

IN THE ZONE: 9

September 16, 2025 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

Introduction

The screen fades in on a packed WrestleZone. The fans are buzzing, waving signs high, the energy electric as the camera sweeps across the arena. The tron flashes with highlights from the Houston stop of The Great Southern Trendkill Tour -- Chris Ross' destruction of Brandon Henderson, Amy Harrison storming the ring, and the chaos she left behind. Clips of Susanita Ybanez, beaten down but defiant, roll alongside the smirking shot of Amy holding Valkyrie Knox's championship high above her head.

The video package shifts to the Trust Fund Tag Team Champions, Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington, strutting with arrogance as clips of Iron City Wrestling's Rich Young Grapplerz roll. The words splash across the screen: "OPEN CHALLENGE -- TONIGHT!"

The shot cuts back live to the announce desk, where the camera finds the familiar duo waiting ringside.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome once again to *IN THE ZONE*, and what a night we've got for you here at The WrestleZone in Orlando! The Great Southern Trendkill is just under two weeks away, but tonight, the fallout from Houston is already shaking this company to its core!"

Mark Bravo: "That's right, John! Amy Harrison came back like a storm outta nowhere last Friday in Houston. She jumped the barricade, put the boots to Susanita Ybanez, even knocked Valkyrie Knox on her back, and walked out holding the Women's Championship like it belonged to her! And tonight? Oh baby, she's stepping into the ring against Susanita, one-on-one!"

John Phillips: "An explosive showdown, and it's only the beginning! Because later tonight, we'll also see the Trust Fund Tag Team Champions themselves, the Rich Young Grapplerz, putting their belts on the line in a Trust Fund Tag Team Championship Open Challenge!"

Mark Bravo: "Jacoby and Darian, baby! The kings of cash, the princes of privilege! But when you open the door for anybody, you never know who's gonna walk through it. That's the thrill, and that's why I love it!"

John Phillips: "It's the road to Lawton, Oklahoma, the Great Plains Coliseum, and The Great Southern Trendkill. Every match, every moment matters as we march toward that historic night. And folks, it all starts right here, right now -- because this is *IN THE ZONE*!"

The crowd roars as pyro blasts on stage and the opening theme kicks in. The camera pans across screaming fans holding "Valkyrie's Zone," "Amy is Back," and "Trust Fund Trash" signs before focusing on the entrance ramp, setting the stage for the night's first contest.

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Gideon Graves vs. Maxx Mayhem

The arena plunges into darkness. The hum of anticipation grows louder as the opening riff of "I Stand Alone" by Godsmack rattles through the sound system. Sparks shower down from the stage rigging, cascading like molten steel. Out from the haze strides a mountain of a man -- Gideon Graves. His hammer-fist pounds against a steel gauntlet on his right hand, each thud echoing like a war drum. The crowd greets him with a mixture of awe and jeers, the weight of his presence enough to send chills through the WrestleZone.

Gideon marches methodically down the ramp, every step heavy, deliberate, a worker forged in Pittsburgh's iron mills turned ruthless destroyer of men. His cold eyes cut through the audience as he snarls, reaching ringside. Graves grabs the top rope, hauls his massive frame up onto the apron, and steps over the ropes in one stride. He glares around the arena, his silence saying more than words ever could. The hammer-fist slams against his chest once more before he retreats to his corner, jaw set like granite, waiting for chaos to arrive.

John Phillips: "There is a reason Gideon Graves calls himself the steel-mill brute. Six-foot-four, two hundred and eighty-five pounds of raw iron and fury -- this man doesn't just want to beat you, he wants to grind you down until there's nothing left."

Mark Bravo: "And that's bad news for Maxx Mayhem tonight! Look, Gideon's no title contender at the moment, but you put a win over Maxx Mayhem on your record, five days before Mayhem challenges Jarvis Valentine for the UTA Championship in Ft. Worth? That's a statement, John. That's leverage. That's fuel for every big man in this company watching backstage."

John Phillips: "But let's flip that coin, Mark. If Maxx Mayhem survives -- or thrives -- against Gideon Graves, what does that mean going into Friday night? Could Maxx be the one to dethrone Jarvis Valentine and walk out of Texas with the UTA Championship?"

Mark Bravo: "Oh man, can you imagine? Jarvis has been on a tear, but Maxx? Maxx is unpredictable. He's insane. He's as likely to break a champion's jaw as he is to lick the camera lens. If he leaves Ft. Worth with that gold, the whole UTA landscape changes overnight."

The crowd stirs, sensing the imminent arrival of chaos. Sirens are about to wail.

The arena lights flicker to red. Suddenly, sirens blare through the sound system, followed by a sharp burst of static across the tron. Then -- the unmistakable opening riff of "Holiday" by Green Day blasts out, and the WrestleZone erupts. From behind the curtain bursts Maxx Mayhem, swinging a dented trash can lid in one hand and cackling like a man who's already lost his mind -- and maybe found something more dangerous in its place.

He stomps halfway down the ramp before abruptly stopping. Maxx glares around at the crowd, wild-eyed, before grabbing the hem of his t-shirt and tugging it flat. He finds a camera and shoves himself into the lens, pointing down at the shirt. Across the chest it reads: "IN GOD WE TRUST" -- except the word GOD has been

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sloppily crossed out in thick black lines, with CHRIS ROSS scrawled above it in jagged Sharpie letters. The crowd pops, some booing, some laughing, some simply stunned at the audacity.

Mark Bravo: "Oh ho-ho, would you look at that, John! Maxx Mayhem making a statement before he even throws a punch tonight! 'In Chris Ross We Trust' -- that is bold, that is brash, that is... borderline sacrilegious!"

John Phillips: "Borderline? That's a direct shot at tradition, at faith, and at Jarvis Valentine, who's gotta be watching this from somewhere with a very close eye. Maxx Mayhem aligning himself with Chris Ross? If that's even the case, this is a whole new wrinkle heading into Ft. Worth."

Maxx howls with laughter at the boos, pounding the trash lid against the guardrail as sparks fly. He hops onto the apron, slingshots himself over the ropes with chaotic energy, and immediately scales the second turnbuckle. Lifting the lid high above his head, he screams into the night before licking the edge of the camera lens pointed up at him. The fans recoil in equal parts disgust and delight as Maxx drops down into the ring, bouncing on the balls of his feet, trash lid still in hand.

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis Valentine, my man, if you're at home watching, take notes. That's not just a contender walking to the ring -- that's a lunatic with a Sharpie, a trash lid, and maybe your number on speed dial."

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem versus Gideon Graves -- our opening contest here on *IN THE ZONE!* The question isn't who survives, it's who's left standing when the smoke clears!"

The referee gestures for the bell as Maxx throws the trash lid aside, leaning in with a manic grin toward Gideon. The tension builds. Ding, ding, ding!

The bell rings and the two collide immediately in the center of the ring. Maxx Mayhem charges forward with a wildman's grin, throwing a looping discus elbow toward Gideon's jaw -- but the steel brute doesn't budge. Graves absorbs the shot, his head snapping only slightly before he blasts Maxx back with a thunderous big boot that rattles the canvas. Maxx flips backward onto the mat, clutching his chest but laughing maniacally as he rolls back to his knees.

John Phillips: "Good lord! That big boot nearly took Maxx's head clean off -- but look at him, Mark, he's laughing about it!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what I keep saying, John. You can't game plan for crazy! Gideon Graves hits you with a move that should end most matches, and Maxx Mayhem treats it like a punchline."

Maxx springs to his feet, wipes his mouth, and immediately rakes Gideon's eyes, drawing jeers from the crowd. He follows with a sharp snap DDT, planting Graves to the mat. Instead of capitalizing, Maxx hops up, arms out wide, mocking the fans and shouting something about "Detroit steel beats Pittsburgh iron!"

That arrogance costs him. Gideon rises like a machine from the canvas, grabs Maxx around the waist, and launches him overhead with a crushing belly-to-belly suplex. Maxx crashes hard, clutching his spine, the air

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driven out of his lungs. Graves wastes no time -- he barrels into the corner after him, smashing Maxx with a brutal lariat that folds him against the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "This is the danger of Gideon Graves -- you give him one second, just one, and he'll turn the match on its head with sheer power."

Mark Bravo: "And that's what Jarvis Valentine has to be thinking about. If Maxx Mayhem can't handle the iron brute in Orlando, how's he gonna handle the reigning champ in Ft. Worth?"

Graves yanks Maxx out of the corner and drives him across the knee with a pendulum backbreaker. He holds Mayhem there for an extra beat, glaring coldly at the crowd before tossing him aside like a sack of scrap metal. The fans gasp at the raw dominance, but a pocket of the audience tries to rally Maxx back to his feet.

Maxx groans, clutching his back, but starts to crawl toward the ropes. As the referee checks him, Maxx slyly reaches under the bottom rope and pulls a crumpled soda can from the floor, hiding it in his palm.

John Phillips: "What's he got there? Oh come on -- already reaching for weapons?"

Mark Bravo: "John, he didn't even get to the second verse of Green Day before he was looking for a foreign object. That's Maxx Mayhem! You don't like it? Too bad -- he doesn't care."

As Gideon moves in, Maxx smashes the can across his forehead, crushing it flat with the impact. The crowd explodes in mixed reaction as Graves stumbles back a step, glaring in fury as a small trickle of blood forms at his hairline.

John Phillips: "Oh my -- he just busted Gideon Graves wide open with a soda can!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Maxx Mayhem in a nutshell. Anything not nailed down, John. And you know what? It might just be enough to get him one step closer to shocking Jarvis Valentine this Friday!"

Graves wipes the blood from his forehead, his cold stare only intensifying. The brute pounds his gauntlet fist against his chest, daring Maxx to try it again. The crowd is on its feet as the match threatens to explode into full chaos.

Maxx Mayhem cackles as he tosses the crushed soda can into the crowd, blood already painting Gideon Graves' forehead. Feeding on the jeers, Maxx barrels forward with a running cannonball, sending both men tumbling through the ropes to the outside. The crowd explodes, half horrified, half thrilled.

John Phillips: "And now it's spilling to the floor -- exactly where Maxx Mayhem wants it!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh baby, you know this is his element. Concrete, guardrails, debris -- Maxx Mayhem doesn't just wrestle out there, John. He thrives in it."

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On the outside, Maxx immediately grabs a steel chair from ringside and hurls it into Gideon's ribs with a vicious clang. He then unfolds it, setting it against the barricade. The fans lean in, phones out, as Maxx lines up his shot. He charges, leaps, and nails a chair-assisted dropkick that sends Graves slamming back-first into the railing! Gideon grimaces, his massive frame rattling the steel, but he refuses to go down.

Maxx pops up, chest heaving, and taunts a fan in the front row by stealing their drink and splashing it across his own head. "Detroit hydration, baby!" he shouts, before turning back toward his opponent. But that moment of madness gives Graves the opening he needs.

The steel brute lunges forward, catching Maxx mid-taunt. He lifts him high into the air in a gorilla press, holding him aloft with terrifying strength before dropping him chest-first across the very barricade he'd just dented. Maxx crumples, gasping for breath, the wind knocked out of him.

John Phillips: "That's raw power on display! Gideon Graves just manhandled Maxx Mayhem like a ragdoll and dropped him across solid steel!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but did you see the smirk on Mayhem's face before he hit? He'll probably say that was the best rollercoaster ride of his life!"

Gideon isn't finished. He drags Maxx by the hair, slamming him face-first into the apron, then whips him shoulder-first into the steel steps. The impact echoes through the arena, the top half of the steps sliding loose. The referee leans out, warning both men to bring it back inside, but neither listens.

With methodical brutality, Graves peels the top half of the steps away and hoists Maxx onto his shoulders. The crowd roars in anticipation -- but Maxx wriggles free, gouges the eyes, and shoves Gideon chest-first into the steel. For the first time, the giant stumbles, clutching his shoulder in pain.

John Phillips: "And there's the equalizer -- the eye rake, the steel, the chaos! Maxx Mayhem finds a way every single time!"

Mark Bravo: "But don't count Gideon out, John. That's a monster bleeding and angry. You push him too far, and you're gonna find out why they call it the Grave Maker."

Maxx scrambles under the ring, pulling out a trash lid to the delight of the fans. He bashes it against the floor like a war drum, screaming, "THIS IS DETROIT, BABY!" before swinging it square into Gideon's skull. The echoing clang draws a collective gasp, and for a brief moment it looks like Maxx has total control.

But the brute doesn't fall. Gideon's knees buckle, but his glare hardens through the blood streaking down his face. He rips the lid from Maxx's hands, hurls it twenty feet up the ramp, and roars as he grabs Mayhem by the throat. With one monstrous effort, he lifts Maxx and drives him down across the apron spine-first with a thunderous avalanche powerslam. The fans erupt as Maxx spasms from the impact, clutching his back in agony.

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John Phillips: "Avalanche powerslam on the apron! That's the hardest part of the ring, and Gideon Graves just bounced Maxx Mayhem off it like a slab of meat!"

Mark Bravo: "If Jarvis Valentine's watching this right now, he's gotta be licking his chops. If Gideon softens Maxx up this bad, Friday night might not even be a fight!"

With Maxx writhing on the floor, Gideon finally hauls him back into the ring. The steel brute wipes the blood from his eyes, stalking the chaos incarnate, ready to grind the pace back to his cold, merciless rhythm.

Back inside the ring, Gideon Graves methodically stomps down on Maxx Mayhem's ribs and shoulders, each strike deliberate, each blow calculated. The crowd groans with every heavy boot. Graves drags Maxx upright, locks his massive arms around his waist, and rattles the canvas with another crushing overhead belly-to-belly suplex. Maxx folds awkwardly, landing hard and clutching his lower back.

John Phillips: "This is where Gideon Graves is at his most dangerous. Not wild. Not flashy. Just raw, grinding power designed to wear you down until you can't breathe."

Mark Bravo: "And I'll tell you what, John -- if Jarvis Valentine is studying tape for Friday night, this is what he's hoping for. Because every second Gideon carves off Maxx Mayhem's body here, that's one less second Mayhem can fight him with in Ft. Worth."

Graves yanks Maxx up by the hair and slams him into the corner. He follows with a corner lariat so brutal it nearly turns Maxx inside out. As Mayhem slumps, Gideon hoists him up onto his shoulder, driving him stomach-first across his knee in a pendulum backbreaker. He doesn't let go -- instead, he presses down with his gauntlet hand, bending Maxx backward in an almost sadistic display of strength. The referee checks frantically, asking if Mayhem wants to give up.

Maxx howls, shaking his head violently, and in classic Mayhem fashion, spits defiantly into the air before cackling through the pain. "IS THAT ALL YOU GOT?!" he screams. The crowd reacts in shock as Graves, expression cold as stone, simply dumps Maxx to the mat like discarded scrap.

John Phillips: "Good lord... Maxx Mayhem's spine might be bent in half and he's laughing about it!"

Mark Bravo: "That's why you can't count him out, John! He's insane, but it's that insanity that makes him impossible to put down!"

Gideon drags him back up, whipping him hard into the ropes. On the rebound, Maxx ducks under a massive clothesline and surprises Graves with a low dropkick right to the knee. The brute stumbles for the first time, dropping to one leg. Maxx seizes the moment, hitting the ropes again and planting Graves with a swinging neckbreaker that shakes the ring.

Instead of covering, Maxx kips up sloppily, stumbles, then finds his balance. He charges to the corner, climbs to the second rope, and hurls himself off with a flying crossbody -- not aimed at Gideon in the ring, but

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at the crowd-side camera, colliding with the ropes before bouncing back in. The fans laugh and cheer the lunacy as Maxx throws himself back into the fray.

Gideon rises, annoyed, only for Maxx to rake his eyes again and deliver a snap DDT square in the center of the ring. Maxx crawls over, hooks the leg -- ONE! TWO! -- but Graves powers out with authority, tossing Maxx halfway across the ring.

John Phillips: "That's the closest Maxx Mayhem has come so far to putting Gideon away -- but look at that kickout! Graves just launched him like a sack of coal!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what I mean! Mayhem's gotta stay unpredictable. Use the rakes, use the neckbreakers, use the crazy! He's not gonna win a strength contest with Gideon Graves, but he doesn't have to -- he just has to survive long enough to land that crash course cannonball."

Both men stagger to their feet. Graves wipes blood from his face, staring daggers across the ring. Maxx, grinning through split lips, waves him forward with both hands, daring him to keep coming. The collision course is far from over.

Both men circle, battered but unbroken. Graves lunges first, reaching for another crushing grapple, but Maxx ducks under and slips behind. He shoves Gideon chest-first into the ropes, rebounds, and drills him in the back of the head with a discus elbow that echoes through the WrestleZone. Gideon staggers forward -- still upright -- but it opens the door.

Maxx rushes the ropes, bounces, and throws his whole body into a running cannonball that smashes into Gideon's back, sending the steel brute tumbling awkwardly through the middle rope to the outside. The fans erupt as Maxx immediately clutches his ribs, laughing through the self-inflicted pain.

John Phillips: "And just like that, the chaos is unleashed! Maxx Mayhem sacrificing his own body to take Gideon Graves off his feet!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference, John. Gideon wants to grind you down. Maxx? He doesn't care if he survives the crash as long as you don't either!"

Outside the ring, Graves shakes his head clear, bracing against the barricade. Maxx sees the opportunity. He climbs to the apron, points at the crowd, and screams, "CANNONBALL RUN, BABY!" before sprinting full-speed and leaping into a running cannonball that slams Graves against the guardrail with bone-jarring force. The barricade shakes violently as fans scatter from the impact.

The crowd explodes with a "HOLY S--T!" chant. Maxx sprawls out on the floor, holding his spine, but still manages to crawl to the ropes, howling in laughter. Graves clutches his ribs, the brute wincing for the first time all night.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem nearly destroyed himself, but he may have finally cracked the armor of

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Gideon Graves!"

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis Valentine has to be paying attention right now. If Maxx can land that crash-course cannonball Friday night, Valentine might not be champion much longer!"

Maxx drags Gideon back into the ring by his hair, smacking his head against the apron for good measure. He slides in, then immediately scrambles up the nearest turnbuckle, perching precariously. With wild eyes, he throws his arms out and screams, "ORLANDO, DO YOU BELIEVE?!" before launching into a reckless jumping senton that flattens Graves in the center of the ring. Both men crash hard, the impact rattling the canvas.

Maxx hooks the leg -- ONE! TWO! -- but Gideon muscles a shoulder up, shoving Maxx halfway across the mat. Still, the crowd is electric now, sensing Mayhem's wave of momentum.

John Phillips: "So close! Maxx Mayhem throwing everything at Gideon Graves, and the giant still kicks out -- but you can feel it, Mark, the tide is turning!"

Mark Bravo: "This is why people call him the most unpredictable man in wrestling. He doesn't know when to quit, and sometimes that's enough to change everything!"

Maxx stumbles to his feet, blood and sweat dripping, eyes locked on his battered opponent. He slaps the mat, signaling for the Crash Course. The fans rise to their feet, anticipating the chaos yet to come as Gideon struggles to push himself upright.

Maxx Mayhem crouches in the corner, slapping the mat like a madman as Gideon Graves rises slowly, blood streaking down his forehead. The WrestleZone is on its feet. Maxx howls, charges full speed, and flings his whole body like a wrecking ball --

-- CRASH COURSE CONNECTS!

The cannonball slams into Gideon in the corner with enough force to rattle the turnbuckles. Both men collapse to the mat, Graves crushed beneath the chaos, and Maxx writhing from the self-inflicted impact. The crowd detonates, half booing, half cheering, but all losing their minds.

John Phillips: "HE HIT IT! HE HIT THE CRASH COURSE! If he lands that on Jarvis Valentine this Friday night, we could be looking at the next UTA Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "That move takes out two people at once, John! Maxx Mayhem is nuts, but he just turned Gideon Graves inside out! This place is shaking right now!"

Maxx crawls across the canvas, clutching his ribs, laughing hysterically through the pain. He drapes an arm across Gideon's chest -- ONE! TWO! -- but somehow, the steel brute shoves the shoulder up at the last possible second. The arena gasps in shock as Maxx rolls away, wide-eyed, screaming into the camera,

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"FRIDAY! FRIDAY, BABY!"

John Phillips: "That was almost it! Gideon Graves just survived what could be the most dangerous weapon in Maxx Mayhem's arsenal!"

Mark Bravo: "And Jarvis Valentine better be watching. Because Maxx didn't just hit that move -- he proved it can put down even the strongest monsters in this company. If Jarvis takes that in Ft. Worth, he's gonna be one cannonball away from losing his championship."

Maxx staggers to his feet, blood on his lips, his shirt torn and sweat-soaked, egging the crowd on. Graves, slow but unyielding, rolls to his knees, glaring daggers at Mayhem. The match is far from over, but momentum has shifted -- and the looming specter of Friday night hangs heavy over the ring.

Maxx Mayhem staggers, clutching his ribs, but his eyes stay locked on Gideon Graves. The steel brute pushes to his feet, blood dripping, fury in his glare. Graves swings for a decapitating lariat -- but Maxx ducks under, hits the ropes, and comes back with a trashcan-lid-like discus elbow that staggers the big man again. The crowd senses the shift. Maxx howls, shaking his head violently, feeding on the chaos.

Graves roars, grabbing Maxx by the throat and lifting him high for the Iron Drop. The fans gasp -- but Maxx rakes the eyes mid-lift, dropping free behind him. He shoves Gideon chest-first into the corner, sprints full speed, and for the second time tonight launches himself into the Crash Course cannonball -- smashing Graves so hard the ring ropes quake. Both men collapse, but Maxx sprawls across him for the desperate cover.

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

The bell rings and the WrestleZone erupts in disbelief. Maxx Mayhem rolls off, clutching his back and ribs, laughing like a man possessed. Gideon Graves lies on the mat, bloodied and stunned, chest heaving but motionless as Maxx crawls to the ropes and pulls himself up.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem has done it! Against all odds, against a monster like Gideon Graves, he's pulled it off with pure chaos -- and just days before he challenges Jarvis Valentine for the UTA Championship in Ft. Worth!"

Mark Bravo: "John, I can't believe what I just saw. That's two Crash Courses in one match. If Maxx can survive Gideon Graves, he can survive Jarvis Valentine. And if he lands even one of those Friday night... we may be looking at the next UTA Champion!"

Maxx stumbles to the ropes, pulling his torn t-shirt tight once again for the camera -- "IN CHRIS ROSS WE TRUST" -- before pounding his chest and screaming, "FRIDAY NIGHT, IT'S MINE!" The fans boo and cheer in equal measure as his theme hits, "Holiday" by Green Day blasting over the PA.

He drops to the floor, dragging a chair from ringside and raising it high above his head in victory, laughing

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manically as officials check on the battered Gideon Graves. The road to Ft. Worth has never looked more chaotic as the scene fades out.

ASK'ing The Important Questions

The camera cuts from the ring to a new angle -- high and wide from the back of the crowd inside The WrestleZone. The mysterious woman, who has been seen taking notes at several of the last few shows, stands up from her seat. She gathers her notebook and bag, adjusting her blazer and pushing her glasses up the bridge of her nose. As she turns toward the exit, she spots the camera pointed her way. She groans audibly, rolling her eyes before striding up the aisle toward the back.

The feed switches to the corridor of The WrestleZone, bustling with fans buying merch and concessions. The mysterious woman steps through the doors when suddenly Melissa Cartwright rushes into frame, microphone in hand.

Melissa Cartwright: "Excuse me! Excuse me! May I have a second of your time?!"

The woman stops, sighs, and reluctantly turns to face Melissa.

Melissa Cartwright: "Melissa Cartwright here, and I have to ask what's on everyone's mind... who are you?"

The mysterious woman's expression tightens into annoyance.

Mystery Woman: "Avril Selene Kinkade. Barrister by trade, tactician by instinct, and the sharpest mind in any room I enter. Oh, but that's hardly the point, is it? I've been here for weeks, quietly observing this circus... and frankly, it's been nothing short of a shambles. Absolute rubbish."

Melissa blinks, taken aback.

Melissa Cartwright: "Garbage? These are your superstars--"

Avril Selene Kinkade: "My superstars? Don't be daft. They are laughable at best. My client... well, I'm inclined to advise him to steer clear of this lot entirely. It's all a bit amateur hour, isn't it? Do tell. When will they start playing Yakety Sax?"

Melissa leans in, intrigued.

Melissa Cartwright: "Client? May I ask who your client is?"

Kinkade's breath hissed through her teeth, eyes rolling heavenward as if summoning divine patience for the idiocy before her.

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Avril Selene Kinkade: "If this is your idea of journalism, I dread to think what passes for integrity in your circles. Utter drivel. Now, do be a darling and clear my path, won't you? I've no desire to linger in this carnival of mediocrity."

Before Melissa can respond, B.R. Ellis appears from the side of the frame, not dressed to wrestle but clearly listening in. He stops dead in his tracks, looking offended, then steps toward the woman.

B.R. Ellis: "You know what? I've seen you in the crowd, even during my match. Taking notes, scribbling like some critic. And then you've got the audacity to call what we do garbage? Who do you think you are?"

He jabs his finger at her chest. The woman recoils in disgust and swats his hand away. She immediately draws a packet of antibacterial wipes from the inner pocket of her coat and scrubs the "infected" area.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "One more unsolicited touch and I'll be forced to assume you've confused me with someone common. I don't wrestle, I don't scuffle, and I certainly don't mingle with the underpaid."

She slips the packet back into its place and adjusts her blazer, regaining composure.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Yet, my client does. And he'll be pleased to showcase the kind of brilliance you only read about in trade magazines, assuming you're literate, of course."

Ellis leans in, glaring.

B.R. Ellis: "Is that so? Fine. You just tell me when and where. I've been a part of the UTA for a long time, and no one gets away with talking the way you just did about it."

Her smirk is devilish, precise, and utterly unbothered -- as if she's already seen the ending and it's written in Ellis's blood.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Come Fort Worth and The Great Southern Trendkill, my client will descend like wrath incarnate. You may pray, you may plead, but you will not be spared."

Ellis lets out a sharp snort, his jaw tight with frustration.

B.R. Ellis: "Great. So will I. You tell your client to bring his working boots, because I'm going to show him how we do things around here."

The two lock eyes, tension thick in the corridor. Melissa looks from one to the other, clearly concerned but sensing the importance of what just unfolded. She turns to the camera, raising the microphone.

Melissa Cartwright: "There you have it, folks. The first match of The Great Southern Trendkill has just been set. B.R. Ellis will take on this mystery woman's client in Ft. Worth."

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The woman scoffs, walking out of frame with her notes in hand. Ellis glares after her, fists clenched, as Melissa stands between them to close the segment.

Where is She?

The camera cuts backstage, catching Valkyrie Knox storming down the hallway, the UTA Women's Championship slung over her shoulder. Her eyes burn with fury, her jaw tight. She glances into an empty locker room, then slams the door shut, continuing her pace like a predator on the hunt.

Valkyrie Knox: "Harrison... where the hell are you?!"

The camera swings as she rounds a corner -- and suddenly, Marie Van Claudio steps into frame. Marie lifts her hands, palms outward, concern written across her face.

Marie Van Claudio: "Valkyrie... Valkyrie... stop."

Valkyrie halts just short, nostrils flaring, glaring at Marie like she's in the way of her quarry.

Marie Van Claudio: "I know. I know you're angry about what happened Friday night -- and you should be. But whatever this is, whatever you're doing right now, it's exactly what Amy wants. She wants you to feed into it. To lose sight of things. That's how she'll take that title away from you."

Valkyrie tightens her grip on the championship, her expression twisting with irritation.

Valkyrie Knox: "Is that so? Is that what she wants? Well, where is she, Marie? Tell me where she is so my fist can have a little discussion with her face."

Marie grimaces, still trying to calm the fire, her voice more pleading now.

Marie Van Claudio: "Please, Valkyrie. You know I've been there -- in the exact situation you're in now. Don't do anything you're going to regret."

Valkyrie steps closer, closing the gap, her intensity unshaken.

Valkyrie Knox: "Regret? No. The only one who'll regret anything is Amy Harrison... regretting the day she decided to interfere in my business."

Knox storms past Marie, vanishing down the hall in search of her target. Marie watches her go, concern fully etched on her face, before glancing at the camera with a shake of her head. Fade out.

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Trust Fund Tag Team Championship Open Challenge

*The unmistakable warble of "Lifestyle" by Rich Gang hits, and the boos come in heavy before the beat even drops. Gold spotlights sweep across the arena, smoke filling the stage. Out strut the Rich Young Grapplerz -- Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington -- carrying their **custom Trust Fund Tag Team Championship belts**. The titles gleam gaudily in the light, covered in flashy designs and engraved dollar signs that make the crowd groan even louder.*

Jacoby leads the way in his designer joggers and oversized shades, varsity "RYG" jacket dangling off one shoulder. He chews gum lazily while holding his phone high, streaming live as if this is just another clout-chasing highlight for his socials. Behind him, Darian bounces with jittery energy, shirtless under a silk bomber, pecs flexing as he yells, "We're up! We're up!" to absolutely no one in particular. His free hand clutches his championship belt like a trophy he barely deserves but flaunts anyway.

The boos rain down but the Grapplerz bask in it, pausing at the top of the ramp. Jacoby winks and fires off a finger-gun salute, while Darian drops a loud, obnoxious dab. Together, they strut down the ramp like it's a fashion runway. Fans in the front row jeer, and Darian barks back, "Y'all could never!" Jacoby pans his phone across the crowd, muttering, "Filter's working overtime tonight."

Once ringside, Jacoby slides in first, draping himself across the ropes like he's poolside at a villa, while Darian charges and hits the ropes once, twice, before flexing dead-center in the ring. They hold their gaudy titles high, posing for the hard cam as the jeers grow louder. The belts shine under the lights, a perfect picture of arrogance and entitlement.

Jacoby Jacobs (off-mic): "Don't be mad just 'cause we rich... and better lookin'."

The crowd drowns them in boos, but the Grapplerz only smirk wider, living off the heat. The music fades, and Jacoby finally lowers his phone, whispering something smug into Darian's ear as they await whoever dares answer their Open Challenge.

Jacoby and Darian strut around the ring with their obnoxious custom titles, laughing to themselves. Jacoby leans over the ropes, barking into the camera phone again, while Darian flexes toward the hard cam, yelling, "We're money, baby! Nobody touching us!" The crowd boos relentlessly -- until the music cuts. Silence fills the arena for a brief, tense moment.

Then -- a pounding snare drum hits, followed by a brass band-style fanfare. The arena lights strobe red, white, and blue as the crowd erupts in cheers. From the curtain burst Carter Durant and Jaxson Ryder -- U.S.A, the United States Athletes! Carter sprints out first, high-fiving fans under teal and purple lights as if leading a parade, followed by Ryder, exploding onto the stage with raw energy. Together they salute the crowd, the patriotic entrance hitting perfectly with the fans on their feet.

John Phillips: "It's U.S.A! Carter Durant and Jaxson Ryder have answered the challenge! The WrestleZone is on its feet!"

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Mark Bravo: "Whoa, whoa, whoa -- hold on! These guys? These fresh-faced flag-wavers are about to step in with the Grapplerz? Oh, this is either gonna be the upset of the year... or the beating of their lives!"

Carter and Jaxson pump up the crowd as they storm down the ramp, Carter darting from side to side, slapping hands, while Ryder points to the WrestleZone sign and roars. Fans wave flags and signs reading "U.S.A ALL THE WAY!" The Grapplerz look annoyed, Darian mouthing, "You've got to be kidding me," while Jacoby pretends to fall asleep against the turnbuckle.

U.S.A slide into the ring, standing face-to-face with the champions. Carter points to the belts, then back at the hard cam, shouting, "Those belong to the people!" Ryder nods firmly, stepping chest-to-chest with Darian. The crowd roars at the showdown: arrogance vs. pride, entitlement vs. grit. The referee slides in between them, motioning for both teams to back off and signaling to ringside for the official introductions.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, it's official -- the Trust Fund Tag Team Championship is on the line! The Rich Young Grapplerz defending against the United States Athletes, right here on *IN THE ZONE!*"

The referee holds up the gaudy custom Trust Fund Tag Team Championship belts, the crowd booing the sight of them. He hands them off to ringside, and the bell rings. Darian Darrington flexes like he's about to walk on stage at a bodybuilding show, demanding Jaxson Ryder start things off. Ryder nods and steps forward, saluting the crowd before locking eyes with the smug powerhouse.

Darian charges like a linebacker, looking to bowl Ryder over with a football tackle. But Jaxson sidesteps with quick footwork, catching him on the rebound with a crisp dropkick that sends Darian stumbling into the corner. The crowd pops, Ryder firing up as he claps for Carter. Darian shakes it off and rushes again -- only to eat a snap suplex right in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Ryder with the suplex! That's the energy he brings every time he's in that ring -- clean, crisp, and with the crowd behind him!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but don't blink, John. Darian Darrington might look like he's lost out there, but one power move can flip this whole thing around in a second!"

Ryder tags in Carter Durant to a big cheer. Carter leaps onto the top rope and springboards in with a missile dropkick that drops Darian again. Carter pops to his feet, rallying the crowd as he and Ryder share a quick fist bump. Together, they whip Darian into the ropes and nail a double back body drop, sending him crashing down hard. The fans are on their feet now, chanting "U-S-A! U-S-A!" as Carter makes the cover -- ONE! -- but Darian kicks out with authority.

Darian rolls to his corner, flustered, and tags in Jacoby Jacobs. The smaller Grappler leaps over the ropes with a flashy spin, striking a TikTok dance in the middle of the ring as Carter stares at him in disbelief. The crowd boos, but Jacoby winks at the hard cam, mouthing "Going viral."

Carter shakes his head and charges, but Jacoby ducks under, running the ropes at lightning speed. He

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slides under Carter's legs, pops up, and plants him with a running hurricanrana that whips Durant across the ring. Jacoby cartwheels into a pose, mocking the crowd, before sprinting again for a springboard armdrag. Carter flips through it, though, landing on his feet to a big reaction. The two men face off, the fans roaring at the even exchange.

John Phillips: "That's what makes this matchup so fascinating -- the Grapplerz live for arrogance and showmanship, while U.S.A are pure teamwork, pure grit, pure athleticism!"

Mark Bravo: "And don't forget -- only one of these teams actually knows how to hold on to gold. Like it or not, Jacoby and Darian are the champs for a reason."

Jacoby struts toward Carter, trash-talking, then slaps him across the face. Carter fires back with a springboard enzuigiri that cracks Jacoby in the temple, sending him reeling into the ropes. The crowd explodes as Carter tags Ryder back in. Together, they whip Jacoby off the ropes and nail a double dropkick, sending the viral sensation tumbling to the mat. The U.S.A. chants are deafening as Ryder drops for the cover, but Jacoby just kicks out at two.

Darian slaps the turnbuckle desperately, demanding to be tagged back in. Jacoby crawls toward him, grimacing, as Ryder stalks from behind, motioning for the Dayton Lock. The opening act has shifted momentum firmly to the challengers, and the Grapplerz are suddenly realizing this isn't going to be the easy night they expected.

Jaxson Ryder tries to lock Jacoby Jacobs into the Dayton Lock, but Jacoby scrambles wildly, clawing his way toward the ropes. The referee steps in to separate them, forcing Ryder to break. Jacoby smirks, blowing a sarcastic kiss before lunging forward and gouging Ryder's eyes with a thumb rake the official doesn't catch. Ryder staggers back, clutching his face. Jacoby takes the opening to dive into his corner, tagging in Darian Darrington.

Darian explodes into the ring, leveling Ryder with a flying shoulderblock that flips him inside out. He flexes immediately, barking "That's attitude!" while the boos pour in. As Ryder struggles up, Darian charges again, smashing him with a running clothesline that nearly takes his head off. He pounds his chest, shouting "We're up!" as Jacoby applauds mockingly from the apron.

Durant leans through the ropes, urging Ryder to fight back. Ryder crawls toward him, hand outstretched -- but Darian cuts him off with a thunderous Oklahoma Slam that rattles the canvas. Instead of covering, Darian struts in a circle, pointing to his biceps, taunting the crowd with over-the-top flexes.

John Phillips: "This is where the Grapplerz are so dangerous. They're brash, they're arrogant, but when they cut the ring in half, they can control the pace like seasoned champions."

Mark Bravo: "And you can't even be mad at it, John! This is smart tag wrestling -- isolate, dominate, and make sure Carter Durant never sees that hot tag."

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Darian drags Ryder into the Grapplerz' corner and tags Jacoby. The two double-team ruthlessly: Darian holding Ryder wide open while Jacoby springs off the second rope with a sliding clothesline. Ryder crumples, gasping. The referee warns them about double-teaming, but Jacoby plays innocent, winking at the hard cam before stomping away at Ryder's midsection.

*Jacoby pulls Ryder up, yelling "Going viral!" before whipping him hard into the corner. He tags Darian back in, who charges with **Credit Check** -- repeated shoulder tackles into Ryder's ribs, battering him down to the mat. Each impact shakes the ropes, Darian flexing between thrusts as the crowd rains down boos.*

Carter paces furiously on the apron, arm outstretched, desperate for the tag. The fans clap in rhythm, trying to rally Ryder. Jacoby claps mockingly along before yelling, "Let's go, loser!" and tagging himself back in. He flips into the ring with a flashy springboard armdrag, then stops mid-move to mock Ryder with a fake TikTok dance. The boos hit a fever pitch.

John Phillips: "Ryder's taking a beating here. The Grapplerz are cutting the ring off, keeping him away from Carter Durant -- classic tag strategy, but with a layer of pure arrogance."

Mark Bravo: "You call it arrogance, I call it confidence. These guys didn't buy those belts, John -- they earned 'em, and right now they're showing U.S.A. exactly why they're the champs."

Jacoby hooks Ryder in for a Jacoby Cutter, but Ryder shoves him off into the ropes. Ryder collapses to one knee, chest heaving. The Grapplerz look in total control -- but the crowd senses Ryder is one heartbeat away from making the tag that could turn this match on its head.

Jacoby rebounds off the ropes, blasting Ryder with a sliding clothesline that knocks him flat. Instead of covering, he kips up and struts around the ring, pointing to his phone propped up in the corner on a mini tripod. "Content, baby!" he shouts, before dabbing over Ryder's fallen body. The boos are deafening.

*Darian leans in, laughing, demanding the tag. Jacoby obliges with an over-the-top chest slap, tagging him back in. Darian storms the ring and drags Ryder up by his hair, planting him with a spine-jarring spinebuster -- **The Trust Fall**. He drops into a cocky push-up over Ryder's chest instead of covering, yelling "LET'S GO!" as the referee warns him to wrestle properly.*

John Phillips: "This is just humiliation at this point! The Grapplerz don't want to win quickly -- they want to embarrass U.S.A. on their debut!"

Mark Bravo: "And what's wrong with that? Make a statement, John! That's championship mentality right there -- showing everyone that you run the division."

Ryder, groaning, tries to crawl toward Carter. The crowd comes alive, clapping and stomping in unison. Carter is nearly jumping off the apron, arm outstretched, yelling, "Come on, Jax! Just a little more!" But Darian grabs Ryder's ankle and yanks him back to the middle of the ring, flexing at the hard cam while he does it.

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Darian drops an elbow across Ryder's chest, then tags Jacoby again. Together, they whip Ryder into the ropes and nail a double-team flapjack. Ryder splats against the mat, bouncing up just enough for Jacoby to catch him with an enzuigiri. Jacoby dives into a cover -- ONE! TWO! -- but Ryder kicks out, the crowd exploding in relief.

Frustrated, Jacoby mounts Ryder and peppers him with forearms before standing up to taunt Carter, blowing a sarcastic kiss. Carter tries to charge in, but the referee cuts him off, allowing Darian to slip in behind the official's back and stomp Ryder repeatedly in the ribs. The boos rain down heavy as Jacoby claps mockingly along with the beat of the crowd's "U-S-A!" chants.

John Phillips: "Ryder has taken an absolute pounding here, and Carter Durant is losing his mind on that apron! But the Grapplerz are playing it to perfection -- cut the ring in half, cheat when the ref isn't looking, and keep Ryder as far away from his partner as possible."

Jacoby drags Ryder back up, slapping him across the face. "You don't belong here!" he yells. But Ryder suddenly fires back with a forearm. The crowd pops. Another forearm! Another! Ryder swings wildly, staggering Jacoby back -- until Jacoby rakes the eyes again to kill the momentum. He smirks and tags Darian back in, who charges at full speed for a football tackle --

-- but Ryder dives out of the way! Darian slams shoulder-first into the ring post with a sickening thud. The crowd erupts as Ryder collapses to the mat, both men down, the ring rattling with energy. Carter is bouncing on the apron, hand outstretched, screaming for the tag.

John Phillips: "There's the opening Ryder needed! He's just a few feet away!"

Mark Bravo: "But can he make it? Darian's hurt, Jacoby's panicking, and Carter Durant is about to explode if he gets that tag!"

The WrestleZone chants "U-S-A! U-S-A!" as Ryder crawls, inch by inch, toward his corner. Jacoby shouts for Darian to stop him, but Darian clutches his shoulder, writhing in pain. Ryder dives, stretching his hand out toward Carter -- the arena ready to erupt.

Jaxson Ryder lunges forward, stretching every ounce of strength he has left -- and slaps Carter Durant's hand! The WrestleZone explodes as Carter vaults over the ropes like a human firework, landing on his feet and sprinting straight at Jacoby Jacobs.

Carter springboards off the middle rope, nailing Jacoby with a crisp dropkick that sends him flying backward. Darian tries to stagger in from the corner, clutching his shoulder -- but Carter ducks under a wild clothesline and plants him with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker. The crowd roars, Carter leaping to his feet and throwing his arms wide as the "U-S-A! U-S-A!" chants thunder through the building.

John Phillips: "Carter Durant is a house of fire! This young man is lighting up the Grapplerz one after another!"

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Mark Bravo: "This place is shaking, John! These people love this guy -- but let's see how long it lasts when the champs regroup!"

*Carter turns back to Jacoby, who charges like a bullet -- but Carter leaps, flipping into a breathtaking hurricanrana that whips Jacoby across the ring. Carter pops up, points to the rafters, and bolts for the turnbuckles. He scales them in one fluid motion, turns, and launches into a stunning **450° Splash** that crashes down on Jacoby. The referee dives in -- ONE! TWO! -- but Darian dives at the last possible second to break it up!*

*The boos cascade down, but Carter's already moving. He springboards again, this time cracking Darian with an enzuigiri that drops the powerhouse to one knee. Carter spins, lines him up, and blasts him with the **Cyclone Kick**, staggering him all the way through the ropes to the floor.*

The fans erupt louder as Carter looks to Ryder, who's back on the apron, rallying the crowd. Carter points to the sky, then tags Ryder back in. Together, the United States Athletes slap the turnbuckle pads in rhythm with the "U-S-A!" chants. The Grapplerz are reeling, one man down in the ring and the other clutching his jaw on the floor.

John Phillips: "This is it! Carter Durant has turned the tide, and U.S.A. are firing on all cylinders!"

Mark Bravo: "I can't believe what I'm seeing -- these kids are taking it to the champs! But don't count Jacoby and Darian out just yet. They've survived too many times to let this slip away now!"

Jacoby crawls toward the ropes, dazed, as Ryder steps back into the ring, bouncing on the balls of his feet, ready to unleash the next wave of offense. The Grapplerz' arrogance has been rattled -- and the WrestleZone is firmly behind U.S.A.

Jaxson Ryder storms into the ring, eyes blazing as Jacoby Jacobs pulls himself up by the ropes. Ryder charges, catching Jacoby with a spinning neckbreaker that spikes him into the mat. The crowd roars as Ryder scrambles into a cover -- ONE! TWO! -- but Jacoby kicks out, rolling away and clutching his head.

*Darian Darrington clammers back onto the apron, still holding his shoulder, and tags himself in just as Ryder drags Jacoby upright. Darian barrels in with a massive flying shoulderblock that sends Ryder flipping backward. He follows up with a thunderous **Alabama Slam**, bouncing Ryder off the canvas like a basketball. Darian covers -- ONE! TWO! -- but Carter Durant breaks it up with a diving elbow to the back of Darian's head!*

All four men are in the ring now. The referee tries desperately to restore order as the action breaks down. Carter and Jacoby trade lightning-fast counters -- Carter whips Jacoby into the ropes, Jacoby springboards into a hurricanrana attempt -- but Carter rolls through, popping up and blasting him with a dropkick that sends him sprawling to the floor outside. The fans explode.

*Meanwhile, Ryder stumbles into the corner, clutching his ribs, as Darian charges in for **Credit Check** -- but*

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Ryder leaps up and over, Darian smashing shoulder-first into the turnbuckle! Ryder lands on his feet behind him, spinning Darian around into a surprise **superkick** that drops the big man to his knees. Carter, already perched on the top rope, soars in with a **Frankensteiner** that whips Darian across the ring! The WrestleZone is losing its mind.

John Phillips: "Unbelievable athleticism from U.S.A! The Grapplerz are falling apart at the seams!"

Mark Bravo: "Don't count them out yet, John -- these guys always find a way to cheat their way back in!"

Carter and Ryder fire each other up, the chants of "U-S-A! U-S-A!" deafening. Ryder hoists Darian for the **Ace Driver** setup, but Jacoby slides back into the ring with a steel chair in hand, desperation written all over his face. Before he can swing, Carter intercepts with a springboard crossbody that knocks the chair away and sends Jacoby tumbling back to the outside again. The referee kicks the chair out of the ring, screaming at Jacoby, who protests furiously from the floor.

Inside, Ryder hooks Darian, signaling to the crowd. Carter climbs to the top rope, pointing to the rafters. The Grapplerz are down, the fans are electric -- the match is at its boiling point.

Jaxson Ryder has Darian Darrington hooked for the **Ace Driver**, the crowd roaring in anticipation. Carter Durant steadies himself on the top rope, ready to hit the **Whirlwind Finale** to seal the biggest upset of the year. The chants of "U-S-A! U-S-A!" shake the rafters.

But as Carter leaps into the air -- Jacoby Jacobs darts in from the outside, shoving him mid-flight! Carter crashes ribs-first across the ropes, tumbling awkwardly into the corner. The crowd erupts in boos as Jacoby slithers back inside, the referee missing the interference entirely while checking on Darian.

Ryder doesn't notice until it's too late. He plants Darian with the Ace Driver, but before he can cover, Jacoby springboards off the ropes and spikes Ryder with a **Jacoby Cutter**. Ryder crumples, clutching his neck. Darian flops onto Ryder's chest, barely conscious, as Jacoby drags Carter by the ankle to keep him from breaking it up.

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

The bell rings, and the WrestleZone erupts in jeers. Darian rolls to the floor, clutching his custom belt like he just survived a war. Jacoby collapses next to him, laughing into his phone camera as he films himself holding the other title high. Carter checks on Ryder, frustration all over his face, while the Grapplerz strut up the ramp, battered but still champions.

John Phillips: "What a travesty! U.S.A had them dead to rights, the titles were practically theirs -- but Jacoby Jacobs stole it at the last possible second with that interference!"

Mark Bravo: "Travesty? That's called championship instincts, John! The Rich Young Grapplerz didn't get those belts by being choir boys. They outsmarted U.S.A., and that's why they're still the champs!"

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Jacoby and Darian stand at the top of the stage, their Trust Fund Tag Team Titles raised obnoxiously high, mocking the crowd with finger-gun salutes and flexes. The boos rain down, but the Grapplerz soak it up like it's praise. In the ring, Carter and Ryder regroup, the crowd chanting "U-S-A! U-S-A!" to show their support despite the loss. The camera lingers on their determined faces, hinting that this isn't the last time these two teams will collide.

This Friday

The screen cuts from the chaos of the tag match to a stylized black-and-red video package. Quick clips roll of Chris Ross in action -- brutal strikes, arrogant smirks, and high-impact moments from recent shows. His voice cuts over the footage, confident and cold.

Chris Ross (voiceover): "This Friday night, in Ft. Worth, Texas... the UTA Universe gets what they've been begging for. Answers. Eric Dane Jr. wants my attention? He's got it. The rest of you? You'll hear every word I have to say. Loud. Clear. Unfiltered."

The footage slows to a shot of Ross standing in the middle of the ring, arms outstretched, as the crowd rains down boos. Text splashes across the screen: "This Friday -- Ft. Worth, TX -- Chris Ross Speaks."

Chris Ross (voiceover): "Eric Dane Jr... you wanted me? You'll get me. And the whole world will be watching."

The package ends with a bold graphic: "Chris Ross Addresses the UTA Universe -- This Friday Night in Ft. Worth." The screen fades to black as the crowd inside the WrestleZone buzzes with anticipation.

Bounty

The camera cuts backstage to the office of UTA General Manager Scott Stevens. Papers and files are scattered across his desk, and the strain of the last few weeks is written all over his face. He rubs his temples, letting out a long sigh before leaning back in his chair. Suddenly, there's a knock at the door.

Scott Stevens: "...Come in."

The door creaks open, and in steps Aaron Shaffer. The fans murmur in surprise -- it's the first time he's been seen since tapping out to Graysie Parker and losing the WrestleZone Championship. He looks like a broken man, his posture slouched, expression weighed down by failure.

Scott Stevens: "What do you want?"

Shaffer steps in timidly, his voice soft, almost apologetic.

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Aaron Shaffer: "Look, Scott... I just wanted to come and apologize. I know I let you down."

Stevens' eyes narrow as he leans forward across the desk, his voice sharp and cutting.

Scott Stevens: "You didn't just let me down, Aaron. You let down Wingate. You let down the UTA. And worst of all, you let down every single fan who believed in you. You were supposed to be the next big thing -- the future of this company. And what did you do? You tapped out. You handed the WrestleZone Championship to an outsider. You humiliated us all."

Shaffer bows his head, swallowing hard. He nods slowly, almost like a chastised child.

Aaron Shaffer: "You're right. I failed. I know I failed. But I'm here to tell you... I'll get the WrestleZone Championship back. If it's the last thing I do, I'll bring it home."

Stevens shakes his head, disgust on his face.

Scott Stevens: "That time is past. It doesn't matter who gets it back at this point -- what matters is that the WrestleZone Championship comes home where it belongs. And I don't care if it's you or anyone else. That's why I'm putting a bounty on it. Whoever brings that title back from Iron City Wrestling will be rewarded greatly."

The camera zooms on Shaffer's face -- a flicker of determination breaking through his shame. He nods once, clenching his fists at his side. Stevens turns back to his paperwork, clearly finished with the conversation, as the scene fades to black.

Susanita Ybanez vs Amy Harrison

The lights dim inside the WrestleZone. A haunting piano note echoes, followed by the rising swell of "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment. Red and white spotlights scan the arena as the boos begin to rain down. The curtain parts, and out steps Amy Harrison -- smirking, confident, and unapologetically proud of the chaos she's already caused since her return.

Her hair flows under the lights, and the camera zooms tight on her. She is sneering into the camera as the crowd jeers even louder.

John Phillips: "There she is, Amy Harrison, the woman who shocked the world in Houston by blasting both Susanita Ybáñez and Valkyrie Knox! The damage she did -- it may have changed the entire trajectory of the Women's Championship picture."

Mark Bravo: "Changed it? John, she's redefining it! Amy Harrison doesn't just want the spotlight -- she's ripping it away from everyone else."

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Amy struts down the ramp, running a hand through her hair, swaying her hips to mock the boos as if they were cheers. She stops mid-ramp, pointing to a sign in the crowd that reads "SUSANITA WILL END YOU," and blows a mocking kiss in that fan's direction. At ringside, she slides up onto the apron, wipes her feet dramatically, and then slowly slithers into the ring under the bottom rope.

Once inside, she rises to her knees, arms stretched out as pyro pops from the stage. Amy smirks at the crowd, tapping her temple with one finger -- a silent "I outsmarted you all" gesture -- before retreating to her corner, stretching on the ropes and waiting for her opponent.

John Phillips: "She says she's back to take over UTA's women's division... and after the carnage she left behind last week, I believe her."

Mark Bravo: "Believe her? John, I love it! Amy Harrison is exactly what this division needs -- unpredictable, dangerous, and not afraid to burn the whole house down if it gets her what she wants."

The lights shift to crimson as the pounding of heavy drums echoes through the WrestleZone. The crowd stirs, breaking into cheers as a haunting violin weaves over the beat. Flames rise along the stage, small at first, then climbing higher with each piano note. Suddenly, the growl kicks in, a thunderous explosion rocks the arena, and out steps Susanita Ybáñez.

Dressed in her battle gear, "La Reina Silenciosa" pauses on the stage, staring out into the sea of fans who are on their feet, chanting her name. She stands defiant, shoulders squared, unblinking in her focus. The announcer's voice booms:

Announcer: "Hailing from Lambaré, Paraguay... *La Reina Silenciosa*... Susanita Ybáñez!"

Pyro erupts behind her as she begins her march to the ring, fire trailing her every step. Fans reach out from both sides, and Susanita acknowledges them with a sharp nod before climbing onto the apron. She glares straight into the ring at Amy Harrison, who lounges arrogantly in the corner, smirking at the sight of her opponent.

Susanita leans back, raises her hands high, and slams them down as pyro blasts from each turnbuckle. The arena shakes as she steps through the ropes, taking the center of the ring. Lights flash around her while the fans chant "SUS-A-NI-TA! SUS-A-NI-TA!" with thunderous rhythm.

John Phillips: "There she is -- the pride of Lambaré, Paraguay, and the woman Amy Harrison tried to humiliate last week! Susanita Ybáñez is here, she's fired up, and she's not coming alone -- she's bringing every ounce of her fight and her heritage into this match!"

Mark Bravo: "She looks focused, I'll give you that, John. But let's be real -- Amy Harrison has been doing this for nearly two decades. She's cunning, she's vicious, and she plays the game like few others can. Susanita might be walking into the biggest trap of her career tonight."

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Susanita doesn't take her eyes off Amy as she warms up, pacing the ring like a caged predator. Amy smirks back, mouthing something the cameras can't quite catch, but the disdain is clear. The referee steps between them, checking each woman before signaling for the bell.

The referee calls for the bell, and instantly Susanita Ybáñez charges across the ring with unbridled fury. She blasts Amy Harrison with a forearm smash that knocks her back into the corner. The crowd roars as Susanita unleashes a flurry of strikes -- rights, lefts, and a sharp knee to the gut -- forcing Amy to cover up. The official steps in, trying to peel her away, but Susanita's fire is already blazing.

John Phillips: "Susanita wasting no time! She's been waiting all week to get her hands on Amy Harrison after what happened in Houston!"

Mark Bravo: "And who could blame her? Last Friday, she had Valkyrie Knox dead to rights -- had the Women's Champion in a bad way -- and then Amy came out of nowhere and ruined it all. Susanita walked out with a disqualification win, sure, but no championship. The gold stayed with Valkyrie, and Amy stole the moment."

*Susanita whips Amy hard across the ring and charges in with a running forearm, rattling the veteran against the turnbuckles. She grabs Amy's wrist, yanking her out into a **belly-to-belly suplex** that sends her crashing into the canvas. The fans chant her name as Susanita springs to her feet, eyes locked with rage.*

Amy, wincing, scrambles to the ropes and waves the referee in front of her, shouting, "Back her off! Back her off!" The official steps in again, but as soon as Susanita tries to push past, Amy uses the distraction to rake her eyes and snap her down into a quick DDT. The boos cascade as Amy flips her hair back, smirking while Susanita writhes on the mat.

John Phillips: "That's Amy Harrison in a nutshell. She can take a beating, but she's always one step away from bending the rules to turn things around."

Mark Bravo: "Hey, she's been doing this for nearly two decades, John. She knows how to survive. Susanita's fire is impressive, but Amy's cunning -- that's the equalizer."

Amy struts around Susanita, taunting the crowd with a mocking wave before dropping a stiff elbow across her chest. She hooks the leg for a quick cover -- ONE! -- but Susanita powers out, shoving her away with authority. The fans rally behind the Paraguayan rookie as Amy snarls, pulling her hair and dragging her back up.

*Susanita responds with fire, firing rapid forearms to the midsection and breaking free. She explodes off the ropes and nails Amy with a **ripcord knee smash** that drops her flat on the mat. The crowd erupts as Susanita screams in defiance, feeding off the energy of the WrestleZone.*

John Phillips: "That's the resilience of Susanita Ybáñez! She's got the heart, the grit, and the fire -- and she's not going to let Amy Harrison rob her of another moment!"

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Mark Bravo: "But John, remember -- last week she had Valkyrie Knox where she wanted her, and one moment of interference cost her everything. Can she keep her emotions in check tonight, or will Amy exploit that again?"

Both women pull themselves up, eyes locked, the tension crackling. The WrestleZone fans are on their feet, knowing this battle is just getting started.

Susanita charges again, looking to capitalize on her momentum, but Amy Harrison ducks under a wild clothesline and grabs her from behind. She yanks Susanita down hard by the hair, bouncing the back of her head off the mat. The referee scolds her, but Amy just smirks, blowing a kiss to the hard cam as the boos rain in.

Seizing the opening, Amy pounces on Susanita's left leg, stomping mercilessly at the knee. She drags Susanita to the ropes, hooks her ankle around the bottom strand, and twists, pulling back with both hands until the referee reaches a four-count. Amy lets go at the last second, hands in the air as if she's done nothing wrong.

John Phillips: "This is where Amy Harrison is most dangerous -- she finds a weakness, and she twists the knife. Tonight it's Susanita's leg, and she's going to make sure the rookie can't hit her high-flying offense."

Mark Bravo: "That's veteran savvy, John! Susanita wants to fly, but Amy's clipping her wings before she even leaves the ground. And you know what? I love it."

Amy drags Susanita back to the center and drops a knee across the joint, twisting into a leglock. She leans back, grinding her hips and taunting the crowd while Susanita cries out in pain, clawing at the canvas. The fans rally with claps and chants, urging her to fight through.

Susanita manages to turn her body and kicks Amy off with her free leg, but as she scrambles up, Amy rushes right back in and clips the knee from behind. Susanita collapses, clutching her leg, while Amy laughs and struts around the ring, blowing a sarcastic kiss toward the hard cam.

John Phillips: "This is hard to watch -- Susanita Ybáñez is one of the most dynamic, explosive young athletes in the UTA women's division, but Amy Harrison is trying to ground her completely."

Mark Bravo: "And it's working, John. That's sixteen years of experience right there. The rookie's got guts, no doubt -- but guts don't win when you're hopping on one leg."

Amy drags Susanita up again and plants her with a snap DDT, going straight back to the leg as she hooks it for the pin. ONE! TWO! -- but Susanita kicks out, grimacing as she clutches her knee. Amy slaps the mat in frustration, then immediately rolls her opponent over and locks in a single-leg crab, wrenching back with a cruel smile. The crowd rises to their feet, stomping and clapping as Susanita fights, refusing to give in.

Amy Harrison leans back deep in the single-leg crab, smirking as Susanita claws at the mat, her face twisted

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in pain. The referee crouches down, asking if she wants to quit -- but Susanita shakes her head violently, pounding a fist into the canvas. The fans erupt, chanting "SUS-A-NI-TA! SUS-A-NI-TA!" in unison.

*With a surge of grit, Susanita twists her hips and crawls inch by inch toward the ropes. Amy wrenches back harder, trying to stop her, but the Paraguayan fire burns hot. Susanita stretches her arm out and **grabs the bottom rope!** The crowd explodes as the referee orders Amy to break. She waits until four, finally releasing with a smug grin, holding her hands up as though she's innocent.*

John Phillips: "That's heart! Susanita Ybáñez refusing to give in, fighting through the pain, and reaching the ropes to stay alive!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but she's hobbling, John. The damage is done. Every step is gonna hurt, and Amy Harrison knows it."

*Amy pulls Susanita up by the hair, taunting her with a slap across the face. She goes for another -- but Susanita catches her hand! The crowd erupts as Susanita fires back with a stinging forearm. Then another. Then another! Amy staggers, shocked. Susanita hobbles on her bad leg but rallies with sheer fury, blasting Amy with a **snap DDT** of her own!*

*The momentum shifts as Susanita kips up -- wincing, nearly collapsing -- but she steadies herself. The crowd roars in support as she hits the ropes and comes back with a **ripcord knee smash** that drops Amy flat on the mat. She clutches her knee after the strike but forces herself back up, screaming with adrenaline.*

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! Susanita Ybáñez is on fire! Even with that knee screaming, she's digging down deep to fight back against Amy Harrison!"

Mark Bravo: "It's gutsy, I'll give her that -- but she's running on fumes. Amy's just waiting for one mistake to pounce."

*Susanita signals to the fans, pulling Amy toward the ropes. She whips her opponent in and sets up -- **619!** She swings through, kicking Amy flush in the face! The crowd explodes as Amy flops to the mat, dazed. Susanita clutches her knee, pain shooting through her leg, but she wills herself to climb the turnbuckles. The fans rise to their feet, knowing what's coming.*

*Perched high, she steadies herself despite the limp. With the crowd roaring, she launches into a breathtaking **La Estrella Negra** (450 splash), crashing down across Amy's chest. The impact rattles the ring. Susanita hooks the leg -- **ONE! TWO!** -- but Amy kicks out at the last second, shocking the WrestleZone.*

John Phillips: "So close! Susanita nearly put Amy Harrison away right there!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at her face -- she can't believe it. That bad leg slowed her down just enough, John. That fraction of a second gave Amy time to survive."

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Both women lie on the mat, exhausted, the crowd on their feet chanting Susanita's name. The momentum has shifted, but the outcome is still hanging by a thread.

Both women are slow to rise. Susanita clutches her knee, pulling herself up with the ropes, while Amy Harrison glares, wiping sweat from her face. With a burst of desperation, Amy lunges forward, raking Susanita's eyes again before planting her with a brutal snap DDT. The boos cascade, but Amy doesn't care -- she immediately grabs Susanita's bad leg, slamming it against the mat again and again.

John Phillips: "There's that desperation! Amy Harrison willing to do anything -- anything -- to keep Susanita from pulling off the biggest win of her career tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "That's called veteran savvy, John. You don't get championships by playing nice -- you get them by doing whatever it takes."

*Amy rolls Susanita into position, motioning to the crowd with a sly smirk. She hooks the leg for her finishing move -- but suddenly, the lights cut to dark purple. Thunder rolls. A war-horn blares over the sound system, and then the opening beat of "**You Should See Me in a Crown**" by **Billie Eilish** hits the arena. The WrestleZone crowd explodes in cheers.*

*Smoke billows from the stage, and out strides **Valkyrie Knox**, the UTA Women's Champion. The title belt glints across her shoulder, her steel-spiked gauntlet raised to the rafters as her silhouette emerges from the haze. Her presence alone is enough to send shockwaves through the building.*

John Phillips: "It's Valkyrie Knox! The Women's Champion is here -- and Amy Harrison does not look happy about it!"

Mark Bravo: "Not happy? She looks distracted! Valkyrie's marching straight down that ramp, John, and Amy knows exactly why!"

Inside the ring, Amy Harrison freezes, staring up the ramp with visible frustration, her grip on Susanita faltering. Valkyrie strides with purpose, her eyes locked on Amy, every step a statement. The fans roar louder with every pace. Susanita, dazed but resilient, stirs behind Amy, the distraction giving her a vital opening.

Amy screams at Valkyrie from inside the ropes: "This isn't your business!" But Valkyrie just stops at ringside, arms crossed over her chest, glaring up at the woman who cost her a clean title defense last Friday.

John Phillips: "The champion is here, and you can feel the tension! Amy Harrison thought she had this all figured out -- but Valkyrie Knox isn't going to let her rewrite the division without a fight."

Valkyrie Knox steps up onto the apron, her eyes locked like ice on Amy Harrison. Amy, still smirking, yells at her to "stay out of my spotlight!" The referee waves his arms frantically, trying to keep Valkyrie from entering. Inside the ring, Susanita sees her chance -- she charges at Amy from behind!

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But Amy sidesteps at the last moment, sending Susanita barreling forward. The rookie nearly collides with Valkyrie, the crowd gasping as the champion steadies herself on the apron. Susanita throws her arms out, stopping herself just in time before catastrophe strikes -- narrowly avoiding taking Valkyrie off the apron. The tension spikes as all three women glare at one another.

Amy seizes the moment, clubbing Susanita from behind with a vicious forearm that drops her to one knee. She follows with a running bulldog, bouncing Susanita's face off the canvas. Amy smirks, standing tall as Valkyrie snarls on the apron, fists clenched, ready to storm in.

*And then -- the lights flash gold. The opening strings of "**Forever & Ever**" by **Lacey Sturm ft. Lindsey Stirling** hit, and the arena comes unglued. Marie Van Claudio steps onto the stage, microphone in hand, her presence radiating confidence as the crowd roars in shock and awe.*

John Phillips: "Oh my God! It's Marie Van Claudio! The First Lady of UTA is here!"

Mark Bravo: "Are you kidding me, John? Valkyrie, Amy, and now Marie?! This ring's about to explode!"

Inside the ring, Amy's grin falters. Valkyrie leans over the ropes, eyes locked on Marie, while Susanita rolls to the corner, catching her breath after the cheap shot. Marie raises the microphone, taking in the deafening ovation, as the camera pans across all four women -- the storm brewing in the UTA Women's Division threatening to break wide open.

*Valkyrie Knox steps onto the apron, eyes burning holes through Amy Harrison. Before she can step inside, the arena shakes as "**Forever & Ever**" by **Lacey Sturm ft. Lindsey Stirling** hits. The crowd erupts as Marie Van Claudio walks out onto the stage, microphone in hand. She raises her free hand, pleading toward the ring.*

Marie Van Claudio: "Valkyrie, stop! Don't do this! This is what Amy wants!"

Amy laughs from the corner, mocking Marie with a sarcastic clap. Valkyrie sneers, waving Marie off as she ducks under the ropes into the ring anyway. But the split-second distraction is all Amy needs -- she lunges forward and drives her knee straight into Valkyrie's skull! The champion collapses to the canvas as the fans boo thunderously.

Amy immediately stomps away at Valkyrie, then turns and lays boots into Susanita as well. The referee throws his arms up and calls for the bell -- this match is over, ruled a no contest. But the carnage isn't stopping.

John Phillips: "The referee's throwing it out! This is chaos -- Amy Harrison is dismantling both Susanita Ybáñez and Valkyrie Knox!"

Marie's eyes widen as she drops the mic and bolts down the ramp. She slides into the ring just as Amy rears back for another stomp. Amy spins to strike Marie -- but Marie ducks, whirls around, and blasts her with a

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huge right hand! The fans explode as Amy drops to the mat, rolling out of the ring in a scramble, clutching her jaw in shock.

Mark Bravo: "Whoa! Marie Van Claudio just dropped Amy Harrison! I didn't think I'd ever see that again!"

The fans roar as Marie steadies herself. Susanita claws to her feet and spins Marie around, confused and upset, shouting in frustration. Marie tries to explain, gesturing toward Amy, but Susanita shoves her finger at the fallen Valkyrie, furious that yet another of her matches has ended in chaos. The tension builds.

Amy, smirking now, leans against the barricade, rubbing her jaw. Her grin widens as Valkyrie pulls herself up, storming forward and shoving Susanita away from Marie. Valkyrie snarls at Van Claudio, screaming that she had no right to interfere. The crowd buzzes, uneasy, as the champion and the legend go nose-to-nose.

Susanita tries to step back in, but Valkyrie shoves her away a second time. Marie interjects sharply, pointing at Valkyrie's title belt.

Marie Van Claudio: "Don't do that! That's not how a champion should act!"

*Valkyrie snaps and shoves Marie back. The crowd gasps -- Marie's face says it all: "Oh no you didn't." She surges forward to shove Valkyrie in return, but Susanita steps between them. The push connects with Susanita instead, forcing her into Valkyrie. The champion stumbles back, eyes flashing, and then charges forward -- **leveling Susanita with a vicious short-arm lariat!***

The WrestleZone erupts in shock. Marie drops to her knees beside Susanita, disbelief painted on her face. She looks up at Valkyrie, shouting:

Marie Van Claudio: "WHY?!"

Valkyrie and Marie exchange heated words, the tension ready to snap. Outside the ring, Amy Harrison cackles, backing up the ramp. She smirks, waves mockingly, and mouths "bye bye" as the cameras catch Valkyrie and Marie turning to see her smug expression. The show fades to black on the image of three women seething in the ring while Amy Harrison revels in the chaos she's created.

Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Gideon Graves vs. Maxx Mayhem" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "ASK'ing The Important Questions" - Written by Ben, tony.

Segment: "Where is She?" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Trust Fund Tag Team Championship Open Challenge" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "This Friday" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Bounty" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Susanita Ybanez vs Amy Harrison" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite