded across his chest, like a guard dog ready to pounce.

Scott Stevens: "Where is Chris Ross?"

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Mayhem snorts, barely glancing in Stevens' direction.

Maxx Mayhem: "Don't know. Don't care. And it don't matter."

Stevens places a steady hand on the belts.

Scott Stevens: "These are the brand new UTA Tag Team Championships. Tonight was supposed to be a celebration. I wanted to present these belts to you and Chris personally--"

Before Stevens can finish, Maxx steps forward and grabs both titles in one swift motion.

Maxx Mayhem (grinning): "It's okay, bruv. I'll take 'em to 'em. Trust me."

He raises three fingers in a half-hearted scout's salute.

Maxx Mayhem: "Scout's honor."

Stevens stands frozen, watching nervously as Maxx drapes one title over each shoulder. Kaine smirks and follows him out of frame.

The camera lingers on Stevens--his eyes full of worry--as Maxx Mayhem walks away with BOTH championship belts...

John Phillips (voiceover): "Maxx Mayhem is walking off with both tag team titles--and Chris Ross is nowhere to be seen. You think he's actually going to HAND one to Ross?!"

Mark Bravo: "John... I think Maxx Mayhem just told us EXACTLY how tonight is gonna go--and it does NOT involve teamwork."

Headlining

Backstage, the WrestleUTA logo wall frames a tense scene. The camera tightens on the gleaming WrestleZone Championship draped over a cocky shoulder. Melissa Cartwright steps in from the side, mic in hand. The champion smirks--sequined headband, wrap-around shades pushed up into his hair. Angus Skaaland lurks just out of frame, arms folded.

Melissa Cartwright: "Eric Dane Jr., later tonight you put the WrestleZone Championship on the line against B.R. Ellis--an elite amateur, a technician who's been rolling through opponents. Your thoughts heading into this defense?"

EDJ bites his bottom lip, then grins into the lens like it owes him money.

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Eric Dane Jr.: "My thoughts? Real simple. Everybody keeps talkin' about Ellis' stats, his banners, his 'percentage from neutral.' Cool story. This isn't a wrestling room. This is the show. And I'm the show."

He thumps the plate of the title twice--sharp, deliberate.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Ellis wants single-legs and chain rides? I've got chain too--chain offense, chain pressure, chain moments that put asses in seats. He's out here auditioning for the Olympics. I'm out here headlining."

Melissa turns slightly toward Angus; Skaaland leans in with a hmph.

Melissa Cartwright: "B.R. Ellis says you've never faced his pace for twenty straight minutes. That your conditioning--"

Eric Dane Jr.: "--Is championship. Next question."

Melissa steadies, unfazed.

Melissa Cartwright: "If Ellis drags this into deep water, keeps it technical--can you match that game?"

EDJ tilts his head, amused.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I don't 'match' anybody. I break rhythm. I raise altitude. He wants two points? I want twelve. He wants a ride? I want a riot. Tonight, the only number that matters is three--'cause that's how long the ref's count is when I'm on top of him, shoulders flat, lights too bright to blame."

Angus steps forward, tapping the faceplate with his knuckle like a judge's gavel.

Angus Skaaland: "Understand the landscape, Melissa. B.R. Ellis is a fine wrestler. Eric Dane Jr. is an event. There's a difference. Events end nights. Wrestlers... end up clapping on the ramp."

Melissa angles the mic back to EDJ.

Melissa Cartwright: "Final message for B.R. Ellis?"

EDJ slides the glasses down over his eyes, shoulders the belt, and leans dangerously close to the mic.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Bring your hips. Bring your heart. Bring your best thirty takedowns. I'm bringing gravity--and this championship. See you when the lights hit and the math stops mattering."

He walks off with Angus, the plate of the title catching the corridor lights as the camera lingers on Melissa's composed stare.

Melissa Cartwright: "There you have it. Confidence--borderline contempt--from the WrestleZone Champion."

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B.R. Ellis looks to turn pedigree into gold later tonight. We'll find out whose truth holds."

Survivor

The camera bursts onto the scene backstage where absolute pandemonium has erupted. Security and referees struggle to hold back Marie Van Claudio, Susanita Ybanez, and Valkyrie Knox on one side--while across from them, Rosa Delgado, Selena Vex, and Hardcore Sandy snarl and claw forward, trying to fight through their own restrainers. Angela Hall, clearly hurt and favoring her knee, stands nearby in visible pain, her eyes locked on Dahlia Cross. Behind her, smirking with the UTA Women's Championship in hand, is Amy Harrison, shouting insults and egging the chaos on.

Scott Stevens: "What the hell is going on here?!"

Stevens storms into frame, his voice cutting through the shouting. No one stops. The bickering continues. He snaps.

Scott Stevens: "BREAK IT UP! Break it up right now, god damn it!"

Security forces the women apart, creating enough space for Stevens to step into the center. Everyone reluctantly quiets--but the tension remains thick as steel.

Scott Stevens: "I was going to wait to announce this... but after weeks of this madness... I had an idea!"

The women continue to yell across the divide. Stevens slams his fist into his hand.

Scott Stevens (shouting): "ENOUGH!"

Silence. All eyes are on him.

Scott Stevens: "Two weeks from tonight... we head to Washington D.C. for what I am calling... SURVIVOR!"

The crowd inside the arena pops loudly as the announcement echoes through the speakers. Backstage, the women look confused, glancing at each other.

Scott Stevens: "Amy. Marie. You two are going to settle this in the ring as team captains of five-on-five teams. Elimination rules. The final woman standing... the survivor... her team wins."

Shock spreads across the faces. Amy steps forward in outrage.

Amy Harrison: "I am NOT putting my championship on the line!"

Marie Van Claudio: "You should!"

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Scott Stevens: "No. The title is not on the line in the match... BUT... if someone from Marie's team is the one to score the final elimination... that woman will earn a title shot against you, Amy!"

Amy screams, stomping her foot.

Amy Harrison: "ABSOLUTELY NOT!"

Scott Stevens: "It's already done."

The Empire murmurs behind her, discomfort growing. Even they realize the odds aren't favorable.

Mark Bravo (voiceover): "This could blow things apart from the inside! Every woman on Marie's team is fighting for a chance at the title--for themselves."

Amy points angrily at Stevens.

Amy Harrison: "And what if we win?!"

Scott Stevens: "If your team wins... I will let you pick your next opponent... and the stipulation."

The Empire glances around amongst each other--acknowledging silently that Amy is really only looking out for herself.

Scott Stevens: "You have two weeks to pick your teams!"

Amy scoffs and flicks her hair back, stepping forward with a sneer.

Amy Harrison: "No need. I already have the most dominant force in the industry... The Empire. Including its newest member..."

Dahlia Cross steps into frame beside Amy, crossing her arms with a cruel smirk.

Amy Harrison: "Dahlia Cross."

Marie Van Claudio looks across the divide. Before she can speak--Valkyrie Knox steps forward.

Valkyrie Knox: "If you want me... I'm in."

Marie nods. Susanita steps up beside her.

Susanita Ybanez: "Me too. We end this once and for all."

Angela Hall limps forward, staring directly at Dahlia Cross.

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Angela Hall: "We don't know each other... but I want my hands on her. If you need me, I'm in."

Marie counts mentally--herself, Valkyrie, Susanita, Angela. Four.

John Phillips (voiceover): "That's four-on-five! Marie Van Claudio still needs one more!"

Mark Bravo: "But who will it be? And can Marie's team even function knowing only ONE woman gets the title shot?"

The camera zooms in on Marie's determined face as Amy smirks confidently behind her Empire...

Fade to black on the simmering war that has only just begun.

The Bloodline Awakens

The screen fades to black. A single taiko drum resonates through the arena. Then another. A slow build begins as traditional Japanese shamisen strings echo beneath the drums. The WrestleUTA logo fades into an image of a young Tatsumi "Tyger" Tanaka bowing before a sold-out crowd in Tokyo.

Voiceover (calm, reverent): "He was not the biggest. He was not the strongest. But in 1999... a young lightweight from Osaka, Japan stepped into the United Toughness Alliance... and changed professional wrestling forever."

Clips roll of Tanaka's lightning-fast strikes, legendary battles in the original UTA Dojo, and his signature jumping spinning heel kick connecting with devastating precision.

Voiceover: "A martial arts prodigy. A pioneer of hybrid grappling. The first international superstar to bring the spirit of Puroresu into the heart of the UTA."

Clips of Tanaka bowing after defeating Curtis Penn in 2003 for the UTA Lightweight Championship. A roaring crowd. Streamers falling from the rafters.

Voiceover: "From Las Vegas... to London... to Sapporo... the Tyger roared across continents. A three-time Lightweight Champion. Holder of the prestigious Iron Will Trophy in 2004. The youngest Hall of Fame inductee in UTA history--class of 2007."

We see the Hall of Fame induction. A humble Tanaka stands in a tuxedo, bowing to the audience, tears in his eyes. He holds the golden Tyger mask, symbol of his legacy.

Voiceover: "Tatsumi Tanaka's journey was not defined by championships alone... but by honor. By spirit. By

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the indomitable heart of a warrior who stood for discipline, respect, and the eternal fight."

We see the final match of his career--a 2006 retirement bout in Osaka--Tanaka bowing to his opponent, then to the crowd, before laying his mask in the center of the ring.

Voiceover (rising in intensity): "And tonight... that legacy lives again."

The music swells--modern, intense. The image of Tatsumi's mask dissolves... replaced by the fierce eyes of his son: Tyger II. Training highlights flash--kendo strikes, top rope moonsaults, sparring sessions with legendary dojo students.

Voiceover: "Tyger II. The heir to a dynasty. Trained from birth in the spirit of Bushido. And tonight--he steps into destiny."

A dramatic shot of Jarvis Valentine holding the UTA Championship fills the screen--cold, dominant.

Voiceover: "The United Toughness Alliance Championship. The crown jewel of an empire his father helped build. Tonight... the Tyger cub becomes the Tyger unleashed."

Tyger II's image fades onto the screen.

Voiceover (final line, booming): "The legacy continues. The bloodline awakens. Tyger II challenges Jarvis Valentine... for the UTA Championship--TONIGHT."

The screen flashes the match graphic in bold lettering as the crowd roars with anticipation.

Declaring War?

The camera cuts backstage in a flurry of motion. Officials and medical staff are crowded around a motionless Gideon Graves, laid out on the concrete floor. His sunglasses are shattered. His jaw slack. The lighting flickers as the chaos unfolds. Scott Stevens rushes in, fresh off another crisis, barking orders--frustration and concern etched across his face.

John Phillips: "What in the hell?! Gideon Graves is down! One-half of the Iron Dominion has been attacked before their match tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "You don't get laid out like that from tripping over your own ego, Phillips--someone did this, and they meant it."

Magnus Wolfe steps into frame. He doesn't shove anyone. Doesn't speak at first. He kneels beside Graves,

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two fingers pressed to his neck, checking for a pulse. His jaw is locked. His breathing is slow. But his eyes--his eyes are burning. Not wild. Not panicked. Controlled. Boiling.

He doesn't shout. He doesn't panic. But something inside him is vibrating with fury.

Magnus Wolfe: "Gideon. Rise to your feet."

No response. Wolfe rises slowly, gaze sweeping the scene like a scalpel. He locks onto Stevens--not with rage, but with something colder. Something final.

Magnus Wolfe: "Who's responsible for this?"

John Phillips: "Wolfe is ice-cold--but make no mistake, he's furious. His tag partner has been ambushed, and that match is moments away!"

Scott Stevens steps forward, trying to keep the situation controlled, but Wolfe doesn't blink.

Scott Stevens: "Why is this happening tonight?! Everyone attacking everyone!"

He's stressed, still out of breath from running from the previous incident.

Scott Stevens: "We're going to figure this out, Magnus. I've already--"

Magnus Wolfe: "No. You'll do more than figure it out. You'll deliver me a name."

Almost on cue, Gunnar Van Patton strolls into view--like the devil answering a prayer. Avril Selene Kinkade walks behind him, heels clicking in rhythm, her expression unreadable. Gunnar doesn't stop. Doesn't ask questions. His eyes sweep the scene, landing on Graves's motionless body. He pauses just long enough to step over Gideon's outstretched arm, snorting with visible disdain.

No smirk. No satisfaction. Just contempt. Like the sight of Graves laid out disgusts him more than it pleases him.

Avril stops. She doesn't follow him further. Her eyes scan the scene--Graves, Wolfe, the officials, the chaos. Something's wrong. Something wasn't in the script. Her posture remains regal, but her gaze sharpens. Calculating. She meets Gunnar's eyes as he passes. Her expression remains composed, but behind the glasses, her mind is already parsing the scene--calculating timelines, motive, opportunity. The look they trade isn't warm, isn't hostile. It's surgical. She's trying to determine whether Gunnar is improvising... or executing a plan she wasn't briefed on.

Magnus Wolfe (quiet, surgical): "Convenient timing."

Scott Stevens: "What in the hell did you--"

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Gunnar Van Patton: "Shut it, Stevens. Ya know damn well Ah don't jump folks from behind. If Ah wanted Graves outta commission, he'd be stretcher-bound with a crowd chantin' 'holy shit,' not laid out like roadkill in a damn corridor."

Gunnar turns his head, never breaking eye contact with Wolfe, his tone ice-cold.

Gunnar Van Patton: "If yer done tendin' to yer wounded... get to the damn ring. Ah reckon the morgue's plenty big enough for two corpses."

The crowd reacts with a volatile mix--some cheer Gunnar's audacity, others jeer the timing. It's not outrage. It's electricity. Gunnar disappears from view like a storm that doesn't wait for permission. Wolfe doesn't flinch. His eyes stay locked on the exit Gunnar just took. His fists remain at his sides. His voice is barely audible--but every syllable drips with intent.

Magnus Wolfe: "Then I'll bring the stretcher."

Behind him, Gideon Graves groans--barely conscious, but stirring. Wolfe doesn't turn. Graves rolls to his side, blood at the corner of his mouth. The paramedics checking him thoroughly for any internal injuries. Wolfe starts towards the gorilla position, leaving the medical staff to do their job.

Avril remains behind. She doesn't chase Gunnar. Doesn't speak. She watches the aftermath like a chessboard mid-match. Her arms fold slowly, lips pressed tight. Then she steps forward, heels clicking once more, and kneels beside Graves--not out of sympathy, but to examine the scene. Her gaze sweeps the shattered sunglasses, the angle of impact, the blood pattern, the timing. She's not just assessing damage--she's reconstructing the moment. Her mind is already parsing motive, opportunity, and tactical deviation. Something doesn't add up. Something wasn't authorized.

Behind her, Scott Stevens stiffens.

Scott Stevens: "Don't hand me any bull, Avril. You walk in behind him and Graves ends up face-down? That's not coincidence."

She doesn't flinch. Doesn't blink. Her voice is calm, clipped, and legally surgical.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Your instinct to assign blame is understandable, Mr. Stevens. But unless you've suddenly acquired forensic credentials or access to verified surveillance footage, I'd advise you to refrain from drawing conclusions based on proximity and timing."

She rises slowly, eyes still on Graves, then turns without a word. Her expression remains unreadable--but her silence is no longer damning. It's calculating.

Scott Stevens: "Enough. My office. Now."

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The camera cuts to ringside. The crowd is buzzing.

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe is walking into this match without a partner--and with a vendetta."

Mark Bravo: "Gunnar Van Patton wanted a war. He's about to get one."

Gunnar Van Patton vs. Iron Dominion

The arena lights begin to dim. A hush falls--not excitement, not panic--something deeper. A primal awareness. As if the entire audience understands instinctively that what is coming is not performance... but threat.

? **"Boots and Blood" by Five Finger Death Punch** detonates across the PA system ?

The first scream of the track rips through the darkness as strobe lights burst to life, flashing in violent pulses like muzzle flashes in a battlefield night. The crowd erupts--not in cheers--but in a raw, guttural roar.

Gunnar Van Patton steps through the curtain. No pose. No pandering. No theatrics. Just a man forged from violence, walking straight down the ramp with methodical purpose. His jaw clenched. His one visible eye piercing straight through the ring as if nothing else in the world exists.

John Phillips: "There is no remorse. No hesitation. And after what happened to Gideon Graves just moments ago--many believe Gunnar Van Patton is the man who put him down!"

Mark Bravo: "Believe? Phillips--look at him. Gunnar is not denying a damn thing. He is daring Magnus Wolfe to do something about it."

Gunnar reaches ringside. He slides under the bottom rope with predatory smoothness, popping to his feet in a single coiled motion. No wasted movement. The t-shirt comes off. The cap follows. Launched into the crowd like debris from an explosion.

He backs into his corner. Slowly crouching--adjusting his gloves, tightening his elbow pad, never once breaking eye contact with the entrance ramp. Then stillness. Controlled breathing. Every muscle set for destruction.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! Half of them hate him... half of them eager to see him shed blood... but every single one of them knows exactly what Gunnar Van Patton brings to that ring."

Mark Bravo: "Magnus Wolfe wanted war tonight. Gunnar is war."

The lights shift from strobes to a cold, eerie blue as the opening guitar of "I Stand Alone" by Godsmack hits the sound system. There is no delay. No theatrics. Magnus Wolfe steps through the curtain like a man ready

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to tear flesh from bone.

His eyes are unblinking. Fixed. No emotion shown on his face, but his eyes show an inferno of rage. His gait is deliberate, shoulders squared forward, fists clenched so tightly the veins stand out across his forearms.

John Phillips: "There he is--and you can SEE it in his eyes! Magnus Wolfe is not here to compete--he is here to HUNT!"

Mark Bravo: "And he already knows exactly who the prey is. Magnus is convinced Gunnar took out Gideon Graves. And after seeing how Gunnar walked to this ring--stone cold, zero remorse--I'm convinced too!"

Magnus reaches ringside. He does not slide in. He steps up onto the apron slowly, his glare never leaving Gunnar. The crowd is buzzing, electricity crackling in the air.

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe is walking into this match not just alone--but emotionally loaded. That is a dangerous place to be against someone like Gunnar Van Patton."

Magnus steps through the ropes. He doesn't take his eyes off Gunnar. He walks right up to him--nose to nose. Gunnar doesn't flinch and rises up to meet him. Magnus mutters something low and venomous, an unimpressed look in reply.

Referee Joe Bloom attempts to step between them but neither man acknowledges his existence. He has to force his way and guide Magnus to his corner.

Mark Bravo: "This is not going to be pretty. This isn't going to be catch-as-catch-can. This is an execution waiting for the first strike."

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe was prepared to fight a handicap match tonight. Now he is looking to make Gunnar pay with his own blood!"

The referee calls for the bell--but neither man moves.

Gunnar Van Patton remains in his corner, gaze laser-focused. Magnus Wolfe stands tall in the center of the ring, chest heaving with restrained fury. The crowd rises to their feet, sensing the explosion that's about to happen, as Van Patton marches towards his opponent.

John Phillips: "The air is thick right now. You can feel it. These two men are seconds away from ripping into each other!"

Mark Bravo: "Gunnar may have taken Gideon Graves out before the match... whether he did or not, he clearly doesn't care what anyone thinks. Magnus Wolfe wants answers--but what he really wants is blood!"

Magnus suddenly lunges forward, throwing the first shot--a blistering forearm smash to Gunnar's jaw.

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Gunnar's head snaps back, but he immediately fires one of his own. The two men begin trading hellacious forearms, each strike echoing through the arena like a gunshot.

John Phillips: "They're not wrestling--they're throwing bombs! This is pure violence right out of the gate!"

Magnus catches Gunnar with a sharp knee to the ribs, doubling him momentarily. Magnus drives Gunnar into the corner with ruthless precision, unloading a flurry of knee strikes to the midsection.

Mark Bravo: "Magnus Wolfe is picking him apart--rage AND ring IQ! He knows Gunnar thrives on chaos, so he's choking that chaos right out of him, one knee at a time!"

Magnus grabs Gunnar by the wrist and whips him across the ring--Gunnar reverses, sending Magnus into the opposite corner. Gunnar charges like a bullet--Magnus dodges at the last second! Gunnar collides chest-first into the turnbuckle with a sickening thud.

John Phillips: "Gunnar just hit that corner like a truck slamming into a wall!"

Magnus wastes no time--he hooks Gunnar from behind and spikes him with a snap German suplex. Gunnar lands high on his shoulders but rolls through, immediately pushing up to one knee, snarling.

Mark Bravo: "He got DROPPED on his head--and he's still coming! That's not adrenaline, that's addiction. Gunnar is addicted to pain!"

In a flash, Gunnar is back on his feet, blasting Magnus with a Golden Ratio kick that catches Wolfe dead in the mouth, turning him inside out. The crowd gasps in disbelief.

John Phillips: "This is already one of the most physical openings we've seen all year, and we're only a minute into this match!"

Gunnar doesn't go for a cover. He mounts Magnus and begins driving heavy Muay Thai-style strikes--elbows and fists crashing down in a storm. Magnus covers up, absorbing what he can, then rakes across Gunnar's eyes to break free.

Mark Bravo: "Magnus is not above getting dirty when the situation calls for it! He is fighting for Gideon, for vengeance, for pride!"

Magnus uses the moment to scramble free and drop an elbow on the back of Van Patton's neck, forcing him down to the canvas.

John Phillips: "Every strike, every move tonight is loaded with personal venom. This isn't about rankings... this is about retribution."

Magnus drags himself to the ropes, clutching his jaw, eyes blazing with fury. Gunnar rises slowly, rotating his

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shoulders, his breathing steady, deliberate. He cracks his neck to one side... then the other.

John Phillips: "You can see the calculation in Gunnar's eyes. He's not rushing. He's studying Magnus like a man disassembling a weapon."

Magnus and Gunnar circle. The tension could snap steel. Magnus shoots in for a double-leg takedown, transitioning seamlessly into a kneebar attempt. Gunnar stomps free with his free leg, targeting the ribs, forcing Magnus to break the hold.

Mark Bravo: "Magnus trying to ground the striker, maybe soften up those legs... because if Gunnar starts landing those kicks? This one ends fast."

Gunnar grabs Magnus by the head and drags him up--only for Magnus to fire a stiff European uppercut that snaps Gunnar's head back. Magnus follows with another. And another. Each one sharper than the last, forcing Gunnar back into the corner.

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe is chopping down the beast! Every shot is landing with precision!"

Magnus sprints in for a running knee of his own--Gunnar explodes forward first, catching Magnus clean with a claymore kick that takes him off his feet. The impact rattles the ring.

Mark Bravo: "GOOD LORD! Gunnar just launched a missile off his boots!"

Magnus tries to clear the cobwebs as Gunnar stalks behind him, eyes cold. He grabs the kneeling Magnus by the wrist and yanks it violently--Devlin Slide! Magnus is spiked hard, rolling to his stomach instinctively to avoid a cover.

John Phillips: "Magnus landed on instinct--but he might not know where he is right now."

Gunnar advances, placing a boot across the back of Magnus's neck, applying pressure until Magnus claws at the mat. The crowd boos as Gunnar leans down, growling something inaudible.

Mark Bravo: "That is not a wrestling hold. That is domination. Gunnar is making Magnus feel every ounce of what he believes he deserves."

Gunnar finally releases, only to use his boot to lift Magnus to his knees. A thunderous roundhouse slams into Magnus's chest. Then, a second. Then, third. Each one echoes like a gunshot, Magnus's chest turning red, then purple.

John Phillips: "Gunnar Van Patton is dissecting Magnus Wolfe! But you have to wonder--how much of this is about Magnus, and how much is about sending a message to the entire locker room?"

Magnus slowly crawls to the nearest corner, while Van Patton takes a moment to mockingly brush Wolfe's

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sweat off his kickpad. Gunnar forces Magnus to stand and looks to whip him across the ring again. Magnus reverses and blindly charges, only to have Gunnar hit the corner and rebound with terrifying speed, SMASHING Magnus with the ONG BAK KNEES OF DEATH~!!!

Mark Bravo: "I don't care if you love him or hate him--Gunnar Van Patton is a different breed. And tonight, he is hunting."

Gunnar doesn't go for the pin. He doesn't even acknowledge the referee's position. Instead, he crouches low, eyes never leaving Magnus as the former dominion tactician struggles to his hands and knees. The crowd begins to clap, a rumbling rally for Magnus Wolfe as he tries to rise.

John Phillips: "Gunnar could have ended it right there, but he's choosing not to. He's making a statement at Magnus Wolfe's expense."

Gunnar stalks behind Magnus and drives a stiff kick into his ribs--once, twice, three times--each kick landing with vicious intent. Magnus gasps, clutching his side, but refuses to stay down.

Mark Bravo: "This is surgical. Gunnar Van Patton is targeting the core, taking away Magnus's ability to breathe, to lift, to strike."

Gunnar grabs Magnus by the hair and hauls him upright--but Magnus suddenly fires a chop directly to Gunnar's Adam's apple! Gunnar staggers back, clutching at his throat. Magnus follows with a spinning back elbow that sends Gunnar into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Wolfe's fighting back! Magnus Wolfe is still in this!"

Magnus charges--Gunnar slips under an attempted clothesline, securing a half nelson in the process. Tiger Suplex! The ring shakes, as Magnus is deposited harshly on his head. The capacity crowd erupts in horror.

Mark Bravo: "Magnus tried to rally, but Gunnar is shutting it down with pure, unfiltered force!"

Far from satisfied, Gunnar drags Magnus up once more. A left jab to the mouth, a kick to the inner right thigh, and a back elbow from the right side lead to another roundhouse kick square to the chest. Its impact shakes the arena, as Magnus crumbles to the mat.

John Phillips: "That's not just power--that's humiliation! Gunnar is breaking Magnus Wolfe down and sending a clear message to everyone watching backstage!"

Magnus crawls toward the ropes, clutching his discolored chest. Gunnar mockingly taps him in the mouth with his boot. Van Patton reaches down--Magnus grabs Gunnar's wrist and pulls him forward, dropping him throat-first across the top rope! The crowd roars as Gunnar stumbles back, stunned.

Mark Bravo: "Magnus Wolfe with a desperation counter! The window is open--but just barely!"

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Magnus explodes off the ropes, driving a knee into Gunnar's jaw--Gunnar is staggered! Magnus roars, charging forward--

Gunnar springs to action with a superkick--

John Phillips: "Magnus saw it coming!"

--MAGNUS CATCHES IT! Magnus spins Van Patton and delivers a Saito suplex of his own! Gunnar lands hard--but immediately starts trying to stand, snarling.

Mark Bravo: "HE JUST GOT DROPPED ON HIS HEAD AND STOOD RIGHT BACK UP! WHAT IS THIS MAN MADE OF?!"

Magnus Wolfe sees Gunnar nearly back at a vertical base -- a monster refusing to fall -- and his eyes go wide. There is no time to think. Instinct takes over.

Magnus charges at full speed and unleashes a running knee trembler straight to Gunnar's jaw. The crack echoes so loudly the front row recoils. Gunnar drops to one knee again, this time swaying.

John Phillips: "THAT ONE ROCKED HIM! Gunnar Van Patton is staggered!"

Just as Gunnar stands, Magnus drives his boot into Van Patton's gut and pulls him in tight by the hair-- SCAR STRUCK! The brutal neckbreaker leaves Gunnar motionless on the canvas!

Mark Bravo: "Magnus Wolfe HAS HIM DOWN! Magnus is digging deep into his arsenal -- not for victory, but survival!"

Magnus glares at his fallen opponent, adrenaline coursing through him. He stalks Gunnar, measuring him. Gunnar pushes up slowly, that wild eye flaring with something primal. Magnus grabs him by the leg and neck.

John Phillips: "HE'S GOING FOR THE PREDATOR PLEX! He wants to spike Gunnar into the buckles!"

Magnus lifts... Van Patton breaks his grip! A brutal Glasgow kiss stuns Magnus, sending him back into the corner. It takes Gunnar a moment to shake off the impact of the headbutt, before he whips Magnus across the ring. Wolfe surprises everyone by exploding out of the corner and connecting with a knee strike!

Mark Bravo: "MAGNUS WOLFE IS POSSESSED! He is chaining counters like a man fighting for Gideon's soul!"

Gunnar is down again. Magnus wastes no time -- grabs the arm -- twists into a hammerlock -- applies a crossface. The fingers lock together... WOLF TRAP! Magnus wrenches back on the hold, contorting Gunnar's shoulder and neck with vicious torque.

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John Phillips: "HE'S GOT IT! THE WOLF TRAP IS LOCKED IN! Gunnar Van Patton may be forced -- FORCED -- to submit!"

The crowd is on their feet. Gunnar thrashes, face contorted, teeth clenched, snarling wildly. Magnus growls loudly in reply, pulling back with all his strength. Gunnar claws his way toward the ropes but Magnus traps the arm tighter.

Mark Bravo: "I HAVE NEVER SEEN GUNNAR THIS CLOSE TO BREAKING! MAGNUS HAS HIM! GUNNAR IS FADING!"

The referee leans in to check Gunnar's arm once. It falls. A second check. It falls again. The third and final check -- it drops halfway -- then suddenly Gunnar lets out a guttural roar. He violently rolls to his stomach, tapping into something supernatural. With all 230+ pounds of Magnus's body weight clinging to him like a constrictor, Van Patton does a one arm pushup, forcing the pair up from the mat.

John Phillips: "NO WAY! NO WAY!"

Gunnar stomps his right foot onto the mat and rises up to a vertical base, shocking everyone in attendance. Van Patton brutally stomps his foot again. This time into the top of Wolfe's foot. This breaks Magnus's focus enough for Gunnar to try and break his nose by whipping his head backwards. The hold is finally broken and Van Patton immediately reverses the hammerlock with a crossface applied right after. Yet, Gunnar isn't looking for submission.

John Phillips: "MILLENIUM SUPLEX!"

Both men lay lifeless on the mat, drenched in sweat, breathing heavy. The crowd is a frenzy of chants, divided but electrified.

John Phillips: "I can't believe what we just witnessed."

Mark Bravo: "MAGNUS ALMOST HAD HIM! BUT YOU CANNOT TEACH WHATEVER THE HELL IS INSIDE GUNNAR VAN PATTON!"

Moments pass before each man starts to stir.

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe brought the fight of his life... but Gunnar Van Patton is still breathing... and that might be the worst thing imaginable."

Magnus Wolfe clings to the middle rope, barely conscious after the devastating suplex. Gunnar Van Patton rises slowly, hunched over, arms dangling, his chest heaving, as if he just rose from the grave. Something changes in his eyes. The restraint is gone. Van Patton erupts with a deafening howl that echoes through the arena.

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The soldier has become the werewolf.

John Phillips: "Something just flipped inside Gunnar Van Patton... and I don't like where this is going."

Magnus staggers to his feet and swings wildly. Gunnar casually swats the punch away and unleashes the heavy artillery. A right to the jaw, a left to the body, a left to the jaw, another right to the jaw, a spinning back fist, all capped off by a spinning solebutt that drops Magnus to all fours. Gunnar uses the ropes to build up speed and leaps high into the air-- CURB STOMP!

Not done there, Van Patton fluidly rolls through to his feet and points a pistol shaped hand down at his foe. He leaps once more, rapidly spiraling and delivering a forearm to the base of Wolfe's skull-- GHOSTFACE KILLER!!!

Mark Bravo: "HE JUST TOOK HIS HEAD OFF! THAT WAS THE KILLSHOT RIGHT THERE!"

Gunnar doesn't cover. He grabs Magnus by the jaw with a thumb wedged between his teeth and drags Wolfe's barely conscious body upright. The crowd is buzzing--half screaming for mercy, half screaming in awe. A snarling Gunnar stares into Magnus's lifeless eyes, still holding him upright by the mandible.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Not. A. Wolf."

Gunnar hooks the arm.

John Phillips: "This is about to get far uglier."

Gunnar lifts Magnus vertically... stalls... and DROPS HIM on his skull with the FUKSZ -- the most vicious brainbuster in the business.

Mark Bravo: "LIGHTS. OUT."

Magnus's brain has been scrambled and all his body can do is twitch, while Gunnar hooks his leg. The referee dives down.

Referee: "ONE! ... TWO! ... THREE!"

The bell rings as the arena is split between cheers and stunned disbelief. The horrified evenly matched by the bloodthirsty.

John Phillips: "Gunnar Van Patton wins... but that's not the story here. Magnus Wolfe fought with everything he had, and Gunnar... just absorbed it... and ended him!"

Gunnar rises slowly, towering over Magnus's fallen body. His breathing is calming. The adrenaline slowly subsiding. He does not celebrate. He does not acknowledge the referee. He simply glares down at Magnus

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with complete and utter disdain.

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't a match. That was a message. There's a monster lurking inside the soldier and let's pray it never gets out of its cage."

Gunnar steps one foot over Magnus's chest, looks into the camera lens... and makes a throat-slash gesture.

John Phillips: "Who in their right mind is going to cross Gunnar Van Patton now?! Who is SAFE in that locker room?!"

The camera holds on Gunnar's cold, predatory stare before fading out.

Bloodlines Don't Win Championships

The camera cuts backstage to the interview set. Melissa Cartwright stands poised, microphone in hand. Beside her, Jarvis Valentine steps into frame--UTA Championship slung over his shoulder, eyes locked forward with cold precision.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... the reigning UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine. Jarvis, just moments ago it was confirmed--your opponent tonight is the son of a United Toughness Alliance Hall of Famer. The son of Tatsumi 'Tyger' Tanaka... Tyger II. The legacy is powerful, the moment historic. How do you feel heading into a championship defense against the heir to a legend?"

Jarvis slowly turns his head toward Melissa, a measured smirk forming as the crowd in the arena reacts audibly to the mention of Tyger II.

Jarvis Valentine: "How do I feel? Melissa... legacies don't concern me. Bloodlines don't win championships. I don't care if he's the son of a Hall of Famer, a mythical warrior, or descended from the gods themselves. Tonight... Tyger II walks into my world."

Jarvis adjusts the title on his shoulder, tapping the main plate deliberately.

Jarvis Valentine: "Tatsumi Tanaka carved his name in history. Good for him. But that was his era. His battles. His glory. Tyger II? He's walking into something his father never faced--Jarvis Valentine at the height of his power. The greatest champion this company has ever seen."

Melissa nods, absorbing his words as the crowd can be heard reacting to his bold proclamation.

Melissa Cartwright: "So you're not intimidated by his legacy... or what this could mean for yours?"

Jarvis Valentine: "Intimidated?"

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Jarvis chuckles coldly.

Jarvis Valentine: "Tonight isn't about legacy--it's about reality. And the reality is simple: Tyger II may be chasing destiny... but destiny doesn't care. I am the UTA Champion because I don't wait for legacy. I take it. And when that bell rings, Tyger II is going to learn exactly why legends fall... and Jarvis Valentine endures."

Jarvis glances directly into the camera, eyes burning with unwavering confidence.

Jarvis Valentine: "Tyger II wants to honor his father's name? Let him try. But when it's over, the only name the world will remember... is Valentine."

Jarvis turns and walks out of frame, title gleaming, leaving Melissa speechless as the weight of his words hangs in the air.

The Fifth Element

The camera transitions to the private locker room of Troy Lindz. They stand before a large vanity mirror framed with bright lights, meticulously adjusting their hair and admiring their reflection with a look of pure satisfaction.

A knock echoes through the door. Troy sighs dramatically and rolls their eyes toward the ceiling.

Troy Lindz: "If that is not luxury-grade spa service, turn yourself right around."

The door opens and Marie Van Claudio steps in. The arena reacts audibly from beyond the hallway. Marie closes the door behind her, her expression serious.

Troy Lindz: "Oh, wonderful. The Queen of Drama has arrived. Let me guess, another emotional speech? Should I fetch a tissue or a tiara?"

Marie Van Claudio: "Troy, I am not here to play games. You and I both know what The Empire is capable of. They've targeted you before. I am building my team for Survivor, and I want you to stand with me as the fifth member."

Troy turns slowly, folding their arms with theatrical disbelief.

Troy Lindz: "Stand with you? Troy don't stand with anyone. People stand behind me and pray they can keep up."

Marie Van Claudio: "This isn't about ego. It is about stopping Amy Harrison before she tears this entire division apart. You know what she's done. You have felt it firsthand. I am asking you, Troy--fight with me."

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Troy tilts their head, studying Marie for a long moment before letting out a scoff.

Troy Lindz: "You and Amy are two spoiled children fighting over who gets to be prom queen. Meanwhile, I am the entire event. I do not get involved in petty wars. I create eras. You want someone to wave your flag? Look elsewhere."

Marie's eyes narrow. She absorbs the blow, nodding slowly.

Marie Van Claudio: "Fine. But when The Empire destroys everything you think you're above... do not say you were not warned."

Marie exits the locker room. Troy watches her leave through the mirror, then smiles and runs a hand through their hair again.

Troy Lindz (quietly to their reflection): "Let the peasants battle. Royalty remains untouched."

The camera fades out on Troy admiring themselves, wholly unconcerned with the coming war.

John Phillips: "Well, there you have it. A definitive no from Troy Lindz. Team MVC is still one member short heading into Survivor."

Mark Bravo: "And let us be clear--Troy did not decline. Troy dismissed the entire concept. In their mind, this war is beneath them."

John Phillips: "With The Empire gaining strength, Marie Van Claudio is running out of time and allies. Who could possibly step up as the fifth member?"

Maxx Mayhem/Chris Ross vs. El Fantasma

The arena lights dim to near black, instantly shifting the atmosphere. A faint, ghostly flute begins to play--soft at first, then echoing eerily through the venue as a cold fog rolls across the entrance ramp.

John Phillips: "We are moments away from crowning the first-ever UTA Tag Team Champions of this new era... and here come the challengers who earned their spot the hard way."

Mark Bravo: "El Fantasma did what many thought was impossible earlier tonight. They outlasted U.S.A. and Velocity Vanguard in a triple threat. No controversy. No shortcuts. Just pure precision."

A lonely spotlight flickers to life, revealing Madman Szalinski at the top of the stage. Dressed in his weathered grey suit and signature red-and-blue mask, he raises his hand with reverence--then points forward.

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*From behind him, through the fog, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 emerge in perfect unison. Their movements are silent. Their eyes never leave the ring. They do not pander. They do not acknowledge. They *haunt.**

? **"Cemetery Gates" by Pantera** hits full force over the PA system ?

The guitars scream as the twin phantoms glide down the ramp. The fog parts around them as if afraid to touch them. The crowd rises--not cheering wildly, but reacting instinctively, drawn into the spectacle.

John Phillips: "There is something unsettling about their presence. No theatrics. No emotion. Just... inevitability."

Mark Bravo: "And let's remember--these two men are stepping into a match where the champions HATE each other. Maxx Mayhem just turned on Chris Ross weeks ago. Tonight, they have to defend championships they don't even respect... against opponents who FEEL no fear."

El Fantasma reach the ring. In synchronized motion, they leap to the apron, grasp the ropes, and spring over--landing silently on their feet. They drop to one knee in unison, heads bowed.

Madman Szalinski slaps the apron and paces with intensity, using his hands to signal a title belt over his waist--the future that may belong to his warriors.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma have already proved they belong in this fight. Tonight, they have a chance to make history."

Mark Bravo: "And if they do... the tag division might never be the same."

The arena descends into darkness--heavy, oppressive, as if the air itself is bracing for impact.

? **"Holiday" by Green Day** detonates through the speakers, that twisted, upbeat chaos of rebellion ringing out. The fans ERUPT--not in celebration, but in pure anticipation.

John Phillips: "Well... we all wondered how this would play out. And I think we have our answer--Chris Ross is NOT coming out here tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "Can you blame him?! Ross and Mayhem are ready to kill each other backstage--there's no way in hell they're coexisting long enough to defend tag titles!"

*From the curtain BURSTS **Maxx Mayhem**, both UTA Tag Team Championship belts slung over his shoulders like trophies stolen in the night. His grin is manic. He screams into the camera, the veins on his neck bulging.*

Maxx Mayhem (yelling toward the ring): "CHAOS RUNS THIS DIVISION NOW!"

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*The camera angle shifts just as a shadow emerges behind him. **Kaine** steps through the curtain--painted in skeletal black and white, his eyes hollow, movement slow and deliberate like a revenant summoned from the grave. He doesn't look at Maxx. He simply walks at his side.*

John Phillips: "And there you see it--whether it was planned or purely an act of madness--Maxx Mayhem has selected Kaine as his partner tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "Did he select him, or did Kaine just decide this is where the violence is? Last time I checked, Kaine doesn't ask permission--he appears when the blood calls."

Maxx begins marching down the ramp, screaming at the fans to "PRAISE THE CARNAGE!" Kaine stalks beside him, eyes locked ahead, completely unfazed by the chaos around them. They carry themselves not as a team... but as two storms moving in the same direction.

John Phillips: "You can feel the energy shifting. No Chris Ross. No trust. No unity. Just pure, destructive will from Maxx Mayhem and Kaine."

Mark Bravo: "And on the other side stand El Fantasma, who already fought once tonight. They earned this shot. But now they have to survive two men who don't even care about winning--as long as they get to hurt somebody."

The arena is shrouded in darkness. A single spotlight hits the UTA Tag Team Championships glistening on the shoulders of Maxx Mayhem and Kaine. The eerie fog from El Fantasma's entrance still lingers across the mat, coiling around boots like living mist. The crowd is rumbling--not cheering, not booing--holding its breath in anticipation of chaos.

John Phillips: "Every single person in this arena knows something is about to go down. You can feel it like static in the air!"

Mark Bravo: "You ever stand outside before a tornado hits? That's this. Right now."

Maxx Mayhem spins in a slow circle, clutching his title against his chest like a prize he'd happily bleed for. Kaine stands beside him with calm intensity--one hand raised, fingers trembling, whispering his mantra: "Dead... but alive..." Meanwhile, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 & 2 remain frozen across the ring, motionless, identical heads cocked, like two ghosts waiting for the living to make the first mistake.

Then--everything changes.

? **"Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow** detonates out of the sound system. Red pyro ignites from the stage in a violent eruption, the flames reflecting off the fog and turning the arena into a hellscape.

John Phillips: "HE'S HERE!!!"

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Chris Ross storms through the curtain like a man possessed. His eyes are locked on Maxx Mayhem--not the belts, not the titles, not the match... just Maxx. In his hand? A steel chair. Not lowered at his side--gripped upright, ready to swing.

Mark Bravo: "That is not the walk of a tag team partner. That is the walk of a man coming for blood."

Ross doesn't pose. Doesn't break stride. He half-jogs down the ramp, every inch of his six-foot-two frame pulsing with fury. Fans are on their feet, some reaching out to touch him, others backing away.

Inside the ring, Maxx Mayhem's eyes go WIDE... then he begins to LAUGH. Loud. Maniacal. He drops one of the belts on the mat and spreads his arms wide like he's welcoming a long-lost brother--with the intent to immediately stab him in the back.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is BEGGING Ross to enter that ring! He wants this! He wants the explosion!"

Ross reaches ringside. He stops at the apron. His breathing is heavy. The chair drops from vertical position... to his side. The crowd is chanting "LET THEM FIGHT!"

Mark Bravo: "If Ross steps in that ring, it's not a match--it's an execution."

Kaine steps in front of Maxx, offering a subtle nod to Ross, acknowledging the violence, perhaps even inviting it. The Oscuras remain stone-still, shifting only slightly, heads tilting now toward Ross as if they sense the spirit of death approaching.

Chris Ross slowly ascends the ring steps--every clang of metal echoing through the arena like a war drum.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross is entering the battlefield... but is he coming to fight WITH Maxx Mayhem--or fight AGAINST him?"

Chris Ross pauses on the apron, never taking his eyes off Maxx Mayhem. He raises a single finger and gestures sharply for the referee to approach. The official hesitates, glancing over his shoulder toward Maxx, then reluctantly steps through the ropes and leans toward Ross.

John Phillips: "Ross isn't here to play games... he's laying down terms before this title match even begins!"

The referee's eyes widen as Ross speaks low, fast, and deadly serious. After a tense exchange, the referee hops down from the ring and rushes to the timekeeper's area. The ring announcer receives word... then raises the microphone.

Ring Announcer: "Ladies and gentlemen... I have just been informed that **Chris Ross** will be defending the UTA Tag Team Championships alongside **Maxx Mayhem**... and has invoked his contractual right to be his partner for this match. Therefore--"

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The crowd erupts in shock. Kaine's head snaps toward Ross, fury in his eyes.

Ring Announcer: "--Kaine has been ordered to leave ringside immediately!"

John Phillips: "WHAT?! KAINE IS EJECTED! Ross is forcing Kaine out of the match!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, this is genius! Evil, but genius! Ross just stripped Maxx of his insurance policy!"

Kaine steps forward, muscles tightening, jaw flexing. The crowd roars as he stares up at Ross--who just smirks coldly and taps the side of his head, as if to say: "Think smarter, not harder."

The referee orders Kaine to leave the ring. Kaine refuses at first, stepping over the ropes. Maxx Mayhem immediately moves toward the official, screaming in his face while pointing at Ross.

Maxx Mayhem: "NO! NO! YOU DON'T GET TO DO THAT! YOU DON'T GET TO TAKE MY BOY OUT OF HERE!"

Kaine puts a hand on Maxx's shoulder, pulling him back.

Kaine (calmly, into the camera): "Remember this moment."

He turns slowly toward Chris Ross... gives him a chilling grin... then slides out of the ring, stepping over the barricade into the crowd as fans part like the Red Sea. The camera follows him as he vanishes through shadows.

John Phillips: "Kaine is gone--and now Maxx Mayhem is trapped with the one man he least wants at his back!"

Ross finally steps through the ropes, locking eyes with Maxx. The champions stand face-to-face, tension so sharp it could draw blood. Across from them, El Fantasma stand motionless, like two specters waiting to collect souls.

Mark Bravo: "Champions that hate each other... challengers that aren't even human... and brand new titles on the line. This is about to get violent."

The tension is suffocating. Chris Ross steps through the ropes onto the apron, turning back to face Maxx with a slow, unsettling smile.

Chris Ross (smirking, tapping his temple): "You've got this, champ."

He gives Maxx a dismissive pat on the shoulder -- not encouragement, but a condescending shove of responsibility. Ross backs onto the apron, gripping the tag rope like a general sending a soldier into enemy fire.

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John Phillips: "Whoa! Chris Ross telling Maxx Mayhem that *he's* got this! He's not starting the match -- he's making Maxx do it!"

Mark Bravo: "Let's be clear--Ross didn't say, 'I got this.' He said, 'You got this.' That's not trust... that's a power play."

Maxx glares back at Ross, veins bulging in his forehead, nostrils flared. For a moment, it looks like he might throw a punch at his own partner. But the bell hasn't rung. The match hasn't started. And Maxx Mayhem... is forced to turn his rage toward the other side of the ring.

Across from him, one of the Oscuros glides forward, never breaking eye contact. The second Oscurito steps silently onto the apron, head cocked like a crow watching a battlefield unfold.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem starts this match alone. Kaine has been ejected. Chris Ross has put him on an island. And now he stands face-to-face with one half of the most unnerving duo in professional wrestling today."

The referee signals. The bell rings. DING! DING! DING!

Mark Bravo: "Maxx wanted a fight? He's got one. And his own partner just sentenced him to it."

Maxx Mayhem doesn't even wait for the Oscurito to move. His eyes go wide--wild. He SNAPS.

He charges full speed across the ring, screaming incoherently as he throws a wild clothesline. The Oscurito drops beneath it with ghostlike grace. Maxx hits the ropes--rebounds--swings again, faster, harder.

Again, El Fantasma ducks, this time spinning like mist on the wind. Maxx nearly stumbles forward, his momentum uncontrolled.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is unhinged! He's not wrestling right now--he's chasing shadows!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what happens when your own partner throws you to the wolves and tells you to enjoy the feast!"

Maxx wheels around only to eat a blistering low dropkick to the knee from El Fantasma! His leg buckles and the crowd gasps as the Oscurito kips up, gliding backward into a haunting stance.

On the apron, Chris Ross begins to clap -- a slow, sarcastic clap.

Chris Ross (shouting exaggerated praise): "THAT'S IT, MAXX! GREAT JOB! YOU'RE DOING AMAZING, SWEETHEART!"

Ross cups his hands to his mouth, cheering in an overly dramatic falsetto. It is mockery disguised as

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support, and Maxx knows it.

John Phillips (disgusted): "Chris Ross is openly mocking his own tag team partner while this match is happening!"

Mark Bravo: "He's not mocking--he's motivating. In the worst psychological way possible."

Maxx snarls in pure rage and lunges again--this time connecting with a heavy forearm that staggers the Oscuro. He hammers him with a second, then a third, driving him back into the corner.

John Phillips: "And Maxx Mayhem is firing back with fury! All that rage... all that betrayal... it's becoming fuel!"

Ross throws up a thumbs-up on the apron, grinning cruelly.

Chris Ross: "YOU GOT THIS, PARTNER!"

Maxx screams back without turning around:

Maxx Mayhem: "SHUT UP!"

The crowd ERUPTS at the tension as El Fantasma slips under the ropes onto the apron, tagging in his partner with a ghostlike whisper of movement.

John Phillips: "Now here comes the second Oscuro! Fresh, fast... and Maxx Mayhem is losing control in real time."

The fresh Oscuro springs into the ring with otherworldly agility--springboarding off the top rope and blasting Maxx with a flying forearm that sends him crashing to the mat. Maxx rolls to his hands and knees, clutching his jaw, but the Oscuro is already in motion.

A running dropkick connects flush to the side of Maxx's skull! The impact sends Maxx rolling across the canvas--straight toward the champions' corner.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is in trouble! The Oscuros are tagging seamlessly--methodical, predatory--and Maxx might be forced to rely on the one man he does NOT trust!"

Maxx scrambles toward the corner, one hand reaching up blindly to make the tag. Chris Ross reaches out casually... expression cold, poised.

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem is crawling toward Chris Ross like a man reaching for a lifeline..."

Just as Maxx's fingers brush Ross's wrist--Ross smirks... and LEAPS off the apron.

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John Phillips (shocked): "WHAT?! CHRIS ROSS JUST HOPPED OFF THE APRON!"

Maxx's face twists with fury and disbelief as Ross steps back from the ring, hands raised innocently.

Chris Ross (shouting toward the crowd, mockingly): "What? He said he's GOT this!!!"

The crowd ROARS in a mix of boos and gasps, thunder rolling through the arena as Maxx slams his fist into the mat in rage.

Mark Bravo: "He just humiliated Maxx Mayhem in front of the world! That wasn't a refusal--that was a MESSAGE."

Maxx starts to rise--only to be met by a running knee trembler from El Fantasma Oscuro, snapping his head back and dropping him flat on the mat.

Ross paces ringside calmly, adjusting his wrist tape as if preparing for a casual spar while watching Maxx get dismantled.

John Phillips: "This is a psychological mugging! Maxx is outnumbered, isolated--and Chris Ross is letting it happen on purpose!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross doesn't just want to retain the titles--he wants to break Maxx Mayhem's soul while he does it."

Chris Ross doesn't just refuse to tag--he takes it further.

He reaches under the ring and pulls out a steel chair. The crowd buzzes with anticipation. Ross doesn't enter the ring with it--no. He calmly walks to the announce table, unfolds the chair with casual precision, and sets it down at ringside facing the ring.

John Phillips: "What the hell is he doing now?!"

Ross sits down--crosses one leg over the other--and leans back, arms folded. His eyes are locked on the ring with sadistic amusement.

Chris Ross (loud enough for everyone to hear): "C'mon, Maxx! You said you didn't need me! SHOW 'EM!"

Maxx, battered and gasping for breath, pulls himself up by the ropes. But as he rises-- THWACK! El Fantasma Oscuro 2 hits a springboard dropkick right between his shoulder blades, launching Maxx face-first into the corner!

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is alone. He has no partner. Chris Ross has literally SEATED HIMSELF

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OUTSIDE THE RING to enjoy the show!"

Mark Bravo: "Enjoy the show? Phillips, he's trying to BREAK Maxx Mayhem in front of the world! This is psychological euthanasia!"

Maxx staggers backward, only to be scooped up by Oscurro 1--

--Spinning headscissors!

--Into a basement dropkick from Oscurro 2!

Maxx hits the mat hard. Ross applauds slowly, mockingly, as if he's watching a stage play he's already seen the ending to.

Chris Ross (calmly, to himself): "Beautiful."

Maxx screams in rage and pain as he crawls toward the ropes--toward Ross--but Ross is on the outside, leaning forward in his chair, grinning.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is trapped in a two-on-one war... and his own partner has abandoned him to the wolves!"

Mark Bravo: "Not abandoned... orchestrated. This is torture by design."

Inside the ring, El Fantasma Oscurro 1 waves a single gloved hand in front of Maxx's face, as though beckoning his soul to leave his body. El Fantasma Oscurro 2 ascends the ropes behind him--perching in silence.

John Phillips: "The Oscurros are about to end this--and Maxx may not be able to defend himself!"

El Fantasma Oscurro 1 drags Maxx to his feet, locking his arms from behind in a full nelson while Oscurro 2 launches off the top rope--

--CRASHING DOWN with a diving double foot stomp to Maxx's chest!

John Phillips: "GOOD LORD! Maxx Mayhem might be BROKEN IN HALF!"

Maxx crumples to the mat. Oscurro 1 hooks a leg. Oscurro 2 drapes himself across Maxx's torso. A double cover.

Referee: "ONE! TWO!--"

MAXX THRUSTS A SHOULDER UP.

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Mark Bravo: "HE KICKED OUT! HOW?! WHY?! WHAT IS DRIVING THIS MAN?!"

Chris Ross doesn't flinch. He watches, elbows on knees, fingers interlocked in front of his face like he's analyzing a chess match.

Chris Ross (muttering under his breath): "C'mon, Maxx... show me what you really are."

Inside the ring, the Oscuras glide back to their feet. They tilt their heads in eerie unison. Maxx drags himself up by the ropes, breathing heavy, coughing from the stomp. His eyes are bloodshot. His body, bruised. But he moves forward.

Oscuro 2 charges--Maxx explodes with a lariat that nearly flips him inside out!

John Phillips: "MAXX MAYHEM DIGS DEEP! HE'S RUNNING ON ANGER, ON HATE--ON PURE SURVIVAL INSTINCT!"

Oscuro 1 leaps from the second rope--but Maxx catches him in mid-air, turning and SLAMMING him with a spinebuster so hard the canvas shakes!

Mark Bravo: "HE'S ALONE! HE'S TRAPPED! BUT MAXX MAYHEM REFUSES TO DIE!"

Maxx staggers, nearly collapsing. He whirls on the apron--where Ross watches without moving. Maxx extends his hand toward him--not asking, but COMMANDING--

Maxx Mayhem (screaming): "TAG ME, DAMN IT!"

Chris Ross slowly stands up from the chair...

...but instead of stepping onto the apron, he drags the chair with him...

...and sits back down, shaking his head.

Chris Ross (shouting mockingly): "YOU GOT THIS, REMEMBER?!"

The crowd ERUPTS in cheers. Maxx is left seething... shaking... turning back toward the Oscuras as both rise in synchronized, soulless precision.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is fighting with everything he has--but the numbers, the damage, the betrayal--it's too much!"

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 rise like haunting silhouettes in fog, closing in from opposite sides. Maxx Mayhem swings wild--desperation in every motion. He connects with a forearm on Oscuro 2, turning with a roar--

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--only to be CRACKED in the spine by a spinning back kick from Oscuro 1!

John Phillips: "Maxx is starting to fold! His body is shutting down under the punishment!"

Oscuro 2 springs to the ropes, hitting a slingshot moonsault that CRUSHES Maxx's ribs. Maxx clutches his sides, rolling, gasping for breath. He tries to crawl forward again--instinctively reaching toward the apron--

--but there's no Ross. Only the empty corner.

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem is alone in every possible way--physically, mentally, spiritually abandoned."

Oscuro 1 drags Maxx up from behind, locking him into a dragon sleeper position. Oscuro 2 scales the turnbuckle, perched like a vulture.

John Phillips: "Oh God... they're about to end his career. They're going for 'WHISPERS OF DEATH!'"

Maxx's arms flail weakly. His legs buckle. The crowd rises to their feet in a hushed roar as El Fantasma Oscuro 2 launches--

--TIMING PERFECT--

--BUT MAXX TWISTS HIS BODY FORWARD!

Oscuro 2 MISSES the diving inverted DDT connection and crashes hard onto the mat! Maxx drops to a knee, barely dodging annihilation. Oscuro 1 rushes forward--Maxx whips around and HEADBUTTS him with sickening force!

John Phillips: "HEADBUTT! MAXX MAYHEM JUST BOUGHT HIMSELF A SECOND OF LIFE!"

Blood trickles down Maxx's forehead--but he doesn't wipe it away. He LICKS it, eyes bulging, screaming pure rage into the rafters.

Maxx Mayhem: "IS THAT ALL YOU GOT?!"

The crowd erupts in a seismic boo.

Mark Bravo: "He's not fighting to win--he's fighting because he refuses to die!"

Maxx charges Oscuro 1--only for Oscuro 2 to spring back to his feet and cut him down at the knee with a diving chop block! Maxx collapses, clutching his leg in agony.

Both Oscuros move in unison. No emotion. No hesitation. They drag Maxx to the turnbuckle.

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John Phillips: "Here it comes. Maxx Mayhem is finished--"

As Maxx is lifted into position for the kill--

--the camera CUTS to Chris Ross.

Still seated. Still calm.

But now he's leaning forward...

...smiling.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 perch Maxx Mayhem on the top turnbuckle--his body limp, every ounce of fight beaten out of him. The crowd begins to rumble, sensing the end.

John Phillips: "Maxx isn't defending himself! Someone needs to stop this!"

The Oscuros move like phantoms in unison--Oscuro 1 hooks Maxx's head from the ropes, while Oscuro 2 positions beneath.

Mark Bravo: "WHISPERS OF DEATH! THIS IS IT!"

From the outside, the camera catches Chris Ross... still seated... still motionless... eyes fixed on Maxx like a man studying an ant through a magnifying glass.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross isn't moving a muscle... HE'S LETTING THIS HAPPEN!"

Oscuro 2 leaps--

--INVERTED SNAP DDT OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

Maxx Mayhem spikes onto the canvas head-first with devastating force. His body folds unnaturally before collapsing flat.

Oscuro 1 rolls into the cover, hooking both legs deep. Oscuro 2 drops across Maxx's chest for added pressure.

Referee: "ONE! ... TWO! ... THREE!"

The bell rings. DING! DING! DING!

Ring Announcer: "Here are your winners... and NEW UTA Tag Team Champions... EL! FANTASMA! "

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The arena EXPLODES in shock and disbelief. Fans can't believe what they've just witnessed. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 & 2 rise slowly to their feet as Madman Szalinski slides into the ring--eyes wide with pure elation. Szalinski drops to his knees, pounding the mat in triumph while pointing to his team.

John Phillips: "They did it! El Fantasma has SHOCKED the WORLD! Maxx Mayhem has been pinned--and Chris Ross did ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO STOP IT!"

On the outside, Chris Ross stands up from his chair. He slowly, calmly folds it closed. Then he places it under his arm like a briefcase, turns... and walks up the ramp without a single glance back at the ring... or at Maxx Mayhem's broken body.

Mark Bravo: "Ross didn't lose the belts... he gave them away. He didn't just betray Maxx Mayhem... he ended him."

In the ring, the Oscuros hold their newly won championships to the heavens as golden and crimson streamers fall from the rafters. The lights flicker. The crowd is roaring. And on the canvas beneath them--Maxx Mayhem lies motionless.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro are the new UTA Tag Team Champions... and Maxx Mayhem has just been left for dead... by his own partner."

A final shot of Maxx, staring blankly at the rafters, blood trickling from his scalp... his chest rising and falling in ragged breaths...

...fade to black.

Earn Your Pay

The camera fades in on Valentina Blaze standing at her locker, tightening her wrist tape with crisp, controlled movements. There is no anxiety in her body language--only certainty. The roar of the crowd can be faintly heard echoing in the distance.

The door opens and Athena Storm steps inside, casually leaning against the lockers with a playful smirk.

Athena Storm: "Chaos is in full swing tonight. Amy and Marie are tearing this place apart. Everyone's talking about who the fifth member of Team MVC might be. Thought maybe you'd throw your name in."

Valentina doesn't look at Athena. She finishes taping, flexes her hand, eyes forward.

Valentina Blaze: "I didn't come here to be someone's fifth pick. I came here to be number one. Let them play games. I'm here to collect gold."

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Athena raises an eyebrow just as her attention shifts. The camera pans as Emily Hightower steps into frame, UTA Women's United States Championship resting firmly on her shoulder. Emily doesn't posture--she simply arrives, presence alone commanding respect.

Valentina catches Emily's reflection in the mirror, smirks, and turns around fully.

Valentina Blaze: "Speaking of gold... looks like I found exactly what I'm here for."

Emily stands tall, unbothered. She adjusts the title on her shoulder like a construction worker throwing a tool belt into place.

Emily Hightower: "Good. Because this isn't a fashion accessory. This is a day's work. You want it? You clock in like everybody else and you earn your pay."

Valentina steps forward, fire in her eyes.

Valentina Blaze: "I don't clock in. I take over. And when I take that title... it won't just be work. It'll be history."

Emily's expression never changes. She gives a single nod--respectful, but unwavering.

Emily Hightower: "Then I hope you packed a lunch. Because what I do in that ring? It ain't pretty. It's a shift. And it ends when the bell does."

Valentina smiles slowly, turning back to her locker as the tension in the room crackles.

Valentina Blaze: "Perfect. I plan on staying overtime."

The camera lingers on the standoff--two women, zero fear, both ready for war--before fading out.

John Phillips: "There it is! No drama, no mind games--just two competitors with their eyes on the prize!"

Mark Bravo: "And if that match gets signed? That championship isn't just on the line... pride, grit, and the future of this division go with it."

The Legacy of the Tyger is Eternal

The camera fades backstage to the interview set. Melissa Cartwright stands professionally composed, microphone in hand. The energy in the arena is electric--buzzing through the concrete walls--as the anticipation for the main event reaches a fever pitch.

Standing beside her is Tyger II. Mask gleaming beneath the arena lights, posture disciplined, eyes calm but burning with purpose. The legacy of his father is etched in every line of his attire--yet his presence is

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unmistakably his own.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time is the man who will make his United Toughness Alliance in-ring debut in our main event tonight... and that debut will be for the UTA Championship. Tyger II, just moments ago, we saw a video package honoring your father--UTA Hall of Famer Tatsumi 'Tyger' Tanaka. Tonight, you continue that legacy. How are you preparing for the biggest debut in company history?"

Tyger II raises his head, eyes meeting the camera with unwavering intensity.

Tyger II: "I do not run from the weight of legacy. I carry it. I honor it. But tonight is not about what my father accomplished. Tonight is about what I will do."

He places a hand over the center of his chest.

Tyger II: "Jarvis Valentine calls himself the greatest champion of this era. He said destiny does not matter. But where I come from... destiny is not written. It is earned in sweat, in pain, in sacrifice. My father bled to build this place. I will bleed to claim it."

Melissa Cartwright: "There is immense pressure. Your first match. Your first night. A world championship on the line. Are you ready for Jarvis Valentine?"

Tyger II tilts his head slightly, the faintest nod.

Tyger II: "Jarvis Valentine stands at the top of this mountain. Tonight, I climb that mountain--not as the son of a Hall of Famer--but as the man who will bring honor back to this title. Jarvis fights to remain. I fight because I must. There is no tomorrow. Only tonight. Only the fight. Only victory."

Tyger II turns slightly toward the camera.

Tyger II: "Jarvis Valentine... prepare yourself. The legacy of the Tyger is eternal. And tonight, it awakens."

Tyger II walks off screen with purpose, leaving Melissa staring after him as the crowd in the arena roars in anticipation.

John Phillips: "You can FEEL IT! The son of a legend makes his debut TONIGHT for the richest prize in the industry!"

Mark Bravo: "I don't care how good Jarvis Valentine is--there is no force more dangerous than a man fighting for legacy and immortality. Tonight, history doesn't just repeat... it evolves."

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Eric Dane Jr. vs. B.R. Ellis

The arena lights shift to a deep royal blue. A pulse of white light flashes like a heartbeat across the LED screens as pyro bursts in tight, disciplined columns--not flashy, but powerful. The tron transitions to a giant display of B.R. Ellis' career stats: NCAA Division I Champion. Olympic Trials Finalist. Undefeated in amateur competition. Win/Loss graphic. His eyes--focused, determined--fill the screen.

? **"Remember the Name" by Fort Minor** hits with precision drumbeats synced to the lighting.

B.R. Ellis steps through the curtain wearing a navy-and-gold collegiate hooded robe, the hood pulled low over his head, the UTA WrestleZone logo emblazoned across the chest. He pauses at the center of the stage--not to pose, not to pander--but to breathe. To focus. This is not a performance.

John Phillips: "There is no ego, no theatrics--just one of the greatest pure athletes in the world today, preparing for the fight of his life."

Mark Bravo: "Every step that man takes is with purpose. He's not coming out here to entertain. He's coming out here to win. And if Eric Dane Jr. isn't careful, he might get exposed tonight."

Ellis begins his walk to the ring, every step crisp. Fans reach out--he acknowledges them with a nod, never breaking stride.

He reaches ringside, removes the robe with deliberate precision, revealing his Olympic-style singlet. He shadow shoots once... twice... his eyes locked on the championship belt resting at ringside.

John Phillips: "Ellis has trained his entire life for this moment. No shortcuts. No famous name. Just sweat, discipline, and results."

Ellis climbs the steps, wipes his boots on the apron, and steps through the ropes with zero wasted motion. He takes his corner and begins stretching, eyes closed, visualizing every sequence of the match.

Mark Bravo: "If you're Eric Dane Jr., staring across the ring at that... tonight just got real."

The arena lighting snaps violently from blue to blinding gold. A massive explosion of silver pyro blasts across the stage in a wall of sparks as the tron ignites with one name--flashing over and over in star-studded letters:

ERIC DANE JR.

? **"Made You Look" by Nas** hits--bass-heavy, dripping with swagger.

The curtain parts. Out struts Eric Dane Jr., wearing a blindingly reflective silver-and-blue sequined jacket with feathered shoulders, aviator sunglasses, and a smug grin that could start its own war. A spotlight isolates him as if the rest of the arena doesn't matter--only him.

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John Phillips: "And here he is. A walking brand--Eric Dane Jr., who claims he was born a star, raised a star, and destined to eclipse his Hall of Fame father."

Mark Bravo (dryly): "Claims being the key word, John."

Eric pauses at the top of the ramp, turning to show off the WrestleZone Championship strapped around his waist. He taps the main plate twice with his finger, mouthing the words "Mine forever." Behind him, lasers form a giant EDJ logo in the air.

He begins a slow, exaggerated strut down the ramp--twirling in place, spreading his arms wide to soak in attention that is met with thunderous boos. He doesn't care. He feeds off it.

Eric Dane Jr. (to the camera): "Hope somebody told B.R. Ellis--this ain't amateur night, bro. This is the EDJ Era."

Fans at ringside lean over the barricade shouting insults. Eric stops in front of one, pulls off his sunglasses, and winks... before laughing in their face and flicking the glasses at them dismissively.

John Phillips: "He has disrespected every opponent he's faced. Tonight, that arrogance may come at a price."

Eric leaps onto the apron with overly dramatic flair, nearly slipping, then quickly acting like he meant to do it. He shouts "NAILED IT!" to no one in particular.

He ascends the turnbuckle, spreading his arms wide as silver confetti cannons fire upward.

Mark Bravo: "Meanwhile, B.R. Ellis hasn't taken his eyes off him once. No blinking. No nerves. That man is looking at a meal, not a champion."

Eric hops down--removes his jacket, tossing it arrogantly at the referee as though the official is his personal attendant. He unstraps the WrestleZone Championship, raises it high with one hand--eyes locked on B.R. Ellis.

Ellis doesn't flinch. Doesn't move. Just breathes.

John Phillips: "This is a clash of worlds. One man who earned his spot with sweat and discipline. The other who believes greatness is his birthright."

Mark Bravo: "Only one can leave with that title."

The referee holds the WrestleZone Championship high. The crowd is electric.

John Phillips: "And it all begins... NOW."

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The referee calls for the bell, and the energy in the arena instantly sharpens. The crowd knows this one is going to be different -- not chaos, not spectacle -- but a war of skill and precision. B.R. Ellis steps forward, lowering his stance, knees bent and eyes locked. Eric Dane Jr. rolls his shoulders back, trying to look confident, but there's a flicker of uncertainty in his smirk.

John Phillips: "Here we go -- WrestleZone Championship on the line. This isn't about personality; this is about pride, legacy, and survival."

Mark Bravo: "And already, you can see the difference, John. Ellis is coiled and ready. Dane Jr. looks like he's waiting for the cameras to tell him what to do next."

They circle. Ellis feints once, twice -- and then shoots in clean. A textbook double-leg takedown drops Eric like he's never been in a wrestling ring before. Ellis floats effortlessly into side control, transitions to a hammerlock, then rolls into a tight waist cinch. Every motion is smooth, efficient, perfect.

John Phillips: "That right there is world-class wrestling! Ellis just dissecting the so-called prodigy!"

Eric scrambles, trying to escape, but Ellis holds on tight, driving his knee into Dane Jr.'s ribs before snapping him back into the mat with a Greco-Roman gutwrench. Eric grits his teeth, slaps the canvas out of frustration, and crawls to the ropes. The referee forces a break.

Mark Bravo: "That's how quick it can go wrong when you underestimate a technician like Ellis. Every second you're on the mat, he's thinking three moves ahead."

Eric rises, slapping his chest and shouting toward the front row, "That was nothing!" He tries a collar-and-elbow tie-up -- Ellis ducks under, takes the arm, and yanks him into a standing switch. Eric swings wildly with an elbow that misses completely, and Ellis counters with a crisp German suplex that sends the champion sprawling across the mat.

John Phillips: "Another suplex! Ellis is throwing this kid around like a rag doll!"

Ellis grabs hold again, another takedown, another suplex. The crowd begins chanting "B-R! B-R!" as Ellis looks every bit the superior athlete. Eric slides out of the ring, stumbling to his feet and clutching the barricade, gasping for air.

Mark Bravo: "You can see it on Eric's face -- this isn't fun anymore. He's in there with a real wrestler, not a stunt double."

Ellis doesn't wait. He rushes to the ropes, leaps -- and nails a perfect vaulting plancha to the outside! Eric crashes to the floor, and the audience explodes in cheers. Ellis pops up, fire in his eyes, soaking in the moment just enough before rolling Eric back into the ring.

John Phillips: "Ellis is running the clinic of his life tonight! We might be moments away from a new

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WrestleZone Champion!"

Ellis hooks the leg -- ONE! TWO! -- but Eric kicks out just in time. The kid's breathing heavy already, eyes wide with panic. Ellis pulls him up and whips him into the corner -- but Eric grabs the ropes and bails again, shaking his head. He staggers over to the timekeeper's table, shouting that he's the star here, not some 'no-name amateur.'

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference between pride and ego. Ellis wants to earn this. Dane Jr. just wants to survive it."

The referee starts the count, and Eric slides back in slowly at eight, pretending to stretch. He feigns respect, offering a handshake. The crowd boos. Ellis eyes him, then takes the hand -- and Eric immediately knees him in the gut and rakes the eyes!

John Phillips: "Oh come on! The arrogance, the disrespect -- it's the only way he can get an edge!"

The crowd erupts in boos as Eric smirks, finally getting an opening. He clubs Ellis across the back, then whips him into the ropes and hits a spinning back elbow that drops the challenger flat. He struts, points to himself, and shouts, "That's why I'm the champ!"

But as he taunts, Ellis grabs him from behind -- a quick roll-up! ONE! TWO! Eric barely escapes, scrambling backward like he's seen a ghost.

Mark Bravo: "He's playing with fire, John. Every second he wastes, Ellis is waiting to snatch him out of midair."

Eric looks furious, pounding the mat and shouting that the count was too fast. The crowd chants "You got schooled!" as Ellis rises, unfazed, motioning for him to bring it. The champion wipes his mouth, sneers... and charges.

The war is just beginning.

Eric Dane Jr. charges forward, full of bravado, swinging wild haymakers. Ellis ducks every one with surgical precision. The champion throws a spinning backfist -- Ellis traps the arm -- transitions seamlessly into a rear waistlock -- and launches Eric with a release German Suplex that lands the champion hard on the back of his head!

John Phillips: "Another breathtaking suplex! Eric Dane Jr. is getting exposed on a national stage!"

Eric scrambles, panicking, clutching the bottom rope for dear life. He slides halfway out of the ring, only his torso still under the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "That's a rope break. He's literally trying to escape the match."

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The referee backs Ellis away. Eric slowly gets to his feet, face red with embarrassment. He points to his head, yelling, "Big brain! Big brain wrestling!" -- just as Ellis rushes in and sweeps Eric's legs clean out from under him, snapping the champion's body backward to the mat!

Ellis transitions ultra-smooth into a grounded headlock, then floats over into a front facelock, squeezing tight. Eric flails helplessly before Ellis rolls him up in a deep cradle --

Referee: "ONE! TWO!--"

Eric barely escapes, rolling to the floor in humiliation. He slaps the apron, screaming.

John Phillips: "He's unraveling mentally. The challenger isn't just better -- he's **dominant** right now."

Ellis follows him outside and grabs his wrist -- but Eric yanks Ellis forward and smashes his face into the ring post! The crowd BOOS violently.

Mark Bravo (sarcastic): "There's that 'big brain' he was talking about!"

Eric throws Ellis back into the ring and begins ruthlessly stomping at his chest, finally showing urgency. He lands a barrage of elbows to the neck, then forcibly shoves Ellis into the corner, driving shoulders into his ribs.

John Phillips: "And now we're seeing what Eric Dane Jr. does best -- cutting corners, picking openings."

Eric backs up, posing arrogantly to the hard cam -- then turns and HITS a hard knife-edge chop.

The crowd "WOOOs." Ellis barely reacts, eyes locked, unflinching. Eric hits another chop. Nothing. A third --

Ellis suddenly surges forward with a HUGE double-leg takedown! He transitions into a mount, raining down precision grappling strikes, elbows, and short hammerfists. Eric scrambles, covering up, rolling desperately toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Ellis is overwhelming him! This is controlled, technical violence!"

Ellis traps the arm -- CROSS ARMBREAKER! Eric screams in agony, scrambling his legs to the ropes, barely catching them with his boots!

Referee: "BREAK! BREAK!"

Ellis releases at a count of three. Eric rolls out again, clutching his arm, eyes wide with fear. He staggers toward the timekeeper, shouting "He's trying to break my arm! He's assaulting the champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Welcome to professional wrestling, Eric. This ain't a photo shoot."

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Eric slides in at the count of nine, holding the damaged arm tightly. Ellis immediately grabs for it again -- but Eric, in desperation, pulls the referee between them!

John Phillips: "Come on!"

With the ref out of position, Eric delivers a blatant thumb to the eye of B.R. Ellis!

Mark Bravo: "There it is. Eric Dane Jr.'s favorite move -- the panic button!"

Ellis recoils, blinded, clutching his eye. Eric takes the chance -- HITS a running kneelift, then a snap DDT! He hooks the leg!

Referee: "ONE! TWO!--"

Ellis powers out with authority!

John Phillips: "Ellis is hurt but not broken! Eric Dane Jr. is throwing everything he has -- and it's still not enough!"

Eric slams his fists on the mat, shaking his head in disbelief. His confidence is shattered -- desperation now fully in control.

Mark Bravo: "He knows it. If he doesn't come up with something drastic, this match is slipping away."

Eric Dane Jr., breathing heavily, wipes sweat from his eyes and decides to risk it all. He climbs to the top rope, clutching his injured arm, signaling for the Shooting Star Press.

John Phillips: "This is his father's finishing position! Eric is looking for the SD2 or SD3! But with that arm compromised--this is insanity!"

Eric leaps--rotating into a Shooting Star attack!

B.R. Ellis rolls forward at the last split-second! Eric crashes stomach-first into the canvas, bouncing with violent whiplash! The crowd explodes with cheers!

Mark Bravo: "He missed! He missed it by a mile! Ellis saw it coming!"

Ellis pounces with the speed of a trained Olympian--he grabs Eric's injured arm, transitions to the mat--

John Phillips: "ARMBAR! ARMBAR LOCKED IN! CENTER OF THE RING!"

Eric's eyes go wide with panic. He flails, legs kicking wildly. Ellis hyperextends the arm--Eric screams!

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Eric Dane Jr. (shouting): "NO! NO! NO NO NO!"

Eric begins tapping frantically--but the referee doesn't see it.

On the outside, Angus Skaaland--Eric's manager--JUMPS onto the apron, waving the WrestleZone Championship belt and screaming at the referee!

John Phillips: "What the--Angus Skaaland is interfering!"

The referee turns to eject Skaaland--just as Eric reaches into his boot with his free hand...

He pulls out a steel chain--wraps it around his fist--

SMASH! Eric punches Ellis square in the jaw with the loaded fist!

Ellis goes limp, arm falling free. Eric shoves the chain back into his boot as Skaaland jumps off the apron like nothing happened.

Mark Bravo: "You have GOT to be kidding me!"

Eric collapses on top of Ellis--hooking the tights with both hands for extra leverage--

Referee: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

The bell rings. The arena ERUPTS in pure outrage.

Announcer: "Here is your winner, and STILL the WrestleZone Champion... ERIC! DANE! JUNIOR!"

Eric rolls out of the ring immediately, clutching the title to his chest as if he's escaping a crime scene. His face is half triumphant, half terrified. Skaaland is screaming at ringside, "He out-wrestled him! He out-wrestled him!"

John Phillips: "Out-wrestled him?! He just committed highway robbery!"

Meanwhile, Ellis sits up in the ring, jaw bruised, arm throbbing, eyes focused like a predator who just identified its prey.

Mark Bravo: "Ellis had him beat. He had the champion tapping in the center of the ring. Tonight, Eric Dane Jr. escaped--but he didn't win anything. He survived."

Eric backs up the ramp, holding the belt overhead with one arm, the other hanging uselessly at his side. His face contorts between smug grin and sheer panic as the show cuts to a close-up of Ellis rising steadily, eyes locked on his next target.

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Evaluation

The camera cuts backstage. Valentina Blaze is alone now, finishing her warm-up routine with flawless control--rolling her shoulders, shadow striking with surgical precision. Her eyes stay forward, already visualizing her next conquest.

The door swings open. Emily Hightower steps in--hair pulled back, gear still on from a match earlier in the evening, U.S. Championship resting confidently on her shoulder. She doesn't knock. She doesn't need to.

Emily Hightower: "Blaze."

Valentina doesn't flinch. She turns, arms folded, ready.

Valentina Blaze: "You got something for me?"

Emily nods once--straight to business.

Emily Hightower: "It's official. Upcoming IN THE ZONE. You and me. United States Championship on the line."

There's no shock in Valentina's eyes. No hesitation. Just satisfaction.

Valentina Blaze: "Good. I don't do waiting rooms. I do main events."

Emily steps closer, title gleaming under the locker room lights.

Emily Hightower: "Then you better be ready to clock in. IN THE ZONE isn't your coronation. It's your evaluation."

Valentina steps up, nose-to-nose.

Valentina Blaze: "I don't get evaluated... I get remembered."

The crowd in the arena reacts audibly as the tension simmers between them--two women, two philosophies, one prize.

John Phillips: "It's official! Emily Hightower will defend the United States Championship against Valentina Blaze on the next IN THE ZONE!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not just a match--that's a shift in power waiting to happen. Legacy versus labor. And only one of them is leaving that night with gold."

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Survivor II

The camera cuts backstage to a frenzy. Maxx Mayhem is pacing like a mad animal, teeth clenched, slamming his fists on crates. Kaine stands beside him--arms folded, silent, cold--his eyes burning with quiet violence. Maxx is ranting under his breath, kicking a trash can across the floor.

Maxx Mayhem: "He cost me! He COST US! Those were OUR belts!"

Suddenly--CRASH--Chris Ross bursts into frame, a steel chair in hand. His face is pure fury, sweat dripping, eyes locked on Maxx.

Chris Ross: "You wanna blame me?! Titles don't matter right now, Maxx! I'm gonna slap some god damn sense back into you!"

Maxx steps forward, nostrils flaring.

Maxx Mayhem: "You ain't gonna do nothin' but get your teeth knocked out, mate. You lost me my gold! You're dead weight!"

The two are inches from each other--ready to explode--when Scott Stevens comes rushing into frame, practically sliding to get between them.

Scott Stevens: "NO! No! Not now. Not here!"

Ross raises the chair. Maxx is shouting over Stevens' shoulder.

Maxx Mayhem: "You see that stunt Chris pulled? Thought you liked chaos, Stevens! This is what ya get!"

Chris smirks darkly.

Chris Ross: "What? Thought Mayhem was built for chaos. Guess he ain't so tough when it ain't on his terms."

Maxx launches forward--Kaine catches him by the chest, holding him back with one arm.

Scott Stevens (voice rising): "ENOUGH! I've got a solution."

Ross and Maxx stop, incredulous, still breathing hard, but listening.

Scott Stevens: "Two weeks from tonight--SURVIVOR! You two will each captain your own five-person teams!"

Chris Ross (immediately): "NO. I don't want teams. I want to END HIM."

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Scott Stevens: "You'll get your chance."

Chris Ross: "Now."

Scott Stevens (forceful): "No! You will find four partners. You will face Maxx. And we will settle this."

Maxx tilts his head, oddly calm all of a sudden, his manic energy focusing.

Maxx Mayhem: "Not to interrupt or nothing... but what EXACTLY are the stakes? 'Cause this just sounds pointless, mate."

Even Chris Ross falls silent. Kaine nods slightly, his eyes piercing Stevens as all three men collectively wait for the answer. Stevens rubs his temples. He is visibly exhausted, exasperated--on the verge of a breakdown.

Scott Stevens (breathing heavily): "The team that wins... the captain will pick the stipulation for what I am going to call... ONE... AND... DONE."

Maxx's eyes go wide, his grin returning. Chris narrows his eyes.

Scott Stevens: "At Black Horizon--December 13th--you two will face each other. One match. One night. No rematch. No excuses. You leave it in the damn ring. The winner--picks the match. ANY match they want."

Maxx nods slowly. Kaine gives one almost imperceptible smirk.

Maxx Mayhem: "Now we're talkin', bruv."

Stevens turns to Chris.

Scott Stevens: "And if you've got anything to say about it--"

Chris steps in close, lifting the chair ever so slightly.

Chris Ross (low, seething): "This is your fault Stevens. All of this. I warned you."

Maxx watches eagerly, smiling like a true agent of chaos, urging him on silently. Chris raises the chair higher...

John Phillips (voiceover): "Oh my god--Chris Ross might do it! He might take out Scott Stevens!"

Maxx whispers.

Maxx Mayhem: "Do it... do it!"

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Stevens backs up against the wall, eyes wide. Chris glares--breathing heavy--trembling with rage... then slowly lowers the chair.

Chris Ross: "Picking the stipulation... in my neck of the woods... that'll do, Scott. For now."

Maxx throws his head back in disappointment while Kaine glares in silence. Stevens releases a breath he didn't know he was holding.

The war is officially set.

Jarvis Valentine vs. Tyger II

The screen fades to black. A low, reverent hum fills the arena as the WrestleUTA logo slowly dissolves onto the screen. Then -- flashes of history. Old footage of a masked legend, yellow and black, fighting through smoke and fury.

John Phillips: "In 1999, a man from Osaka, Japan, captured the hearts of the United Toughness Alliance faithful. A man who turned the roar of a tiger into an anthem."

*Clips roll of Tatsumi "Tyger" Tanaka hitting rolling elbows, tiger suplexes, and flying forearms to roaring crowds. His signature yellow tiger mask gleams under the lights as a graphic reads: **UTA Hall of Famer - Tatsumi "Tyger" Tanaka.***

Mark Bravo: "A legacy built on speed, precision, and honor. A man whose name became synonymous with heart. Tonight... that legacy returns."

*The screen flickers. A new silhouette appears -- leaner, younger, yet eerily familiar. We see the mask -- evolved, sharper, lined with faint supernatural glow beneath the eyes. Then, bold text fades in: **TYGER II.***

John Phillips: "The son of the legend. Kaito Watanabe. Tonight, he steps into his father's shadow not to live in it -- but to surpass it."

The video transitions -- clips of Tyger II's training in Japan: kicks echoing in empty dojos, sparks flying from the ropes, him bowing to a photo of his father before sprinting into battle drills.

Mark Bravo: "He's not just here for pride. He's here for the UTA Championship. To test his spirit against Jarvis Valentine -- the man who claims truth always prevails."

The video ends on a split-screen: Tyger II's masked face against Jarvis Valentine's determined glare. The words fill the screen:

"HONOR. TRUTH. CHAMPIONSHIP."

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The lights dim. A haunting flute echoes across the arena -- soft at first, then building into a thundering taiko rhythm. A single spotlight shines on the stage where fog begins to rise. The screen flickers with ghostly tiger patterns, each one matching the beat of a steady heart.

? **"Claw of Yokai"** begins -- a fusion of taiko drums, eerie flute, and cyberpunk synths.

*The fog parts. From the mist steps **Tyger II**. The crowd roars instantly -- some bow, others chant the family name: "TY-GER! TY-GER!"*

He pauses at the top of the ramp, lowering to one knee in silent homage. He extends his right hand, curling his fingers into the shape of a tiger's claw, and bows his head toward the rafters -- to his father's banner, hanging above.

John Phillips: "There he is, ladies and gentlemen. The heir to the Tanaka legacy. The son of a Hall of Famer. But tonight, he's not just a son -- he's a warrior stepping into legend."

Tyger II rises, fire in his stance. Every motion feels deliberate -- ritualistic. His mask gleams gold under the arena lights, a mix of tradition and something almost supernatural. He walks the ramp with calm focus, fans reaching out but none daring to touch him.

Mark Bravo: "And look at the composure, the control -- that's discipline you can't teach. You either have it, or you don't."

Tyger slides into the ring under the bottom rope, springing up in a fluid motion. He climbs the nearest turnbuckle, raising one hand high with a sharp tiger claw gesture as golden sparks fall from the ceiling. He hops down, crouches in the center of the ring, and bows toward the opposite corner -- awaiting the champion.

*The arena plunges into darkness again. The opening chords of **"American Flags" by Tom MacDonald** hit -- red, white, and blue lights bursting across the crowd. The atmosphere shifts from reverence to defiance.*

John Phillips: "And here comes the man who calls himself the face of truth, the voice of justice, and the heart of the UTA -- the reigning, defending UTA Champion... Jarvis Valentine!"

Jarvis Valentine steps through the curtain with the UTA Championship strapped around his waist. The crowd explodes with cheers -- though a smattering of boos can be heard from those already smitten by Tyger II's mystique.

Jarvis walks with purpose -- controlled and confident. His eyes are locked on the ring. Each step matches the rhythm of his music as fireworks burst behind him, a patriotic wave of red, white, and blue pyro filling the stage.

Mark Bravo: "Say what you want about Jarvis Valentine -- this man walks the walk. Every title defense, every challenger, he's faced them head-on. No tricks. No shortcuts."

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At ringside, Jarvis stops. He unstraps the championship, staring at it for a long, contemplative moment -- as if reminding himself what it means to hold the truth. Then he raises it high, triggering another blast of fireworks across the arena.

He slides into the ring, coming nose-to-nose with Tyger II. The camera catches the contrast -- Jarvis' stoic focus versus Tyger's serene intensity.

John Phillips: "This is what UTA is all about. The past, the present, the future -- all colliding right here, right now, in this main event for the UTA Championship!"

The referee steps between them, lifting the UTA Championship overhead as the crowd stands on their feet. The camera pans across the arena -- thousands chanting both names at once:

"TY-GER! JAR-VIS! TY-GER! JAR-VIS!"

The bell hasn't even rung yet... and already, it feels like history.

The bell rings -- one sharp note that slices through the roar of anticipation. For a few long seconds, neither man moves. Tyger II and Jarvis Valentine circle, eyes locked, each measuring the other's breathing, their footwork, their pulse. You can feel the air hum -- respect, tension, and something primal simmering between them.

John Phillips: "It's not just a title fight tonight. This is a proving ground. For Tyger II -- the chance to step out from his father's shadow. For Jarvis Valentine -- the chance to prove that no legacy, no name, no lineage is bigger than the truth he stands for."

Tyger bows his head slightly, hands raised in his measured, claw-like stance. Jarvis nods once in acknowledgment, then steps forward into the collar-and-elbow tie-up. The two strain against each other -- Jarvis using raw leverage to push Tyger back toward the corner.

The referee's hand shoots between them for a clean break. Jarvis releases, giving Tyger a firm, deliberate pat to the chest. It's not arrogance -- it's a test.

Mark Bravo: "That's a veteran move. Letting the kid know -- welcome to the main event, but this is *my* house."

Tyger backs off, calm, unflinching. He rolls his shoulders once, lowers into a stance, and they circle again. This time, Tyger is quicker -- ducking under the lockup, snapping a kick to Jarvis' thigh. Another to the opposite leg. Then a third, faster and sharper. The sound echoes through the arena.

John Phillips: "He's not brawling. He's dissecting. Those kicks aren't random -- he's breaking down the foundation, piece by piece."

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Jarvis winces, adjusts his footing, and lunges again. He catches Tyger this time -- powerlifting him into the air and slamming him down hard with a simple, heavy takedown. The mat trembles. Jarvis drops into a headlock, grinding his forearm against the side of Tyger's masked face.

Tyger shifts, bridging up, sliding out from underneath -- an escape born of precision. He sweeps Jarvis' arm, rolls behind, and snatches a waistlock. The crowd pops as Jarvis rolls through it, rising to his feet in one motion. Both men reset, a mutual nod shared between them.

Mark Bravo: "That's clean wrestling right there. You don't see that kind of control much anymore."

They tie up again. Jarvis overpowers, forcing Tyger into the ropes. On the break, Jarvis fires a forearm -- but Tyger slips under it and fires off a lightning-quick snap kick to the ribs! Jarvis stumbles, and Tyger follows with a spinning back kick that lands flush across the abdomen.

John Phillips: "Speed advantage -- all Tyger II right now!"

Tyger hits the ropes, rebounds -- and launches into a springboard forearm that catches the champion square in the jaw! Jarvis hits the mat and rolls through the impact, shaking his head. The challenger crouches low, mask glinting under the lights, the crowd buzzing louder with every breath.

Jarvis smirks, almost impressed, and starts to circle again. Both men meet center ring, forearms raised. The crowd breaks into alternating chants:

"TY-GER! JAR-VIS! TY-GER! JAR-VIS!"

The two lock up once more -- the champion's power grinding against the challenger's precision -- until Jarvis abruptly spins and plants Tyger with a textbook hip toss. He transitions into a grounded headlock again, wrenching tight as the referee leans in for the check.

John Phillips: "This is Valentine at his best. He slows the match, forces control, and makes you fight at his pace."

Tyger begins to rise, the crowd clapping in rhythm. He fires elbows into Jarvis' midsection -- one, two, three -- breaks free, hits the ropes -- and ducks a clothesline. Rebound -- another pass -- and then Tyger leaps into a crisp dropkick that sends Jarvis tumbling to the outside!

The crowd explodes as Tyger lands gracefully, crouched in the center of the ring. The camera zooms tight on his mask -- calm, composed, waiting. Jarvis paces outside, collecting himself, brushing his mouth with the back of his hand as the fans cheer for both men.

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis Valentine doesn't get flustered often... but Tyger just forced him to rethink this match. That's the first step in a warrior's mind game."

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Jarvis slides back under the ropes, the referee resetting the distance between them. Both men circle again -- slower now, deliberate. This is chess -- not checkers.

John Phillips: "They've felt each other out. The opening pace is done. Now we're about to find out who controls the storm."

The camera pans wide across the crowd, thousands on their feet, anticipation growing as both men meet in the center once more -- and the champion lunges forward for the next exchange.

Jarvis surges forward out of the corner -- a sudden explosion of strength -- and blasts Tyger II with a forearm that echoes through the arena. The challenger crumples to one knee, clutching his jaw. Jarvis doesn't give him a moment's breath. He scoops him up, drives him back into the turnbuckle, and unloads with heavy body shots -- thud, thud, thud -- like sledgehammers.

John Phillips: "That's the journalist turned fighter -- hammering away like he's breaking a story wide open!"

Jarvis whips Tyger hard across the ring -- the impact rattles the buckles. The champion charges in -- clothesline connects! Tyger drops to the mat, clutching his ribs. Jarvis immediately drags him out by the mask, planting a knee into his back and wrenching back on the chin, grinding down in a modified camel clutch.

Mark Bravo: "The champ's not playing around now, John. He's not looking for style points. He's wearing the kid down -- make him fight for air, make him doubt himself."

Tyger's fists tremble against the mat. The referee checks, asking if he wants to give. Tyger shakes his head violently, pushing up, the crowd clapping in rhythm. He inches upward -- Jarvis roars and slams him down again, wrenching tighter. The camera catches the snarl on Jarvis' face -- pure grit.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine calls himself the truth seeker... and right now, he's trying to find out how much truth Tyger II can handle."

Tyger starts to rise again -- slowly, deliberately -- his boots planting into the mat, his back arching as he powers up to his knees. The crowd builds louder. Tyger shifts his hips, breaks the grip, and flips Jarvis over with an arm drag! Both men scramble to their feet -- Jarvis charges -- another arm drag! Tyger rolls through, springs up -- dropkick square to the chest!

Jarvis staggers back into the ropes. Tyger sprints -- springboard off the middle rope -- twisting back elbow! The champion collapses to the mat, rolling under the bottom rope for a breather, but Tyger doesn't let up.

Mark Bravo: "And just like that, the kid's cooking! Fast. Fluid. Like a damn storm of claws and lightning!"

*Tyger hits the ropes -- rebounds -- and launches himself over the top with a **Phantom Spiral**-style corkscrew plancha! He lands perfectly on Jarvis, sending both crashing to the arena floor. The fans rise to their feet,*

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chanting "TYGER! TYGER!" as the challenger kneels beside the barricade, breathing heavily but focused.

John Phillips: "He's channeling his father's legacy right here! That's that old-school Japanese fire we used to see in Tatsumi Tanaka -- except Tyger's got his own flash, his own edge!"

*Tyger slides back into the ring, breaking the count. He grabs Jarvis by the head and pulls him up onto the apron. Jarvis tries to swing -- Tyger blocks -- and snaps his neck across the top rope! The champion falls back into the ring. Tyger leaps up to the top turnbuckle -- eyes locked -- and dives with a **Flying Knee Drop!***

Referee: "ONE! TWO!--"

Kickout! Jarvis throws his shoulder up, rolling to his side. Tyger stays low, stalking the champion like a predator stalking wounded prey.

Mark Bravo: "You see it in his movements now, John -- calm at the start, but when he smells blood, that mask isn't just for show. That's instinct. That's legacy."

Tyger pulls Jarvis to his feet -- rapid-fire knife-edge chops -- the sound cracking through the building. Jarvis tries to swing back, but Tyger ducks, hooks him -- snap dragon suplex! The crowd erupts again as Jarvis lands hard and rolls to the ropes.

John Phillips: "He's rolling now! The challenger's got the champion on the ropes -- literally!"

*Tyger runs toward the ropes -- but Jarvis suddenly springs up, cutting him off mid-run with a devastating **Discus Clothesline!** The sound of impact stops the crowd cold. Tyger flips inside-out, crashing to the mat. Jarvis collapses to one knee beside him, chest heaving.*

Mark Bravo: "Just when you think you've got him cornered -- Jarvis Valentine pulls a bullet out of nowhere."

Both men are down. The referee starts to count -- "ONE... TWO..." -- the crowd clapping in unison. Jarvis crawls first, grabbing the ropes, pulling himself up. Tyger stirs soon after, pushing to his knees. The camera pans close -- sweat, exhaustion, and intensity radiate off both men.

Jarvis stalks forward, grabs Tyger by the wrist, and drags him up -- whips him into the corner -- charges with a running clothesline, then follows with a bulldog out to center ring! The champion hooks the leg!

Referee: "ONE! TWO!--"

Tyger kicks out again! Jarvis looks up at the referee, disbelief flickering. He slaps his hands together, holding up three fingers, but the official shakes his head. The crowd roars their approval for both men -- the fight is far from over.

John Phillips: "Every time you think it's over, Tyger II digs deeper! He's not wrestling for fame -- he's

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wrestling for pride, for family, for legacy!"

Jarvis stands, chest heaving, looking down at the challenger. He wipes sweat from his brow, pointing down at Tyger with the championship resolve in his eyes -- the look of a man who's ready to end it.

Mark Bravo: "Valentine's done playing. He's about to make a statement tonight."

*The champion pulls Tyger up by the mask again, but this time Tyger rips his hands away, slapping Jarvis across the chest so hard the sound echoes through the arena. Jarvis reels -- Tyger spins -- **Ghost Fang Kick!** The snap of boot to jaw echoes through the building as Jarvis collapses to a knee!*

*Tyger roars -- his first real vocal sound of the match -- the crowd rising to their feet. He hits the ropes again -- springboard flipping neckbreaker -- **Feral Descent!** The champion is down!*

John Phillips: "Feral Descent connects! The kid might be seconds away from the biggest upset in modern UTA history!"

Tyger crawls for the cover -- hands shaking -- the crowd counting along as the referee dives in.

Referee: "ONE! TWO! THR--"

Jarvis Valentine kicks out at the very last fraction of a second! The arena gasps in disbelief. Tyger falls backward, staring up at the lights through his mask, chest heaving, the shock etched in every movement.

Mark Bravo: "So close! So damn close! But that's why he's the champion -- Jarvis Valentine just refuses to die!"

Both men lay motionless in the center of the ring, the crowd roaring in appreciation for the war they're witnessing. The camera pans across faces in the audience -- awe, tension, pride -- before cutting back to the two warriors beginning to stir.

John Phillips: "Every legend starts somewhere... and every champion proves themselves in moments like this."

Tyger rolls to his side, pulling himself up on the ropes, mask glinting in the light. Across the ring, Jarvis pushes up to his knees, clutching his ribs. The next exchange will decide everything.

The crowd is on its feet now -- an arena alive with noise. Both men drag themselves up opposite sides of the ring, sweat glistening under the lights, their movements heavy but deliberate. Tyger's hands tighten into claws, his breathing slow and focused. Jarvis wipes blood from his lip and sets his jaw, eyes narrowing like a soldier lining up his last shot.

John Phillips: "We are deep into the fight, folks. This is what the UTA Championship means -- you leave

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everything you are in that ring!"

Mark Bravo: "You can see it, John. Tyger's running on instinct. Jarvis Valentine -- he's pure grit, pure control. This is heart versus will!"

They meet center ring, forearms flying. One from Tyger. One from Jarvis. Another from Tyger -- harder. Another from Jarvis -- louder. Each strike draws a roar from the crowd. Tyger ducks low, spins behind -- tiger suplex! Jarvis lands hard, bouncing off his shoulders. Tyger bridges!

Referee: "ONE! TWO!--"

Kickout! Jarvis twists free, gasping for air. Tyger slaps the mat once, the emotion finally spilling out of him. He grabs Jarvis by the arm, yanking him up with surprising force -- whipping him toward the corner -- Jarvis reverses! Tyger leaps onto the second turnbuckle, flips backward -- moonsault reverse DDT attempt!

*Jarvis catches him mid-air -- spins -- *Patriot Plunge position!* The crowd explodes with noise!*

John Phillips: "He caught him! Valentine caught him out of mid-air!"

*Jarvis steadies his stance, lifting Tyger higher... but the challenger wriggles free mid-lift, landing behind him! Tyger fires a superkick -- **Ghost Fang Kick!** -- Jarvis ducks! Tyger spins again -- another kick attempt -- Jarvis snatches the leg -- yanks him in -- *spinebuster!* The ring shakes like thunder!*

*Both men are down. The referee checks them. The crowd claps in rhythm -- *thump, thump, thump* -- trying to rally the warriors back to life.*

Mark Bravo: "That impact took everything outta both of them! But look at the champion, John -- he's rolling! He's not done!"

Jarvis drags himself to the ropes, pulling up to one knee. Tyger's stirring, one hand on the mat. The champion's eyes flicker -- the exhaustion, the fight -- but also the understanding that this is where great champions are forged.

John Phillips: "This is that moment where you either survive... or you ascend."

Jarvis grabs Tyger by the wrist, pulls him in close, and hits a short-arm forearm to the jaw. Tyger reels but doesn't fall. Another. Another. The third staggers him back into the corner. Jarvis follows -- running clothesline -- bulldog attempt -- but Tyger slips out again, ducking low, landing a spinning back kick to the ribs!

*Tyger charges the ropes -- springboard -- twisting in midair for **Feral Descent**--*

--but Jarvis leaps forward, catching him clean in mid-rotation! Fireman's carry lift--

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John Phillips: "He's got him! He's got him in position!"

*--and drops him straight down into the **Patriot Plunge**! The impact rocks the canvas, the crowd screaming in unison!*

Mark Bravo: "That's it! That's gotta be it!"

Jarvis rolls over, drapes an arm across Tyger's chest.

Referee: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

The bell rings. The arena erupts in applause and disbelief. Jarvis Valentine collapses to his side, chest heaving, eyes wide with exhaustion and triumph. Tyger II lies motionless in the center of the ring, his mask slightly askew, his chest rising and falling in short, shallow bursts.

John Phillips: "A clean finish -- definitive. Jarvis Valentine retains the UTA Championship in an absolute war!"

Mark Bravo: "Tyger II showed the world he belongs! He gave the champ everything he had, but Jarvis... he's just built different. That's the top of the mountain right there."

Jarvis rolls to the corner, pulling himself up with the ropes. The referee hands him the UTA Championship belt. He stares at it for a moment before raising it high overhead. The flashbulbs explode like fireworks.

Across the ring, Tyger kneels, one hand clutching his ribs, the other pushing himself upright. Jarvis turns to face him. No words exchanged -- only a nod. Respect. Tyger bows slightly before stepping out of the ring, limping up the ramp as the crowd chants his name.

"TY-GER! TY-GER! TY-GER!"

Jarvis remains in the ring, lifting the belt high once more. The camera pans out -- the champion standing tall, the lights reflecting off gold, sweat, and pride -- the embodiment of what it means to be UTA Champion.

John Phillips: "The truth prevails tonight in Las Vegas. Jarvis Valentine stands tall, still the UTA Champion."

Mark Bravo: "But if Tyger II's first night looked like that, John... the future of UTA's in dangerous hands. The kid's for real. He'll be back."

The final shot fades with Jarvis holding the championship high under the glow of the arena lights, the crowd roaring as the show cuts to its closing graphic.

Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "An Explosive Start to the Show" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "God Damn Son" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "It's about U.S.A" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Velocity" - Written by Ben.

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

Segment: "Shiny and New" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "I Came to Finish This" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Finish Her" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Inevitability Over Chaos" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Angela Hall vs. Amy Harrison" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Both of 'Em" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Headlining" - Written by Ben, justin.

Segment: "Survivor" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "The Bloodline Awakens" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Declaring War?" - Written by Ben, tony.

Match: "Gunnar Van Patton vs. Iron Dominion" - Written by Ben, tony.

Segment: "Bloodlines Don't Win Championships" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "The Fifth Element" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Maxx Mayhem/Chris Ross vs. El Fantasma" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Earn Your Pay" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "The Legacy of the Tyger is Eternal" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Eric Dane Jr. vs. B.R. Ellis" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Evaluation" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Survivor II" - Written by Ben, chris.

Match: "Jarvis Valentine vs. Tyger II" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite