

Brand New Day: 2026 - Day 1

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: January 17, 2026
Location: Mullett Arena — Tempe, AZ

Preview

A new year, a new UTA. The United Toughness Alliance kicks off 2026 in Tempe, AZ with Day 1 of a two day 2026 kick off.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen is black.

A slow, heavy drumbeat rolls through the Mullett Arena sound system—one hit... then another... then a build like thunder crawling over desert mountains.

Gold sparks streak across the giant screen, carving out bold letters in molten light:

BRAND NEW DAY: 2026

The words pulse—then fracture into a fast-cut montage: Tempe skyline at dusk, the Arizona desert at sunrise, fans pouring into the arena, UTA banners snapping in the wind, and flashes of Seasons Beatings—championship moments, exhausted bodies, hands raised, titles held high.

One last flash: confetti falling, gold reflecting in the lights—then the screen slams into the live shot.

BOOM!

Pyro detonates across the stage in red-and-gold bursts. Flames rise in timed columns. The crowd erupts as the camera sweeps the packed Mullett Arena—signs up, phones out, the building vibrating like it can't contain itself.

The stage reads "BRAND NEW DAY" in massive gold lettering, surrounded by sleek black panels and UTA branding. The ramp is washed in warm light, smoke curling low like fog.

John Phillips: "WELCOME TO TEMPE, ARIZONA—WELCOME TO MULLETT ARENA—AND WELCOME TO A BRAND NEW YEAR IN THE UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE!"

Mark Bravo: "It feels like the whole building just inhaled and screamed at the same time, John! Two nights! Two days! And you can feel it—this isn't just a show... this is a statement!"

John Phillips: "It is Brand New Day: 2026—and tonight is Day One of a two-day kickoff that is going to shape the entire landscape of this company heading into the new year."

Mark Bravo: "And if Seasons Beatings taught us anything, it's this: nothing is safe. Nobody's comfortable. Champions don't get to exhale—they get targets painted on them!"

On-screen, a graphic flashes: "SEASONS BEATINGS: THE LANDSCAPE CHANGED."

John Phillips: "Seasons Beatings wasn't an ending—it was the match strike. We start 2026 with champions who fought through that chaos and walked out holding the line... and now they walk into this weekend knowing the entire roster is

coming for what they have."

Mark Bravo: "And the scary part? Day One doesn't just have big matches—Day One creates the conditions for Day Two. You don't just win tonight... you survive tonight... so you can even be standing tomorrow."

John Phillips: "That's the structure of this weekend. Day One sets the table. Day Two flips it over."

The crowd roars again as the camera hits a wide shot of the ring—spotlights sweeping, the ropes gleaming, the mat pristine for the first bell of 2026.

John Phillips: "And it all starts with the match that defines the theme of this night—a Women's Gauntlet to open the show. Five competitors, one survival test, and the winner punches a ticket straight into the main event tonight for the UTA Women's Championship."

Mark Bravo: "That's a nightmare and a dream at the same time. You want the title match? Fine. Earn it with lungs on fire and legs turning to cement!"

John Phillips: "Jade Justice. Athena Storm. Nancy Rhodes. Shannon Ray. Valkyrie Knox. That is not 'an opening match.' That is a war of attrition to decide who gets the golden moment later tonight."

Mark Bravo: "And that moment comes against the champion herself—Marie Van Claudio—defending the UTA Women's Championship in the main event of Day One. Whoever survives the gauntlet gets Marie... with everything Marie brings. Experience. Nerve. Swagger. And the ability to turn a spotlight into a weapon."

John Phillips: "Day One ends with gold on the line. But along the way—Day One also builds tomorrow."

The screen shows a new graphic: "FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP WEEKEND." A clean rules panel appears: "SUBMISSION OR REF STOPPAGE ONLY. ONE ROPE BREAK PER COMPETITOR."

John Phillips: "Because tonight we have two matches contested under Fighting Championship Rules. Submission or referee stoppage only, and only one rope break per competitor. Hakuryu versus Brick Bronson... and Silas Grimm versus Kaine. Two qualifiers—two winners—who will advance to Day Two to fight for the first-ever UTA Fighting Championship."

Mark Bravo: "Those rules change everything. You can't steal a win with a quick pin. You can't escape forever. And the rope break? That's one lifeline. After that, you're trapped in there with someone who wants to fold you up!"

John Phillips: "So tonight, those four aren't just trying to win—they're trying to win without leaving too much of themselves in the ring... because tomorrow, history gets written in permanent ink."

Mark Bravo: "And if you're Brick Bronson, you've got to love the violence but respect the math. One rope break. One mistake. One night too rough... and Day Two eats you alive."

John Phillips: "Then there's the chaos machine: Tag Team Turmoil for the UTA Tag Team Championship. Two teams start, the winners stay, the next team enters, and it keeps going until the champions come in last—and everyone left in the ring is running on fumes."

Mark Bravo: "That match is a demolition derby with turnbuckles! You don't pace it—you survive it! And with the teams involved? Somebody's leaving with gold and somebody's leaving with their season shattered!"

John Phillips: "Rich Young GRPLRZ. El Fantasma. Iron Dominon. Velocity Vanguard. U.S.A. Next Level. Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado. That is a night-ruiner for every team in the division."

Mark Bravo: "And you know what else it is? A message. You want the tag division in 2026? You're going through a storm to get it!"

The arena lights dim just slightly, the screen shifting to a sleek two-panel graphic: "DAY 1 BUILDS... DAY 2

EXPLODES.”

John Phillips: "And that's the heart of it—Day One is about earning tomorrow. Because Day Two brings the matches the entire world is waiting for."

Mark Bravo: "Day Two is where the headlines live, John."

John Phillips: "On Day Two: the UTA Contract Ladder Match—six hungry unsigned talents chasing a one-year contract and the chance to become the next breakout name of this company—"

Mark Bravo: "One briefcase. One climb. Five people trying to yank you off the ladder like it's the last rung of your life!"

John Phillips: "—and later on Day Two, the WrestleZone Championship will be on the line as Gunnar Van Patton defends against the ladder match winner. That's not a reward... that's a trial by fire."

Mark Bravo: "Win the ladder match and you don't get a celebration—you get a champion who hits like a wrecking ball and fights like he's allergic to mercy!"

John Phillips: "Also on Day Two: Valentina Blaze defends the UTA Women's United States Championship. The winners of tonight's Fighting qualifiers collide to crown the first-ever UTA Fighting Champion—"

Mark Bravo: "And whoever wins that title is starting a clock, John! Five straight defenses and you trade it in for a main title shot! That's a rocket strapped to your back!"

John Phillips: "—and the biggest prize in the sport: the UTA Championship will be defended on Day Two as Chris Ross puts the crown jewel of the company on the line."

The crowd buzzes loudly at the mention of the UTA Championship—some cheering, some shouting, everyone feeling the gravity of it.

Mark Bravo: "Two nights, John. Day One decides who even gets to breathe tomorrow. Day Two decides who owns 2026."

John Phillips: "So right now, Tempe—this is your moment. This is the first bell of a new year. A new chapter. And it starts with the women—five competitors stepping into a gauntlet where the prize is the main event and the target is the champion."

Mark Bravo: "If you want 2026 to remember your name... you start writing it tonight."

John Phillips: "Brand New Day: 2026—Day One—starts right now!"

The camera cuts to the entrance ramp as the lights shift and the first entrance music of the night is about to hit. Before it does, we head backstage.

Jace Van Ardent

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to a clean interview backdrop near the production corridor. The arena noise is muffled here, replaced by the steady hum of lights and the occasional distant thump of entrance music bleeding through concrete.

Melissa Cartwright stands with a microphone in hand, poised and professional.

Melissa Cartwright: "I'm Melissa Cartwright, and tomorrow night on Brand New Day: Day 2, the UTA Contract Ladder Match opens the show. Six unsigned talents, one contract, and one shot to change their lives in a single climb."

Melissa turns slightly as the camera widens, revealing a clean-cut, athletic man with calm eyes and a relaxed posture that looks almost too casual for the stakes.

Melissa Cartwright: "And standing with me right now is one of those names—Jace Van Ardent. Jace, a lot of UTA fans are seeing you for the first time. Who are you?"

Jace smiles—easy, genuine—and gives a small nod like he's greeting a room full of friends instead of introducing himself to a whole new universe.

Jace Van Ardent: "I'm Jace Van Ardent."

Jace Van Ardent: "Some people call me 'The Airborne Original'... and I don't mind that one at all."

He rolls his shoulders once, loosening up like he's already hearing the bell in his head. His energy is laid-back, but it's not lazy. It's controlled. Like a runner bouncing on the balls of his feet before a sprint.

Melissa Cartwright: "Tomorrow night, you're entering a ladder match for a one-year UTA contract. That's chaos. That's danger. That's... a lot of bodies crashing into steel. Why is that your first step into UTA?"

Jace glances off-camera for a beat, like he's picturing the ladders, the height, the risk. Then he looks back with a grin that says he's picturing it and enjoying it.

Jace Van Ardent: "Because it's honest."

Jace Van Ardent: "A ladder match doesn't care about your reputation. It doesn't care about your excuses. It doesn't care about who you know."

Jace Van Ardent: "You either climb... or you don't."

He leans in slightly, voice calm but more serious now.

Jace Van Ardent: "And I'm not here to ease into anything. I'm here to make a moment."

Melissa Cartwright: "UTA fans are going to want to know what kind of competitor you are. What can they expect when they see you in that ring?"

Jace's smile widens just a little, like the question finally let him talk in his native language.

Jace Van Ardent: "Pace."

Jace Van Ardent: "Timing."

Jace Van Ardent: "And the kind of balance that makes people do the thing where they stand up and go, 'How did he land like that?'"

He lifts one foot and sets it down lightly, like he's proving the point without showing off. He stays humble, but the confidence is there.

Jace Van Ardent: "I fight like I'm a half-step ahead. I like kicks. I like angles. I like making people chase me into mistakes."

Jace Van Ardent: "And when they finally catch up?"

Jace Van Ardent: "That's when I fly."

Melissa Cartwright: "There are a lot of people who call themselves high-flyers. There are a lot of people who say they're fearless. What makes you different?"

Jace nods, acknowledging the truth in the question. His expression turns thoughtful, more grounded.

Jace Van Ardent: "I'm not fearless. I'm just... comfortable in the air."

Jace Van Ardent: "There's a difference."

Jace Van Ardent: "I'm a yoga instructor. That's not a gimmick. That's real life."

Jace Van Ardent: "Flexibility, breath control, balance... that's why my springboards are clean and my landings don't look like car crashes."

He taps his ribs lightly with two fingers, a quick, honest gesture.

Jace Van Ardent: "And yeah, I still get hurt. Everybody does. But I don't come in here pretending risk is magic. I come in here making it matter."

Melissa Cartwright: "And you're doing all of this without an established history in UTA. No allies. No rivals. No safety net."

Jace shrugs, not dismissive—more like he's accepting the purity of it.

Jace Van Ardent: "Good."

Jace Van Ardent: "That means when I earn something here, it's mine. Nobody can say it was handed to me."

Jace Van Ardent: "Tomorrow night, I walk into that ladder match as the new guy."

Jace Van Ardent: "Tomorrow night, I walk out with a contract... and nobody gets to call me 'new' again."

Melissa studies him for a moment, then nods. She's heard a lot of hopeful speeches. This one feels different—less desperate, more certain.

Melissa Cartwright: "Last question, Jace. If you could say one thing directly to the UTA Universe before tomorrow night, what would it be?"

Jace looks into the camera. The laid-back swagger is still there, but the focus sharpens. He speaks with simple clarity, like he's not trying to convince you—he's telling you what's about to happen.

Jace Van Ardent: "If you blink... you miss the moment."

Jace Van Ardent: "And I live in the moment."

Jace gives Melissa a quick nod and starts to step away, rolling his wrists like he's already warming up for tomorrow's chaos. Melissa turns back to camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "Jace Van Ardent—making his first impression tonight, and taking his first leap tomorrow. The UTA Contract Ladder Match opens Day 2."

The shot lingers for a beat as Jace disappears down the corridor, moving with that relaxed bounce-step like the building is already his runway.

Women's Gauntlet Match

Match

The lights inside Mullett Arena dim down to a bruised shade of dark purple, and the noise of the crowd shifts from chatter to anticipation—like the whole building just leaned forward at once. A low roll of thunder ripples through the speakers, followed by a war-horn blast that sounds less like music and more like a warning.

John Phillips: "We are officially underway on Day One of Brand New Day, and what a way to start this gauntlet—because the first woman out... has been missing in action since Survivor."

Mark Bravo: "Not 'missing.' Vanished. Like a ghost with a mean streak. And now she's back—close to her roots, close to the cold, and close to whatever part of her enjoys turning people into highlights."

Smoke pours across the stage in a thick, crawling sheet, and out of it steps Valkyrie Knox—stoic, towering, and carved out of bad intentions. She doesn't sprint. She doesn't play to the crowd. She strides like she owns the distance

between the curtain and the ring, shoulders squared, eyes forward, face unreadable.

John Phillips: "The Iron Valkyrie. Former UTA Women's Champion. The last time we saw her in a meaningful way, she was part of the chaos and carnage that defined Survivor—and then... nothing."

Mark Bravo: "And I don't buy the 'time off' story. I buy the 'loading screen' story. Like she's been upgrading. Because look at her—she's not here to warm up. She's here to remind everyone what 'reckoning' looks like."

Valkyrie reaches the top of the ramp and raises a steel-spiked gauntlet toward the rafters, holding the pose long enough for the crowd to fully register it—some cheers, some boos, most of it just raw awe. Another thunder crack hits, and the purple lights pulse like the arena itself is beating.

John Phillips: "This is a gauntlet match. One pinfall eliminates a competitor, and a fresh opponent enters until only one woman is left standing—earning the right to face Marie Van Claudio in the main event tonight."

Mark Bravo: "That's the prize, and it's a brutal one. You don't just win a match—you survive a rotation of styles, bodies, and momentum. And if Valkyrie is in this kind of mood? That rotation might turn into a wrecking ball."

She starts her walk, boots thudding, smoke swirling around her calves. Valkyrie doesn't look left or right, but the closer she gets to ringside, the more the crowd reacts—people standing, pointing, trying to read her expression like it's a forecast.

John Phillips: "You can feel the tension. Even before her opponent comes out, the atmosphere changes when Valkyrie Knox is involved."

Mark Bravo: "Because she doesn't wrestle like someone trying to win. She wrestles like someone trying to prove you shouldn't have let her back in the building."

At ringside, Valkyrie climbs the steps with slow certainty, plants a boot on the apron, and wipes her feet with deliberate disrespect—then steps through the ropes. She paces once, then stops dead-center and lifts that gauntlet again, chin raised, eyes cold.

Valkyrie Knox: "Kneel—or be broken."

The line lands like a blade. She doesn't shout it. She doesn't have to. Valkyrie turns to her corner and waits, breathing steady, shoulders loose—like the fight is the easy part, and the statement is what matters.

The arena lights lift just a shade—enough to reveal Valkyrie's posture in the ring: calm, almost casual, but coiled. She rolls her neck once, adjusts the gauntlet at her wrist, and then stares up the ramp like she's inviting someone to make a mistake.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knox has set the tone. Now the question is—who draws the first assignment?"

Mark Bravo: "And you said it earlier—she's been gone since Survivor. We haven't seen her. We haven't heard from her. That kind of silence either means injury... or it means she's been waiting for the right time to reappear and hurt somebody."

A snap of bright neon hits the stage—pink and electric blue. The mood changes instantly. Where Valkyrie was thunder and steel, this is fireworks and defiance.

John Phillips: "And here comes Shannon Ray."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, Shannon Ray is about to learn what it feels like to be the first chapter in somebody else's comeback story."

Shannon Ray bursts through the curtain with a confident bounce, slapping her own shoulders and pumping her arms as she hits the top of the ramp. She's all energy—smiling, hyped, feeding off the crowd—like she's trying to light the

arena up and keep the moment from getting swallowed by Valkyrie's presence.

Shannon Ray: "Tempe! Make some noise!"

The crowd responds—cheers building, a wave of sound rolling down the ramp toward her. Shannon nods like she expected it, then points out toward the ring, locking eyes with Valkyrie.

Valkyrie doesn't move. Doesn't blink. Just stands there—silent—like a statue that decided it can kill you.

John Phillips: "Two totally different energies. Shannon Ray wants speed, wants momentum, wants to make this match about movement."

Mark Bravo: "And Valkyrie wants gravity. She wants to make you feel heavy. She wants you to move slower than your brain can process."

Shannon starts down the ramp, slapping hands and pointing to sections of the crowd like she's collecting support. Halfway down she stops, bounces on her toes, and throws a quick shadow-kick into the air—showing off that snap—then continues, jaw set now, the smile fading into focus.

John Phillips: "Remember the structure here—when you get pinned, you're out. You don't get a second chance. And the only way to win the whole gauntlet is to survive everyone."

Mark Bravo: "Which means the first two women are in the worst spot. No scouting. No rhythm. You're the test dummies for the pace of the entire match."

Shannon reaches ringside and slides under the bottom rope—quick, smooth—then pops up and spins to face Valkyrie. She throws her arms out, inviting noise, but her eyes never leave Valkyrie's.

Valkyrie finally moves—just a step forward—enough to make Shannon's posture tighten.

Shannon Ray: "Alright. Let's do this."

Shannon backs into her corner and starts to bounce again, loosening her shoulders. Valkyrie stands tall in the opposite corner, arms at her sides, like she's waiting for the bell to give her permission.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knox and Shannon Ray will start this Women's Gauntlet. One pinfall and a new opponent enters. And the winner—whoever survives—gets Marie Van Claudio in the main event."

Mark Bravo: "And Marie is watching this somewhere, smiling, because every minute of this gauntlet is wear and tear she doesn't have to take."

The referee checks both competitors—hands up, no foreign objects, corners clear—then looks to the timekeeper and calls for the bell.

DING DING!

Shannon Ray explodes out of her corner like a firework—no feeling-out process, no circling. She sprints straight at Valkyrie Knox and throws a rapid flurry: forearm to the jaw, another to the cheek, then a sharp kick to the thigh meant to take the base.

John Phillips: "Shannon Ray coming out hot!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the smart move—hit first, hit fast, and don't let Valkyrie set her feet!"

Shannon bounces off the ropes and comes back with a running dropkick—

Valkyrie doesn't go down.

She absorbs the impact like it barely registers, taking a half-step back... then stepping forward again, eyes cold, expression unchanged.

Shannon's smile flickers into surprise for half a second—just long enough.

Valkyrie swings a lariat that looks like it has weight behind it—Shannon ducks it—tries to keep moving—hits the ropes again—

Valkyrie meets her this time with a brutal shoulder block that flips Shannon backward and sends her skidding across the mat.

John Phillips: "Oh! Valkyrie just turned her inside out!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not a shoulder block—that's a car crash!"

Shannon scrambles to a knee, shaking her head, trying to reset. Valkyrie is already on her—hauling her up by the wrist and snapping her down with a short, violent clothesline that drops Shannon again.

Valkyrie doesn't pause. She drags Shannon up a second time—by the back of the neck this time—and drives a knee into her ribs. Shannon folds. Valkyrie clamps a front facelock and lifts, dropping Shannon with a heavy suplex that rattles the ring.

John Phillips: "We have not seen Valkyrie Knox like this in months!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the version that makes people stop joking. This is pure power—pure brutality!"

Shannon rolls to her stomach, gasping. Valkyrie stalks over her like a shadow and plants a boot on Shannon's upper back, grinding down and forcing her face to the mat.

Shannon Ray: "Ah—get off!"

Valkyrie leans down, voice low, almost conversational.

Valkyrie Knox: "Wrong tempo."

She yanks Shannon up into a tight bearhug—compressing—squeezing—Shannon's arms flail as she tries to pry the grip apart. Valkyrie squeezes again and Shannon's feet lift off the mat for a second, her face pinched in pain.

John Phillips: "Bearhug! Shannon Ray is trapped!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what Valkyrie does—she makes you feel small. She makes you feel like your ribs are optional."

Shannon manages to swing a couple of elbows into Valkyrie's side—Valkyrie takes them, barely shifting—then suddenly releases the bearhug and hurls Shannon across the ring with a two-handed toss.

Shannon hits the mat and slides, clutching her ribs, eyes wide.

Valkyrie follows, steps over her, and drags her up again—this time hooking her arms and snapping her backward with a vicious release suplex that drops Shannon high and hard.

John Phillips: "My God! Valkyrie is throwing her around!"

Mark Bravo: "She's making a statement: 'You forgot about me? Don't do that again.'"

Shannon crawls toward the ropes, desperate for space. Valkyrie grabs her ankle and yanks her back to center like she's dragging a bag across the floor. Shannon tries to kick free—Valkyrie shakes her head once and stomps down on the thigh, then again, then drops a heavy elbow across Shannon's chest.

Valkyrie rises slowly, staring down at Shannon, breathing steady—no rush, no panic—just control.

John Phillips: "This is domination. This is Valkyrie Knox reintroducing herself to the UTA."

Valkyrie reaches down, grips Shannon by the hair and wrist, and hauls her to her knees. Shannon's eyes are glassy, but she's still fighting—still trying to survive the first wave.

Valkyrie draws back her arm, ready to add another brutal punctuation mark, as the crowd roars—some in awe, some pleading for Shannon to find a way out.

Valkyrie's arm comes down with a clubbing forearm across Shannon's upper back, driving her flat to the mat again. Shannon coughs, trying to crawl, trying to put distance between herself and the storm that just returned to the UTA.

John Phillips: "Shannon Ray can't even get her feet under her right now."

Mark Bravo: "This is Valkyrie Knox in 'no mercy' mode. And we haven't seen this in months—she's making up for lost time."

Valkyrie drags Shannon up by the wrist and spins her into a short-arm clothesline that snaps Shannon down again. Valkyrie doesn't go for a cover. She doesn't care about a quick pin. She wants Shannon to feel every second of this.

Shannon rolls toward the corner, trying to use the ropes to stand. Valkyrie closes the distance in three steps and drives a knee into Shannon's ribs, pinning her against the turnbuckles.

Shannon Ray: "Gah—!"

Valkyrie follows with another knee, higher, then a forearm across the jaw that snaps Shannon's head to the side. The crowd reacts with every impact, a mix of shock and sympathy.

John Phillips: "This is calculated cruelty."

Shannon tries to shove Valkyrie off—Valkyrie answers by grabbing Shannon's throat and collarbone and lifting her just enough to scare her—then slamming her back-first into the turnbuckles again.

Mark Bravo: "She's not even rushing. She's enjoying the control."

Shannon slumps in the corner. Valkyrie steps back, eyes narrowed, and charges in with a corner splash that crushes Shannon against the pads. Shannon staggers forward, and Valkyrie scoops her up immediately—no struggle—then drops her with a heavy powerslam that rattles the ring.

Valkyrie sits up from the slam already reaching for Shannon's arm—twisting it—dragging her into a grounded hold, wrenching the shoulder back while pressing a knee into Shannon's spine.

John Phillips: "Now she's tearing at limbs too. She's not just beating Shannon Ray—she's dismantling her."

Shannon cries out, reaching for the ropes, but she's too far. She tries to roll—Valkyrie shifts her weight, keeping the pressure. Shannon tries to pull her arm free—Valkyrie jerks it tighter.

Shannon Ray: "No—no—!"

Valkyrie releases suddenly, not because she has to, but because she chooses to—then stands and stomps Shannon right in the ribs. Once. Twice. Shannon curls into herself, trying to protect her midsection.

Mark Bravo: "That stomp wasn't to win. That was to punish."

Valkyrie reaches down and hauls Shannon up into a standing position. Shannon swings a desperate forearm—Valkyrie absorbs it and immediately answers with a headbutt that snaps Shannon backward.

Shannon's legs wobble. Valkyrie catches her before she falls, locking her in a tight grip around the waist—then lifts her into the air and drops her with a brutal side slam.

John Phillips: "Side slam! Valkyrie is tossing her like she weighs nothing!"

Valkyrie stands over Shannon, chest barely rising, eyes cold. She looks down at Shannon like she's deciding how to end it—then drags her up by the wrist again and whips her hard into the corner.

Shannon hits the turnbuckles and slumps. Valkyrie follows, pressing her forearm across Shannon's throat, leaning in

close.

Valkyrie Knox: "This is what you wanted."

Shannon tries to answer—tries to spit something back—but only coughs. Valkyrie steps back one pace and blasts her with a boot to the midsection, folding her over.

Valkyrie hooks Shannon's arms—lifting her up into position like she's setting a trophy on a shelf—holding her there for a beat so the crowd can see what's coming.

John Phillips: "She's got the arms hooked..."

Mark Bravo: "Oh no. This is the part where Shannon Ray stops being a competitor and starts being an example."

Valkyrie takes a step forward, still holding Shannon's arms trapped behind her, lining her up for something ugly—while Shannon's boots scramble desperately for any leverage, any escape, any breath.

Shannon's boots scramble, trying to find traction, trying to twist out of Valkyrie's hooked grip—but Valkyrie is a vice. She drags Shannon out of the corner, still holding both arms trapped behind her back, and forces her upright in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Shannon Ray is completely at Valkyrie's mercy right now."

Mark Bravo: "And Valkyrie's mercy... is not a thing that exists."

Valkyrie tightens the hook on Shannon's arms, then drives a knee up into Shannon's ribs—hard. Shannon folds forward as much as she can while her arms are trapped, mouth open in a silent gasp.

Valkyrie does it again—another knee, higher—then a third for good measure, each one landing with a sickening thud that makes the crowd collectively wince.

Shannon Ray: "Ahhh—!"

Valkyrie releases the arms only to immediately scoop Shannon up—effortless—cradling her like dead weight, then marching two steps and dropping her with a brutal slam that shakes the canvas.

John Phillips: "That slam might have knocked the air out of her soul!"

Shannon rolls, trying to breathe, trying to crawl—Valkyrie grabs her ankle and yanks her back again. She stands over Shannon and slowly turns her palm upward, that spiked gauntlet catching the light.

Valkyrie Knox: "Kneel."

Shannon tries to push up to her knees—more instinct than strength—and Valkyrie immediately punishes it with a running boot that cracks Shannon across the chest and sends her flat again.

Mark Bravo: "She didn't even let her rise. Valkyrie is erasing the idea of a comeback."

Valkyrie drags Shannon up one last time, the crowd buzzing because they can feel the finish coming. She hooks Shannon's head under her arm—tight—then lifts her with a sudden surge and drops her with a savage, high-impact driver that plants Shannon on the mat and leaves her limp.

The building explodes at the brutality of it.

John Phillips: "Good God—she spiked her!"

Mark Bravo: "That's it. That's the end. Shannon Ray is done."

Valkyrie doesn't rush the cover. She stands over Shannon for a beat, breathing steady, staring down like she's making sure the message is received. Then she drops into the pin, hooking the leg deep and pressing Shannon's shoulders

flat.

Referee: "One... two... three!"

DING DING!

John Phillips: "Shannon Ray has been eliminated! Valkyrie Knox just steamrolled the opening entry in this gauntlet!"

Mark Bravo: "We haven't seen her since Survivor and she comes back like that? Like a wrecking ball with a grudge? That's terrifying."

Valkyrie rises and stands tall, rolling her shoulders as the referee checks on Shannon. Valkyrie doesn't celebrate—she simply turns toward the entranceway again, jaw tight, waiting for the next opponent like the fight is just beginning.

John Phillips: "And now the gauntlet continues. Valkyrie remains. Shannon Ray is out. Who's next?"

The crowd swells, eyes shifting to the ramp, as Valkyrie paces slowly in her corner—still fresh, still dangerous, still looking like she could run through the entire field if the night goes her way.

The referee steps between Valkyrie and the fallen Shannon Ray, ushering Shannon toward the ropes as medical staff and officials help her out of the ring. Valkyrie doesn't so much as glance in her direction—she just turns her head toward the stage, breathing steady, posture tall, like she's already moved on to the next body.

John Phillips: "Shannon Ray eliminated, and Valkyrie Knox hasn't even looked winded."

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't a win, John. That was a message. And the message was, 'I'm back and I'm still a problem.'"

The arena lights flicker—purple fading into sharp neon. The tron glitches with streaks of white and red, and then a razor-blade motif flashes across the screen like warning tape.

John Phillips: "And here comes the next entrant... Nancy Rhodes."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, this is a perfect kind of ugly. Nancy Rhodes doesn't come to wrestle pretty. She comes to carve."

A jagged guitar stab hits, and "Razor's Edge" kicks in with a grimy, industrial bite. Nancy Rhodes steps out with a slow, predatory pace—head slightly down, shoulders forward—like she's stalking the ramp instead of walking it. She pauses at the top, letting the noise roll over her, then tilts her head toward the ring as if she's measuring Valkyrie from a distance.

On the tron behind her, neon lights pulse while razor blades spin and gleam. Nancy points a thumb at herself, then drags her finger across her own throat in a clean, theatrical gesture.

Nancy Rhodes: "I don't break bones... I slice souls."

The crowd reacts—boos, mixed with a few cheers for the sheer attitude. Nancy smirks and starts down the ramp, cracking her knuckles, rolling her wrists as if she's warming up for a street fight.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes brings that Detroit grit—elbows like knives, tactics like a trap. But look who she's walking into."

Mark Bravo: "And that's the gauntlet problem. You don't get to pick your matchup. You get whoever's left standing, and right now the one left standing is Valkyrie Knox—who just turned Shannon Ray into a cautionary tale."

Nancy reaches ringside and stops at the apron, eyes on Valkyrie. Valkyrie doesn't posture. She simply takes one step forward. Nancy's smirk tightens into something more serious.

Nancy Rhodes: "Big. Mean. Gone for months... and you think you're the story."

Valkyrie's eyes narrow.

Valkyrie Knox: "I am the storm."

Nancy slides into the ring and pops up fast, immediately circling to keep distance—hands up, elbows tucked, like she's ready to strike and retreat. She stretches her arms against the ropes once, then steps out and squares up, jaw clenched.

John Phillips: "Remember—pinfall eliminates you. No reset. No second chance. And the winner of this entire gauntlet goes on to face Marie Van Claudio in the main event tonight."

Mark Bravo: "Marie's sitting somewhere with that championship, watching women beat years off each other. Valkyrie looks fresh. Nancy looks hungry. This is where the gauntlet starts turning into a survival movie."

The referee checks on Valkyrie, checks on Nancy, then motions for the timekeeper. Valkyrie stands still as stone in her corner. Nancy bounces lightly, shoulders loose, eyes sharp.

The bell is about to sound.

DING DING!

Nancy Rhodes doesn't explode like Shannon did. She takes one slow step out of her corner, then another—hands high, chin tucked—circling just outside Valkyrie's reach like she's mapping the danger zone.

John Phillips: "Different approach already. Nancy Rhodes is not running into the grinder."

Mark Bravo: "She watched what happened to Shannon Ray. Nancy's trying to survive the first thirty seconds, and that's smart."

Valkyrie barely moves, only turning her shoulders to track Nancy's circle. Nancy feints in once—Valkyrie doesn't bite. Nancy feints again, then steps in and finally locks up, going collar-and-elbow.

For a half-second, Nancy holds her ground—boots digging in, muscles tense—trying to prove she can at least stop the initial surge.

Nancy Rhodes: "Come on..."

Valkyrie answers by simply tightening her grip and walking Nancy backward like she's moving furniture. Nancy's face changes—surprise flashing—because she's pushing and it isn't helping. Valkyrie drives her into the corner with authority, shoulders crushing Nancy into the pads.

Referee: "Break—"

Valkyrie breaks clean at four, then immediately snaps a short forearm across Nancy's jaw. Nancy's head jerks to the side and she stumbles out of the corner.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie just big-sistered her in that tie-up. One lock-up and she's in control."

Mark Bravo: "That's the problem—Nancy can be tactical, but tactics don't matter if you're getting moved like a shopping cart."

Nancy shakes it off and comes forward again, trying to get inside with a quick side headlock. She clamps it tight, twisting her hips to keep leverage, attempting to slow Valkyrie down and force her to carry weight.

Valkyrie plants her feet, then lifts—literally lifts Nancy off the mat—walking her backward with the headlock still applied.

John Phillips: "She's carrying her!"

Valkyrie drives Nancy back-first into the turnbuckles. The headlock breaks on impact. Nancy drops to her feet, ribs compressed, and Valkyrie immediately follows with a heavy shoulder thrust into the midsection—then another—then a third, each one folding Nancy tighter.

Mark Bravo: "Nancy tried to wrap her up, and Valkyrie answered with horsepower."

The referee begins a count for the corner pressure. Valkyrie steps back at four, but her eyes don't leave Nancy. Nancy tries to slip out of the corner—Valkyrie catches her by the wrist and yanks her into a short-arm clothesline that flips Nancy to the mat.

Nancy hits hard and rolls, clutching her shoulder. Valkyrie doesn't rush a pin. She stalks.

John Phillips: "That's the difference between Valkyrie tonight and what we've seen in past months. This isn't just winning. This is domination."

Nancy scrambles up, trying to use speed and angles—she throws a quick kick to Valkyrie's thigh, then a second, then tries a chop to the chest to get space. Valkyrie absorbs it, steps forward, and grabs Nancy by the throat and collarbone again—one hand—stopping her like a wall.

Nancy's eyes widen as Valkyrie shoves her backward, then drills her with a big boot that catches her right in the chest and sends her tumbling to the mat.

Mark Bravo: "That big boot hit like it owed her money."

Valkyrie drags Nancy up by the wrist and whips her into the ropes. Nancy rebounds—Valkyrie meets her with a brutal spinebuster that shakes the ring. The crowd pops as Nancy bounces and lies there, stunned.

John Phillips: "Spinebuster! Valkyrie is taking control fast!"

Valkyrie drops a knee across Nancy's ribs and stays on her, grinding down with heavy pressure. Nancy's arms flail, trying to push Valkyrie off. Valkyrie simply leans heavier, then grabs Nancy's wrist and twists, pulling her into a grounded, punishing hold—wrenching the arm while pressing a forearm across Nancy's face.

Nancy Rhodes: "Get—off—me!"

Valkyrie Knoxx: "No."

Nancy kicks her legs, trying to inch toward the ropes, but Valkyrie drags her back to center with ease, keeping the hold tight and the pace suffocating.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes came in cautious. She came in smart. And Valkyrie Knoxx has still found a way to grab the wheel."

Mark Bravo: "She's driving, too. Right through the guardrails."

Nancy grits her teeth and starts looking for escape—trying to roll, trying to twist the wrist to relieve pressure—while Valkyrie bears down, controlling every inch and making the gauntlet feel like it's already turning into her personal runway.

Nancy Rhodes grits her teeth and shifts her hips, trying to roll through the pressure. Valkyrie wrenches the arm again—Nancy yells—then uses that shout like a trigger, twisting her body and snapping her legs up to catch Valkyrie in a sudden headscissors.

Valkyrie's posture breaks just enough—Nancy rolls through, slipping free and scrambling to her feet with urgency, shaking her arm out like it's on fire.

John Phillips: "Nancy found daylight! She had to—because Valkyrie was grinding her into dust!"

Valkyrie rises slowly, expression unchanged. Nancy doesn't wait. She darts in with a sharp low kick to the thigh—then another—then a third, faster now, targeting the base to keep Valkyrie from planting.

Mark Bravo: "That's smart. If you can't out-muscle Valkyrie, you chop the tree down."

Nancy follows with a quick forearm across the jaw and another to the side of the head, snapping Valkyrie's face to the side for the first time in this match. Valkyrie turns back slowly, eyes narrowing.

Nancy Rhodes: "Yeah. You feel that."

Nancy hits the ropes—rebounds—then snaps a low dropkick into Valkyrie's knee. Valkyrie takes a half-step back, weight shifting. The crowd reacts—surprised—because it looked like Valkyrie might actually be interrupted.

John Phillips: "Dropkick to the knee! Nancy is trying to take away the power by attacking the foundation!"

Nancy charges in and catches Valkyrie with a running knee to the ribs, then grabs the wrist and yanks her into the corner. Nancy climbs to the second rope and rains down fast punches—one, two, three—until Valkyrie lifts her hands and shoves Nancy off like she's swatting a fly.

Nancy lands on her feet—stumbles—then immediately fires a spinning back elbow that clips Valkyrie across the cheek. Valkyrie's head turns. The crowd pops again.

Mark Bravo: "Okay! Nancy Rhodes just tagged her! Twice!"

Feeling the moment, Nancy hooks Valkyrie's head and tries to snap her down with a DDT—Valkyrie resists—Nancy jumps, forcing the weight—

Valkyrie powers through it, lifting Nancy up instead, shifting her like a bag across her shoulders.

John Phillips: "Uh oh—"

Valkyrie turns and drills Nancy down with a brutal powerslam, cutting her surprising rally off like someone flipping a switch.

Mark Bravo: "And there it is. Valkyrie said, 'Cute.'"

Nancy rolls away, clutching her back. Valkyrie doesn't give her space—she grabs Nancy by the ankle and yanks her back to center again, standing over her with that same cold patience.

Valkyrie Knox: "That was your burst."

Valkyrie stomps down once on Nancy's thigh, then drops a heavy elbow across her chest. Nancy coughs and curls up, trying to protect herself.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes got a couple of surprising shots in, but Valkyrie is right back to her pace—power, pressure, brutality."

Valkyrie hauls Nancy up again, setting her feet, resetting her grip—ready to drag the match back into that suffocating, controlled violence that Shannon Ray couldn't escape... and Nancy is now learning how hard it is to breathe in Valkyrie's world.

Valkyrie stands over Nancy for a beat, letting the crowd noise wash over her, then bends down and drags Nancy up by the wrist with deliberate calm. No rush now—just control. Nancy tries to swing a forearm to buy space—Valkyrie ducks it, steps around behind, and clamps on a tight side headlock.

It isn't flashy. It's suffocating. Valkyrie cinches it deep, forearm pressed tight, bicep locked, her hips low so Nancy can't easily slip out. Nancy's feet scuff the mat as she tries to pull free, her face already tightening from the pressure.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie slowing it down. She's not just throwing Nancy Rhodes around—she's squeezing the life out of her now."

Mark Bravo: "That's the scariest part. People think power wrestlers only smash. Valkyrie can wrestle, too. She can grind you down until you forget what your own oxygen feels like."

Nancy wraps her arms around Valkyrie's waist, trying to lift, trying to shift her. Valkyrie just leans heavier into the hold, walking Nancy backward a step at a time, dragging her into the center of the ring so the ropes are far away and escape becomes a math problem.

Nancy Rhodes: "Get—off—!"

Nancy tries to shoot her body out—Valkyrie adjusts with a quick hip turn, keeping the head trapped. Nancy pushes at the forearm, trying to create space between Valkyrie's arm and her throat—Valkyrie squeezes again and Nancy's knees dip.

John Phillips: "This is an energy drain. In a gauntlet, that matters even more. Valkyrie can win this entry and still have to face three more women. The smarter she is now, the more dangerous she is later."

Mark Bravo: "And remember—Marie Van Claudio's waiting in the main event. Whoever wins this gauntlet is walking into a title match tired. Valkyrie's trying to make sure she's the one tired the least."

Nancy plants her feet and tries to shove Valkyrie toward the ropes—Valkyrie pivots and keeps the headlock, dragging Nancy in a half-circle back toward center. Nancy's hands slap at Valkyrie's ribs, trying to create an opening. Valkyrie's grip never changes.

The crowd starts clapping, some urging Nancy on, some just reacting to the control. Nancy finally drops her weight and tries to shoot Valkyrie off—Valkyrie holds the headlock and takes Nancy down with her, rolling to the mat and still keeping it cinched.

John Phillips: "She took her down and kept it! Valkyrie is smothering Nancy Rhodes right now."

Nancy kicks her legs, trying to bridge her hips, trying to twist her head free. Valkyrie shifts her body and presses her shoulder into Nancy's jaw, grinding it, keeping the hold tight. Nancy's hand reaches toward the ropes—she's nowhere near them.

Mark Bravo: "This is the kind of sequence that doesn't look violent until you're the one in it. Then it feels like you're trapped underwater."

Nancy tries to roll Valkyrie into a pinning predicament—Valkyrie lets the roll happen, but keeps the headlock through the movement, ending up right back on top with the hold still in place.

Nancy Rhodes: "You—ugh—"

Nancy's words cut off as Valkyrie squeezes again. Valkyrie's eyes stay calm. The pace is slower now, but the pressure is worse—because it's constant.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knox has turned this into her kind of match—methodical, punishing, and exhausting."

Nancy keeps working, elbowing the ribs, trying to scoot her hips, trying to find any angle—while Valkyrie sits heavy and still, headlock locked in like a trap that refuses to spring open.

Nancy finally plants a boot under her and powers up to her knees, then to her feet—still trapped in that headlock, but forcing Valkyrie to carry her weight. Valkyrie rises with her, grip tight, hips low, trying to keep the squeeze as Nancy staggers them both toward center.

John Phillips: "Nancy's getting back up—she's carrying Valkyrie's weight just to breathe!"

Nancy braces her feet and starts firing elbows into Valkyrie's ribs—one, two—Valkyrie tightens the hold—Nancy fires a third elbow, then a fourth, digging deeper, finding the soft spot.

Valkyrie's grip loosens for the first time. Nancy rips another elbow up and back—hard—

Valkyrie releases the hold.

Nancy staggers forward, sucking in air, clutching her ribs, turning back with fire in her eyes like she's about to finally turn the tide—

Nancy Rhodes: "My turn—"

Valkyrie cuts her off instantly.

One step in. A sudden grab at the waist. Valkyrie lifts Nancy clean off the mat and slams her down with a brutal spinebuster that echoes through the arena.

John Phillips: "Spinebuster! Valkyrie shut that down immediately!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the lesson—one breath doesn't mean you're safe. Not with Valkyrie Knoxx."

Nancy's back hits hard and she bounces, arms flaring out. Valkyrie doesn't go for the cover yet—she drags Nancy up by the wrist and yanks her into position like she's setting a post in the ground.

Valkyrie hooks Nancy's arms—tight—then lifts her, holding her suspended for a beat so everyone can see the helplessness.

John Phillips: "Arms hooked—"

Mark Bravo: "Oh no..."

Valkyrie drives Nancy down with a vicious, high-impact slam—one of those moves that doesn't just land, it lands with finality. Nancy hits and goes limp, her legs folding under her as the ring shakes.

The crowd erupts, half in awe, half in sympathy.

John Phillips: "Huge impact! Valkyrie just folded her!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the 'welcome to the gauntlet' ending right there!"

Valkyrie drops into the cover immediately, hooking the leg deep and pressing Nancy's shoulders flat to the mat.

Referee: "One... two... three!"

DING DING!

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes has been eliminated! Valkyrie Knoxx is running through this field!"

Mark Bravo: "Two down already, and she's still standing tall. That time away since Survivor—whatever it was—it's turned into this. A force."

Valkyrie rises, breathing steady, and turns her stare toward the entranceway again—no celebration, no wasted motion—just that same cold patience as officials help Nancy roll toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "The gauntlet continues. Shannon Ray eliminated. Nancy Rhodes eliminated. And Valkyrie Knoxx is still very much alive."

The crowd buzzes with a nervous energy now, because the question isn't just 'who's next'—it's 'who can stop her?'

Valkyrie Knoxx paces in a slow half-circle, rolling her shoulders, breathing steady like she hasn't even started sweating yet. Officials help Nancy Rhodes out, and the crowd buzzes with that uneasy question hanging in the air—who's left that can actually change the temperature?

John Phillips: "Two eliminations in, and Valkyrie Knoxx looks like she could do this all night."

Mark Bravo: "She's not just winning. She's setting a tone. And the longer this gauntlet goes, the more valuable it is to be the one already in the ring controlling pace."

The lights suddenly shift—purple fades out and the arena pops bright and warm, like somebody opened the curtains and let the morning in. The tron flashes with sunburst patterns and neon streaks, and the crowd's energy changes instantly.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute..."

Mark Bravo: "No way."

A wave of LED bracelets throughout the crowd begin pulsing in sync—little constellations flickering across Mullett Arena. Streamers fire from the stage corners, confetti cannons pop on a beat, and the whole place feels like it just got invited to a celebration.

John Phillips: "We haven't seen her in the United Toughness Alliance since 2017... and she's back tonight in the opening gauntlet—Jade Justice!"

Mark Bravo: "The Daybreak Darling! This is... this is a mood shift. Valkyrie is a storm cloud. Jade Justice is sunrise with a fist."

Jade bursts through the curtain with that unmistakable energy—jogging out like she's late for the best day of her life. She's slapping hands, pointing at fans, letting the crowd pull the grin out of her. She reaches the top of the ramp and stops, looking out at the sea of light, like she's soaking up proof that she still belongs here.

Jade Justice: "I missed you!"

The roar that answers her is loud and sincere. Jade's smile doesn't fade as she turns and points straight at the ring—straight at Valkyrie—then taps her own leg twice, like she's reminding herself of a plan.

John Phillips: "You want to talk about a tough draw? Jade Justice returns after years away... and her first assignment is the woman who has bulldozed the first two entrants."

Mark Bravo: "But Jade's not walking in blind. If she's smart—and she is—she's not going to try to out-strong Valkyrie. She's going to steal the base, chop the legs, keep moving, and never let Valkyrie settle into those big lifts and bombs."

Jade starts down the ramp, clapping in rhythm and conducting the crowd like an orchestra. People follow her lead—hands meeting, noise building—and it creates this rolling, unified pulse that pushes her forward.

John Phillips: "That's what Jade Justice does. She turns an arena into a heartbeat."

Mark Bravo: "And Valkyrie Knox hates that. Valkyrie wants silence. Valkyrie wants fear. Jade brings hope like a weapon."

Inside the ring, Valkyrie stops pacing. She turns toward the ramp and raises that spiked gauntlet again, chin tilted, eyes narrowed—like she's offended the world dared to brighten.

Valkyrie Knox: "Kneel—or be broken."

Jade reaches ringside and slides in under the bottom rope, popping up with quick feet and a wide, fearless grin. She points to a kid in the front row and mimes, "This one's for you," then turns back to Valkyrie and the grin hardens into focus.

Jade Justice: "You can be strong... but not on one leg."

The line draws a pop—because Jade said it like a promise, not a taunt. She backs into her corner, bouncing on her toes, shoulders loose, eyes locked on Valkyrie's stance and hips like she's already studying what to take away first.

John Phillips: "This is the gauntlet. This is survival. And Jade Justice is trying to walk back into UTA history on the worst possible night to do it."

Mark Bravo: "Or the best. Because if Jade can stop this version of Valkyrie Knox? The whole locker room wakes up tomorrow and realizes Brand New Day isn't just a slogan."

The referee checks both competitors, then signals for the bell as the crowd rises—half excited for the return, half terrified of what Valkyrie might do to her.

DING DING!

Valkyrie Knox takes one step out of her corner like she's about to repeat the last two rounds—like this is just another body on the conveyor belt. Her shoulders square, her hands come up, and she advances with that same cold confidence.

John Phillips: "You can tell Valkyrie thinks this is going to be more of the same."

Mark Bravo: "She's in 'assault mode.' She's expecting Jade Justice to panic, to run in, to get caught, and to get launched."

Jade Justice doesn't run in.

She circles—wide—fast—light on her feet, darting just outside Valkyrie's reach. Valkyrie reaches for a collar-and-elbow tie-up—Jade slips away. Valkyrie tries again—Jade sidesteps and tags the knee with a quick, sharp kick.

Mark Bravo: "There it is. Legs first. She's not playing the power game."

Valkyrie turns, annoyed, and steps in heavier. Jade darts in and out, then snaps a low dropkick into Valkyrie's knee—hard enough to make Valkyrie's stance buckle for half a second.

John Phillips: "Low dropkick right to the knee! Jade Justice is taking away the base!"

Jade pops up immediately and hits another—this time to the calf—then circles again, refusing to stay in front of Valkyrie long enough to be grabbed. Valkyrie swings a heavy lariat—Jade ducks and keeps moving, turning Valkyrie with her momentum.

Jade darts back in and arm-drags Valkyrie forward, taking her down for the first time in this gauntlet with something that isn't a brick wall. The crowd pops at the sight of Valkyrie actually hitting the mat.

John Phillips: "Arm drag! Jade got her down!"

Mark Bravo: "And she's not admiring it—she's stacking pins!"

Jade immediately slides into a quick cover—tight stack—

Referee: "One—"

Valkyrie powers out, but Jade rolls with it, snapping Valkyrie into a snapmare and drilling a basement dropkick right to the spine. Valkyrie sits up instinctively—Jade hits the ropes, comes back, and dropkicks Valkyrie in the chest, popping her over and onto her back.

John Phillips: "This is a different pace! Jade Justice is making Valkyrie turn, making her adjust!"

Valkyrie rolls to her side and pushes up, scowling. Jade is already on her again—drop toe-hold—Valkyrie hits the canvas—Jade rolls her into another quick cover.

Referee: "One—"

Valkyrie kicks out again, but she has to do it quickly, and you can see the irritation growing. Jade springs up and points at Valkyrie's leg, then taps her own knee again like she's reminding everyone of the story she's writing.

Jade Justice: "Not on one leg."

Valkyrie surges to her feet and charges—Jade slips out of the way at the last possible second, turning Valkyrie into the corner. Valkyrie hits the turnbuckles chest-first—Jade clips her from the side with a running forearm to the ribs and a knee to the thigh as Valkyrie tries to turn around.

Mark Bravo: "Corner pop-out! She baited the charge and cut her off!"

Jade hooks Valkyrie's leg and twists, snapping her down into a dragon screw that whips Valkyrie to the mat. The crowd roars again as Valkyrie grabs at her knee—more out of anger than pain, but it's there.

John Phillips: "Dragon screw! Jade Justice is surgically dismantling the base of Valkyrie Knox!"

Jade drops to a knee and clamps on a quick, nasty single-leg crab variation—more torque than rest hold—pulling back on the leg and driving her weight down. Valkyrie growls and reaches for Jade's ankle, trying to yank her off.

Mark Bravo: "This is exactly what she has to do—quick submission pressure, make the power wrestler work, make the knee scream."

Valkyrie powers her way toward the ropes—one strong shove at a time—and Jade releases before Valkyrie can grab the rope, popping up and stomping the calf once before darting away again.

John Phillips: "Jade Justice is... kind of taking the lead here."

Mark Bravo: "Because she's not trying to survive Valkyrie. She's trying to solve Valkyrie. And right now? The solution is legs, legs, legs."

Valkyrie rises slowly, jaw tight, eyes locked on Jade with a new kind of focus—less casual domination now, more anger. Jade keeps circling, bouncing on her toes, smiling just enough to show she knows she's gotten under Valkyrie's skin.

Valkyrie's expression changes—no longer the calm certainty of an easy night. Her jaw sets, shoulders tighten, and she takes a step forward with purpose, stalking Jade like she's done being turned.

John Phillips: "You can see it—Valkyrie's had enough of being made to chase."

Mark Bravo: "She's done getting picked at. Now she's going to try to grab her and erase the whole game plan with one slam."

Jade keeps circling, but Valkyrie suddenly bursts—faster than she's moved in this gauntlet—closing distance and swinging a heavy forearm. Jade ducks under it, but Valkyrie catches her on the turn with a brutal back elbow that clips Jade across the cheek.

Jade stumbles—Valkyrie surges forward and runs her over with a shoulder block that sends Jade skidding across the mat.

John Phillips: "There it is! Valkyrie finally caught her!"

Mark Bravo: "And once Valkyrie gets hands on you, the speed stops mattering."

Jade pushes up quickly, shaking her head, trying to reset—Valkyrie is already there, yanking her up by the wrist and snapping her down with a short-arm lariat that flips Jade onto her back.

Valkyrie stands over her, breathing heavier now—less from fatigue, more from fury—and drags Jade up into a clinch. She drives a knee into Jade's ribs, then another, Muay Thai style, pulling her in to amplify the impact.

John Phillips: "Clinching knees—Valkyrie bringing that striking base in now!"

Jade doubles over, arms instinctively wrapping her midsection. Valkyrie shoves her toward the ropes and tries to whip her—Jade reverses at the last possible second and sends Valkyrie into the ropes instead.

Valkyrie rebounds, looking for a lariat—Jade drops low and catches her with a drop toe-hold, planting Valkyrie face-first into the mat again. The crowd pops at the timing.

Mark Bravo: "That's the give-back! Jade said, 'You want to bully? Eat canvas.'"

Jade springs up and runs, planting a quick knee into the side of Valkyrie's head as Valkyrie rises to a knee. Valkyrie grunts and pushes up anyway—Jade catches her with a short-arm lariat—Neon Lariat—snapping Valkyrie's head to the side.

John Phillips: "Neon Lariat! Jade's rally is starting!"

Jade hits the ropes and comes back with a diving elbow—Daybreak Drop—crashing into Valkyrie's chest. Jade hooks the leg immediately.

Referee: "One... two—"

Valkyrie kicks out with force, launching Jade's body upward. Jade lands on her knees, eyes wide—because that was close enough to feel like an upset.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie kicked out strong! But Jade just made her move!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the combo! The crowd knows it now—lariat, elbow—everyone stood up because for a second it looked like Jade Justice was about to pull the biggest return-night shocker imaginable."

Jade grabs Valkyrie's wrist and tries to pull her up quickly—keeping the pressure, keeping Valkyrie from resetting. Jade ducks behind and tries to set for something bigger—looking for that Daybreak Driver attempt—

Valkyrie blocks it with raw power, driving her weight down and forcing Jade to stagger forward. Valkyrie wraps her arms around Jade's waist and lifts—trying to launch her with a deadlift throw.

John Phillips: "Deadlift attempt—"

Jade reacts instantly—hooking her arms around the top rope for dear life. Valkyrie tries to rip her free—Jade drops her weight, then chop-blocks the knee with a low strike, forcing Valkyrie to stumble.

Mark Bravo: "Tape study! Rope hook, chop the knee! That's exactly how you stop the lift!"

Jade spins, trying to latch on a quick crossface-style crank—Golden Hour—but Valkyrie surges forward, shoving Jade off before it can fully lock. Jade rolls through and pops up, breathing hard, hair wild, eyes locked on Valkyrie.

Jade Justice: "You're not catching me twice!"

Valkyrie wipes her mouth with the back of her wrist, anger simmering. Jade bounces on her toes again, ribs sore, cheek stinging—but she's still moving, still daring Valkyrie to chase her into another trap.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie fought back and got her hands on Jade. Jade took it—then gave it right back. This is turning into a war of control."

Both women square up at center ring, the gauntlet atmosphere suddenly louder, more urgent—because for the first time tonight, Valkyrie Knox looks like she's in a real fight.

Jade backs up a step, breathing hard, then lets a grin creep across her face. She points at Valkyrie's knee again—almost playful now—and gives a little shrug like, "What did you expect?" The crowd cheers the attitude.

John Phillips: "You can feel Jade getting confidence. She's had real success here."

Mark Bravo: "Careful. Confidence turns into cocky real fast, and cocky gets you slammed."

Jade claps twice—right in Valkyrie's face—then gives a quick little wave like she's inviting Valkyrie to charge. Valkyrie's eyes narrow further, the calm vanishing behind something more dangerous.

Jade Justice: "Come on. Big bad Valkyrie. Hit me."

Jade feints in, feints out, then bounces off the ropes like she's about to launch another fast sequence. She comes back in and tries for another low dropkick to the knee—

Valkyrie steps over it.

Jade's eyes widen for half a beat as she lands on her back. She tries to kip up—

Valkyrie stomps down on the calf before she can.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie just stepped over it—cut her off!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what happens when you start getting cute. Valkyrie's adjusting."

Jade grimaces and scrambles toward the ropes—Valkyrie grabs her by the ankle and yanks her back to center, then drops a heavy knee across Jade's thigh. Jade grabs at her leg, trying to twist away, but Valkyrie clamps a hand on Jade's hair and drags her up.

Valkyrie drives a forearm into Jade's face—then another—then shoves her into the corner hard enough to rattle the turnbuckles. Jade hits and slumps for a second.

John Phillips: "That cocky grin just disappeared."

Valkyrie closes in and unleashes a brutal corner sequence—knee to the ribs, forearm to the jaw, then a crushing shoulder thrust that folds Jade over. Jade tries to slip out of the corner—Valkyrie catches her and hurls her down with a belly-to-belly suplex that sends Jade sliding across the mat.

Mark Bravo: "That's the takeover. Valkyrie doesn't need rope runs. She needs one grip."

Jade coughs and sits up—Valkyrie is already on her again, yanking her into a clinch and drilling knee strikes into the ribs with ruthless rhythm. Jade tries to block, tries to shove her off—Valkyrie snaps a short headbutt that stuns her and leaves her swaying.

John Phillips: "This is the Valkyrie we saw earlier—power and brutality. She's reclaiming the match."

Valkyrie hooks Jade's arms and lifts—Jade's boots kick as she tries to fight free—Valkyrie slams her down hard, then rolls through and drags her back up immediately, refusing to give her space.

Jade Justice: "No—no—"

Valkyrie answers with another slam—this one more vicious—then stands over Jade with that spiked gauntlet hovering like a threat.

Valkyrie Knox: "Kneel."

Jade tries to push up—Valkyrie plants a boot on her shoulder and presses her back down, then drops a heavy elbow across her chest. Jade gasps, arms wrapping her ribs again as the oxygen disappears.

Mark Bravo: "Jade thought she was in rhythm. Valkyrie just ripped the metronome off the wall."

Valkyrie drags Jade to the center and clamps on another punishing hold—smothering, grinding—making every second heavier. Jade's earlier movement is gone now, replaced by survival and grimacing breath.

John Phillips: "That little bit of cockiness gave Valkyrie the opening she needed. And when Valkyrie Knox gets an opening... she doesn't just take it. She takes everything."

Valkyrie rises, keeping control of Jade's wrist, looming over her like the gauntlet itself has a face—and it's hers.

Valkyrie keeps Jade close—no space, no rhythm—dragging her up by the wrist and snapping her down with another

short, ugly takedown. She leans heavy across Jade's upper chest, grinding a forearm into the face, forcing Jade to turn her head just to breathe.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie is doing what she does best—she's compressing time. Every second feels longer when you're under her."

Jade's legs kick, trying to create distance. Valkyrie rises and yanks her up into a clinch again, drilling a knee into the ribs, then another. Jade's body folds, and Valkyrie uses that fold to whip her into the corner hard.

Valkyrie charges for a corner avalanche—looking to crush her again—

Jade slips out at the last second.

Valkyrie's shoulder smashes into the turnbuckles. The pads jolt. The crowd pops at the timing.

Mark Bravo: "There it is! That corner pop-out—she needed that!"

Jade staggers one step, breathing hard, then snaps into motion—she darts behind Valkyrie and hammers a chop-block into the back of the knee. Valkyrie stumbles forward out of the corner, grabbing the ropes to steady herself.

John Phillips: "Jade went right back to the base! Chop-block to the knee!"

Valkyrie turns, angry—Jade meets her with a low dropkick to the same knee, forcing Valkyrie down to one knee for the first time since her takeover.

Jade doesn't pause. She grabs Valkyrie's wrist and arm-drags her forward again, sending Valkyrie to the mat, then immediately snapmares her up and cracks a basement dropkick into Valkyrie's upper back.

Mark Bravo: "That's Jade's whole world—movement, angles, and never letting Valkyrie settle."

Valkyrie sits up, snarling. Jade hits the ropes—comes back—then drops a sharp kick into Valkyrie's chest that knocks her onto her back. Jade stacks her into a fast inside cradle attempt.

Referee: "One... two—"

Valkyrie kicks out hard, but Jade rolls through and immediately tries an O'Connor roll, dragging Valkyrie down again with pinfall pressure.

Referee: "One—"

Valkyrie powers out, rising with fury, but she has to reset her footing—and Jade is already at the leg again, stomping the calf, then snapping another quick dragon screw that whips Valkyrie back to the mat.

John Phillips: "Jade Justice is reversing this with pure persistence! Legs, legs, legs!"

Jade clamps on a quick knee-crank—short, sharp torque—forcing Valkyrie to twist and reach. Valkyrie's free hand slaps the mat once in frustration—then she starts dragging herself toward the ropes with brute strength.

Mark Bravo: "This isn't a rest hold. This is a message: 'You can be strong... but not on one leg.'"

Valkyrie gets close enough to the bottom rope that Jade releases before the break, popping up and backing away, hands up, chest heaving. Valkyrie sits up and glares—knee aching, pride aching more.

Jade points at her again—less cocky now, more determined—and the crowd claps with her rhythm, sensing the momentum swing.

Jade Justice: "Stay down."

Valkyrie pushes to her feet anyway, because she's Valkyrie. But for the first time in this gauntlet, she's doing it with a hitch in her step—and Jade Justice has found a way to reverse the tide without ever needing to outmuscle her.

Jade's breathing steadies just enough for her to see it—the tiny hitch. The slight delay when Valkyrie puts weight down. It's subtle, but in a gauntlet, subtle becomes everything.

John Phillips: "Jade Justice has found the crack in the armor—Valkyrie's leg is starting to show wear."

Mark Bravo: "And if Jade is smart—and she is—she's about to live in that crack until it becomes a break."

Valkyrie steps forward, angry, trying to reassert the fight with one big grab. Jade doesn't give her the line. She darts in low, slaps the thigh once like she's measuring distance, then snaps a stiff kick into the calf—sharp and mean.

Valkyrie swings a forearm—Jade ducks under and cuts behind, hooking the leg and twisting into another dragon screw. Valkyrie hits the mat and immediately grabs the knee, jaw clenched.

John Phillips: "Another dragon screw! Jade is doubling down!"

Jade stays glued to the limb. She drops to her knees and drives a forearm into the thigh, then another. Valkyrie tries to boot her away—Jade catches the foot and yanks, pulling Valkyrie onto her back and keeping control of the leg.

Mark Bravo: "That's the thing—Valkyrie wants space to stand up and lift. Jade is denying the stand-up part entirely."

Jade folds the leg in, trapping the ankle against her hip, and cranks hard—quick knee-bar style pressure—torque that makes Valkyrie's hands claw at the mat. Jade holds it only long enough to hurt, not long enough to let Valkyrie think about counters.

Valkyrie powers toward the ropes—Jade releases before the break and immediately snaps a basement dropkick into the same knee.

The crowd pops as Valkyrie's leg buckles and she drops to one knee again.

John Phillips: "Basement dropkick right to the knee! Valkyrie keeps getting forced down!"

Jade darts in and out, never staying square. She hits a low chop to the thigh, then a quick stomp to the calf. Valkyrie tries to stand tall through it—Jade drop toe-holds her again, sending Valkyrie face-first into the mat.

Jade rolls her up immediately—tight—stacked shoulders.

Referee: "One... two—"

Valkyrie powers out, but it takes a beat longer than before, and she does it with her good leg doing most of the work.

Mark Bravo: "Those fast pins matter, too. It forces Valkyrie to explode. And explosions cost you when your base is compromised."

Jade stays on her like a shadow. Valkyrie rises—Jade meets her with a low dropkick to the calf again, then immediately hooks and twists—another knee turn—another torque. Valkyrie growls, reaching for Jade's hair—Jade slips away and snaps a short kick to the quad.

Jade Justice: "You can't lift if you can't stand!"

Valkyrie finally gets a hand on Jade's wrist—tries to yank her into a clinch—Jade drops her weight, slides behind, and hits a chop-block again at the knee. Valkyrie stumbles forward, catching herself on the ropes, breathing heavier now.

John Phillips: "Jade Justice is treating that leg like a project. Every sequence leads back to it."

Jade rushes in while Valkyrie's hands are on the ropes and cracks a running knee into the side of Valkyrie's thigh, then follows with a sharp forearm to the upper back—enough to keep Valkyrie turned, off balance, forced to adjust.

Valkyrie turns—slow—anger rising—Jade is already backing out, hands up, bouncing lightly, ready to dart in again the moment Valkyrie plants wrong.

Mark Bravo: "This is how you beat a power wrestler in a gauntlet. You don't trade. You sabotage."

Valkyrie stands there for a second, knee flexing, jaw tight—then takes a step that looks just a little less certain than it did ten minutes ago.

Jade doesn't let Valkyrie breathe. The moment Knoxx shifts her weight, Justice darts in like a mosquito with a mission—stomp to the calf, kick to the quad, then another dragon screw that whips Valkyrie down and makes the knee fold awkwardly on the landing.

John Phillips: "Jade Justice is relentless—every single exchange is leading back to that leg!"

Mark Bravo: "She's not trying to outfight Valkyrie. She's trying to remove Valkyrie from the fight."

Jade drops to a knee and drives forearms into the thigh—thump, thump—then catches the ankle and torques it, folding the leg into another quick knee-crank. Valkyrie's face tightens; she claws at the mat and starts dragging herself toward the ropes again.

Jade releases before the break—no freebies—and immediately snaps a basement dropkick into the knee as Valkyrie tries to rise. Valkyrie drops to one knee, one hand braced on the mat.

John Phillips: "That knee keeps getting forced down!"

Jade smells it. She sprints in and tries to stack Valkyrie with a la magistral roll-through—tight, quick—

Referee: "One—"

Valkyrie powers out, but the motion is angry, ugly. Jade pops up and immediately goes back to the calf with a stomp, then another, then a low kick that slaps the leg like a hammer on meat.

Jade Justice: "Stay on the mat!"

Jade hits the ropes, comes back, and tries for another low dropkick to the knee—

Valkyrie catches her.

Not cleanly. Not gracefully. But with a sudden, violent grab—two hands around the waist as Jade's momentum arrives—Valkyrie snatches her out of the air like she's sick of being cut down and decides to cut back.

John Phillips: "She caught her—!"

Valkyrie drives Jade backward into the corner with brute force, then snaps her forward with a short, brutal headbutt. Jade staggers, stunned—Valkyrie clamps a clinch and fires a knee into the ribs.

Another knee.

Another.

Mark Bravo: "That's that Muay Thai clinch! Valkyrie's done playing chase!"

Jade tries to shove off—tries to slip out—Valkyrie yanks her back in and blasts her with a crushing forearm across the jaw that turns Jade's head and makes her stumble sideways.

Valkyrie takes one heavy step—knee barking—then swings a lariat that looks like it could take a year off someone's life. It connects flush.

Jade flips and hits the mat hard.

John Phillips: "LARIAT! Jade Justice just got cut down!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the thing—Jade can attack the leg all day, but if Valkyrie gets one clean shot, it changes the weather!"

Jade tries to crawl—Valkyrie grabs her by the wrist and hauls her up, breathing heavier now, eyes cold again. Valkyrie hooks around Jade's waist, sets her feet, and with a roar of effort—one big explosion—launches Jade with a deadlift German suplex.

Jade lands high and ugly, shoulders and neck snapping off the mat.

John Phillips: "DEADLIFT GERMAN! Valkyrie just tossed her!"

Valkyrie doesn't stop. She drags Jade up again—Jade's legs wobble like the lights are too bright—and Valkyrie plants her with a massive slam that shakes the ring and leaves Jade sprawled, eyes unfocused.

Mark Bravo: "That's the kind of impact that turns footwork into fog!"

Valkyrie stands over Jade, chest rising and falling, then looks down at her own knee for a split second—almost annoyed that it hurts—before looking back at Jade like the pain only made her angrier.

Valkyrie Knox: "That's enough."

Jade tries to pull herself up by the ropes—one hand reaching, the other clutching her ribs—

Valkyrie grabs her by the back of the neck and yanks her away from the ropes, refusing to let her reset, refusing to let her run. She shoves Jade to the mat again with a violent snap and looms over her as the crowd roars at the sudden shift.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knox just ended that leg assault in the most Valkyrie way possible—by hurting Jade Justice badly."

Jade blinks, trying to clear her head, while Valkyrie paces one step, then another, lining up her next shot—Justice down, the gauntlet still rolling, and Knox looking ready to make the return story a tragedy.

Jade Justice drags herself toward the ropes, blinking hard, trying to find her legs again—but Valkyrie Knox is already there. One hand clamps on Jade's wrist. The other grips the back of her neck. Valkyrie hauls her up like she's lifting luggage.

John Phillips: "Jade's been brilliant with the leg work—but she's taken some heavy damage, and now Valkyrie's got her where she wants her."

Mark Bravo: "This is the danger zone. One clean Valkyrie sequence and your whole comeback story ends on one heartbeat."

Jade throws a desperate forearm—glances off Valkyrie's shoulder. Valkyrie answers with a headbutt that snaps Jade's head back. Jade stumbles, glassy-eyed, and Valkyrie catches her—turning her—spinning her into position like she's setting a bolt into concrete.

Jade Justice: "No—no—no—"

Valkyrie twists Jade down into a high-angle sit-out driver—Valknut Driver—planting her with sickening impact. Jade's body jolts on contact, arms going limp for a split-second as the crowd gasps.

John Phillips: "Valknut Driver! She SPIKED her!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the kind of move that deletes footwork. Deletes plans. Deletes hope."

Valkyrie doesn't cover yet. She rises slowly, steps over Jade's body, and grabs her again—pulling her up just enough to make the end feel personal. Valkyrie hooks Jade across her shoulders, locking her in tight.

Jade's boots kick once—weak—then Valkyrie drops her into the knee-lift and slams her down in the same crushing motion—Fallen Fury—like a guillotine made of muscle and malice.

The crowd roars at the brutality.

John Phillips: "Fallen Fury! Jade Justice just got folded!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the end of the sunrise. Valkyrie just pulled the curtain back over the whole arena."

Valkyrie drops into the cover, hooking the leg deep, pressing Jade's shoulders flat with all her weight.

Referee: "One... two... three!"

DING DING!

John Phillips: "Jade Justice is eliminated! What a return, what a fight—but Valkyrie Knoxx survives again!"

Mark Bravo: "And that's not just surviving—that's surviving by sending a warning to the rest of the field. Valkyrie is still standing after Shannon Ray, Nancy Rhodes, and Jade Justice."

Valkyrie rises, breathing heavier now, jaw tight. She flexes the leg Jade kept attacking, shaking it out like it offends her that it hurts at all. Then she turns her head toward the entranceway again—eyes cold, waiting for the final test.

John Phillips: "And now... the last competitor in this gauntlet."

The arena lights drop—then a crack of thunder blasts through the speakers. Blue strobes sweep the crowd in waves, like lightning rolling across the arena ceiling. The tron flashes with storm clouds and electric streaks as the opening beat hits.

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh, I love this. Because if anybody can bring pace and punishment at the same time—it's Athena Storm."

John Phillips: "Athena Storm is the final entrant. Lightning quick, fearless, and she knows Valkyrie Knoxx. These two have shared a ring before—Athena's got history with this division, and tonight might be her night to rewrite it."

Athena Storm bursts through the curtain twirling a glowing staff, spinning it with dancer's precision before snapping it into a final flourish above her head. She points to the crowd and makes that familiar rallying motion with her arms—inviting the noise like she's calling down weather.

Athena Storm: "Let it rain!"

The crowd answers loud, a chant beginning to build as Athena sprints down the ramp—fast, energetic, alive—contrasting Valkyrie's heavy, gothic stillness. Athena slides under the bottom rope, pops up, and immediately squares up across from Valkyrie, eyes locked, shoulders loose, ready to strike.

Mark Bravo: "This is the right matchup for the finish of a gauntlet. Valkyrie's been brutal, but those legs have been touched. Athena's entire world is speed combos and counters."

John Phillips: "One of these women is going to survive the gauntlet... and earn the right to face Marie Van Claudio in the main event for the UTA Women's Championship."

The referee steps between them, checking both, then motions to the timekeeper. Valkyrie lifts her spiked gauntlet slowly, almost ceremonially. Athena rolls her shoulders and bounces lightly on the balls of her feet, never taking her eyes off Valkyrie's hips and stance.

The bell is moments away.

DING DING!

Athena Storm darts forward immediately—light on her feet, hands up, eyes locked on Valkyrie's hips. Valkyrie doesn't flinch. She steps in heavy and meets Athena with a collar-and-elbow that looks like it could stop a train.

John Phillips: "Final entrant—fresh legs—Athena Storm has every advantage of timing."

Mark Bravo: "And Valkyrie Knox has every advantage of being Valkyrie Knox... except that knee. That knee is the story now."

Valkyrie muscles Athena backward a step, then another. Athena tries to slip around—Valkyrie clamps tighter and drives her into the corner. Athena's back hits the pads. Valkyrie presses a forearm across the collarbone and leans in with that suffocating weight.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie still taking early control—she's not letting Athena's speed start the engine."

The referee begins the count. Valkyrie breaks at four, but immediately clubs Athena with a forearm to the chest—then another—before yanking her out of the corner into a heavy snap suplex that drops Athena flat on her back.

Valkyrie's posture is dominant... but when she rises, there's a noticeable hitch. The weight shift comes a fraction slower than it did earlier. She shakes her leg once, annoyed.

Mark Bravo: "See it? That little stutter step. That knee is not one hundred percent anymore."

Athena rolls to a knee quickly and swings a kick—Valkyrie catches it and shoves her down again, then drags Athena up by the wrist. Valkyrie tries to whip Athena into the ropes—Athena reverses it at the last second and sends Valkyrie instead.

Valkyrie hits the ropes and comes back with a big lariat—Athena ducks under and cuts behind her, snapping a sharp kick into the back of Valkyrie's knee.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm went right to it!"

Valkyrie turns—Athena fires another kick, this one to the side of the knee. Valkyrie grimaces, tries to grab—Athena slips away and hits a low dropkick that cracks the kneecap and forces Valkyrie to take a knee.

Mark Bravo: "That's the whole plan. Take away the base, take away the lift, take away the brutality."

The crowd roars as Valkyrie drops to one knee, one hand on the mat, anger flashing in her eyes. Athena doesn't celebrate. She pounces.

Athena hits the ropes and comes back with a sliding kick into the calf, then grabs Valkyrie's ankle and twists, dragging her into a tight leg hold—half crab, half torque—cranking the knee inward with real pressure.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm has Valkyrie in trouble—she's attacking the knee and she's not letting go!"

Valkyrie snarls and reaches for Athena's hair, trying to yank her off. Athena adjusts her grip, scoots her hips, and wrenches harder, forcing Valkyrie to shift on the mat.

Valkyrie Knox: "Get... off...!"

Valkyrie drags herself toward the ropes with brute strength—inch by inch—Athena keeps the torque on, refusing to give any free movement. Valkyrie finally gets within reach and grabs the bottom rope.

Referee: "Break!"

Athena releases at four, pops up, and immediately stomps the knee once more before backing away, hands up, bouncing lightly. Valkyrie uses the ropes to rise, jaw tight, leg flexing—and she can't hide it now. The knee is compromised.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie was taking early control... and Athena Storm just halted it by going right after that knee."

Mark Bravo: "That's the blueprint Jade Justice wrote. Athena just picked it up and started turning pages faster."

Valkyrie limps one step forward, trying to mask it with menace. Athena circles, eyes locked on that leg, ready to strike again the moment Valkyrie plants wrong.

Athena Storm doesn't even look at Valkyrie's face—her eyes stay glued to the leg. The moment Valkyrie shifts weight, Athena darts in and snaps a kick into the calf. Valkyrie snarls and swings a forearm—Athena slips outside of it and chops the knee again with a sharp, compact low kick.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm is refusing to let Valkyrie reset. She's living on that knee."

Mark Bravo: "Because she knows what that knee represents—Valkyrie's power. Valkyrie's control. Valkyrie's whole identity tonight."

Valkyrie lunges for a grab—Athena backs out, then immediately darts back in with a low dropkick to the knee that makes Valkyrie's leg buckle. Valkyrie catches herself on the ropes, teeth bared.

Athena sprints in and hits a running knee into Valkyrie's thigh while she's still braced, then snaps a forearm across the upper back to keep Valkyrie turned. Valkyrie tries to turn and swing—Athena ducks behind and yanks the leg out from under her with a chop-block.

John Phillips: "She just keeps cutting her down!"

Valkyrie hits the mat on her side. Athena immediately grabs the ankle and twists, pulling Valkyrie's knee inward and forcing her hips to rotate. Valkyrie's free leg kicks, trying to create space—Athena scoots closer and drops her weight, trapping the leg tighter.

Mark Bravo: "This is pure survival wrestling. Athena isn't trying to win pretty—she's trying to make Valkyrie's leg give out."

Valkyrie reaches for Athena's boot to shove her away—Athena slaps the hand off and torques the knee again. Valkyrie's head lifts, eyes wide with anger, and she drags herself with raw strength toward the ropes.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Enough!"

She gets close—Athena releases before the rope break again and pops up with purpose. Valkyrie tries to stand using the ropes, but that leg trembles as she straightens.

Athena is already there—basement dropkick straight into the kneecap, driving Valkyrie's leg back into the rope and forcing Valkyrie to drop to one knee again.

John Phillips: "Basement dropkick! Athena just slammed that knee again!"

The crowd is loud now—every strike to the knee getting a reaction like a drumbeat. Athena grabs Valkyrie's wrist and pulls her away from the ropes, refusing to let her use them as a crutch, then snaps a quick dragon screw that whips Valkyrie down and makes her clutch at the joint.

Mark Bravo: "Athena's not giving her the ropes. Not giving her a breath. Not giving her a moment to remember she's Valkyrie Knoxx."

Athena drops into a single-leg crab, sitting back just enough to crank the knee and calf, then leans to one side to twist the knee inward. Valkyrie's hands slap at the mat once—frustration, pain, both—then she tries to drag herself forward on her elbows.

Referee: "You wanna quit? You wanna give it up?"

Valkyrie Knoxx: "No!"

Athena increases the torque, jaw clenched, face focused. Valkyrie's breathing becomes louder, more labored, and she finally claws toward the bottom rope again. Athena releases at four, popping up and immediately stomping the knee one more time as Valkyrie reaches.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm is ruthless with that leg. She is refusing to let up."

Mark Bravo: "Because she can feel it—Valkyrie's power is starting to slip. That knee keeps folding, and Athena knows if it folds one more time at the wrong moment, Valkyrie's night ends."

Valkyrie hauls herself up using the ropes, face twisted with anger, leg shaking as she tries to stand tall. Athena circles again, hands up, bouncing, ready to strike the moment Valkyrie puts weight down.

Valkyrie Knox drags herself up with the ropes, jaw clenched so tight it looks painful. She tries to shake the leg out—tries to force stability into it through sheer willpower. The crowd is on its feet, half roaring for Valkyrie's defiance, half begging Athena to finish what she started.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie's been in there through the entire gauntlet—Shannon Ray, Nancy Rhodes, Jade Justice—she's done unbelievable damage... but that knee has taken a beating."

Mark Bravo: "You can dominate a gauntlet and still lose it in one second. One bad step. One buckle. One... nightmare."

Valkyrie steps off the ropes—tries to stalk forward like she's still the monster who ran through the field. Athena circles, hands up, eyes locked on the leg. Valkyrie loads up for a big lariat—

Her knee gives.

It's just a fraction—just enough. But Valkyrie's weight drops and her posture collapses to one knee for the briefest moment.

John Phillips: "Her knee buckled!"

Athena Storm is already moving. She darts in like lightning, cracking a sharp kick into the side of the knee to keep it down, then rebounds off the ropes with speed that Valkyrie can't match on one leg.

Athena launches—spins—

Stormbreaker.

The spinning kick catches Valkyrie flush across the jaw and temple, snapping her sideways. Valkyrie crumples, falling like a building with its supports kicked out.

John Phillips: "STORMBREAKER! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!"

Mark Bravo: "She got all of it! She got ALL of it!"

Athena doesn't hesitate. She dives into the cover, hooking the leg—tight—pressing Valkyrie's shoulders flat as the entire arena leans forward.

Referee: "One... two... three!"

DING DING DING!

John Phillips: "ATHENA STORM DID IT! ATHENA STORM WINS THE GAUNTLET!"

Mark Bravo: "That's unbelievable! Valkyrie Knox bulldozed the whole field, she looked like she was walking straight into the main event, and one buckle—one split second—and Athena Storm stole the whole night!"

Athena rolls off the cover and sits up, hands on her head in disbelief for a moment, breathing hard. Then the realization hits and she stands—arms up—soaking in the roar.

Athena Storm: "Tempe! That was for me!"

The referee raises Athena's hand high. Valkyrie lies on her side, one hand clutching the knee, the other pressed to the mat like she's trying to push the world away. Her eyes are open—staring upward—angry, exhausted, and stunned.

John Phillips: "For Valkyrie Knox... after dominating this entire gauntlet... her dreams of recapturing the UTA Women's Championship are temporarily put on hold."

Mark Bravo: "Temporarily is the key word. Because Valkyrie didn't get beaten tonight—Valkyrie got worn down. But Athena Storm earned it. She targeted, she hunted, she finished."

Athena backs into a corner, still celebrating, pointing to the stage—pointing to the WrestleUTA banner—then drawing a line across her chest like she's marking what comes next.

John Phillips: "And now it's official—Athena Storm goes to the main event of Brand New Day: Day 1 to challenge Marie Van Claudio for the UTA Women's Championship!"

Athena stands tall, the crowd chanting her name, while Valkyrie slowly rolls to the ropes, pulling herself up with grim determination—watching Athena with a look that promises this story isn't over... but for tonight, the gauntlet belongs to the storm.

My Empire

Segment

The camera snaps backstage immediately after the Women's Gauntlet, the noise of the arena still bleeding through the walls. Sweat, adrenaline, and tension hang in the air like smoke.

Melissa Cartwright stands in position with her microphone, composed and professional, but even she looks like she's choosing her words carefully.

Melissa Cartwright: "I'm Melissa Cartwright, and moments ago we witnessed Athena Storm survive the Women's Gauntlet match. Tonight, she'll have the opportunity to challenge Marie Van Claudio in the main event for the UTA Women's Championship."

Melissa turns slightly as the camera widens, revealing her guest—Amy Harrison.

Amy stands with her chin lifted and her posture tight, dressed like the kind of person who believes the room belongs to her. The look on her face isn't just anger—it's offense, like reality has done her wrong. Flanking her is The Empire: Dahlia Cross, Selena Vex, and Rosa Delgado. They're aligned in presence, but there are small tells—subtle glances, shifting expressions—that suggest everything isn't as perfectly synchronized as it used to be.

Melissa Cartwright: "Amy, at Season's Beatings you tapped out to Mari—"

Amy Harrison: "Stop."

Amy cuts her off instantly, voice sharp enough to slice through the backstage noise. Melissa pauses, keeping her composure.

Amy Harrison: "How it happened doesn't matter. Do you understand me?"

Amy steps a half pace closer, eyes narrowed, controlling the space the way she controls conversations.

Amy Harrison: "Yes, I walked out of Season's Beatings without the UTA Women's Championship."

She says it like it's an inconvenience. Like the title didn't leave her, it was stolen in a moment that doesn't count.

Melissa Cartwright: "Athena Storm won the gauntlet. Now she'll face Marie Van Claudio in the main event. How do you feel about that?"

Amy's lips curl into something between a smirk and a sneer.

Amy Harrison: "How do I feel?"

Amy Harrison: "PLEASE."

Amy Harrison: "Athena Storm couldn't even lace Dahlia's boots... much less mine."

Melissa keeps her face neutral, but the camera catches it—Dahlia Cross' expression changes for just a second. Not outrage. Not pride. Something... odd. Like a flicker of irritation she swallows before it becomes visible.

Amy doesn't notice—or doesn't care.

Amy Harrison: "This is a setup."

Amy Harrison: "Scott Stevens wants to hand little miss Marie Van Claudio an easy win."

Amy Harrison: "He wants to keep me away from what I'm owed."

Melissa Cartwright: "So... you do want a rematch?"

Amy's eyes widen like she can't believe the question even exists.

Amy Harrison: "Want?"

Amy Harrison: "I DESERVE one!"

She jabs a finger toward her own chest as the volume in her voice rises, sharp and self-assured.

Amy Harrison: "I carried this division on my back!"

Amy Harrison: "I single-handedly made women's wrestling great again!"

Behind her, there's movement—small, but noticeable. Selena Vex's eyes shift to Rosa Delgado. Rosa's jaw tightens. Dahlia's stare drifts away for a moment, like she's biting down on a thought she doesn't want to show the camera.

Amy Harrison: "And when I get my rematch—WHEN—"

Amy Harrison: "I will walk out with MY title!"

Amy leans into the camera like she's daring someone to argue with her.

Melissa Cartwright: "Tonight, Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado represent The Empire in the Tag Team Turmoil match. What can we expect from them?"

Selena Vex shifts forward, ready to answer. She looks calm, confident, measured—professional.

Selena Vex: "Well... we—"

Amy Harrison: "What a stupid question, Melissa!"

Amy snaps her head toward Melissa, cutting Selena off like she isn't even there. Selena's eyes harden for a split second before she smooths it away.

Amy Harrison: "They're going to WIN."

Amy Harrison: "And they're going to bring the gold back to MY Empire!"

Amy Harrison: "Come on."

Amy shoves past Melissa without apology, brushing by her shoulder as she moves out of frame. Melissa steadies herself, holding her mic tight, face professional but clearly irritated.

The rest of The Empire hesitates. They exchange glances—quick, loaded, silent. Dahlia Cross looks toward Selena and Rosa like she's waiting for a reaction. Selena's lips press into a line. Rosa's eyes narrow.

Then, without a word, they follow after Amy.

John Phillips: "That's... telling."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah. That wasn't unity. That was obedience. And those are not the same thing."

Melissa turns back to the camera, resetting her posture as the hallway behind her empties.

Melissa Cartwright: "Back to you."

Fighting Championship

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to a sleek podium set beneath a focused white light. Everything around it is dimmer, the space intentionally staged to make one thing the entire point of the shot.

On the podium sits the UTA Fighting Championship.

The title gleams—new leather, pristine plates, sharp edges catching the light like a promise and a threat at the same time. A small placard at the base reads simply: FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP.

John Phillips: "There it is."

Mark Bravo: "That's the new title. That's the one everybody's been talking about. The UTA Fighting Championship."

John Phillips: "And tonight, we begin the road to crown the very first Fighting Champion. Two qualifying matches on Day 1—"

Mark Bravo: "—and the winners of those qualifiers will meet on Day 2 to decide who walks out of Brand New Day as the first ever UTA Fighting Champion."

The camera tightens in on the faceplate as Mark's voice rides over it. The plate looks almost ceremonial up close, but the words attached to it make it feel brutal.

John Phillips: "Now, if you're used to UTA rules, you need to understand something—this championship has its own division, and it has its own rule set."

Mark Bravo: "This is not 'win by surprise roll-up and run away' rules."

John Phillips: "Exactly. Fighting Championship matches can only end by submission... or referee stoppage."

Mark Bravo: "Let me say that again for the people in the cheap seats: no pinfalls."

John Phillips: "No pinfalls. No counting three. If you want to win, you have to make someone quit... or you have to damage them so badly the official steps in and stops it."

The camera pulls back just enough to show the belt in full again—beautiful, but now framed like a weapon on display.

John Phillips: "And there's another major wrinkle—rope breaks."

Mark Bravo: "Only one."

John Phillips: "One rope break per competitor, per match. If you're caught in a submission and you grab the rope, the referee will honor it once—"

Mark Bravo: "—but if you grab it a second time? It does not stop the hold. The match continues. You're on your own."

John Phillips: "It forces strategy. It forces composure. And it forces toughness."

Mark Bravo: "Because you can't just panic-grab the rope every time things get uncomfortable. You get one lifeline. After that, you better fight your way out or you're going to sleep."

The camera lingers again on the belt, the light reflecting off the center plate as the crowd noise from the arena hums faintly in the background.

John Phillips: "And winning this championship doesn't just mean holding a new title. There's a long-term incentive built into the division."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah. This is where it gets spicy."

John Phillips: "If the Fighting Champion can successfully defend the title five consecutive times, they can turn in the Fighting Championship—"

Mark Bravo: "—and they get a main title championship match. A shot at the UTA Championship."

John Phillips: "Five straight defenses under these rules. Submission or stoppage. One rope break. No pinfalls. No shortcuts."

Mark Bravo: "That's a ladder made of steel, John. And anybody who climbs it is going to be a problem for the entire company."

John Phillips: "Tonight, we start that journey. Qualifier one—Hakuryu vs. Brick Bronson. Qualifier two—Silas Grimm vs. Kaine."

Mark Bravo: "And if you're watching and thinking, 'Why is this different?'—because this division is built for people who don't want to wrestle safe."

John Phillips: "The UTA Fighting Championship. It begins tonight."

The camera holds on the belt a few seconds longer—silent, gleaming, inevitable—before fading back toward the arena.

Darren Valiant

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to a different interview location than before—no clean backdrop, no staged lighting. This is near the curtain corridor where you can feel the arena through the walls. Cases are stacked, staff hustle by, and the air has that lived-in, pre-match tension.

Melissa Cartwright steps into frame already mid-adjustment, like she had to catch Darren Valiant before he disappeared into the chaos.

Melissa Cartwright: "I'm here now with Darren Valiant—one of the six competitors set for tomorrow night's UTA Contract Ladder Match on Day 2."

Darren Valiant is leaning back against a road case, wrists taped, boots already laced like he's ready to walk out right now if someone says the word. He looks calm—too calm—like the danger tomorrow is something he wants, not something he's trying to survive.

Melissa Cartwright: "Darren, you've watched Jace Van Ardent's introduction tonight. We're meeting new faces. We're seeing what this weekend is shaping into. But tomorrow, you're opening the night in a ladder match for a contract. What's going through your mind right now?"

Darren smirks. He doesn't rush his answer. He looks past the camera for a second, listening to the distant crowd, like he's picturing the climb.

Darren Valiant: "What's going through my mind?"

Darren Valiant: "Honestly?"

Darren Valiant: "Relief."

Melissa blinks, surprised by the word.

Melissa Cartwright: "Relief?"

Darren nods once, casual.

Darren Valiant: "Yeah."

Darren Valiant: "Because tomorrow night, it's not about who's got the best story. It's not about who knows who. It's not about who the crowd already loves."

Darren Valiant: "It's about who can take pain and still climb."

He taps the tape on his wrist like he's checking a weapon.

Darren Valiant: "I can do that."

Mark Bravo: "That's a different kind of confidence. Not 'I'm gonna win'—more like 'this is what I've been waiting for.'"

John Phillips: "The ladder match doesn't care how polished you are. It cares how stubborn you are."

Melissa Cartwright: "You're walking into UTA with five other hungry competitors. Some of them are trying to get their first big break. Some are trying to prove they belong. What's your approach when you're in there with that many bodies and that much chaos?"

Darren's smirk widens like he's enjoying the question.

Darren Valiant: "Don't fall in love with the ladder."

Darren Valiant: "Everybody does. Everybody sees the ladder and starts thinking like it's a staircase to heaven."

Darren Valiant: "But a ladder match is really just six people fighting over timing."

He leans forward now, voice lowering—more serious, less showman.

Darren Valiant: "I'm not gonna waste energy doing something pretty if it doesn't get me closer to the case."

Darren Valiant: "I'm gonna let somebody else do the big dive."

Darren Valiant: "I'm gonna let somebody else take the steel to the spine."

Darren Valiant: "And then when everybody's seeing stars... I'm gonna be the one with enough balance left to climb."

Melissa watches him carefully, picking up on the calculation.

Melissa Cartwright: "That sounds less like confidence and more like strategy."

Darren shrugs.

Darren Valiant: "Same thing, just smarter."

A crew member walks by behind them, and Darren's eyes flick that direction for a split second—alert. Then right back to Melissa. Like he's always tracking motion.

Melissa Cartwright: "There's also pressure, Darren. Because tomorrow isn't just about getting a contract. The winner gets a contract and a shot later that night. Two opportunities in one night. That's a lot."

Darren's expression shifts—less smirk, more intensity.

Darren Valiant: "Good."

Darren Valiant: "I didn't come here for one opportunity."

Darren Valiant: "I came here because I want the kind of weekend people don't stop talking about."

He pushes off the road case and stands upright now, a little taller, a little closer, like the conversation is turning into a promise.

Darren Valiant: "Tomorrow, I don't want to be introduced to the UTA Universe."

Darren Valiant: "Tomorrow, I want the UTA Universe to have to deal with me."

Melissa Cartwright: "Final question. For the fans watching at home—if they haven't seen you before—what's the one thing they need to know about Darren Valiant going into Day 2?"

Darren looks straight into the camera, and the smirk returns—but it's sharper now, almost predatory.

Darren Valiant: "You're gonna see me fall."

Darren Valiant: "You're gonna see me crash."

Darren Valiant: "You're gonna see me get hurt."

Darren Valiant: "And then you're gonna see me climb anyway."

He steps back, adjusts his jacket, and nods once to Melissa like the interview is done on his terms.

Melissa Cartwright: "Darren Valiant—tomorrow night, Day 2, in the UTA Contract Ladder Match."

Darren turns and walks off into the corridor, swallowed by the moving bodies and equipment cases, while Melissa watches him go—like she just realized he isn't here to make friends, he's here to make a mark.

Hakuryu vs. Brick Bronson

Match

The camera sweeps across Mullett Arena—Tempe loud, bright, restless—every section packed and buzzing with that "first big show of the year" electricity. The ring looks smaller under the lights. The ropes feel tighter. The mat feels stiffer. The kind of atmosphere where people don't just watch—they lean forward.

John Phillips: "Welcome to Brand New Day: 2026—Day One! Tempe, Arizona, Mullett Arena... and Mark, this isn't just a show. It's a statement."

Mark Bravo: "Two nights, John. Two nights where you don't just win—you change your whole year. You mess around this weekend and you don't just lose a match... you lose the plot."

A graphic flashes: FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP QUALIFIER — "SUBMISSION OR REFEREE STOPPAGE ONLY." Beneath it, in bold: "ONE ROPE BREAK PER COMPETITOR."

John Phillips: "And we are kicking this off with Fighting Championship qualifying rules. Submission or referee stoppage—no pinfalls. No count-outs. No shortcuts."

Mark Bravo: "And don't forget the rope break rule, baby. You get ONE. One rope break like it's a golden ticket. You grab again? Ref's not stopping anything. That's not a warning, that's a death sentence."

John Phillips: "It forces decisions. You burn it early, you might survive... but you're living on borrowed time."

The lights in the arena begin to bleed into red—deep, industrial, oppressive. The crowd shifts as a heavy, grinding guitar tone hits the speakers.

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh, I know that sound. That's not music, that's a factory accident."

"Walk With Me In Hell" by Lamb of God swells through the building. The red lights pulse in time with the beat like warning strobes. Smoke rolls low at the stage.

John Phillips: "Former UTA Champion—Brick Bronson."

Brick steps through the curtain like he's stepping onto a job site. No theatrics. No swagger. Jaw clenched, eyes locked on the ring. He cracks his knuckles once... then again, slower, like he's testing the joints before a fight. His shoulders

roll as he walks, a big man carrying himself like a bigger one.

Mark Bravo: "That man looks like he was poured into a mold made of concrete and bad intentions."

John Phillips: "Bronson has never needed flash. He's catch wrestling, MMA background—he's pressure and punishment. And tonight, he's walking into a ruleset that rewards exactly that."

Brick pauses at the top of the ramp, staring down the aisle like it's a hallway in a prison. He doesn't look left. He doesn't acknowledge the crowd. He just starts the march—slow stomps that land heavy, each one timed like a metronome.

Mark Bravo: "People hear 'submission or stoppage only' and think, 'Oh, that favors the submission guy.' Nah. This favors the guy who can make the ref feel guilty for letting it continue."

John Phillips: "And Bronson's submission is no joke. That Steel Vice—full nelson, body scissors—once he clamps it, it's less a hold and more a vice grip."

Brick reaches ringside and plants a hand on the apron, looking into the ring like he's measuring it. He doesn't slide in. He steps up the steel stairs, one step at a time, never taking his eyes off the canvas. He wipes his boots on the apron like it matters. Like this is his space now.

Mark Bravo: "Look at him. He's not even in yet and he already looks annoyed that there's oxygen being wasted."

Brick steps through the ropes—no bounce, no stretch—just a straight entry like he's walking into a fight club. He circles once, slow, then stops in his corner and grips the top rope with both hands. He leans forward, cracking his neck side to side, eyes narrowed.

John Phillips: "Bronson has been on the biggest stages this company has to offer. He knows what pressure feels like. But tonight... it's not pressure. It's a test."

Mark Bravo: "And it's a test where you don't pass by being pretty. You pass by making the other guy quit... or making the referee save him from himself."

Brick rolls his shoulders again and gives a short, humorless exhale—almost a scoff—as he stares toward the entrance ramp, seeing his opponent for the first time only in theory... not in person.

John Phillips: "And he's waiting on a debut tonight. A man who demanded this match as part of signing on the dotted line."

Mark Bravo: "That's either confidence... or that's insanity."

The red wash fades from the arena and is replaced by something colder—white light cut through with a pale blue tint, like the building has been drained of warmth. The crowd noise shifts into a curious murmur. Brick Bronson remains in his corner, forearms on the top rope, expression set in that familiar blend of patience and menace.

John Phillips: "We've heard the name all week. We've heard the whispers. But this is the first time UTA is seeing him in the flesh."

Mark Bravo: "And I'm telling you right now—if you 'demand' a qualifier against Brick Bronson as part of your contract? You either know something we don't... or you're about to learn something you won't forget."

The video wall flickers to life—minimal, stark. A brushstroke-style emblem blooms across the screen in black ink, then bleeds into crimson. The audio that follows isn't a song you sing to. It's a low ceremonial chant layered over a heavy, deliberate beat—like footsteps in a long hallway. The lighting narrows into a single white spotlight aimed at the stage.

John Phillips: "And... there they are."

First through the curtain is Sinja.

Sinja moves with purpose—calm, composed—carrying himself like someone who has already decided what the story is and is simply here to ensure it's told correctly. He doesn't play to the crowd. He doesn't posture. He looks straight down the ramp, then back over his shoulder toward the curtain as if presenting the stage for someone more important to step through.

Mark Bravo: "That's Sinja. And you don't bring a disciple like that unless you believe you're walking in with a mission."

John Phillips: "A loyal disciple in that manager role—someone who's clearly part of Hakuryu's world. And look at the way Sinja carries himself... he's not a hype man. He's a handler."

Then Hakuryu appears.

No sprint. No grand gestures. Just a smooth, controlled step into the light—like he's stepping onto a board he's already broken a hundred times. The crowd doesn't know whether to boo or stare, so they do both. Hakuryu's gaze doesn't drift. It doesn't wander. It goes directly to the ring... directly to Brick Bronson.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu—making his UTA debut. And word is he didn't ask for this match... he required it."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, that's not 'give me a chance.' That's 'give me proof.'"

Sinja steps slightly to the side on the ramp, letting Hakuryu take the center line. He stays a half pace behind, not because he's lesser—because he's positioned. Ready to intervene verbally, ready to direct, ready to protect the plan.

Hakuryu starts down the aisle at a measured pace. The camera gets close and you can see the calm in his face—not serenity, not peace—control. Like a fighter who is already past the adrenaline and into the execution. Sinja's eyes scan the ring, the official, the corners, taking inventory.

John Phillips: "This is not a normal debut feel. There's a discipline to it."

Mark Bravo: "There's a cult vibe to it, John. And I don't mean robes and candles. I mean: 'we have a system, and you're about to be a demonstration.'"

Brick Bronson pushes off the ropes and steps toward the center, finally moving—finally acknowledging. He tilts his head slightly, lips curling into a small chuckle like he's seeing a new tool he's about to test.

John Phillips: "Bronson's smiling. That's not good."

Mark Bravo: "That's the laugh you do when you think you're about to big-brother somebody."

Hakuryu reaches ringside and stops. He looks at the steps... then ignores them. He places a hand on the apron and pulls himself up in one smooth motion, stepping onto the apron like it's a calm surface—no bounce, no show. Sinja remains on the floor, directly behind him, close enough to speak into the moment but far enough not to draw the referee's immediate attention.

Sinja: "Remember. One rope break. Do not waste it."

Hakuryu doesn't respond with words. Just a slight nod—barely visible. He steps through the ropes and into the ring.

Now the contrast hits.

Brick is thick, grounded, heavy-footed power. Hakuryu is stillness—quiet tension. They meet at the center and for a long beat nobody moves. The crowd noise rises in anticipation.

John Phillips: "First time ever—Bronson and Hakuryu—under Fighting Championship rules. Submission or stoppage. One rope break each."

Mark Bravo: "And let me say it again because it matters: you grab a rope once, you get saved once. You do it again? The ref doesn't care. The hold stays. That changes everything."

The referee brings them in and points with a raised finger—one rope break—making them acknowledge it. Brick nods, eyes never leaving Hakuryu. Hakuryu gives the faintest nod, eyes like glass.

Referee: "You understand the rules? Submission or stoppage only. One rope break each."

Brick Bronson: "Yeah."

Hakuryu nods.

Sinja, at ringside, folds his arms and watches the referee's hands like he's watching a timer begin.

The referee backs away. The timekeeper nods.

DING DING!

And Brick Bronson immediately steps forward to find out how real Hakuryu's demand actually was.

Brick Bronson doesn't waste a second. The bell rings and he's already stepping into Hakuryu's space—shoulders forward, hands up, chin tucked—testing the distance like a fighter in the first round of a sparring session.

John Phillips: "Bronson coming forward fast—he wants to establish control early."

Mark Bravo: "That's what veterans do. You don't let the debut guy find comfort. You make him breathe your air."

Brick snaps into the first tie-up—collar and elbow—and immediately drives Hakuryu backward with raw strength. Hakuryu absorbs it without panic, heels skimming the canvas, body angled like he's allowing the push... but not surrendering position. Brick leans in harder, trying to bully him to the corner.

John Phillips: "Brick is just shoving him—powering him back!"

Hakuryu's back touches the turnbuckles. The referee moves in quickly, hands raised, calling for a clean break. Brick keeps pressure for a beat too long, forearm across Hakuryu's collarbone, then releases with a half-step back and a short chuckle—like he's amused that the referee is even necessary.

Mark Bravo: "Bronson already laughing at him. That's disrespect."

Hakuryu doesn't respond. No expression. No glare. Just a small shift of his feet—re-centering—eyes locked on Brick's chest, not his face. Sinja at ringside leans forward slightly, watching the distance between their hips and shoulders like he's reading the opening notes of a song.

Brick steps back in and slaps at Hakuryu's lead hand, then reaches for a waistlock—Hakuryu pivots out with a quick turn, slipping just enough to deny the grip. Brick grabs at him again—this time hooking an arm around the neck and grinding him into a side headlock, squeezing tight and cinching it like it's a statement: you will carry my weight.

John Phillips: "Side headlock—Brick clamping down early."

Mark Bravo: "That's not a rest hold tonight. Not with Bronson. That's a message: 'I'm stronger than you and you're going to feel it in your jaw.'"

Hakuryu's hands come up to Brick's hip and ribs, measuring leverage. He tries to step behind for a lift—Brick widens his stance, heavy as a post in concrete. Brick grinds the headlock tighter, jaw clenched, eyes scanning like he's waiting for Hakuryu to panic.

Hakuryu doesn't panic.

He steps, shifts, and suddenly shoves Brick into the ropes—hard. Brick hits and rebounds with speed... and Hakuryu drops low, snapping a sharp trip at the knee on the return. Brick catches himself but stumbles, forced to plant awkwardly. Hakuryu doesn't celebrate it—he simply follows, hands already reaching for the leg.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu went for the base—quick trip, quick disruption!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the first real glimpse. He's not trying to out-muscle Brick. He's trying to make Brick's power unusable."

Brick jerks the leg back and swings a heavy forearm—Hakuryu slips it by inches, then snaps a short kick into Brick's thigh. Another. Brick turns his hips and swats at him again, annoyed now, trying to bring Hakuryu back into a clinch.

John Phillips: "Bronson swinging big—he wants one clean collision!"

Hakuryu ducks under the arm and catches Brick's wrist—brief control—then releases it immediately and backs out, forcing Brick to turn and follow. Brick's mouth curls again—another small laugh—like he's daring Hakuryu to stand still long enough to be hit.

Brick Bronson: "C'mon."

Hakuryu gives him nothing. Not a word. Not a gesture. Just that steady stare and a measured step forward.

Brick shoots again—this time lower—arms wrapping around the waist for a takedown. Hakuryu sprawls fast, hips dropping, weight pouring onto Brick's shoulders. Brick grunts and tries to power through anyway—muscling up, inching Hakuryu toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Sprawl by Hakuryu—good defense!"

Mark Bravo: "Bronson doesn't care. He's going to drag you where he wants you even if it costs him oxygen."

Brick keeps driving—Hakuryu's hand shoots out and touches the top rope instinctively for balance, but he doesn't grab it. He catches himself, re-anchors his base, and circles off, using Brick's forward momentum against him.

Hakuryu snaps down on the back of Brick's neck—just a quick snap—then immediately returns to the leg, catching Brick's knee and twisting it into a tight, abrupt crank. Brick drops to a knee, surprised at how fast the pressure arrives.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu with a knee crank! That came out of nowhere!"

Mark Bravo: "And this is where the rope break rule starts living in your head, John. Because if you get caught and you reach once... you better not need it again later."

Brick grits his teeth and shoves Hakuryu off—hard—then rises and storms back in, trying to reassert that early dominance before Hakuryu can settle into this surgical pace.

Brick comes forward like a storm front. No more measuring. No more testing. He closes the gap and hammers Hakuryu with a clubbing forearm across the upper back, then another that snaps Hakuryu forward. Hakuryu absorbs the impact with a small bend at the knees—never falling, never flinching in a way that gives Brick satisfaction.

John Phillips: "Bronson turning up the violence—he's trying to shut down the technique with force."

Mark Bravo: "That's the veteran response. If you can't solve the puzzle, you smash the table."

Brick grabs Hakuryu by the back of the head and drives him into the corner, shoulder first into the ribs. Hakuryu's body jolts. Brick follows with a second shoulder, then a third, grinding his weight in like he's trying to fold Hakuryu in half against the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Brick is making him carry that weight."

Mark Bravo: "And remember—no pinfalls. There's no 'get it over with' cover. You're just taking damage until you either quit or go out."

The referee steps in, demanding a break. Brick backs up a step, hands open like he's innocent... then the moment the referee turns, Brick chops Hakuryu across the chest with a loud crack. The crowd reacts—some cheers, some boos. Brick's grin is brief and mean.

John Phillips: "Cheap shot on the break!"

Mark Bravo: "Welcome to fight rules. You break when the ref makes you break."

Hakuryu's chest rises once, controlled. He steps out of the corner. Brick swings again—big right—Hakuryu slips inside the arc and snaps a short strike to Brick's ribs, then another to the inner thigh. Brick tries to grab him—Hakuryu pivots, catching Brick's arm and rolling his shoulder through with a tight arm drag that sends Bronson down to a knee.

John Phillips: "Arm drag! Hakuryu got him down!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the debut right there. He's not matching power—he's redirecting it."

Brick surges up immediately and charges for a clinch. Hakuryu ducks under and angles behind, snapping a quick kick to the back of Brick's knee. Brick's leg buckles just enough—just enough—and Hakuryu latches onto the leg, threading his arms around the ankle and shin.

Hakuryu drops his weight and twists, pulling Brick's foot in tight and turning the knee inward. Brick's face hardens instantly—this isn't a hold to pose in. This is a hold to damage.

John Phillips: "Ankle and knee torque—Hakuryu is targeting the base again!"

Mark Bravo: "He's trying to take away the engine. You can't drive a truck with a busted wheel."

Brick reaches down, trying to pry the grip loose with brute force. Hakuryu keeps his head tight against the leg, hands locked, pressure climbing. Brick rolls, trying to spin out—Hakuryu follows, staying attached like a clamp.

Brick finally shoves with his free boot and creates space, kicking Hakuryu off. Hakuryu slides back on the mat, still calm, still measured, and rises without drama.

Brick rises too—slower—and you can see the first hint of irritation. Not fear. Not panic. Annoyance that he's being made to think.

Brick Bronson: "Alright."

Brick bull-rushes again—this time he catches Hakuryu clean. He wraps him up and drives him into the turnbuckles, then scoops him with a burst of power and slams him down hard in the center of the ring. The mat pops. Hakuryu's shoulders hit flat.

John Phillips: "Big slam by Bronson! He finally got a clean collision!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what he wanted. He wants Hakuryu to feel gravity."

Brick doesn't go for a cover—there's no point. Instead, he drops to a knee beside Hakuryu and immediately starts hunting for something more sinister. He threads an arm under Hakuryu's chin and begins to cinch for a front facelock, testing for a guillotine angle.

John Phillips: "Now Bronson is thinking submission—front headlock, guillotine pressure—"

Brick tightens and pulls Hakuryu's head up off the mat, forcing the neck to bear the strain. Hakuryu's hands come up—calm, deliberate—fighting the grip at the wrist and elbow rather than panicking at the throat.

Mark Bravo: "You see it? Hakuryu isn't scrambling. He's dissecting the grip."

Brick adjusts, trying to lock it deeper. He sprawls his legs back a bit, increasing downward pressure, trying to fold Hakuryu's head under his chest. The referee circles close, watching for a tap or a fade.

John Phillips: "This is where it gets dangerous—Bronson can squeeze a man unconscious."

Hakuryu shifts his hips and slides a knee under himself. He pushes upward—just enough—to relieve pressure. Brick hammers him with a short forearm to the back of the head, then re-cinches tighter.

Mark Bravo: "Brick's not letting him breathe for free."

At ringside, Sinja leans in, eyes locked on Hakuryu's hands and posture, reading the moment like a clock. He says nothing. He doesn't need to. The intensity of his stare feels like instruction.

Hakuryu plants a foot and rises—slowly—carrying Brick's weight. Brick tries to sprawl back down—Hakuryu turns, twists, and suddenly snaps Brick forward, sending him into the ropes with a sharp shove. Brick bounces off—Hakuryu drops low again, aiming for the leg—

but Brick anticipates it this time and stomps down with a heavy boot, catching Hakuryu's shoulder and forcing him to pull back.

John Phillips: "Bronson stuffed the shot!"

Mark Bravo: "Now it's getting interesting. Brick's adapting."

Brick steps in and clubs Hakuryu again—then grabs him for another slam—looking to keep him on the mat where those leg attacks can't get started as easily.

Brick hauls Hakuryu up by the arm and yanks him chest-to-chest, trying to fold him into another power sequence. Hakuryu shifts his weight at the last second and slips a half-step behind, denying the clean lift. Brick tries again—Hakuryu's posture stays tight, hips back, like he's refusing to be picked up.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu is not giving Brick the leverage he wants."

Mark Bravo: "He's moving like a guy who hates being carried. Brick wants to make him airborne. Hakuryu's like, 'No thanks.'"

Brick changes plans—he clubs Hakuryu down with a forearm and snaps on a side headlock again, grinding it tight and walking him toward the center. He plants his feet and squeezes like he's trying to compress Hakuryu's skull.

John Phillips: "Back to that headlock pressure. Brick is trying to sap him."

Hakuryu's hands immediately go to Brick's wrist and forearm—calm, surgical. He slides his hips, steps his outside foot across, and in one smooth motion he drops his weight and snaps Brick forward with a hip toss—clean, efficient. Brick hits the mat on his back and pops up to a seated position, irritated.

Mark Bravo: "That was beautiful. That was a 'you don't own me' throw."

Hakuryu doesn't pause. He's already on the leg again—hooking Brick's ankle and dragging it toward him, trying to turn the knee inward. Brick kicks free and swings a big right hand—Hakuryu slips it and answers with a short, sharp kick to the inside of Brick's thigh, then another to the calf.

John Phillips: "Inside thigh, calf—Hakuryu is chopping the tree down."

Mark Bravo: "And Brick is a big tree. But big trees fall hard when the trunk gives out."

Brick snarls and storms forward, finally catching Hakuryu with a stiff forearm across the jaw that rocks him back. Brick follows immediately with a second forearm, then a third—each one heavier than the last—driving Hakuryu toward the corner again.

John Phillips: "Bronson with the forearms—Hakuryu's head snapped back on that one!"

Brick pins Hakuryu in the corner and unloads body shots—short, compact, ugly. Hakuryu's ribs take the punishment; the crowd reacts with every thud. Brick shifts his grip and suddenly tries to lift—looking for a corner throw or a big slam.

Mark Bravo: "Here we go—Brick's trying to elevate him."

Hakuryu braces—one boot on the mat, the other pressing against the bottom turnbuckle for leverage—denying the lift

just long enough to get his hands onto Brick's wrist. He twists, rolls his shoulder through, and snakes out of the corner at an angle—escaping without panic.

Brick turns—Hakuryu is already moving, and he snaps a quick, low kick into Brick's knee. Brick's leg bends awkwardly; he catches himself, but the irritation is growing. The crowd can feel the tide—Bronson's power is there, but it's being taxed.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu is making Brick reset every time. That's huge."

Brick finally grabs Hakuryu and shoves him hard into the ropes—Hakuryu rebounds—Brick swings for a lariat—Hakuryu ducks and keeps running, then pivots on the next rebound and snaps a sharp dropkick low into Brick's knee. Brick's knee buckles and he drops to one knee again, forced down by the cumulative damage.

Mark Bravo: "There it is! That knee is getting compromised!"

John Phillips: "And that changes Bronson's whole arsenal—"

Hakuryu immediately clamps onto Brick from behind—waistlock—trying to pull him backward. Brick fights it, widening his base, but the knee won't let him sink fully. Hakuryu switches grips, hooks the leg, and drags Brick down into a kneebar-like trap—torquing the leg while keeping his own hips tight to prevent Brick from rolling free.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu has the leg trapped—this is dangerous!"

Mark Bravo: "And remember: only one rope break. That rope is starting to look real friendly right now."

Brick roars and punches at Hakuryu's grip—fists slamming down into the forearms—trying to break the hold by force. Hakuryu absorbs the strikes and adjusts, tightening the angle. Brick's face contorts—his first real flash of pain.

Brick starts inching, dragging himself toward the ropes with his free leg. It's not graceful—it's desperate strength. His fingertips reach... reach... and finally—he grabs the bottom rope.

John Phillips: "Rope break! Brick used it!"

Mark Bravo: "That's it! That's the one! You just spent your lifeline, big man!"

The referee immediately steps in, hands on Hakuryu's shoulder and forearm, demanding the break. Hakuryu releases—clean, immediate—no argument, no lingering. He stands and takes one slow step back, eyes locked on Brick as Bronson clutches at his knee and pulls himself upright with the ropes.

John Phillips: "That is massive. Bronson has no rope breaks left."

Mark Bravo: "Now every hold is a crisis. Now every time Hakuryu touches that leg, Brick has to fight or die in the center."

Brick rises, jaw clenched, breathing heavier. He shakes his head like he's trying to throw the pain off. Hakuryu remains still—patient—like he just got the information he wanted.

Brick pushes off the ropes and charges, trying to reclaim momentum before that realization can settle in.

Brick charges with urgency now—because the math changed. He closes the distance and tries to turn it into a brawl, swinging a heavy forearm that catches Hakuryu across the chest and drives him back a step. Hakuryu's shoulders rock with the impact, but he doesn't stumble far. He just absorbs it... and stays there.

John Phillips: "Bronson is trying to overwhelm him—he knows he just spent his rope break and he can't get caught again."

Mark Bravo: "When a big man realizes the ropes aren't a parachute anymore, he starts throwing bricks. No pun intended."

Brick grabs Hakuryu by the wrist and whips him hard into the corner. Hakuryu hits the turnbuckles, chest lifting with the contact. Brick barrels in, looking for a corner avalanche—Hakuryu slips out at the last possible moment, sliding to the side like a shadow.

Brick hits the turnbuckles with his shoulder and ribs, the impact jolting through him. He turns—and Hakuryu is already there, chopping at the compromised knee with a brutal, low kick that makes Brick's leg dip.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu went right back to the knee!"

Mark Bravo: "Of course he did. That's the button. That's the off switch."

Brick tries to answer with a wild lariat—Hakuryu ducks and moves behind again, hands locking around Brick's waist. Brick grits his teeth and fights it—trying to peel the hands—but the knee betrays him again as he tries to widen his base.

Hakuryu switches tactics—he hooks Brick's leg and sweeps, taking him down to the mat on his side. Brick hits and immediately tries to roll away to space, but Hakuryu stays attached, sliding up the body into a tight front headlock position. He threads his arm deep, shoulder pressing into Brick's jawline, and begins to cinch for a guillotine.

John Phillips: "Guillotine attempt—Hakuryu trying to choke him out!"

Mark Bravo: "And Brick has no rope break now. If this gets locked, he either breaks the grip or he's going to sleep."

Brick's hands go to Hakuryu's wrists immediately, trying to create space at the choke. He pushes, pries, and then—because brute force is his language—he rises, hauling Hakuryu up with him, trying to turn it into a lift and a slam to break the hold.

Hakuryu stays tight, legs wrapping around Brick's waist to keep his weight close. Brick staggers, face reddening, trying to breathe through pressure. He takes two heavy steps... and drops, driving Hakuryu down with a rough slam. The ring rattles.

John Phillips: "Bronson slammed him to break it!"

Mark Bravo: "That's how you answer a choke—gravity!"

The slam forces the hold to loosen. Brick rips his neck free and rolls to his knees, sucking air. Hakuryu rises too—quickly—still silent, eyes never leaving Brick.

Brick fires first—short forearm to the jaw. Hakuryu's head snaps slightly. Brick adds another, then grabs for a clinch, trying to muscle Hakuryu into a front facelock of his own.

John Phillips: "Brick wants to get back to his control—"

Brick cinches, trying to drag Hakuryu down—Hakuryu's hands slide to Brick's elbow and wrist, and he twists out just enough to shoot behind again, this time pulling Brick backward into a tight waistlock. Brick tries to throw an elbow back—Hakuryu ducks it and immediately trips the damaged leg again.

Brick goes down to a knee. Hakuryu drops with him, threading his arms around the shin and ankle—tight—and rolls into a heel hook-like torque, twisting the foot inward as the knee takes the stress.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu has it again—heel and knee torque!"

Mark Bravo: "This is where you start thinking about your future, John. Because if Brick doesn't get out, that knee might not just hurt tonight—it might stop working."

Brick's face tightens. He reaches for the ropes instinctively—then catches himself mid-reach, realizing it doesn't matter. His hand hovers... then curls into a fist instead. He drags himself, trying to roll through the pressure, trying to turn his hips the opposite direction to relieve the twist.

Hakuryu adjusts with him, staying glued, keeping the angle. No wasted motion. No theatrics. Just pressure.

John Phillips: "Bronson can't go to the ropes—he's got to fight out!"

Brick finally hammers down with both fists at Hakuryu's grip—punching at the hands, trying to force separation. Hakuryu releases at the last moment—not out of mercy, but out of choice—and rolls away as Brick scrambles to his feet, clutching his knee, breathing like a man who just realized this match is slipping out of his control.

Mark Bravo: "That release is scary. That wasn't 'I can't hold it.' That was 'I'm not done yet.'"

Brick, furious now, limps forward and swings—Hakuryu ducks and snaps a sharp kick to the back of the knee. Brick's leg buckles—he drops to one knee again. Hakuryu moves in, chest-to-back, and clamps a forearm across Brick's jawline from behind—starting to set the angle for something even worse.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu is climbing up the body—looking for a choke from behind!"

Brick's hands fly up to fight the grip as Hakuryu tightens his positioning, the referee circling closer now, eyes darting between Brick's face and the hold, ready to intervene if Brick stops defending himself.

Sinja at ringside stays still—silent, watchful—like he's waiting for the exact moment the fight becomes inevitable.

Brick fights the grip immediately—both hands clawing at Hakuryu's forearm as Hakuryu cinches from behind, trying to slide his arm under the chin. Brick's posture is stubborn, thick-necked, refusing to give a clean line. Hakuryu doesn't force it recklessly—he adjusts, patient, shifting his weight like a lockpicker moving from pin to pin.

John Phillips: "Bronson is doing the right thing—two hands on the choking arm, don't let it sink in."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah but here's the problem: Brick is fighting from one knee, and Hakuryu looks like he could do this all night."

Brick finally surges upward with raw power, dragging Hakuryu with him. He stomps forward and tries to back Hakuryu into the corner, hoping to crush him against the turnbuckles and shake him loose. The crowd rises as Brick's momentum builds—two steps, three—Hakuryu still latched on.

Brick hits the corner hard. The turnbuckles jolt. Hakuryu's grip loosens for half a second—Brick reaches back and catches an arm, trying to peel him off.

John Phillips: "Bronson might have created a break—"

Hakuryu slides off to the side—still behind the leg—and as Brick turns, Hakuryu snaps a brutal low kick into the inside of the damaged knee again. Brick's face twists; his leg dips. Hakuryu immediately sweeps the other leg, taking Brick down to the mat in a controlled spill, then drops his weight across Brick's hips to stop him from scrambling away.

Mark Bravo: "Every time Brick thinks he escaped, Hakuryu just cashes the knee again. That's like interest on a loan."

Hakuryu switches position—threading his arms around Brick's upper body—and suddenly slides his forearm across Brick's face and jaw, not under the chin this time—across the mouth and cheekbone—turning it into a crushing face-and-neck pressure as he starts to drag Brick into a seated position.

John Phillips: "This is nasty—he's compressing the face, the jaw, the neck—"

Mark Bravo: "That's the kind of hold that makes you tap just so your teeth stay where they are."

Brick grunts and tries to shake his head free, but Hakuryu's positioning is tight. Brick reaches for the ropes again out of habit—his fingers brush the bottom rope—then he yanks his own hand back as if touching it burns. He has to solve it the hard way.

Brick bucks his hips, trying to dislodge Hakuryu's base. Hakuryu rides it, then shifts—fast—sliding to the side and

hooking Brick's arm into a tight trap. In one fluid motion, Hakuryu transitions into a grounded arm-and-shoulder crank—wrenching Brick's arm behind his back at an angle that makes the shoulder scream.

John Phillips: "Arm trapped—shoulder torque! Hakuryu is chaining submissions now!"

Mark Bravo: "This is where the debut becomes real. This is not survival. This is a plan."

Brick clenches his jaw and tries to roll—Hakuryu follows again, keeping the arm pinned. Brick's breathing gets louder, sharper. The referee drops close, asking the only question that matters.

Referee: "You good? You good?"

Brick doesn't answer with words. He answers by trying to fight out—grabbing Hakuryu's wrist and trying to peel the grip loose. Hakuryu adjusts and tightens. Brick's legs kick, his free hand slaps at the mat once—hard—more frustration than submission—but the sound makes the crowd tense.

John Phillips: "That was not a tap, but it sure sounded like one."

Mark Bravo: "That's the sound of a man realizing he's running out of options."

Brick finally jerks his shoulder and twists, rolling through with brute strength—forcing the hold to loosen just enough to yank his arm free. He scrambles to his knees, then to his feet, shaking the arm out, limping and breathing heavy.

Hakuryu rises at the same time—calm—eyes steady—no emotion on his face. Brick stares at him for a beat, then barks a short laugh like he can't believe this is happening.

Brick Bronson: "Alright... alright."

Brick rushes him and finally lands a clean forearm to the jaw that snaps Hakuryu's head to the side. Brick follows with a second forearm, then a third—forcing Hakuryu backward. Brick grabs for the waist—looking for a big slam, something definitive—something that reasserts the world order.

John Phillips: "Bronson is trying to go power—big move incoming!"

Brick lifts—Hakuryu slips behind on the way up, landing on his feet. Brick turns—Hakuryu cracks the knee again with a sharp kick. Brick's leg buckles—Hakuryu doesn't wait—he snaps a fast takedown, dragging Brick down and immediately locking his arms around Brick's neck from the side—this time the guillotine angle is cleaner, tighter.

John Phillips: "Guillotine—this is deeper than before!"

Mark Bravo: "And Brick has no rope break. None. This is fight-or-fade."

Brick's hands go to the wrist, trying to pry space, but Hakuryu's squeeze looks methodical—like he's tightening a valve. Brick tries to rise—his damaged knee wobbles. He can't get a stable base. He drops back down, trapped in the center.

The referee circles closer, watching Brick's eyes, watching his hands, watching if the fight is leaving him.

Sinja remains at ringside, still and focused, like he's watching a demonstration reach its final slide.

Brick's face is turning that ugly shade—red creeping up under the sweat as he tries to breathe through the guillotine. His right hand claws at Hakuryu's wrist, trying to pry a pocket of air. His left hand presses against Hakuryu's hip, trying to create space by force. Hakuryu's legs are posted wide, base stable, weight angled just right so the choke isn't just on the throat—it's on the whole system.

John Phillips: "This is tight. This is not just pain—this is oxygen."

Mark Bravo: "And Brick's knee is a problem. He can't stand and slam his way out. He can't run to ropes. He's stuck in the middle of the ring in a rule set that punishes panic."

Brick tries one last veteran escape—he rolls, dragging Hakuryu with him, trying to turn the choke into a scramble.

Hakuryu follows the roll, never losing position, tightening the angle as they rotate. Brick ends up on his side, then his knees... then he tries to stand—leg shaking—only to drop again as Hakuryu's squeeze bites deeper.

The crowd noise rises into a steady roar—people can see it now. Brick Bronson is fighting, but he's fighting against the clock in his own head.

John Phillips: "Bronson is fading—"

Brick's hand, still trying to pry the grip, starts to slip. His fingers stop being precise and start being desperate. Hakuryu's forearm stays locked. No show. No flourish. Just pressure. The referee drops to his knees, inches away from Brick's face, watching his eyes for that blankness.

Referee: "Brick! Show me something! Brick, you have to show me something!"

Brick tries—he shakes his head, forcing a small movement, forcing a blink. He slaps his own hand against Hakuryu's forearm, not a tap—more like a frantic attempt to communicate that he's still in the fight. But his body is betraying him. The knee can't stabilize. The neck can't breathe. The strength is running out.

Mark Bravo: "That's not a tap... but that's not a good sign either."

Brick's posture sags. His shoulder drops. His eyes lose focus for a half second—then another. The referee looks at Brick's arm... looks at his eyes... looks at Hakuryu's grip.

John Phillips: "The referee is watching closely—this could be a stoppage!"

Brick's hand falls to the mat. Not dramatically. Just... drops. Like the effort finally ran out.

The referee immediately grabs Brick's wrist and lifts his arm once—Brick's arm falls. The referee lifts it again—Brick's arm falls again, heavier.

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh... oh no."

The referee doesn't hesitate a third time. He waves his arms and steps in, grabbing Hakuryu's shoulder and prying him off.

DING DING DING!

John Phillips: "It's over! Referee stoppage! Hakuryu wins on debut!"

Mark Bravo: "He just put Brick Bronson to sleep! Brick Bronson! Former UTA Champion!"

Hakuryu releases immediately and rises to his feet without expression. He takes one slow step back, eyes still on Brick as the referee signals the stoppage. Brick rolls onto his side, coughing, sucking in air like it's the first time he's ever tasted it.

Sinja steps closer at ringside—not climbing in, not celebrating wildly—just approaching like a man who expected the outcome and is now confirming it happened exactly as planned. He watches Brick's condition, then looks up at the referee's signal, then back to Hakuryu.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu advances to Day Two—one win away from becoming the first ever UTA Fighting Champion."

Mark Bravo: "And I need everyone to understand what we just saw. That wasn't lucky. That wasn't 'caught him.' That was methodical. He targeted the knee, burned Brick's rope break, and then choked him out when Brick had nowhere left to go."

Brick sits up, still woozy, eyes hard with frustration. He looks up at Hakuryu—trying to process it. Hakuryu doesn't gloat. He doesn't speak. He just stands there, composed, like the entire match was a requirement, not a war.

John Phillips: "A debut that changes the conversation. Hakuryu has arrived."

MVC Arrives

Segment

The camera cuts to the exterior arrival lane outside the Mullett Arena. Night air, bright overhead lights, and a steady stream of production staff moving equipment like clockwork. The sound of the crowd inside is a distant rumble, like thunder behind the walls.

John Phillips: "Alright, folks—this is what Day 1 of Brand New Day looks like. The building is alive, the stakes are real, and tonight's main event is set."

Mark Bravo: "And here comes the champ. You can always tell. The whole vibe changes."

A black SUV rolls to a stop at the curb. The door opens... and Marie Van Claudio steps out.

She's dressed sharp—confidence tailored into every line. Hair immaculate, posture perfect. She doesn't rush. She doesn't need to. A couple fans behind the barricade start calling her name, phones up, reaching out for a moment.

Marie turns her head with a practiced glance—part acknowledgment, part assessment. A small smile appears, the kind that says she's heard it all before and still expects to hear more.

Then the UTA Women's Championship comes into view—carried over her shoulder, held with a natural ease that only comes when you truly believe it belongs to you.

John Phillips: "There she is. UTA Women's Champion, Marie Van Claudio."

Mark Bravo: "And look at her—she's not walking into the building like she's hoping to keep that title. She's walking in like she already has."

Marie takes a few steps toward the entrance, but pauses at the barricade. She leans in just enough to accept a quick handshake from a young fan, then gives a calm nod to another. It's brief, controlled... but real enough to matter.

A staff member approaches with a clipboard, and Marie doesn't even look down. She signs with a smooth flick of the wrist, eyes still forward, like her mind is already in the ring.

John Phillips: "Tonight she defends that championship against Athena Storm. Athena won the gauntlet earlier tonight, and now she's got the biggest opportunity of her career."

Mark Bravo: "And here's the thing—Athena's coming in hot, but Marie is not new to big nights. She's not new to pressure. She's not new to people telling her, 'This is your moment to fall.'"

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio has waited a long time to stand here again at the top of this division. And she got here the hard way."

Mark Bravo: "Which means she is not letting it go easy."

Marie reaches the doors. Before she goes in, she stops one more time. She adjusts the championship on her shoulder, then turns her head slightly toward the camera—finally acknowledging it like she knows everyone is watching.

Her eyes narrow just a fraction, and the smile fades into focus.

Marie Van Claudio: "Tonight isn't a fairytale."

Marie Van Claudio: "Tonight is a lesson."

She turns and disappears into the building, the doors closing behind her as the crowd's distant roar swells a little louder—because the main event suddenly feels closer.

John Phillips: "The champion has arrived."

Mark Bravo: "And Athena Storm better be ready, because Marie Van Claudio doesn't walk in like she's defending a

title... she walks in like she's defending a legacy."

Kairo Bex

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to a more energetic interview spot—closer to the curtain corridor where the bass from the arena can be felt in the concrete. Production staff move past with headsets and clipboards, and the whole area feels like it's vibrating with tomorrow's anticipation.

Melissa Cartwright stands ready with her microphone, glancing toward the side as someone approaches.

Melissa Cartwright: "I'm Melissa Cartwright, and tomorrow night on Brand New Day: Day 2, six unsigned talents will enter the UTA Contract Ladder Match with everything on the line. And joining me right now is one of those competitors... Kairo Bex—"

Kairo steps into frame with a calm grin and a quiet, confident energy—like he's already found his rhythm in a place he hasn't even debuted yet. He's dressed sharp, athletic, neon accents peeking through his gear like a hint of what he's about.

He raises one hand politely, not rude, just precise.

Kairo: "Quick correction."

Melissa blinks once, then smiles, rolling with it.

Kairo: "It's spelled with an X... but it's pronounced 'Bey.'"

Melissa Cartwright: "Kairo Bey but with an x. Noted."

Mark Bravo: "That's already elite. He showed up and fixed the pronunciation like he's been here the whole time."

John Phillips: "And that matters. First impressions are everything in a weekend like this."

Melissa Cartwright: "Kairo, tomorrow night you step into a ladder match—six competitors, one contract, and one shot at changing your entire career in one night. For the UTA Universe meeting you for the first time... who is Kairo Bex?"

Kairo's grin grows a little wider. He looks into the camera like it's a friend he's about to entertain.

Kairo: "I'm the Neon Ace."

Kairo: "I'm the guy who turns a regular moment into the moment you remember."

He shifts his shoulders like he's loosening up, light on his feet even standing still—like there's music in his bones.

Kairo: "People are gonna try to make that ladder match about violence."

Kairo: "About who can hit hardest... who can take the biggest fall... who can break somebody in half."

Kairo: "And yeah... that's part of it."

He nods once, acknowledging the reality.

Kairo: "But for me? It's about timing."

Kairo: "Angles."

Kairo: "One heartbeat where everybody else is looking the wrong way... and I'm already climbing."

Melissa Cartwright: "You're known for speed, creativity, aerial offense—how does that translate to ladders and chaos?"

Kairo lets out a short laugh, like that's the fun part.

Kairo: "It translates perfectly."

Kairo: "Because everybody in that match is gonna have the same idea at some point—grab the ladder and climb."

Kairo: "But not everybody can move like me when the ladder tips."

Kairo: "Not everybody can change direction midair when somebody swings steel at their head."

Kairo: "And not everybody can land clean after the kind of risk that makes your legs feel like they don't belong to you anymore."

He taps his thigh once, as if he can already feel the bruises coming.

Kairo: "I'm built for those moments."

John Phillips: "That's the thing—his style is chaos-resistant. He thrives when everything breaks down."

Mark Bravo: "And he's from Las Vegas. He knows how to make a big moment look like a magic trick."

Melissa Cartwright: "What do you say to the people who see someone like you and think it's all flash?"

Kairo's grin softens into something more serious. Not angry—just honest.

Kairo: "I say watch how I get up."

Kairo: "Anybody can do something flashy when their body feels good."

Kairo: "But tomorrow? After steel hits bone... after breath turns into panic... after somebody tries to take the contract out of my hands?"

He leans toward the camera slightly, eyes focused.

Kairo: "That's when you find out if it's real."

Kairo: "And it's real."

Melissa Cartwright: "Last question. In one sentence, tell the UTA Universe what to expect from you tomorrow night."

Kairo smiles again—bright, calm, confident—like a neon sign flicking on.

Kairo: "Don't chase the spotlight."

Kairo: "Watch me switch it on."

Melissa nods, impressed, then turns back toward the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "Kairo Bex—one of six competitors in tomorrow night's UTA Contract Ladder Match on Brand New Day: Day 2."

Kairo gives a quick salute toward the hard cam and steps out of frame with a dancer's rhythm—light, precise, like his feet are already counting beats no one else can hear.

Burn the Ring Down

Segment

The camera returns to the ring. The atmosphere is loud, electric, and restless—Day 1 has already been a statement, and the crowd is hungry for the next one.

John Phillips: "Alright, folks—buckle up. Because when this next man gets a microphone in his hand, it's never about reading a script."

Mark Bravo: "Never. Not once. Chris Ross does not care about censorship. He does not care about the fine print. He says what's on his mind, and if you've got children watching at home... you've been warned."

John Phillips: "Viewer discretion advised. Seriously."

Mark Bravo: "And now that he's champion? He can afford the fines, John. He's got that UTA Champion wallet. He can pay whatever they hit him with."

John Phillips: "Mark..."

Mark Bravo: "What? It's true! That's champion privilege!"

The arena lights dip and the video wall flickers—grainy footage, fast cuts, the kind of highlight reel that looks more like a warning than a celebration. The bass hits next—dirty, heavy, vibrating through the building—followed by that familiar opening that makes half the crowd erupt and the other half brace themselves.

Chris Ross' entrance music hits.

John Phillips: "Here we go."

Mark Bravo: "And you can tell by that reaction—some people love him, some people hate him, but everybody listens."

Smoke rolls across the stage as the lights strobe in sharp bursts, matching the beat. The silhouette appears first—broad shoulders, head slightly bowed, the UTA Championship draped over one shoulder like it's welded there now.

Chris Ross steps into the light.

No smile. No playing to the camera. He just looks out into the crowd like he's counting ghosts. Then he lifts the title slowly, letting the gold catch the light, and the building answers with a roar.

John Phillips: "UTA Champion. He did it. He closed the year with gold and he's walking into Day 1 like he owns the place."

Mark Bravo: "Because he does, John! That's the top of the mountain right there. And trust me—Ross didn't climb it. He kicked the mountain down and stood on the rubble."

Valentina Blaze steps out beside him, and the sound in the arena rises again. The new UTA Women's United States Championship is strapped tight around her waist, gleaming under the moving lights. She turns once at the top of the ramp, raising the title in one hand, her expression a mix of pride and danger.

John Phillips: "And there's Valentina Blaze—new Women's United States Champion—coming out with him."

Mark Bravo: "You want to talk about a power duo? She brings the fire, he brings the flames, and they look like they're about to set this whole place on fire."

Ross starts down the ramp, slow and deliberate. He doesn't slap hands. He doesn't point at the signs. He keeps his eyes forward like the ring is a battleground he's returning to, not a stage he's performing on.

Valentina keeps pace, glancing to the crowd once, then back to Ross—like she's walking with him, but also watching for whoever might try something stupid.

John Phillips: "Every time he has a microphone, it's a coin flip whether he gets fined."

Mark Bravo: "That's why I love him! And now? Fine him! He'll pay it in cash and keep talking!"

Ross reaches ringside and pauses. He looks left. Looks right. Then steps up the steel stairs with the kind of patience that feels like it's building to something.

He enters the ring and goes straight to the center. Valentina slides in behind him and claims a corner, resting one boot on the bottom rope, championship still around her waist like a holster.

Ross lifts the UTA Championship once more—just enough to remind everyone it's real—then lowers it and raises the microphone.

Chris Ross: "Alright... alright... listen."

He doesn't shout it. He doesn't beg for it. He says it like an order he expects the room to obey. And the crowd—some out of respect, some out of curiosity, some out of fear of what he'll say next—drops a half-step in volume.

Ross paces once, slow, letting the championship hang heavy on his shoulder. He drags his thumb across the faceplate like he's checking that it's still there. Valentina stays in the corner, arms folded on the top rope, watching him like she's watching a fire catch.

Chris Ross: "I'm not the typical champion."

He points the mic at himself like that's an accusation.

Chris Ross: "I'm not gonna stand in this ring and do that corny 'thank you' tour. I'm not gonna read a list of names off a teleprompter and pretend I'm somebody I'm not."

Ross stops pacing and squares his shoulders toward the hard camera. His eyes narrow. He speaks with the kind of focus that makes it feel like he's talking to one person in particular—someone behind that lens.

Chris Ross: "The reality is... I pulled myself out of my own grave."

That line hits and Ross lets it breathe. He doesn't rush. He lets the silence do work. A few fans in the front row nod like they believe him because they've watched him suffer to get here.

Chris Ross: "I had to lose everything."

His voice lowers on the word "everything." He shifts the title off his shoulder and holds it in both hands at chest level, staring down at it like he's remembering every night he didn't have it... every night he didn't even have hope of it.

Chris Ross: "Not some of it. Not the easy stuff. I'm talking about everything that makes you feel like a person."

Chris Ross: "I had to watch doors slam in my face—real doors, not the metaphor kind. I had to watch people smile while they were trying to bury me. I had to hear my name in rooms I wasn't even allowed to walk into."

Ross takes a step toward the ropes and leans forward, eyes wild, voice gaining heat.

Chris Ross: "I've been banned in companies I never even involved myself with!"

The crowd reacts hard—some laughing in disbelief, some booing, some cheering because they know the industry politics he's talking about.

Chris Ross: "I've had my name run through a proverbial greasefire like I'm some disease you catch just by saying it out loud!"

Ross shakes his head, jaw clenched. His knuckles whiten around the microphone, and for a second it looks like he wants to snap it in half.

Mark Bravo: "That's pain talking. That's real pain."

John Phillips: "And it's the kind of pain that doesn't go away when you win a championship."

Chris Ross: "Apparently I'm so toxic nobody wants me... nobody can deal with me... nobody can handle me..."

Ross spreads his arms wide, inviting the boos, the judgment, the gossip. He nods like he's heard it all before.

Chris Ross: "Fine. Cool. Say it. Print it. Whisper it. I've lived in it."

He turns his head and looks over at Valentina in the corner. The shift is subtle, but it changes the mood—like he's bringing her into the truth of it.

Chris Ross: "Except... here."

Ross points down at the mat with the tip of his boot, like the ring itself is the only place that ever told him the truth.

Chris Ross: "The UTA."

Chris Ross: "MY HOME!"

The pop is huge. Ross's chest rises and falls, and for the first time he lets the sound hit him. He closes his eyes for half a second like he's trying not to feel too much of it.

Mark Bravo: "That's not him selling a catchphrase. That's him telling you where he belongs."

John Phillips: "This place believed in him when no one else did."

Ross brings the title back up and holds it high. Not a trophy. A proof of life.

Chris Ross: "So no... I'm not out here to thank everybody. I'm out here to make something clear."

He lowers the championship and steps forward, leaning into the camera again. His voice rises, controlled but dangerous—like he's trying to keep the rage inside the lines and failing on purpose.

Chris Ross: "To everybody who wanted me gone—"

He pauses and lets the anticipation build until the crowd is practically vibrating.

Chris Ross: "GO FUCK YOURSELF!"

The arena detonates. Valentina laughs again, but this time it's more intense—she slaps the top rope once, nodding like she's proud of him for saying what he means.

Mark Bravo: "THERE IT IS! There's the fine! There's the warning label!"

John Phillips: "If you had kids in the room, I hope you listened!"

Ross paces again, faster now, like the words are pushing him forward. He stops at center ring and points at Valentina.

Chris Ross: "And Valentina—she brings the fire."

Valentina steps off the ropes and raises her championship at shoulder height, eyes scanning the crowd like a challenge.

Chris Ross: "I bring the flames."

Chris Ross: "And we are going to BURN THIS RING DOWN!"

Ross slams his palm against his own chest once, hard, like he's waking himself up. The crowd roars with it.

Chris Ross: "Welcome to Harrisburg, motherfuckers!"

Another eruption. Ross lowers the mic and breathes—heavy, real, the kind of breath that comes from a man who had to fight the whole world and still doesn't trust it to stay quiet.

Valentina steps toward him and says something off-mic, close enough that only he hears it. Ross nods once, but his eyes are still burning.

John Phillips: "That didn't feel like a promo. That felt like a confession and a threat."

Mark Bravo: "That felt like a champion telling the world, 'I'm not asking for permission anymore.'"

Ross lowers the microphone, breathing hard. The rage is still in his eyes, but there's satisfaction too—like he finally exhaled something that's been poisoning him for years. Valentina drifts closer, one hand resting on the top rope, eyes moving around the arena like she's already expecting the next problem.

For a brief moment, it feels like it's over.

Then unfamiliar music hits.

John Phillips: "Hold on—wait a second—"

Mark Bravo: "That's not a UTA theme. That's not anybody we're used to hearing."

Ross' head snaps toward the stage immediately. The expression on his face changes from catharsis to irritation—like he hates being interrupted more than anything. Valentina's posture shifts too. She straightens, shoulders squared, chin lifted, ready for whoever's about to walk out.

A man steps onto the stage with a microphone already in hand. Trey Mack. He's got that effortless confidence that doesn't come from pretending—he moves like the music is built into his walk. Funky and smooth, shoulders loose, expression bright, like he's enjoying the moment instead of being intimidated by it.

And behind him... Iron City Wrestling's Clovis Black.

Clovis doesn't pose. Doesn't wave. Doesn't nod. He stands there like a statue that learned how to breathe. Arms at his sides, chest rising slow, eyes locked down the ramp with a dead stare that doesn't blink enough to feel normal.

John Phillips: "We don't see this very often—"

Mark Bravo: "John... I know exactly who that is."

John Phillips: "You do?"

Mark Bravo: "That's Trey Mack. Long history on the independent scene. Big fights, big moments, big crowds. He's the kind of pickup that turns heads the second the contract is signed."

John Phillips: "And the man behind him—"

Mark Bravo: "Clovis Black. Iron City Wrestling. And I'm telling you right now... that man looks like he was built to ruin somebody's night."

The camera cuts to Ross and Valentina in the ring. Ross stands near center, microphone lowered, eyes narrowed like he's trying to decide whether this is a joke. Valentina steps forward half a pace, keeping a clear line of sight to the ramp, one hand on her title like it's a weapon she can swing if she has to.

Trey Mack soaks in the reaction. It's a mixture—confusion, curiosity, scattered cheers from the fans who recognize him, and a lot of people just waiting to find out who he is.

Trey smiles wide and nods like he's feeding off it.

Trey Mack: "Ayyyy... okay. Okay okay."

He lets the sound rise and settle. Then he takes a few steps forward, not rushing, not forcing it, like he knows the microphone is a conversation and not a demand.

Trey Mack: "How y'all doin' tonight?"

A pop answers him—bigger than it should be for someone new—because he's got it. That vibe that makes people want to listen before he even says anything important.

Trey Mack: "I know, I know... a lotta y'all lookin' at me like, 'Who is this funky dude on my screen right now?'"

He points to himself with both thumbs, grinning.

Trey Mack: "Name's Trey Mack."

Behind him, Clovis Black doesn't move. The contrast is almost funny—Trey is all life, all rhythm, all personality. Clovis looks like an ending.

Mark Bravo: "Trey Mack got enough charisma for three people, and Clovis Black looks like he's never laughed at anything in his entire life."

John Phillips: "Ross is watching him like he doesn't know whether to respect it or resent it."

Trey turns his body slightly, angling the mic toward the ring like he's speaking directly to Ross and not just the building.

Trey Mack: "First off, Chris Ross—"

Trey's tone shifts just a notch. Still cool, still smooth, but sincere.

Trey Mack: "Congratulations, champ."

Trey Mack: "You beat the bricks off Jarvis Valentine."

Trey Mack: "You ended the year with gold."

The crowd reacts hard at the reminder. Trey nods and lets it sit, giving the moment respect like he knows what that title means.

Trey Mack: "Let that sink in for a second."

In the ring, Ross doesn't smile, but the tiniest shift in his posture shows he hears the respect. Valentina's eyes stay fixed on Clovis, who still hasn't blinked.

Trey draws a slow breath and his expression tightens—not angry, not sad, just honest.

Trey Mack: "Now I don't know nothin' about bein' banned nowhere in wrestling..."

He shrugs like it's not his world—then his eyes sharpen, and the room quiets a fraction because something real just stepped into the conversation.

Trey Mack: "But I do know a thing or two about not bein' wanted in certain places."

He doesn't say it outright. He doesn't have to. His eyes carry the nod, the weight, the lived-in truth. It's a quiet acknowledgement of what it means to be judged before you speak, before you work, before you even get a chance.

John Phillips: "That's... that's a real statement right there."

Mark Bravo: "That's lived experience. That's not promo talk."

Trey points down at Ross with a friendly, affirming gesture.

Trey Mack: "So I get your frustration, man. I appreciate that."

Trey Mack: "Preach it, brotha."

Trey turns slightly and does a playful little shuffle-step, a quick punch-hand movement toward Clovis like there's an inside joke between them—like he's saying: you hear that? We been through it.

Clovis does not react. Not a smirk. Not a nod. Just that stare.

Mark Bravo: "Clovis Black is terrifying because he doesn't react to anything. He's just... waiting."

Ross steps forward inside the ring, lifting the microphone again. His voice is rough, impatient—like he's already tired of this.

Chris Ross: "I appreciate the compliments."

Chris Ross: "But what do you want?"

Trey's smile returns, wider now. He nods like he expected that exact response.

Trey Mack: "Simple request, champ."

Trey Mack: "That's all."

Chris Ross: "What's that?"

Trey leans into the microphone like he's delivering a punchline that's going to hit hard.

Trey Mack: "You... me... tomorrow."

Trey Mack: "That title on the line."

Trey Mack: "'Cause baby... it'll look sooooo sweet comin' home with me."

The arena erupts. Trey Mack just walked into UTA and asked for the biggest thing in the building.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack wants Chris Ross tomorrow!"

Mark Bravo: "He wants to be the first defense! He just walked in the front door and asked for the keys to the house!"

Ross' face tightens. The frustration flashes immediately—like the offer wasn't a compliment, it was an insult.

Chris Ross: "This is exactly the issue I've had with people like Eric Dane Jr. coming in and thinking because they got a name, the world owes them something."

Chris Ross: "You know what?"

Chris Ross: "You can fuck off too."

HUGE reaction. Trey Mack throws his head back in exaggerated shock, hand on his chest like he's been wounded by the words.

Trey Mack: "Oh!"

Trey Mack: "It's like that?"

Chris Ross: "It's like that."

Trey's grin fades just a bit. He doesn't look hurt—he looks amused. He nods slowly, turning his head just slightly toward the man behind him.

Trey Mack: "Man... Clovis..."

Trey Mack: "Go drop this nigga on his head."

Like a locomotive, Clovis Black moves.

He doesn't walk. He charges down the ramp with pure intent, arms pumping, eyes locked on the ring like it's a target.

John Phillips: "CLOVIS BLACK IS CHARGING THE RING!"

Mark Bravo: "OH NO!"

Valentina reacts instantly—she slides out of the ring, backing away to the floor to avoid getting caught in the collision.

Ross squares up. He plants his feet. He's ready.

Clovis hits the apron, steps through the ropes with force—Ross swings—

BAM.

A spinebuster explodes through the ring with pure power, driving Chris Ross into the canvas so hard the ring shakes.

John Phillips: "SPINEBUSTER! HE PLANTED THE CHAMPION!"

Mark Bravo: "That was not a tackle. That was a car crash!"

Clovis pops to his feet and roars—an animal sound that makes the crowd jump. Ross rolls, trying to push up—Clovis yanks him right back and drops him again with another violent slam, grinding him into the mat like he's trying to erase the promo from five minutes ago.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross is getting hammered!"

Mark Bravo: "And Valentina can't do anything but watch right now!"

On the stage, Trey Mack starts dancing—loose, disrespectful, almost playful. A little shuffle. A little bounce. Then something that looks like a quick crip-walk style step before he leans back into the mic.

Trey Mack: "Aight, aight, aight..."

Trey Mack: "Clovis, man... leave the chump—"

Trey Mack: "I mean... champ... alone... for now."

Clovis Black stops on command. He stares down at Ross like he's deciding whether mercy is worth it.

Ross is on his side, coughing, trying to gather himself. Valentina slides back in cautiously, immediately kneeling beside him, one hand on his shoulder, checking him.

Trey Mack: "Hey yo, Chris Ross..."

Trey Mack: "When you come to... you know where to find me."

Trey lowers the mic and his music hits again. Clovis turns and exits the ring, heading up the ramp with that same dead stare. Trey meets him halfway and they walk to the back together, leaving the champions behind in the ring.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross just got blindsided by a man most of these fans are meeting for the first time—"

Mark Bravo: "—and they just learned his name the hard way!"

John Phillips: "Tomorrow... Day 2... if Ross accepts... Trey Mack wants the first defense."

Mark Bravo: "And after what we just saw? That request wasn't a request. That was a warning."

Valentina stays kneeling with Ross, talking to him, helping him sit up as the camera tightens on the UTA Championship lying crooked across his chest—still his... but suddenly not feeling so safe.

The First Inductee

Segment

The screen cuts to black.

A low, steady tone hums under the silence—something cinematic, reverent. A single spotlight blooms in the darkness, revealing a velvet-draped pedestal at center frame. Resting on it is an empty, open presentation case... waiting.

The UTA logo fades in, slow and proud.

John Phillips: "Tomorrow night... Day 2 of Brand New Day... we're not just making championship history."

Mark Bravo: "We're making legacy history."

Clips begin to roll—quick flashes of the UTA through the years. Ringside chaos. Championship raises. Tears. Triumph. Faces in the crowd. The feeling of moments that became memories.

The music swells, and a simple title card appears.

UTA HALL OF FAME

CLASS OF 2026

John Phillips: "The United Toughness Alliance is built on moments... but it's defined by the people who created them."

Mark Bravo: "The ones who made this place what it is. The ones you can't talk about UTA without mentioning their name."

The empty case remains on screen, the light reflecting off its interior like it's ready for something priceless.

John Phillips: "And tomorrow night, during Brand New Day: Day 2... the first inductee into the UTA Hall of Fame Class of 2026 will be announced."

Mark Bravo: "The first name. The first legend. The first chapter of the Class of 2026."

The music hits a higher note—hopeful, powerful—then drops into a dramatic pause as the UTA logo returns, larger than before.

John Phillips: "One announcement... that will live forever."

Mark Bravo: "Tomorrow night. Day 2. Don't miss it."

The screen fades to black, leaving only the sound of the crowd faintly in the background—like the future is already waiting to be revealed.

Who the Hell is Trey Mack?

Segment

The camera cuts to the backstage hallway outside the locker rooms. The audio hits first—raised voices echoing through concrete and steel. A production assistant flinches as the door to a locker room swings open hard.

Chris Ross storms into view, UTA Championship over his shoulder, sweat drying on his skin, rage still fresh behind his eyes. Valentina Blaze follows close behind him, her Women's United States Championship still around her waist, one hand out like she's trying to keep him from walking through a wall.

Chris Ross: "Who the hell even is this guy?!"

Ross paces in a tight circle, like the room isn't big enough for what's in his chest. He points down the hallway like Trey Mack is still standing there.

Chris Ross: "I'm standing in that ring—my ring—saying what I needed to say, and some random dude's music hits like he's earned the right to interrupt me?"

Valentina shuts the locker room door behind them, lowering the temperature of the moment by cutting out the hallway noise. She steps in front of Ross and plants her feet, calm on purpose.

Valentina Blaze: "Breathe."

Ross scoffs like the concept of breathing is insulting.

Chris Ross: "No—no, I'm serious. Who is he? I'm supposed to just accept that? That's how this works now? You walk in, point at the champion, and you get tomorrow?"

He yanks the UTA Championship off his shoulder and drops it onto a bench with a heavy thud. Not careless, but aggressive—like the weight of it is part of the argument. The gold rattles against the wood.

Chris Ross: "And then he's got some... some mannequin behind him—some stone-faced psycho—who runs down and drops me on my neck?"

Ross taps the side of his head with two fingers, eyes wide, voice rising.

Chris Ross: "Like I'm some welcome mat."

Valentina takes a step closer and puts both hands on his forearms, steady, grounding him. Her voice is softer than his, but it's firm.

Valentina Blaze: "You're not a welcome mat."

Valentina Blaze: "You're the UTA Champion."

Ross pulls his arms free—not angry at her, just unable to be held in place. He paces again, dragging a hand through his hair.

Chris Ross: "That's what I'm saying!"

Chris Ross: "I'm the champion. I fought for this. I bled for this. I crawled through every kind of hell to get it."

He points to the title on the bench like it's evidence in a case.

Chris Ross: "And that guy comes out here with a grin and a mic like it's open-mic night at the comedy club and he wants my first defense."

Valentina tilts her head, watching him like she's reading between the lines—because she knows Ross well enough to see what this really is.

Valentina Blaze: "It's not about him."

Ross stops pacing and looks at her, breathing hard.

Valentina Blaze: "It's about what it represents."

Valentina Blaze: "You finally say everything you've been holding in, and the world immediately tries to take your moment. Tries to take your shine."

Ross' jaw tightens. That hits. That's the nerve.

Chris Ross: "Exactly."

Chris Ross: "It's always something. Always somebody."

Chris Ross: "Like the second you get your hands on something you earned, the universe sends a message that you don't get to enjoy it."

Valentina steps even closer now, voice low, intimate—comfort without pity.

Valentina Blaze: "Then don't enjoy it."

Valentina Blaze: "Weaponize it."

Ross blinks, like he wasn't expecting that answer.

Valentina Blaze: "Let them keep trying to interrupt you."

Valentina Blaze: "Let them keep trying to jump you."

Valentina Blaze: "Because tomorrow, you get to answer in the only language that matters."

Ross exhales through his nose, a harsh laugh without humor.

Chris Ross: "Yeah. In-ring language."

Valentina nods once, eyes sharp.

Valentina Blaze: "Exactly."

Ross looks down at the title again. He picks it up, slower this time, and wipes his palm across the faceplate like he's calming himself by touching something real.

Chris Ross: "You know what really pisses me off?"

Valentina Blaze: "What?"

Chris Ross: "He smiled."

Valentina's brows lift. Ross' voice drops into something colder.

Chris Ross: "He smiled like it was easy."

Chris Ross: "Like he didn't see the work. Like he didn't see the bodies. Like he didn't see what it took to get here."

Valentina reaches up and taps the center plate of Ross' championship with one finger.

Valentina Blaze: "Then show him."

Valentina Blaze: "And if he thinks he's taking your first defense..."

Valentina Blaze: "Make it the last time he ever asks for something he didn't earn."

Ross stares at her for a beat. The anger in his face shifts into focus. The rant turns into resolve.

Chris Ross: "Tomorrow..."

He nods once, slow and deliberate.

Chris Ross: "Tomorrow I find out exactly who the hell Trey Mack is."

Valentina smiles—small, dangerous.

Valentina Blaze: "And tomorrow, everybody else does too."

Ross slings the championship back over his shoulder, jaw set. The camera lingers on the two of them for a moment—Valentina calm, Ross simmering—then fades out as Ross shoves past the curtain toward the trainers' area, still muttering under his breath.

John Phillips: "It sounds like Chris Ross may have just accepted Trey Mack's challenge!"

Mark Bravo: "I'm not sure if that's a good thing, or bad thing... for Trey Mack."

Silas Grimm vs. Kaine

Match

The camera returns to the ring as a crisp gold-and-black graphic fills the screen.

FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP QUALIFIER
SUBMISSION OR REFEREE STOPPAGE ONLY
ONE ROPE BREAK PER COMPETITOR

The referee stands in the center, pointing to the ropes and holding up one finger with exaggerated clarity. He paces once, then looks to each entranceway like he's warning both men in advance.

John Phillips: "This division is already making itself felt tonight. We just watched Hakuryu advance by referee stoppage, and now we find out who joins him tomorrow for the first-ever UTA Fighting Championship."

Mark Bravo: "And it's the kind of format where you don't luck into anything. No pinfalls. No running. No hiding. You either make a man quit or you make the referee save him from himself."

The referee raises one finger again, then taps the bottom rope with his boot.

John Phillips: "One rope break. That's the entire safety net."

Mark Bravo: "And once it's gone? The ropes turn into decoration. Ask Brick Bronson how that felt."

The lights cut.

A slow, rhythmic bell toll echoes through the arena, each ring landing like a heartbeat in a quiet room. Fog begins to curl across the stage—low, thick, crawling like it's searching for ankles.

A single soft spotlight appears, not bright, not dramatic—more like a lantern in the dark. It tracks forward as a figure steps through the smoke.

John Phillips: "Here comes Silas Grimm."

Silas Grimm emerges wearing a hood and a half-mask, his pace measured, almost ceremonial. He doesn't play to the crowd. He doesn't raise his arms. He moves like someone walking down an aisle to something solemn.

He stops at the top of the ramp, head tilted slightly, as if he's listening to something only he can hear. The camera pushes in and catches the stillness in his eyes—disturbing calm, no adrenaline, no nerves—just a cold sense of purpose.

Mark Bravo: "That man gives me the creeps in the best way. That's not an entrance, that's a ritual."

John Phillips: "They call him The Black Veil. Scarred by violence and loss, he treats matches like ceremonies. Shoot-style grappling, pain psychology, and a very specific kind of cruelty."

Grimm starts down the ramp, the bell toll fading into heavier music that feels more like a warning siren than a song. He drifts from side to side in tiny, deliberate steps, shoulders loose, hands relaxed, like he's already planning where he wants his opponent to hurt.

At ringside, he pauses and looks around the ring, not at the fans. He studies the ropes, the corners, the mat—terrain. He places one palm on the apron, then slides in slowly, never taking his eyes off the center of the ring.

Once inside, he stands in the middle and lifts his hands to the half-mask. He removes it slowly—no flourish, no snap—just a careful reveal. Then the hood. His face is carved with disdain, lips curled into the faintest sneer.

Mark Bravo: "That slow mask removal? That's not for the cameras. That's for the person about to fight him. It's like he wants them to see the last thing they're going to remember."

John Phillips: "And remember the rule set: if you're in trouble, you don't get a pinfall bailout. You don't get a count-out escape. You get one rope break and then you're on your own. This is a perfect arena for a man who likes to dissect."

Grimm paces once, then stops. He leans forward, hands on his thighs for a brief moment—like a sprinter about to launch—then straightens and stares at the entranceway, unblinking.

Mark Bravo: "Now the question is: can anybody outlast that kind of calm when the punches start flying?"

Silas Grimm stands in the center of the ring, chin slightly lifted, eyes locked on the entranceway like he's waiting for a confession.

The referee paces the perimeter once more, tapping the bottom rope with his boot, then holding up a single finger to the hard camera—one rope break. One.

John Phillips: "And now we find out who joins Hakuryu tomorrow night. If you survive this rule set, you've earned it."

Mark Bravo: "Survive is the word. Because this next guy? He doesn't wrestle like he's trying to impress anybody. He wrestles like he's trying to feel something."

The lights suddenly snap off.

Then—blood red. The entire arena washed in a deep, violent glow like an emergency siren that never stops.

A thick bank of smoke spills across the stage, and a jagged riff hits as the first beats of Kaine's entrance music tear through the building.

John Phillips: "Here comes Kaine... The Revenant."

Kaine steps through the smoke and the crowd immediately comes alive—because he doesn't just walk out, he bursts out like he's been launched. His movements are sharp and theatrical, shoulders rolling, head twitching side to side like he's feeding off the noise.

Under the red lighting, his face paint catches in flashes—skeletal, stark, made even more unnerving by the way the spotlight skims across it. He paces at the top of the ramp for a moment, bouncing on the balls of his feet, staring down at Grimm like he's picked his target out of a lineup.

Mark Bravo: "I love this guy. I don't trust him, but I love him. This is cult-hero energy. This is 'I'll bleed to prove I'm alive' energy."

John Phillips: "Chaotic, resilient, thrives on the noise—Kaine has made a name on sheer will and violence, and tonight he steps into the Fighting Championship qualifiers where willpower actually matters."

Kaine suddenly throws his arms wide and screams toward the ring—raw, primal, and loud enough to cut through the music.

"DEAD BUT ALIVE!"

The crowd answers with a roar.

Mark Bravo: "That's his thing! And if you've ever watched him fight, he means it!"

Kaine sprints down the ramp in a sudden burst, then slows at ringside just to lean in toward the apron, hands gripping the edge like he's ready to launch himself into the ring like an animal.

He slides in low, pops up fast, and immediately paces in a tight circle—shadowboxing, shaking out his arms, slapping his own chest once like he's trying to wake up every nerve ending.

John Phillips: "This is also a very different test for him. No pinfalls. No count-outs. No reset. If you get stuck, you have one rope break and that's it."

Mark Bravo: "And if you're the kind of guy who lives for chaos, the rope break rule can be a trap. You burn it on instinct once, you don't get it back. Then you're just... caught."

Kaine stops pacing and turns toward Grimm. Grimm doesn't move. The contrast is jarring—Kaine vibrating with energy, Grimm standing like a statue with bad intentions.

Kaine steps closer and tilts his head, eyes narrowing like he's studying Grimm's maskless face. Then Kaine smiles—wide and crooked—like he just found out what kind of pain he wants to inflict.

John Phillips: "Silas Grimm is calm in a way that's unsettling. Kaine is loud in a way that's unsettling. Something has to give."

Mark Bravo: "This is a bad mix. Grimm wants to dissect you. Kaine wants to drag you into the fire and see who screams first."

The referee steps between them and goes over the rules again, slower this time—submission or stoppage only, one rope break each. Grimm gives a small nod without blinking. Kaine bounces in place and nods too fast, like he's agreeing to violence.

The referee checks both men's hands and wrists, then backs away, eyes wide and alert. He gestures for the bell.

DING DING!

Kaine lunges at the bell like he's been waiting all night to hit something.

He throws a wild overhand—Grimm slips just outside it with a half-step, barely moving his feet—and Kaine's momentum carries him forward into empty air.

John Phillips: "Fast start from Kaine—he's trying to overwhelm Grimm before Grimm can start carving."

Mark Bravo: "You don't want to let a guy like Grimm set the tempo. You want to turn it into a bar fight immediately."

Kaine spins back and fires a stiff kick to the thigh—Grimm checks it with his shin and answers with a short, compact elbow that snaps Kaine's head sideways. Kaine grins through it and fires back with a straight right to the body.

Grimm absorbs it with a small grunt and immediately clamps a collar tie, pulling Kaine in close. His other hand slides down to control the wrist—tight, deliberate—like he's already choosing which limb he wants first.

John Phillips: "Grimm wants contact. Not for a brawl—so he can control."

Mark Bravo: "He's grabbing a steering wheel. That's what that is."

Kaine tries to break free with raw energy—he snaps an elbow over the top—Grimm ducks and slips behind, hooking the waist. He drags Kaine backward and dumps him with a hard takedown, immediately riding up the back and threading an arm under the chin.

Kaine's eyes widen for half a second—then he laughs, turning his head side to side like he's amused by the danger.

John Phillips: "Grimm already going for the neck—remember, this ends by submission or referee stoppage only!"

Mark Bravo: "And Kaine's laughing. That's not confidence, that's sickness."

Kaine fights the hands—ripping at Grimm's grip—then reaches backward and grabs the top rope out of instinct as Grimm tries to sink the choke deeper.

The referee is instantly in their ear, pointing hard.

John Phillips: "And that's Kaine using a rope break early!"

The referee wedges in and forces separation, holding up one finger toward the timekeeper's side. Kaine rolls his shoulder, still smiling, while Grimm rises slowly, eyes cold, like he just got handed information he can use later.

Mark Bravo: "That might be the worst possible thing Kaine could do. He just burned his one safety net in the first exchange."

John Phillips: "Grimm hasn't used his. Kaine has. That changes the entire match right now."

Kaine pops to his feet and claps once—sarcastic—then charges again, trying to keep it violent before the rule set turns into a noose.

He throws a flurry—forearm, backhand, another forearm—Grimm blocks, absorbs, then suddenly steps in and cracks Kaine with a short knee to the ribs that folds him for a moment.

Grimm immediately snaps a front headlock and cranks, wrenching Kaine's neck downward. Kaine's hands go to the grip—he tries to twist free—Grimm transitions, sliding his weight and pulling Kaine into a tighter squeeze.

John Phillips: "Grimm is already adjusting. He's making Kaine carry pressure."

Mark Bravo: "And Kaine doesn't have a rope break left. He's got nothing but ego and oxygen."

Kaine fights up, rising to a knee, then a foot, forcing Grimm to stand with him. Grimm keeps the front headlock, grinding it, leaning his body weight into Kaine's neck like a guillotine without fully committing.

Kaine suddenly surges forward and drives Grimm back into the corner to break the hold. The impact jars Grimm's arms loose, and Kaine explodes out with a stiff forearm to the jaw.

John Phillips: "Kaine broke it with brute force—he needed that badly."

Kaine follows with a chopping kick to Grimm's thigh—then another—then a third, each one louder, each one meant to take the base away. Grimm's expression doesn't change, but his stance widens as he absorbs.

Mark Bravo: "Kaine's going after the legs. He's trying to stop Grimm from getting those clean takedowns."

Kaine steps in and blasts Grimm with a short right hand to the face. Grimm's head turns. Kaine hits him again. Then he shoves Grimm toward the ropes and whips him across—Grimm rebounds—

Kaine meets him with a brutal lariat that flips Grimm inside out and sends him skidding across the canvas.

John Phillips: "What a shot! Kaine just took Grimm's head off!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the violence Kaine lives for! And under these rules, damage is currency!"

Kaine doesn't cover—he can't—so he does the next best thing: he drags Grimm up by the hair and the wrist, pulling him close and smashing a forearm across the collarbone.

Grimm's knees dip. Kaine fires another forearm. Then he backs Grimm into the ropes and leans in, yelling something into Grimm's face that we can't hear over the crowd.

John Phillips: "Kaine is trying to break him with strikes."

Mark Bravo: "And Grimm is the type who will let you hit him if it gets you close enough to trap a limb."

Kaine throws another forearm—Grimm slips under it and suddenly shoots low, wrapping Kaine's leg and dumping him to the mat with a clean takedown.

Grimm lands on top, immediately isolating the arm again, threading it behind Kaine's back and leaning his weight down to torque the shoulder.

John Phillips: "There it is—Grimm back to control. He's isolating the arm!"

Kaine grimaces—then laughs again, shaking his head like he's enjoying it. He tries to reach for the rope—stops—realizes—then slaps the mat in frustration and bridges his hips to roll them.

Grimm rides the roll, keeping pressure, tightening the torque.

Mark Bravo: "Kaine just remembered he has no rope break left, and you can see the panic for the first time."

Kaine finally explodes with a hard scramble, freeing the arm by sheer chaos and getting to his feet. He backs into the ropes, breathing heavy now, face paint smeared a little, eyes wilder.

Grimm rises slowly, calm as ever, stepping forward one measured pace at a time.

John Phillips: "This is becoming a problem for Kaine. He can't afford to get tied up again."

Mark Bravo: "So he's going to do what he always does—make it uglier."

Kaine charges—

and Grimm meets him.

Kaine charges, and Grimm meets him with a sharp, sudden inside trip—hooking the leg and dumping him down again

with clinical precision.

Kaine hits the mat and scrambles, trying to spring back up before Grimm can latch on. Grimm stays glued to him anyway, sliding behind and cinching a tight rear body lock.

John Phillips: "Grimm is dragging him into grappling exchanges over and over. He's taking the chaos away."

Mark Bravo: "And Kaine's already used his rope break. Every time Grimm gets his hands together, Kaine's clock starts ticking."

Kaine fires a short elbow backward—Grimm absorbs it, tightens, and yanks Kaine down to a knee. Kaine tries to turn in—Grimm snaps him forward into a front headlock and immediately cranks, wrenching the neck like he's trying to fold Kaine into the canvas.

Kaine's hands fly to the grip. He tries to pry. Grimm shifts his hips and leans heavier, dragging Kaine toward center ring—keeping him away from instinctive escapes, keeping him in the deep water.

John Phillips: "This is suffocating. Grimm is making Kaine carry every ounce of that pressure."

Mark Bravo: "And Kaine can't grab the rope even if he gets there. He's got to solve it or he's going to get stopped."

Kaine suddenly bursts upward, powering to his feet, and drives Grimm backward into the ropes to shake him loose. The impact jars Grimm's arms, but Grimm hangs on long enough to keep Kaine uncomfortable.

Kaine snarls and starts swinging—forearm, forearm, forearm—forcing Grimm to step off and reset. Kaine immediately grabs Grimm by the wrist and yanks him hard toward the ropes, then slings him through.

Grimm tumbles to the apron awkwardly—then drops to the floor.

The crowd roars at the sudden shift.

John Phillips: "They're going outside! And under Fighting Rules, this is where things can get dangerous fast!"

Mark Bravo: "No count-outs, baby. No reset. This is Kaine territory."

Kaine follows immediately, stepping out onto the apron and dropping to the floor with a thud. He doesn't hesitate—he charges Grimm and slams him back-first into the barricade with a violent shove.

Grimm's spine bounces off the metal rail. Kaine hits him with a forearm to the face—then another—then grabs the back of Grimm's head and rams it into the barricade.

Once.

Twice.

Grimm's knees dip.

John Phillips: "Kaine is unloading! He's turning this into a street fight!"

Mark Bravo: "He has to! He knows if Grimm gets him on the mat again, he's done! So he's trying to end Grimm's ability to wrestle!"

Kaine hooks Grimm by the neck and drags him along the floor, marching him past the timekeeper's area. The referee follows close, shouting warnings, demanding control, but there's nothing illegal about violence under this rule set—only the line between fighting and irreversible damage.

Kaine suddenly whips Grimm toward the steel steps.

Grimm tries to brace—Kaine catches him with a running forearm that sends Grimm crashing shoulder-first into the steps with a sickening clang.

Grimm collapses to the floor, clutching at his shoulder and ribs.

John Phillips: "He just drove him into the steps!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not points. That's trauma. That's Kaine trying to win by stoppage!"

Kaine pounces on him, grabbing Grimm by the head and throwing short, brutal shots—hammering forearms, then a stomp to the midsection that makes Grimm curl up.

Grimm tries to crawl away—Kaine grabs his ankle and yanks him back, then slams a boot down across the shoulder again, targeting the same area that hit the steps.

The referee drops down on the floor beside them, voice urgent now.

Referee: "Grimm! You can defend yourself? Grimm, talk to me!"

Grimm's eyes are open, but he's wincing hard, trying to push up on the injured shoulder. Kaine sees it and smiles through the smeared paint like he just found the seam in a wall.

John Phillips: "This is getting ugly in a hurry."

Mark Bravo: "You asked for hard hitting? This is beyond hard hitting. Kaine is hunting a stoppage."

Kaine hauls Grimm up and drives him back-first into the ring post with a violent slam. The sound is a deep, hollow thud that makes the front rows recoil.

Grimm folds and drops to a knee.

Kaine doesn't let him fall. He grabs him again and rams him into the post a second time—harder—then keeps a hand on Grimm's head, pressing his face against the cold steel like he's pinning him there.

John Phillips: "That ring post is unforgiving. Grimm's shoulder, his ribs—everything is colliding with metal."

Kaine pulls Grimm away from the post and throws a vicious knee into the body. Grimm's mouth opens in a silent gasp. Kaine throws another knee. Then another. Each one landing like a battering ram into Grimm's ribs.

Grimm tries to cover up—Kaine grabs the injured arm and wrenches it, twisting the shoulder while Grimm is half-collapsed. Grimm's face contorts, and for the first time tonight, the calm cracks into visible pain.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, that's nasty. He's twisting the shoulder after smashing it into the steps. That's smart brutality."

John Phillips: "And the referee is right there. If Grimm can't intelligently defend himself, this match ends right here."

Kaine drags Grimm toward the announce table area, then suddenly whips him again—Grimm stumbles and collides hip-first into the edge of the table, nearly toppling over it.

Kaine rushes in and drives a forearm across the back of Grimm's neck, smashing him down onto the table edge. Grimm spills off and hits the floor, clutching at his neck and shoulder.

The referee steps between them now, hands out, trying to create space long enough to evaluate Grimm's condition.

Referee: "Silas! Look at me! Can you continue?"

Grimm tries to rise. He pushes up with his good arm. His injured shoulder refuses him, and he slumps back down, jaw clenched, eyes squeezing shut as he fights through the pain.

Kaine leans in, shouting something unheard, then steps back and lines up like he wants one more crushing blow.

John Phillips: "The referee may have to stop this. Grimm is struggling to even get his base under him."

Mark Bravo: "And Kaine's not done. He's loading up. He wants the ref to have no choice."

Kaine charges in—

and drives Grimm shoulder-first into the barricade again with a vicious, full-body tackle that rattles the entire rail.

Grimm crumples to the floor, clutching his shoulder, trying to inhale through ribs that clearly do not want to expand.

The referee immediately waves his arms, stepping in front of Kaine, ordering him back while he drops to Grimm's side to check his responsiveness.

John Phillips: "This is the moment. The referee is checking him now."

Mark Bravo: "He has to. That's too much damage. Grimm isn't defending. He's surviving."

Kaine paces two steps away, chest heaving, eyes wide, waiting like a predator while the referee speaks to Grimm and signals to ringside officials to be ready.

Kaine paces two steps away, chest heaving, eyes wide, bouncing on his heels like he's warming up for a second round. The red lighting from earlier still feels like it's living under his skin.

The referee is crouched beside Silas Grimm, one hand on Grimm's shoulder, the other waving for space. Grimm is on one knee, but it's the kind of kneel that looks borrowed—his injured shoulder hanging wrong, his ribs rising in shallow, unwilling breaths.

Referee: "Silas, look at me. Squeeze my hand."

Grimm tries. His hand closes slowly, then slips. He blinks hard, eyes glassy, fighting to refocus.

John Phillips: "This is exactly what Fighting Championship rules are designed for. The referee has to protect the competitor when the competitor can't protect himself."

Mark Bravo: "And Kaine knows it. He's not trying to pin him. He's trying to make the ref pull him out of the fire."

Kaine takes one step forward, eager to keep the pressure going—

The referee throws an arm out and yells for him to back up.

Referee: "Back up! Back up!"

Kaine holds his hands out innocently for a second, then smiles—wide, crooked—and backs off just enough to look compliant while still staying close.

Grimm tries to push up again. He plants his good hand on the floor, tries to get his feet under him... and the moment he shifts weight, his ribs betray him. He folds and coughs, face contorting. His injured shoulder drags him back down.

John Phillips: "He can't even get his base. Grimm is in real trouble."

Mark Bravo: "That shoulder hit the steps, the post, the barricade—everything. And the ribs... you can see it every time he tries to inhale."

Kaine suddenly rushes in anyway, forcing the referee to spring up and shove him back. Kaine's eyes flare, adrenaline spiking, and he shouts over the referee's shoulder toward Grimm.

Kaine: "Get up! Get up!"

Grimm drags himself upright just enough to lean against the apron. He's blinking, trying to gather himself. His expression is still grim determination—but the body isn't matching it.

The referee turns and looks at Grimm again, voice sharp now.

Referee: "Can you defend yourself? Yes or no."

Grimm nods—barely. More pride than truth.

Kaine sees the nod and immediately lunges, ripping Grimm off the apron by the head and neck and slamming him down onto the floor with a nasty snap that makes the crowd gasp.

John Phillips: "Oh my—Kaine just yanked him down like a rag doll!"

Mark Bravo: "That's it. That's the line. Ref has to stop it!"

Grimm tries to curl up, protect the ribs, protect the shoulder—Kaine stomps down once, hard, right into the side. Grimm's body jerks. The referee immediately dives between them, palms on Kaine's chest, shoving him back.

Referee: "That's enough! Back up!"

Kaine paces in a tight circle, breathing through his teeth, shaking his head like he's offended the referee won't let him finish the job.

The referee drops back to Grimm, who is now on his side, clutching his ribs with one arm and trying to keep the injured shoulder off the floor. His face is twisted in pain. He tries to speak, but it comes out as a cough.

John Phillips: "Grimm is not responding well. He's not defending. He's not countering. He's just absorbing."

Mark Bravo: "And Kaine is too dangerous to give free swings to. If the ref lets this go, it gets permanent."

The referee leans in close, checking Grimm's eyes, asking him questions we can't hear. Grimm nods once, then tries to rise... and fails again, collapsing back down with a grimace that turns into a wince that turns into a full-body spasm of pain.

The referee doesn't hesitate anymore.

He stands up, waves his arms in an X toward ringside, then turns and signals emphatically for the bell.

DING DING DING!

John Phillips: "It's over! Referee stoppage! Kaine wins it!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the right call. Grimm's tough, but he was done. He was done on that floor."

Kaine throws his arms up and screams toward the crowd, chest heaving, face paint smeared and shining with sweat.

Kaine: "DEAD BUT ALIVE!"

The crowd answers with a roar—some cheers, some stunned noise—because the ending isn't clean or pretty, but it is definitive.

The referee keeps Kaine back with one hand while officials rush to Grimm's side. Grimm is sitting up now with help, still clutching his ribs, eyes furious beneath the pain—furious at Kaine, furious at the stoppage, furious at his own body for betraying his resolve.

John Phillips: "Kaine advances to Day Two. Kaine will fight Hakuryu for the first-ever UTA Fighting Championship."

Mark Bravo: "And after what we've seen from both of them tonight? That is not a match. That is a warning."

Kaine backs up the ramp slowly now, still yelling, still feeding on the moment, while ringside staff continue to check on Grimm. The camera lingers on Grimm's face—pride bruised worse than his shoulder—as the scene fades.

Rafe Sable

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to a different corner of the building—less polished, more raw. Concrete walls. Equipment cases stacked like barricades. A strip of harsh white light overhead that makes everything feel a little too real.

Melissa Cartwright stands in the middle of it with her microphone, a practiced smile on her face... but her eyes keep drifting to the side, because someone just walked into frame that makes the air feel heavy.

Melissa Cartwright: "I'm Melissa Cartwright, and tomorrow night on Brand New Day: Day 2, the UTA Contract Ladder Match opens the show. Six unsigned talents, one contract—"

She turns toward the man beside her.

Melissa Cartwright: "—and one of those competitors is Rafe Sable."

Rafe Sable doesn't look at Melissa right away. He's standing unnaturally still, shoulders slightly hunched forward like a coiled spring. Eyes wide. Focused. Not empty... intense. The kind of stare that doesn't feel like he's listening.

It feels like he's measuring the room for impact points.

John Phillips: "That's Rafe Sable. We've heard the name. We've heard the stories. But this is... the first time a lot of the UTA Universe is getting a look at him."

Mark Bravo: "I don't like the way he's looking at the camera, John. That's not a normal human stare. That's a stare that says, 'I'm gonna jump off something I shouldn't.'"

Melissa Cartwright: "Rafe, tomorrow night you step into a ladder match—steel, chaos, bodies flying everywhere. For the fans meeting you for the first time... what can they expect?"

Melissa holds the mic closer.

Rafe slowly turns his head toward her.

The look on his face is unsettling—not angry, not smiling. Just... wired. Like the volume is stuck at maximum and there's no off switch.

He doesn't say a word.

Melissa Cartwright: "Rafe?"

He steps closer to the mic, close enough that you think he's about to speak... and instead he just stares at it. Then past it. Then directly into the lens.

It's not a stare meant for television. It's a stare meant to make you uncomfortable on purpose.

John Phillips: "He's not saying anything."

Mark Bravo: "He don't need to, man. Look at him. That's a walking warning label."

Melissa's smile tightens. She keeps her composure, but her posture shifts subtly—like her instincts are telling her to create distance without making it obvious.

Melissa Cartwright: "If you have a message for the five other competitors in that ladder match—"

Rafe's eyes flick, fast, like a switch being flipped.

And then he does it.

He drops into a low crouch, sudden and fluid, like a predator settling before it pounces. His hand shoots up—pointer finger extended—pointing straight toward the ceiling.

Up. Skyward. A silent gesture that feels like a signature... like a ritual... like he's already picturing himself launching off something that should not be launched off of.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no."

John Phillips: "That's... that's a statement without words."

Rafe holds the pose for a beat—eyes still locked on the camera—then rises and turns away without acknowledging Melissa again.

No handshake. No nod. No explanation.

He walks off down the corridor with the same dangerous calm he came in with, like he just walked into the room, set the tone, and left everyone else to deal with it.

Melissa remains frozen for a moment, blinking as if she's trying to decide whether that was an interview or a threat.

Melissa Cartwright: "...Back to you."

John Phillips: "Rafe Sable—set for tomorrow night's UTA Contract Ladder Match."

Mark Bravo: "He didn't say a word, and somehow I feel like we learned exactly what we needed to learn."

Win

Segment

The camera cuts to the locker room door marked with a sharp, minimalist plaque: THE EMPIRE.

Inside, the mood is cold and controlled—until you listen. Then you realize it isn't controlled at all.

Amy Harrison is in full command mode, pacing like a general with a war to win. Her eyes are sharp, her tone sharper. Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado stand a few feet away, adjusting their gear, taping wrists, checking boots. Dahlia Cross leans back against a locker with her arms folded, watching silently, expression unreadable.

Amy Harrison: "I don't want excuses. I don't want surprises. I don't want you getting cute out there."

Amy Harrison: "You walk to that ring like you own it. You take what's supposed to be ours. And you bring those UTA Tag Team Titles back to The Empire."

Selena tightens her tape, eyes down. Rosa rolls her shoulders, jaw set. Neither looks intimidated—just focused... and maybe slightly irritated at being talked to like they're recruits.

Amy Harrison: "Do you understand me?"

Rosa Delgado: "We understand."

Selena Vex: "We've got it."

Amy Harrison: "Good. Because tonight is about optics. Tonight is about power. Tonight is about reminding everyone that this division—every division—still runs through me."

Dahlia's eyes flick briefly toward Selena and Rosa at that last line. Quick. Small. But there.

The locker room door swings open without a knock.

Scott Stevens steps in.

The temperature of the room changes instantly. Amy's pacing stops like someone hit a switch. Selena and Rosa straighten. Dahlia doesn't move—just watches him with that distant, calculating look.

Amy Harrison: "Oh God... what do you want?"

Scott doesn't react to the attitude. He doesn't raise his voice. He doesn't need to. He steps in and lets the door close behind him, hands loosely at his sides, posture calm but authoritative.

Scott Stevens: "I'm going to be watching closely tonight."

Amy's nostrils flare. Her lip curls like she's tasting something bitter.

Amy Harrison: "You always are."

Scott Stevens: "And since you're always thinking three moves ahead, let me simplify this for you."

Scott Stevens: "If you... or anyone in The Empire... interrupts the main event tonight—"

Scott's eyes move across the room as he says it. Selena. Rosa. Dahlia. Back to Amy.

Scott Stevens: "All of you will be suspended."

The room goes quiet for half a beat. Selena's expression tightens. Rosa's eyes narrow. Dahlia's stare hardens, but she still doesn't speak.

Amy takes a slow step forward, chin lifted, eyes burning.

Amy Harrison: "Suspended."

She says it like it's a joke he's not qualified to tell.

Amy Harrison: "You think I'm here to do what? Ruin your little main event?"

Amy Harrison: "I'm here for one reason—"

She points sharply at Selena and Rosa.

Amy Harrison: "—to make sure they bring gold back to The Empire."

Scott nods once, like he's heard it, filed it, and doesn't fully believe it.

Amy Harrison: "And don't stand there acting like I need to sneak attack anyone to get what I want."

Amy Harrison: "I don't need a shortcut."

Amy Harrison: "I already DESERVE my rematch."

Amy's voice rises on the word "deserve" and she takes another step, toe-to-toe distance now, daring Scott to challenge her.

Scott Stevens: "We'll see about that, Amy."

Scott's tone stays flat, but the words land like a slap.

Scott Stevens: "But I mean it. No interference. No stunts. No clever little 'accidents'."

Scott Stevens: "Once the tag match is over... you're all free to leave."

Amy's eyes narrow into slits. Her jaw clenches so hard a vein shows near her temple. For a moment it looks like she might say something that gets her fined—or worse.

Selena shifts her weight, glancing at Rosa. Rosa gives the smallest nod. Dahlia's gaze stays on Amy now, watching how she handles being checked.

Amy Harrison: "Fine."

It comes out like poison.

Amy Harrison: "You'll get what you want."

Amy Harrison: "No interference. No interruptions. Nothing."

Scott holds her stare for a beat, then turns his attention to Selena and Rosa.

Scott Stevens: "Good luck."

Then he turns back toward the door.

Scott Stevens: "And Amy?"

She doesn't answer. She just glares.

Scott Stevens: "Don't test me tonight."

Scott exits. The door clicks shut.

The room stays silent for a moment after he's gone—like nobody wants to be the first to speak.

Amy turns sharply back to Selena and Rosa, anger re-focused, voice low and intense.

Amy Harrison: "You heard him."

Amy Harrison: "So make it simple."

Amy Harrison: "Win."

Selena and Rosa exchange one more look—then tighten their gear and head for the door.

Dahlia lingers a second longer, eyes on Amy, expression still strange... thoughtful... before she follows.

Amy remains alone in the center of the room for a beat, breathing through her nose, fists clenched at her sides—furious that someone just told her what she can't do.

He Falls

Segment

The feed cuts backstage to a quiet interview bay near the loading dock—concrete walls, cold light, the distant hum of the arena bleeding through the corridor like a heartbeat.

Melissa Cartwright stands center frame, microphone in hand, posture straight but cautious—because the two men beside her don't look like they're here for friendly conversation.

Trey Mack is all swagger and rhythm even when he's standing still—big frame, loose shoulders, eyes alive. He wears a grin that can turn into a warning at any second.

And behind him, half a step back like a shadow with weight, stands Clovis Black. Hood up. Arms at his sides. No smile. No movement beyond the slow rise and fall of his chest. His stare stays locked forward like he's watching something only he can see.

Melissa Cartwright: "I'm here with Trey Mack... and Clovis Black."

Melissa glances between them, then back to the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "Earlier tonight, you laid down a challenge to Chris Ross—before Clovis Black attacked him. And it seems now that Chris Ross has accepted your challenge."

Melissa Cartwright: "Tomorrow night, at Brand New Day: Day 2... it will be Trey Mack versus Chris Ross for the UTA Championship."

The line hangs in the air like a match waiting for a strike.

Trey's grin widens, and he nods slowly like he's savoring the words.

Trey Mack: "Mmm."

Trey Mack: "Now that's a sentence right there, ain't it?"

He leans in slightly toward Melissa's mic, voice smooth, playful, but there's something sharper under it—something that

says he's not here to be cute.

Trey Mack: "Trey Mack... Chris Ross... UTA Championship... tomorrow night."

Trey Mack: "That sound like a main event to me."

Clovis doesn't react. Doesn't blink. Just stands there like a locked door.

Melissa Cartwright: "A lot of people watching at home are asking the same question, Trey."

Melissa Cartwright: "Why Chris Ross? Why now? And why... that attack?"

Trey's expression shifts. The smile stays, but it tightens at the corners. He rolls his shoulders once, like he's getting ready to run through somebody, not answer a question.

Trey Mack: "Why Chris Ross?"

Trey Mack: "Because that's the top, baby."

Trey Mack: "Because if I'm here, I'm not here to walk in, wave, shake hands, and ask permission to matter."

Trey taps his own chest once, a solid thump that echoes off the concrete like punctuation.

Trey Mack: "I'm here to make it real. I'm here to make it loud. I'm here to make it undeniable."

Melissa holds her mic steady, but her eyes flick—just once—to Clovis behind Trey, then back.

Melissa Cartwright: "And the attack?"

Trey breathes out a short laugh—half amused, half irritated—like he's heard this tone before.

Trey Mack: "See, y'all keep callin' it an attack like it was some random thing."

Trey Mack: "That was a message."

Trey turns his head slightly, glancing back at Clovis the way you glance at a tool you trust to do exactly what it was made to do.

Trey Mack: "Chris Ross got a lotta words. Chris Ross got a lotta fire."

Trey Mack: "And I respect that. I do."

Trey Mack: "But tomorrow night ain't about his speech. Ain't about his story. Ain't about his moment."

Trey leans closer to the camera now, lowering his voice just a notch—enough that it feels personal.

Trey Mack: "Tomorrow night is about what happens when that bell rings and the world finds out if the champ can survive the Mack Attack."

Melissa nods, trying to keep the interview on the rails.

Melissa Cartwright: "So you're confident. But Chris Ross is the UTA Champion for a reason. He's dangerous, he's violent, and he's not exactly known for taking disrespect lightly."

Trey smiles again—bigger, almost delighted—like that's exactly what he wanted to hear.

Trey Mack: "Good."

Trey Mack: "I didn't come here to fight somebody safe."

Trey Mack: "I came here to fight somebody real."

He steps half a pace forward, and the camera catches the shift—his presence filling the frame, charisma turning into pressure.

Trey Mack: "Chris Ross said he had to pull himself out of his own grave."

Trey Mack: "Tomorrow night? I'm gonna see how deep that grave really was."

Behind him, Clovis finally moves—just a fraction. A slow tilt of the head. A subtle step that brings him closer into the light. His eyes don't leave the lens.

Melissa's posture stiffens. Trey doesn't even look back. He knows exactly what Clovis is doing.

Melissa Cartwright: "Clovis... do you have anything to say?"

Clovis stares. Long. Heavy. The silence stretches until it becomes uncomfortable on purpose.

Then, in a low voice—flat, controlled—he speaks without emotion.

Clovis Black: "Tomorrow... he falls."

That's it. No more. Clovis steps back into stillness like the words were never meant to be a conversation.

Trey's grin flashes again—bright, almost joyful—like he loves the fear his partner brings.

Trey Mack: "You heard him."

Trey Mack: "Tomorrow night, Day 2—UTA Championship."

Trey Mack: "Chris Ross wanted the world to listen to him tonight."

Trey Mack: "Tomorrow night... the world gon' feel me."

Trey turns, motioning with two fingers. Clovis pivots with him immediately, the two of them walking out of frame—Trey loose and confident, Clovis silent and heavy—while Melissa watches them go like she just witnessed the start of a storm.

Tag Team Turmoil Match

Match

The arena lights dip and a low, grinding hum rolls through Mullett Arena—like metal dragged across concrete. The crowd rises, sensing what's next as the ring announcer finishes the formal introductions.

John Phillips: "It's time. Tag Team Turmoil—gauntlet rules—two teams start, and every time a team gets eliminated, a new one enters. The UTA Tag Team Championship will be defended tonight, but the champions—Velocity Vanguard—won't enter until the very end."

Mark Bravo: "Which is genius. It's also disgusting. It's also genius. You let everybody else tear each other apart and then you stroll in fresh. That's the kind of perk that makes people start fights backstage."

John Phillips: "And look at the teams waiting in the wings—Rich Young GRPLRZ, El Fantasma, Iron Dominion, U.S.A, Next Level, Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado... a whole division packed into one match."

Mark Bravo: "And the scary part? All it takes is one hot run. You don't have to be the best team on paper—just the last team standing in the ring."

The big screen flashes black—then red strobes begin to pulse like warning lights in a factory. A wolf-howl sample echoes through the building, followed by a heavy, familiar riff that hits like a boot to the chest. The crowd boos immediately as the atmosphere turns hostile.

John Phillips: "And here we go—first entrants... Iron Dominion."

Sparks shower down from the stage truss as Gideon Graves emerges through the curtain with a slow, punishing stride—shoulders square, eyes forward, like he's walking into a shift he plans to end with someone else getting carried

out. He pounds a taped fist into his opposite palm once... then twice... and the sound is loud enough to be heard over the music.

Mark Bravo: "Gideon Graves is built like a parking garage. That's not a man, that's zoning law."

Magnus Wolfe follows a half-step behind—scar catching the light when he tilts his head. He doesn't rush. He doesn't even look excited. He just smirks—like he's already seen the ending and he's here to watch it happen in slow motion. As he reaches the top of the ramp, he drags a thumb across the scar on his brow and gives a small nod to Graves.

John Phillips: "These two are a problem because they don't just want to win—they want to ruin you. Gideon's raw force, Wolfe's precision... and both of them love cutting the ring in half."

Mark Bravo: "They'll twist a knee, they'll grind an arm, they'll talk to you while they do it—then they'll look at the ref like, 'We're just wrestling.' No, you're not. You're industrial-strength bullying."

Iron Dominion stalk down the ramp like a pair of executioners. Graves walks slightly ahead, taking the center line like the runway belongs to him. Wolfe angles to the side, scanning the crowd, jaw set, wearing that predator calm.

John Phillips: "And remember—this is a gauntlet. You can't afford to blow your whole tank early... but you also can't afford to start slow and get eliminated before you ever see the champions."

Mark Bravo: "Iron Dominion doesn't start slow. They start mean."

Graves climbs the steps and wipes his boots on the apron with exaggerated disrespect, then steps through the ropes like he's entering a cage. Wolfe slides in under the bottom rope and rises immediately, rolling his neck and flexing his fingers as the boos intensify.

Graves and Wolfe meet in the center for a brief, silent moment—no fist bump, no rah-rah—just a stare that says, "Work." Then they turn together toward the entranceway, waiting for the team that drew the other starting slot...

John Phillips: "Iron Dominion is in the ring. And up next—U.S.A."

The lights brighten and the arena suddenly feels more like a rally than a fight. A crisp drumline hits through the speakers—sharp snares, booming bass—then a burst of pyro cracks at the stage like cannon fire.

John Phillips: "And here they come—Jaxson Ryder and Carter Durant—U.S.A!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, this is the fun kind of dangerous. Two guys who believe so hard in what they do that it becomes contagious. But tonight? Belief might get you folded."

Jaxson Ryder comes out first, exploding onto the stage with energy—slapping his own chest, pointing to the crowd, and pumping his fist as chants begin to swell. He pauses at the top of the ramp and throws both arms wide, soaking in the reaction like he's feeding off it.

Jaxson Ryder: "TEMPE! LET'S GO!"

Carter Durant steps out right behind him, calmer but just as intense—eyes locked on the ring. Durant adjusts his wrist tape, nods once, then leans in to say something to Ryder that doesn't get picked up—Ryder nods back, their body language snapping into "game time."

John Phillips: "Ryder brings that spark—he's the ignition. Durant brings discipline—he's the steering wheel. Together, they've got chemistry and they've got grit."

Mark Bravo: "And they're staring across the ring at Iron Dominion, who look like they're about to file paperwork to end this whole thing."

Ryder and Durant start down the ramp, slapping hands with fans along the barricade. Ryder is bouncing, talking, hyping the crowd; Durant stays focused, pointing once toward the ring as if reminding everyone what matters.

In the ring, Gideon Graves cracks his neck to the side and smirks. Magnus Wolfe leans against the ropes, posture relaxed, eyes predatory—like he's waiting for Ryder to get too close so he can punish the enthusiasm.

Mark Bravo: "You can feel the clash already. U.S.A wants pace, tags, momentum. Iron Dominion wants isolation and misery."

John Phillips: "And in Tag Team Turmoil, early momentum is everything. You don't just want to win—you want to win without taking damage, because you have no idea who's coming next."

U.S.A reaches ringside. Ryder slides in under the bottom rope and pops up immediately, arms out, jawing at Iron Dominion with a grin that says he's not intimidated. Durant steps up the stairs and enters more measured, eyes locked on Wolfe and Graves like he's already tracking who he wants first.

Carter Durant: "You guys like to talk... let's see you fight."

Graves steps forward a half-step, looming, while Wolfe's grin curls like he's amused.

Magnus Wolfe: "We fight. We just do it... slower."

John Phillips: "The first two teams are set. Iron Dominion. U.S.A. Gauntlet rules. Elimination by pinfall or submission—then a new team enters."

Mark Bravo: "And somewhere backstage, Velocity Vanguard is probably stretching like they're about to jog a mile after everyone else ran a marathon. I hate it. I respect it. I hate it again."

The referee calls for both teams to sort out who's starting. Ryder points to himself, then points at Graves like he wants the biggest challenge. Durant puts a hand on Ryder's chest and gestures to Wolfe instead—smarter first bite. Ryder nods, still grinning.

Graves and Wolfe exchange a look. Wolfe motions with two fingers: "I've got this." Graves cracks his knuckles, watching.

John Phillips: "Looks like Magnus Wolfe will start for Iron Dominion... and Jaxson Ryder wants the start for U.S.A."

Mark Bravo: "That's gas and fire. Let's see who burns first."

The referee checks corners, signals for the bell—and the Tag Team Turmoil officially begins.

DING DING!

Jaxson Ryder bounces on the balls of his feet, shoulders loose, hands up. Across from him, Magnus Wolfe stands almost still—chin slightly tucked, eyes locked like he's measuring Ryder's speed in real time. The crowd is hot early, chanting as Ryder claps once and points at Wolfe.

John Phillips: "Ryder wants to set a pace. Wolfe wants to set a trap."

Mark Bravo: "Wolfe's the kind of guy who looks bored right before he bites you."

They circle. Ryder darts in for a quick tie-up—Wolfe slips out, barely moving, then steps in and chops Ryder across the chest with a knife-edge slap that echoes. Ryder's eyes widen, but he shakes it off, nodding like, "Okay."

Jaxson Ryder: "Alright. You got one."

Ryder comes back with a burst—arm drag—Wolfe stumbles but rolls through, popping up to his feet. Ryder tries again—another arm drag—this one cleaner—sending Wolfe toward the corner. Wolfe catches himself on the ropes and smirks, irritated but not panicked.

John Phillips: "Ryder's speed is making Wolfe actually move!"

Ryder lunges for a third—Wolfe sidesteps and snaps a quick knee into Ryder's midsection, stealing the breath. Ryder

folds—Wolfe immediately hooks the head and drives a short, sharp DDT that plants Ryder and silences the bounce.

Mark Bravo: "That's the trap. Ryder's flying, Wolfe just put up a wall."

Wolfe floats over into a cover.

Referee: "One—"

Ryder kicks out, but Wolfe doesn't waste time. He grabs Ryder's wrist and twists it, dragging him toward Iron Dominion's corner. Wolfe tags Gideon Graves with a slap of the hand.

John Phillips: "Tag made—here comes Gideon Graves."

Graves steps in like a storm front. Wolfe holds Ryder's arm extended—Graves winds up and hammers a clubbing forearm into Ryder's chest, then another into the back. Ryder drops to a knee, coughing.

Mark Bravo: "That's not a strike, that's a demolition permit."

Graves drags Ryder up and whips him into the corner. Ryder hits hard. Graves charges in and crushes him with a corner splash that compresses Ryder into the pads. Ryder stumbles out—Graves scoops him and slams him down with a brutal body slam, then drops a knee across Ryder's shoulder and neck.

John Phillips: "Iron Dominion wasting no time—cutting the ring in half early."

Graves grabs Ryder by the jaw and pulls him up, keeping him close to their corner. Ryder swings a desperate forearm—Graves shrugs it off and answers with a short headbutt that wobbles Ryder.

Graves hooks Ryder's arms and lifts for a high-impact slam—Ryder fights, kicking—Graves plants him anyway and drags him back up again, refusing to let him crawl to Carter Durant.

Mark Bravo: "This is the gauntlet problem—if you get isolated early, you're spending all your energy surviving before you've even cleared the first team."

Graves makes another tag to Wolfe. Wolfe steps in and immediately stomps Ryder's ribs once, then drops to a knee and wrenches Ryder's arm, twisting the wrist and elbow like he's trying to take Ryder's speed away by taking his steering.

John Phillips: "Wolfe now targeting the arm—methodical work from Iron Dominion."

Ryder grimaces and tries to roll—Wolfe keeps the arm trapped and drives a forearm into Ryder's face, then pulls him up into a tight front facelock. Ryder's legs scramble for leverage.

Jaxson Ryder: "Durant! Right here!"

Wolfe snaps Ryder down again, keeping him grounded. Durant leans over the ropes, arm extended, shouting back.

Carter Durant: "Fight for it! Get to me!"

Ryder tries to crawl—Wolfe drags him back by the ankle, smirking. Graves laughs from the apron like he's enjoying a slow meal.

Mark Bravo: "This is Iron Dominion's favorite part—when you realize you can see your partner... but you can't reach them."

Wolfe pulls Ryder up and shoves him into the corner again, then tags Graves back in. Graves steps through the ropes and raises a fist, the crowd booing as he closes in for more punishment—

and Ryder, battered but stubborn, digs his feet under him, searching for one opening to break the isolation.

Graves storms in and throws a heavy right hand to the body—Ryder absorbs it with a grunt, doubling over. Graves

follows with another clubbing forearm across the back that drops Ryder to a knee again, then grabs a handful of hair and forces him up in front of Iron Dominion's corner.

John Phillips: "Iron Dominion in complete control—Ryder has not sniffed his corner in a while."

Mark Bravo: "This is what they do. Wolfe finds the opening, Graves makes it hurt, and then they keep you in the wrong neighborhood."

Graves hooks Ryder for a suplex—Ryder fights it, legs kicking—Graves changes his grip and drives him down with a hard snap suplex anyway, then covers.

Referee: "One... two—"

Ryder kicks out, jaw clenched. Graves rises and drags Ryder up again, shoving him into the corner. He charges for another crushing splash—

Ryder slips out at the last possible second.

Graves hits the turnbuckles chest-first. The ring shudders.

John Phillips: "Ryder got out of the way!"

Mark Bravo: "That's oxygen! That's a window!"

Ryder staggers behind Graves and cracks him with a forearm to the back of the head—then another—then a sudden dropkick to the back of the knee that makes the big man dip. Ryder doesn't have the strength to slam Graves, but he can sting him.

Graves turns with anger—Ryder ducks under a wild swing and sprints for his corner—

Magnus Wolfe rushes around the apron, reaching through the ropes to grab Ryder's ankle.

John Phillips: "Wolfe grabbed the ankle!"

Ryder sprawls forward, fingers scraping the mat. Carter Durant is leaning out as far as he can, arm extended like he's trying to pull Ryder across the ring with pure will.

Carter Durant: "Tag! TAG!"

Ryder kicks his leg free and lunges—Graves lunges too, one massive hand reaching—

Ryder dives and slaps Durant's hand.

John Phillips: "Tag made! Carter Durant is in!"

The crowd pops as Durant charges in with urgency, vaulting over the top rope into the ring like a man entering a fight already swinging. Graves turns—Durant cracks him with a running forearm to the jaw, then follows with a second, then a third—rapid-fire, driving the bigger man backward.

Mark Bravo: "Fresh man energy! Durant came in like he got shot out of a cannon!"

Durant hits the ropes and comes back with a dropkick to the chest that knocks Graves into the ropes. Graves rebounds—Durant ducks and hits a snap German suplex that actually pulls Graves off his feet. The crowd pops again as Graves rolls to his side, surprised more than hurt.

John Phillips: "German! Durant just suplexed Gideon Graves!"

Wolfe steps in—Durant meets him immediately with a boot to the midsection, then whips him into the corner. Durant charges and hits a corner forearm, then pulls Wolfe out and drops him with a quick spinebuster of his own, spiking him clean.

Mark Bravo: "Durant is cleaning house!"

Durant turns back to Graves and fires a stiff kick to the thigh, then another, then a forearm that backs Graves up. Ryder is back on the apron now, shaking his arm out, shouting encouragement.

Jaxson Ryder: "That's it! Keep moving!"

Durant grabs Graves for another suplex—Graves blocks it—Durant transitions, hooking an arm and snapping Graves down with a DDT that finally puts the big man on the mat with a thud.

John Phillips: "Durant found the DDT—Graves is down!"

Durant covers—hooking the leg tight.

Referee: "One... two—"

Graves powers out, exploding up and shoving Durant off. Durant rolls through, pops to a knee—Wolfe swings for a cheap shot—Durant ducks and catches Wolfe with a crisp back elbow that sends Wolfe spilling through the ropes to the apron.

Durant turns—Graves tries to grab him—Durant slips behind and shoves Graves toward the ropes, trying to keep the pace high and avoid getting trapped again.

Mark Bravo: "This is the only way to fight Iron Dominion—don't let them breathe. Don't let them slow it down."

Graves stumbles, turns, and storms forward again, but Durant is already moving, already looking to set up the next sequence—U.S.A finally has momentum... and they're trying to steal this first fall before Iron Dominion can clamp the vise back down.

Durant keeps moving—never staying in front of Gideon Graves long enough for the big man to lock his hands. He circles, snaps a quick kick to the thigh, then darts away as Graves swings a heavy forearm that cuts air.

John Phillips: "Durant's doing exactly what he has to—make Gideon Graves miss. Make him turn. Make him chase."

Mark Bravo: "And Ryder's back on the apron, which changes everything. U.S.A can actually run their game again."

Graves lunges—Durant sidesteps and shoves him into the corner, then cracks him with a sharp forearm. Durant turns and points to Ryder, calling him in.

Carter Durant: "Now!"

Tag to Ryder. Ryder springs over the top rope with fresh adrenaline and immediately hits a running dropkick to Graves in the corner, snapping Graves' head back. Ryder follows with a second dropkick—then a third—rapid-fire, feeding off the crowd.

John Phillips: "Ryder's back in—dropkicks in the corner!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the stuff that makes the gauntlet swing. A hot tag can change the whole tide."

Ryder grabs Graves' arm and whips him out of the corner—Graves reverses at the last second and sends Ryder into the ropes instead. Ryder rebounds—Graves looks for a big boot—Ryder slides under it, pops up behind and clips the knee with a low chop that makes Graves stumble.

Ryder hits the ropes again, comes back and catches Graves with a running forearm that rocks him. Graves stays up—Ryder tries to springboard—

Magnus Wolfe reaches in and yanks Ryder's boot from the apron.

John Phillips: "Wolfe just tripped him!"

Ryder crashes awkwardly, landing on his side. The referee turns and starts warning Wolfe. Wolfe spreads his hands like he did nothing—smirking, of course.

Mark Bravo: "That's Iron Dominion. They're not cheating to win a match, they're cheating to win a war."

Graves capitalizes instantly—he scoops Ryder and slams him down hard, then tags Wolfe in with a slap that sounds like a gunshot. Wolfe enters and stomps Ryder's ribs once, then again, then drops to wrench Ryder's arm behind him, twisting it tight and leaning his weight into the shoulder.

John Phillips: "Iron Dominion regained control in a heartbeat."

Ryder groans and tries to roll—Wolfe keeps the arm trapped, shifting his grip to grind the wrist. Wolfe looks over at Durant and smirks, then drags Ryder toward Iron Dominion's corner again, cutting the ring in half like he's drawing a line in chalk.

Magnus Wolfe: "You're fast... when you can stand."

Wolfe tags Graves. Graves steps in and immediately clubs Ryder in the chest, then lifts him for a backbreaker across the knee. Ryder cries out, clutching his spine as Graves shoves him down and covers.

Referee: "One... two—"

Ryder kicks out again—barely. Graves snarls and drags him up by the wrist, but Ryder fights back with short elbows to the ribs, desperation in every strike.

Jaxson Ryder: "Durant—!"

Graves answers with a headbutt that stuns Ryder. Graves tries to whip him—Ryder reverses and sends Graves into the ropes—Ryder tries to sprint for his corner—

Wolfe jumps down and swings a forearm from the apron that catches Ryder flush across the mouth.

John Phillips: "Wolfe just clocked him!"

Ryder staggers. Graves closes in like a collapsing wall and crushes Ryder with a lariat that flips him inside out. The crowd boos hard as Graves stands over Ryder, chest heaving, then gestures for the end.

Mark Bravo: "That's it. That's the momentum killer. Iron Dominion is turning this back into their kind of fight."

Graves hauls Ryder up—hooks him—then drives him down with a punishing slam that leaves Ryder sprawled. Graves drops into a cover, hooking the leg deep.

Referee: "One... two—"

Durant dives in and breaks it up at the last second, throwing his body into Graves to save the match. The crowd pops as chaos erupts.

John Phillips: "Durant saved it!"

Wolfe rushes in and attacks Durant—Durant fires back with forearms—Ryder tries to crawl toward his corner—Graves grabs him by the ankle and yanks him back again, dragging him like a prisoner.

The referee corrals Durant and Wolfe back to their corners. Graves keeps Ryder trapped near Iron Dominion's side, then tags Wolfe back in. Wolfe climbs through the ropes with that same calm cruelty, looking down at Ryder like he's about to end a lesson.

Mark Bravo: "U.S.A had a moment. A real moment. But Iron Dominion has looked better for longer—and in a gauntlet, that's what matters. Control. Damage. Efficiency."

Wolfe pulls Ryder up, sets him in position, and snaps him down with a sharp, compact finishing sequence—driving

Ryder to the mat and immediately stacking him, shoulders pinned tight.

Referee: "One... two... three!"

DING DING!

John Phillips: "U.S.A has been eliminated! Iron Dominion advances!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the gauntlet cruelty. Ryder and Durant fought like hell, but Iron Dominion just kept cutting the ring and cutting the air out. Now the question is—who's next?"

Durant slides to Ryder, checking on him, anger in his eyes as he helps him roll toward the ropes. Graves and Wolfe don't celebrate much—just regroup, breathing controlled, already turning toward the entranceway again. They didn't win a match. They survived a step.

John Phillips: "Iron Dominion remains. And a new team is about to enter Tag Team Turmoil."

The boos for Iron Dominion barely have time to settle when the lights shift again—cool white spotlights snapping on like flashbulbs. The tron flickers with sleek, high-gloss graphics: gold trim, champagne bubbles, and the kind of luxury branding that feels smug on purpose.

John Phillips: "Uh oh."

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh, here come the rich kids."

John Phillips: "Next team in Tag Team Turmoil—Rich Young GRPLRZ... Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington."

Mark Bravo: "Let me translate that for the people at home: they're here to wrestle, and also to judge your shoes."

A champagne-pop sound hits through the speakers, followed by a beat that sounds expensive—clean, arrogant, and loud. Jacoby Jacobs strolls out first in a pristine robe with gaudy trim, holding his arms out as if the arena should be grateful he showed up. Darian Darrington follows, smirking, adjusting his cuffs like he's heading into a board meeting instead of a fight.

John Phillips: "And these two have history that matters—original Trust Fund Tag Team Champions in Iron City Wrestling... before those titles evolved into what we now recognize as the UTA Tag Team Championships."

Mark Bravo: "So in their minds? They didn't 'used to be' champions. They're the blueprint. They're the first line in the book. Everybody else is just borrowing their pens."

Jacoby points to himself, then makes a slow "wrap it up" gesture at the crowd's boos like they're being too loud for his taste. Darian laughs, pointing down the ramp toward the ring with a casual flick, like Iron Dominion is just another obstacle on the way to reclaiming "their" division.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Try to keep your hands off the merchandise."

Mark Bravo: "Merchandise?!"

John Phillips: "They're heels, Mark."

Mark Bravo: "I know they're heels, John, but I still want to throw a pretzel at them."

Jacoby and Darian begin their walk with exaggerated confidence—taking their time. They stop twice to pose for imaginary cameras, soaking in the reaction. The whole thing is designed to irritate—because irritation leads to mistakes.

John Phillips: "And here's the tactical question: Iron Dominion just went through a full opening round. They're not fresh anymore."

Mark Bravo: "Right. Graves and Wolfe have already been hit. Not a ton, but enough. Meanwhile, Rich Young GRPLRZ

are walking in clean and cocky. That's a dangerous combo."

Rich Young GRPLRZ reach ringside. Jacoby hops onto the apron and wipes his boots like the mat is beneath him. Darian steps up the stairs and leans through the ropes, eyes locked on Magnus Wolfe like he's sizing him up for a hostile takeover.

John Phillips: "But Iron Dominion isn't a team that gets rattled by attitude. If anything... they like punishing it."

Mark Bravo: "This is about to be one of those 'welcome back to reality' situations."

Jacoby steps into the ring and spreads his arms wide, smiling like a man who expects applause. Darian cracks his neck and points at the UTA Tag Team Championship graphic on the tron—then points at himself and Jacoby—making the message clear.

Darian Darrington: "That's ours. We're just taking it back."

Across the ring, Gideon Graves and Magnus Wolfe don't respond with words. Graves just slowly rolls his shoulders and steps forward. Wolfe tilts his head and smiles—thin, cold, predatory.

John Phillips: "Iron Dominion stays in. Rich Young GRPLRZ are in. The turmoil continues."

Mark Bravo: "And now we find out if money can buy survival... or if it just buys the privilege of getting hurt next."

The referee calls for the legal men, directing the non-legal partners to their corners. Graves leans through the ropes, staring daggers. Wolfe volunteers a hand gesture toward Jacoby like he's inviting him to try his luck. Jacoby laughs and points to Darian—letting his partner start, because of course he does.

Darian Darrington steps forward and raises his hands, smirking, ready to go. Magnus Wolfe steps in opposite him—still smiling.

Darian Darrington and Magnus Wolfe circle at center ring, and Darian doesn't even pretend to be in a hurry. He smooths his hair back. He adjusts his wrist tape. He gives Wolfe a lazy little "after you" gesture like he's inviting him to dance.

John Phillips: "Rich Young GRPLRZ are walking into this fresh... and acting like they own the building."

Mark Bravo: "They don't want to just win. They want to make you angry first. Angry means sloppy. Sloppy means—boom—roll-up city."

Wolfe steps in for a tie-up—Darian slips away and leans back against the ropes, arms out, grinning. The crowd boos. Darian points at Wolfe's scar and does a fake "aww" face like he's sympathetic.

Darian Darrington: "You're adorable."

Wolfe's smile tightens. He steps forward again—Darian ducks under the arm and tags Jacoby Jacobs, then immediately steps through the ropes like he just tagged out of a war.

John Phillips: "Quick tag already—"

Mark Bravo: "That's not strategy, John. That's disrespect."

Jacoby climbs in slowly, wiping his boots again for no reason other than to waste time. Wolfe points at him and barks something off-mic. Jacoby responds by holding up one finger—"wait"—and then turns to wink at a fan in the front row.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Relax. You'll get your moment."

Wolfe lunges. Jacoby immediately bails through the ropes to the apron, hands up like, "Nope." The referee steps in, warning Wolfe to back off. Gideon Graves is already barking from the corner, slapping the top rope with impatience.

Mark Bravo: "Iron Dominion is already irritated. This is exactly what Rich Young GRPLRZ want."

Jacoby re-enters with a smug grin and finally reaches for a lockup—then yanks his hand away at the last second, laughing. Wolfe’s jaw clenches. The crowd boos louder.

John Phillips: "They are playing games."

Mark Bravo: "And games get you punched... which is why I'm shocked Graves hasn't sprinted across the ring yet."

Wolfe shoots in on the third attempt—finally gets both hands on Jacoby—and instantly snaps him down with a crisp arm drag. Jacoby rolls through, pops up, and throws both arms out like he stuck a perfect landing, then points at Wolfe like, "Nice try."

Jacoby Jacobs: "Better."

Wolfe steps in again—Jacoby drops flat to the mat and rolls under the bottom rope to the floor, clutching his chest like he's been shot. The referee looks confused. Wolfe throws his hands up in disgust.

John Phillips: "Come on—"

Mark Bravo: "He just took a tactical vacation."

On the floor, Jacoby walks it off like nothing happened, taking his time, jawing with fans, pointing at his own face like it's a billboard. Wolfe paces inside the ring, eyes burning. Graves looks like he's about to burst a blood vessel.

Gideon Graves: "GET IN HERE!"

Jacoby slides back in at the count of eight, smiling, and immediately tags Darian again—another slick escape. Darian steps in and claps once right in Wolfe's face.

Darian Darrington: "You're getting warmer."

Wolfe finally snaps—he swings hard. Darian ducks and hits a quick drop toe-hold, sending Wolfe to the mat. Darian doesn't follow with power—he follows with embarrassment: a quick, flashy stomp near Wolfe's head, then a little hop back like he's avoiding mud.

John Phillips: "Darrington tripped him up! And he's... styling."

Mark Bravo: "That styling is gasoline."

Darian tags Jacoby back in, and they execute a fast little sequence—nothing huge, just clean: Jacoby snaps Wolfe down into a headlock takeover, Darian springs to the apron and claps like it's a recital. Wolfe powers up—Jacoby holds on—Wolfe shoves him off—Jacoby rebounds and immediately tries a quick inside cradle.

Referee: "One... two—"

Wolfe kicks out and surges to his feet, furious. Jacoby pops up too and dusts off his own shoulders like Wolfe just missed the shot of his life.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Ooh. Almost."

Wolfe charges. Jacoby slides between his legs and tags Darian again, then points at Wolfe like he's directing traffic. Wolfe spins around and storms toward Darian—

Darian immediately retreats to the ropes and leans back, hands up, smiling, inviting Wolfe to swing first.

John Phillips: "It's constant tags, constant movement—Iron Dominion can't get their hands set!"

Mark Bravo: "And every second they get angrier, they get looser. That's the off-balance point in a match like this."

Graves finally can't take it—he steps through the ropes and charges in, ignoring the referee's warning. The crowd erupts as Graves barrels toward Darian like a truck.

Referee: "Graves! Get out! You're not legal!"

Darian yelps and bails out to the apron, laughing as he goes. Jacoby hops up and points at the ref like, "See?" Wolfe grabs Graves by the shoulder and tries to pull him back, barking at him to stay focused.

John Phillips: "Iron Dominion is losing their composure!"

Mark Bravo: "And Rich Young GRPLRZ are LOVING it!"

Graves shoves Wolfe's hand off like he doesn't want advice. Wolfe glares back—just a flash—then forces himself to turn toward the legal man again. Meanwhile, Jacoby and Darian are on the apron clapping, laughing, and talking over the top rope like they're in complete control of Iron Dominion's emotions.

Wolfe turns—steps toward Darian—trying to re-center... but you can see it now. They're off balance. They're swinging at ghosts. And Rich Young GRPLRZ are ready to pounce the moment the timing breaks again.

Wolfe takes a breath—slow—trying to pull himself back into control. He points at Darian, barking for him to step in. Darian responds by holding up a hand like he's taking questions at a press conference, then saunters forward with exaggerated caution.

John Phillips: "Wolfe is trying to reset, trying to get back to that clinical pace—"

Mark Bravo: "But the problem is, they've already pulled the pin on the grenade. Iron Dominion is mad now. And mad teams make mistakes."

Darian reaches in for a lockup—Wolfe blasts him with a sudden forearm that knocks Darian back. Darian stumbles and instinctively reaches for his jaw, eyes wide.

Magnus Wolfe: "Stop. Playing."

Wolfe surges forward and grabs Darian by the wrist, twisting hard and yanking him into a short-arm lariat that drops him. Wolfe covers.

Referee: "One—"

Darian kicks out quickly, rolling away like he's trying to turn it into a joke. Wolfe grabs him by the hair and drags him up—Darian slaps Wolfe's hand away and throws his arms up like he's offended.

Darian Darrington: "Hair? Really?"

Wolfe answers with a second forearm, harder, followed by a crisp snap suplex that pops Darian off the mat. Darian lands with a thud and the laughter disappears.

John Phillips: "Wolfe just turned the temperature up!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the danger—Iron Dominion can be off balance, but when they hit, they hit like they're trying to dent you."

Wolfe drags Darian toward the corner and tags Graves. Graves stomps in and immediately drives a boot into Darian's midsection, then another, then hauls him up for a brutal body slam. Darian bounces and rolls to his side, gasping.

Gideon Graves: "Laugh now."

Graves clamps a hand around Darian's throat and shoves him back into the corner, then unloads with heavy shoulder thrusts that rattle the turnbuckles. Darian tries to cover up—Graves pulls the guard apart and clubs him again.

John Phillips: "This is Iron Dominion's response to the antics—raw punishment."

Graves whips Darian out of the corner—Darian stumbles—Graves runs through him with a lariat that folds him nearly in half. Graves paces once, jaw clenched, then points at Jacoby on the apron like he's calling him out personally.

Gideon Graves: "You want to clap? Clap for this."

Graves drags Darian up again—Darian's eyes are glazed—and sets him for something bigger. Jacoby leans in over the top rope, shouting.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Get up! Don't let these amateurs touch you!"

Mark Bravo: "Amateurs?! These guys wrestle like they're trying to repossess your spine!"

Graves hooks Darian for a vertical suplex and holds him up—stalling—letting the crowd boo while Darian's legs kick helplessly. Then Graves drops him hard, driving the air out of his lungs. Graves covers, hooking the leg deep.

Referee: "One... two—"

Darian kicks out again, barely, and the crowd pops at his resilience. Graves rises and points at the referee like, "Count faster." Wolfe slaps the top rope, demanding the tag again to keep the machine running.

John Phillips: "Rich Young GRPLRZ played games early, but Iron Dominion is making them pay for it now."

Graves drags Darian by the ankle back toward the corner, cutting off the tag lane. Darian reaches out, fingertips stretching toward Jacoby—Jacoby is practically falling into the ring trying to reach him.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Tag me! TAG ME!"

Graves stomps Darian's hand away and laughs once—mean—then tags Wolfe back in. Wolfe steps through the ropes and immediately drops a knee across Darian's shoulder, then wrenches the arm behind him again, working the joint with surgical pressure.

Mark Bravo: "That's the pendulum swing. Rich Young GRPLRZ had Iron Dominion chasing shadows... and now Iron Dominion has them pinned to the floor."

Darian grimaces and tries to roll—Wolfe keeps the arm trapped, then snaps a short elbow into Darian's face. Darian's head whips to the side and he slumps.

John Phillips: "If Darian can't get to Jacoby soon, the tone of this round changes completely."

Wolfe pulls Darian up and whips him toward the wrong corner again—Darian tries to reverse—Wolfe blocks it and yanks him back into a tight front facelock. Darian's legs wobble, but he digs in and throws a desperate body shot, then another, trying to create separation.

Wolfe cinches tighter. Graves laughs from the apron, clapping mockingly now—turning their earlier antics back on them. Jacoby is livid, shouting over the ropes.

Jacoby Jacobs: "You can't do that! Ref! He's—!"

Referee: "Get back on the apron!"

Iron Dominion has stolen the rhythm and flipped the emotional script. The question now is whether Darian can survive long enough to tag Jacoby... or whether Rich Young GRPLRZ are about to learn what it feels like when the joke stops being funny.

Wolfe keeps Darian trapped in the front facelock, grinding him down and steering him away from Jacoby like he's walking a dog on a short leash. Darian throws another body shot—weak—then tries to shove off.

Wolfe answers by snapping him down hard, then immediately rolling through into a grounded hold on the arm and shoulder, wrenching it tight. Darian's face contorts, and his boots scrape the canvas as he tries to inch toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Iron Dominion is doing what they do—smothering, controlling, denying the tag."

Mark Bravo: "And I hate to say it... but Rich Young GRPLRZ asked for this. They poked the bear and now the bear is reading them the entire dictionary of pain."

Darian manages to sit up enough to throw an elbow behind him—Wolfe shrugs it off and drives a short knee into the ribs, then drags Darian up by the wrist and whips him toward the corner again.

Darian plants his feet and stops short—smart—then suddenly pivots and shoves Wolfe shoulder-first into the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Darian reversed him!"

Wolfe hits the corner hard. Darian staggers back, clutching his arm, but his eyes are alive again—survival instinct switching on. Wolfe turns—Darian fires a desperate forearm, then another, then a third—each one a little sharper than the last.

Mark Bravo: "That's not elegance—that's 'I need air.'"

Darian ducks under Wolfe's swing and sprints for his corner—Jacoby is hanging halfway into the ring, arm extended like a lifeline.

Jacoby Jacobs: "RIGHT HERE! RIGHT HERE!"

Wolfe lunges and clips Darian's ankle—Darian stumbles but keeps crawling—Graves reaches through the ropes, trying to grab him—Darian kicks free and dives.

Tag.

John Phillips: "Jacoby Jacobs gets the tag!"

The crowd reacts as Jacoby springs in with a burst of energy—suddenly the smugness turns into speed. He runs right at Wolfe and cracks him with a sharp dropkick that knocks Wolfe backward. Jacoby hits the ropes and comes back with a second dropkick, then a running forearm that finally sends Wolfe down to a knee.

Mark Bravo: "Okay! Okay, Jacoby can actually go!"

John Phillips: "That's the thing—beneath the arrogance, they can wrestle. They wouldn't have been champions otherwise."

Jacoby turns and knocks Graves off the apron with a quick shoulder to the midsection through the ropes, sending the big man stumbling back. The crowd cheers at the disruption. Jacoby pivots back to Wolfe and snaps a quick neckbreaker, planting him clean.

Jacoby covers.

Referee: "One... two—"

Wolfe kicks out. Jacoby pops up and immediately motions to Darian—tagging him back in fast. Darian, still hurting, steps through the ropes and they hit a quick tandem sequence: Jacoby whips Wolfe toward Darian—Darian catches him with a knee to the gut—then Jacoby follows with a running clothesline that flips Wolfe over.

John Phillips: "Nice combination there—Rich Young GRPLRZ finding their rhythm!"

Graves storms back to the apron, furious, and yells into the ring. Wolfe crawls toward him, reaching for the tag—Darian lunges and grabs Wolfe's ankle, yanking him back to center with a burst of desperation.

Mark Bravo: "That's smart! Don't let Wolfe tag Graves—Graves comes in and the roof caves in."

Darian stomps Wolfe's hand away from the corner, then drops a quick knee across Wolfe's shoulder. Wolfe snarls and rolls, trying to create distance—Jacoby tags back in, and now they're moving faster, keeping Wolfe trapped with quick

attacks and quick tags.

John Phillips: "They're doing to Iron Dominion what Iron Dominion tried to do to them—cutting the ring and cutting off the tag."

Jacoby hooks Wolfe for a suplex—Wolfe blocks it—Jacoby snaps a knee to the thigh, then rolls him up into a tight inside cradle.

Referee: "One... two—"

Wolfe kicks out and scrambles up—Jacoby hits a drop toe-hold that sends Wolfe face-first. Darian springs in off the tag without hesitation, dropping a quick elbow across Wolfe's back—then another—building momentum the crowd can feel.

Mark Bravo: "They're back to irritating them, but now it's with wrestling. That's way more dangerous."

Wolfe finally manages to shove Darian away and crawl—fingertips stretching—toward Graves. Darian lunges again—Wolfe kicks him off—Wolfe dives—

Darian catches the boot and yanks him back once more, preventing the tag by inches. Graves slams his fist against the top rope, furious.

John Phillips: "Tag denied again!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the whole game right now. Keep Gideon Graves out of this match and you might steal the round."

Rich Young GRPLRZ have finally shifted the balance—Iron Dominion is still dangerous, but for the first time since this round began, Wolfe looks trapped and frustrated, while Jacoby and Darian are moving with confidence again.

Darian keeps Wolfe centered, dragging him back by the ankle every time he inches toward Gideon Graves. Wolfe's face is tightening now—anger and urgency mixing—because he can feel the window closing.

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe is desperate to make that tag, but Rich Young GRPLRZ have done a great job cutting him off."

Mark Bravo: "If Gideon Graves gets in, the tone changes. So RYG are doing the smartest thing possible: keep the wrecking ball outside the ring."

Darian tags Jacoby, and they hit another slick sequence—Jacoby snaps Wolfe down with a Russian leg sweep while Darian drops a quick knee across the chest. Jacoby pops up and throws his arms out like he's presenting art.

Jacoby Jacobs: "You're welcome!"

Boos rain down. Wolfe surges up and swings—Jacoby ducks and fires a chop to the chest—Wolfe doesn't flinch. He shoves Jacoby into the ropes and tries to catch him on the rebound—Jacoby slides under and tags Darian, then drops to the floor like he's avoiding a storm.

John Phillips: "Constant tags again—"

Mark Bravo: "That's their whole scam. Fresh legs, fresh strikes, and Wolfe's tank keeps emptying while Graves keeps getting angrier."

Darian steps in and clips Wolfe with a low kick to the thigh, then a second, then grabs a front facelock and tries to drag him down. Wolfe fights it, and in one sudden burst, he rips Darian up and drives him back-first into the corner.

Darian's spine hits the pads. Wolfe follows with a running forearm that snaps Darian's head sideways. The crowd reacts—because that looked like Wolfe finally found a second wind.

John Phillips: "Big forearm by Wolfe! That could be the break he needed!"

Wolfe hooks Darian and snaps him down with a suplex, then crawls—reaching—toward Graves, arm outstretched like

a man reaching for shore.

Mark Bravo: "This is it. If Wolfe tags Graves, we may be looking at the end of Rich Young GRPLRZ."

Wolfe dives—fingertips inches from Graves' hand—

Jacoby Jacobs jumps onto the apron on the far side, clapping loudly and yelling at the referee, drawing his attention for half a heartbeat.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Ref! Ref! He pulled his tights!"

Referee: "Jacoby, get down!"

That half heartbeat is enough. Darian, still legal, crawls and grabs Wolfe's boot—yanking him back just as Wolfe's hand is about to slap Graves'.

John Phillips: "Tag denied again—by inches!"

Graves explodes in rage on the apron, stepping through the ropes—referee turns to stop him—Wolfe rolls to his knees, furious, and finally swings wildly at Darian.

Darian ducks, kicks Wolfe in the midsection, and snaps him down with a DDT. Wolfe hits the mat hard.

Mark Bravo: "DDT! Wolfe is down!"

Darian covers—hooking the leg.

Referee: "One... two—"

Wolfe kicks out, shoulder popping up at the last second. Darian slaps the mat in frustration, then tags Jacoby back in with urgency.

John Phillips: "Wolfe survived—but he's running out of miracles."

Jacoby steps in and points to Graves on the apron with a smirk—then points to himself—then makes a little "night-night" gesture. He drags Wolfe up, trying to set him for a finish.

Wolfe fights—throwing elbows—Jacoby stumbles back. Wolfe lunges again toward Graves—this time with everything he has left.

Jacoby reacts instinctively—grabbing Wolfe's waist—trying to stop the tag—

and in the scramble, Jacoby's hand slips low... hooking the tights.

John Phillips: "Hold on—"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, he's got the tights. He's GOT the tights!"

Jacoby yanks hard, stopping Wolfe short and snapping him backward off balance. Wolfe turns—furious—

and Darian is already up on the apron, reaching through the ropes—fingers laced around Wolfe's ankle—subtle, quick, almost invisible unless you're looking for it.

Wolfe's foot gets trapped for a split second.

Jacoby uses the moment—spinning Wolfe down into a tight schoolboy, folding him up and stacking him fast. The referee drops for the count.

John Phillips: "Schoolboy! Wolfe's shoulders are down!"

Referee: "One... two... three!"

DING DING!

John Phillips: "Rich Young GRPLRZ eliminate Iron Dominion!"

Mark Bravo: "They stole it! They STOLE it! They baited them, they outpaced them, and when it got dangerous—they did what rich people do best: found a loophole!"

Graves erupts, charging into the ring a split second too late, but the match is over. He swings at Jacoby—Jacoby bails under the ropes immediately, sprinting backward with a grin. Darian slips out the opposite side, laughing, clutching his ribs but holding his head high.

Gideon Graves: "Cowards!"

Wolfe sits up, furious, realizing what happened too late—eyes darting to Darian on the floor with pure hatred. Rich Young GRPLRZ back up the ramp, clapping and waving like they just won an award.

John Phillips: "Iron Dominion has been eliminated—Rich Young GRPLRZ survive and advance in Tag Team Turmoil."

Mark Bravo: "And now the question is... who's next to enter the gauntlet?"

Rich Young GRPLRZ are still celebrating their theft of a win when the mood in Mullett Arena shifts on a dime. The lights dim in uneven pulses, like the building is blinking. The tron flashes to static—then a grainy black-and-white image of a rusted gate swinging open somewhere in the dark.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute..."

Mark Bravo: "No. No, no, no. Not the spooky stuff. Not right now."

A thin fog spills from the stage and crawls down the ramp like it's alive. A cold, eerie melody threads through the arena—high and haunting—while the crowd rises with that uneasy energy that always follows the unknown.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma."

Mark Bravo: "Former champions. Lost the gold at Season's Beatings. And now they want it back tonight."

Two silhouettes appear at the top of the ramp, framed by the fog. El Fantasma Oscuro I and El Fantasma Oscuro II step forward at the same time, in the same posture, moving in perfect synchronicity. They don't pose. They don't gesture. They just advance—quiet, controlled, and unnerving.

Behind them comes Madman Szalinski, pacing like a caged animal, barking at the timekeeper and pointing violently toward the ring as if he's directing a hit.

Madman Szalinski: "Move! Move! They're not done yet!"

John Phillips: "El Fantasma set the standard in this division for a long time. They're quick, they're coordinated, and they hit like you're not supposed to get back up."

Mark Bravo: "And they're angry. That's the part that matters. Former champs in a gauntlet match means somebody's getting punished for their loss."

Inside the ring, Jacoby Jacobs is still smirking, clapping like he's hosting his own awards show. Darian Darrington tries to keep the same posture, but he's looking up the ramp now with a tighter jaw. The smile on Jacoby's face doesn't quite reach his eyes anymore.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Oh come on. This is adorable."

Mark Bravo: "Jacoby, shut up. The fog is on the ramp. That is never adorable."

The two Oscuros begin their walk down the ramp. Slow. Deliberate. Not rushed. The fog wraps their legs so it looks like they're gliding instead of stepping. Szalinski follows close behind, snapping his fingers and shouting like he's trying to keep the monsters aimed in the right direction.

Madman Szalinski: "Take it back! Take it all back!"

John Phillips: "And remember the situation here—Rich Young GRPLRZ just survived Iron Dominion. They're already in the match. El Fantasma are stepping in fresh."

Mark Bravo: "Fresh and furious. That's a bad combination."

El Fantasma reach ringside. One slides under the bottom rope without taking his eyes off Jacoby. The other steps up the stairs and enters like a shadow becoming solid. They stand shoulder to shoulder at center ring—silent, still, waiting.

Szalinski grips the top rope from the outside, leaning in, eyes wide, muttering and pointing, keeping his focus locked on the titles that used to belong to them.

John Phillips: "Former champions are in. Rich Young GRPLRZ are still standing. The turmoil continues."

Mark Bravo: "And I'm telling you—this round is going to feel like a horror movie for the trust fund boys."

DING DING!

The bell sounds and Rich Young GRPLRZ hesitate for the first time tonight. Jacoby and Darian exchange a quick look—less cocky now, more calculated. Across from them, El Fantasma Oscuro I and II don't move like normal wrestlers. They stand perfectly still, shoulders squared, heads slightly tilted, as if they're listening to something only they can hear.

John Phillips: "You can feel it. The entire pace of the match just changed."

Mark Bravo: "Rich Young GRPLRZ are used to people getting mad. El Fantasma doesn't get mad. El Fantasma gets quiet. That's worse."

Jacoby steps forward as the legal man, hands up, trying to bring back the arrogance. He claps once in Oscuro I's face and smirks.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Alright, Casper. Let's do this."

Oscuro I finally moves—fast. He shoots in, grips Jacoby's wrist, and twists, yanking him off balance into a sudden arm drag that sends Jacoby skidding across the canvas. Jacoby pops up instantly—more embarrassed than hurt—then turns right into Oscuro II, who has tagged in without a sound.

John Phillips: "Did you see that tag?"

Mark Bravo: "No! Because it happened like a magic trick!"

Oscuro II meets Jacoby with a sharp kick to the thigh, then another to the ribs, then a snapmare that drops him to a seated position. Oscuro II hits the ropes and comes back with a low, snapping kick across Jacoby's chest that echoes. Jacoby coughs and scoots backward, suddenly very aware he's in a fight.

Darian leans in from the apron, barking instructions, trying to keep their composure intact.

Darian Darrington: "Slow them down! Make them wrestle you!"

John Phillips: "Good luck. El Fantasma wrestle like they're already two steps ahead."

Jacoby scrambles up and tries to grab Oscuro II—Oscuro II ducks, spins behind, and shoves Jacoby into the ropes. Jacoby rebounds—Oscuro II drops and leapfrogs in one smooth motion, then plants Jacoby with a clean hurricanrana that flips him over and leaves him sprawled.

Mark Bravo: "Okay, that was disrespectful in a different language."

Oscuro II floats into a cover.

Referee: "One... two—"

Jacoby kicks out and immediately rolls under the bottom rope to the floor, clutching his head. The crowd boos. Szalinski screams from ringside, veins popping, slapping the apron.

Madman Szalinski: "No escape! No escape!"

Oscuro II doesn't chase immediately. He simply turns and stares at Jacoby through the ropes—still, silent—then tags Oscuro I again. The two masked men step in unison toward the ropes like they've decided it's time.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma are not rushing. They're stalking."

Jacoby tries to walk it off on the floor, jawing with the crowd like he's still the one in control. Darian shouts at him to get back in. Behind him, Oscuro I suddenly launches through the ropes with a suicide dive—no wasted motion—crashing into Jacoby and driving him into the barricade.

John Phillips: "DIVE! El Fantasma just wiped him out!"

Mark Bravo: "That fog came with momentum!"

Jacoby slumps against the barricade. Oscuro I grabs him by the head and shoves him back toward the ring. Oscuro II circles the far side, cutting off Darian's line of sight, while Szalinski barks like he's conducting an orchestra of violence.

Madman Szalinski: "Back in! Back in! Finish him!"

Oscuro I rolls Jacoby under the bottom rope and slides in after him. Darian reaches through the ropes, desperate for the tag, but Jacoby is too stunned to find the corner.

John Phillips: "Rich Young GRPLRZ look rattled, and for the first time tonight... they look like they might not be able to cheat their way out of it."

Oscuro I drags Jacoby up by the wrist and whips him into the corner—Jacoby hits hard. Oscuro I charges in with a running knee that snaps Jacoby's head back, then tags Oscuro II again—another silent switch.

Oscuro II steps in and snaps a kick into Jacoby's ribs, then hooks him for a quick suplex—Jacoby blocks, wobbling—Oscuro II shifts and drops him with a sharp neckbreaker, then covers.

Referee: "One... two—"

Jacoby kicks out again, barely. Darian pounds the top turnbuckle, trying to will his partner toward him.

Darian Darrington: "Come on! Get here!"

El Fantasma keep Jacoby turned the wrong way, always pulling him back to center, always cutting off the tag lane. The trust fund swagger is fading fast, replaced by the ugly reality of being isolated against a team that moves like two bodies sharing one mind.

Oscuro II stays on Jacoby with short, efficient strikes—kicks to the ribs, a forearm across the face, then a snapmare that plants him again. Jacoby tries to scoot backward toward Darian—Oscuro II hooks the ankle and yanks him back to center like he's reeling in a line.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma are doing what Iron Dominion couldn't—controlling Jacoby without giving him space to run or cheat."

Mark Bravo: "Because El Fantasma don't argue with your nonsense. They just remove your options."

Jacoby throws a desperate elbow—Oscuro II catches the arm and tags Oscuro I in with a quick slap. Oscuro I springs in and immediately hits a sharp dropkick to Jacoby's chest that knocks him flat, then rolls through and locks in a tight grounded hold, wrenching Jacoby's neck and shoulder while keeping his hips pinned.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Get off—!"

Jacoby reaches for the ropes—he's not close. Darian reaches in from the apron, yelling and clapping, trying to rally him back into motion.

Darian Darrington: "Crawl! Crawl! Stop whining and crawl!"

Mark Bravo: "That might be the least inspirational pep talk I've ever heard."

Jacoby manages to twist and push up to a knee—Oscuro I releases and snaps a kick to the back of the leg, dropping him again, then drags him by the wrist toward the wrong corner. Szalinski shouts from the floor, pointing like he's calling plays.

Madman Szalinski: "Break him! Break him!"

Oscuro I tags Oscuro II again, and El Fantasma hit a crisp two-man sequence: Oscuro II fires a knee to Jacoby's midsection, then whips him into the ropes—Oscuro I steps in and catches Jacoby with a spinning heel kick as he rebounds, snapping him sideways. Jacoby collapses, dazed.

John Phillips: "That connection was perfect!"

Mark Bravo: "It's like watching somebody get jumped by their own shadow."

Oscuro II covers.

Referee: "One... two—"

Jacoby kicks out again, but it's slower now. He's losing rhythm, losing air. He rolls to his side and stares at Darian like he's trying to remember where he is.

John Phillips: "Jacoby has to find that corner. If he doesn't, this round ends right here."

Oscuro II pulls Jacoby up and whips him toward the corner—Jacoby reverses at the last second with a burst of panic, sending Oscuro II into the turnbuckles instead. The crowd reacts as Oscuro II hits hard.

John Phillips: "Jacoby reversed it!"

Jacoby staggers, holding his ribs, eyes wide. He sees Darian. He starts toward him—step... step...

Oscuro I is already moving. He cuts across the ring and grabs Jacoby's ankle from behind, yanking him down and stopping the tag by inches. Darian slams his palms on the top rope in fury.

Darian Darrington: "No! No!"

Mark Bravo: "Every time Jacoby sees daylight, El Fantasma throws a curtain over the window."

Oscuro I drags Jacoby back and tries to lock him up again—Jacoby flails and catches Oscuro I with a boot to the face. Oscuro I stumbles back. Jacoby scrambles to his feet and finally dives for the corner—

Darian reaches—fingers stretched—

and Jacoby slaps the hand.

John Phillips: "Tag made! Darian Darrington is in!"

The crowd pops as Darian storms through the ropes, and the entire tone shifts again. Darian blasts Oscuro I with a forearm, then another, then turns and drops Oscuro II off the apron with a sudden boot through the ropes. The swagger comes back in a flash—because fresh legs do that.

Mark Bravo: "Here we go. Darian's fresh, and fresh is dangerous in a gauntlet."

Darian hooks Oscuro I and drives him down with a quick spinebuster, then covers with confidence.

Referee: "One... two—"

Oscuro I kicks out. Darian pops up, annoyed, and claps once over Oscuro I's head like he's mocking him. Szalinski screams at the apron, furious.

Madman Szalinski: "Get up! Get up!"

Darian drags Oscuro I up and whips him into the corner, charging in with a running elbow. Oscuro I absorbs it and stumbles out—Darian tries to lift him for something bigger—Oscuro I slips behind and shoves Darian forward into the ropes.

Darian rebounds—Oscuro I catches him with a sudden kick to the knee that stops him short. Oscuro II tags in silently again, stepping in with speed and cracking Darian with a sharp strike to the side of the head.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma back to their rhythm—quick tags, quick strikes!"

Darian shakes it off, but you can see the danger: El Fantasma don't panic. They just adjust. And now Darian is the one in the ring, trying to keep his footing as the former champions begin to swarm again.

Oscuro II presses in, firing a quick kick to Darian's thigh, then a sharp forearm to the jaw. Darian swings back—Oscuro II ducks and slips behind with a waistlock, trying to drag him down. Darian widens his base and elbows back, forcing space.

John Phillips: "Darian's strong enough to fight the grip, but El Fantasma are too quick to stay in one place."

Mark Bravo: "They tag in and out so fast the ref needs a receipt to keep track of it."

Oscuro II hits the ropes and comes back—Darian meets him with a sudden big boot that catches Oscuro II high and drops him to the mat. Darian shakes out his arm, jawing at the crowd as if to remind everyone who he is.

Darian Darrington: "This is my ring!"

Szalinski slaps the apron hard, yelling, furious at the posture.

Madman Szalinski: "Stop talking! Fight!"

Darian reaches down to haul Oscuro II up—Oscuro II rakes a thumb across Darian's eye-line just enough to make him blink, then spins out and tags Oscuro I with a crisp slap. Oscuro I springs in immediately and cracks Darian with a running dropkick to the knee, chopping the base out from under him.

John Phillips: "Dropkick to the knee! Darian just got his leg taken out!"

Darian drops to one knee, wincing. Oscuro I follows with a quick stomp to the calf, then a low kick to the back of the thigh, refusing to let Darian regain posture. Darian tries to swat him away—Oscuro I slips out, tags Oscuro II again, and now both Ocuros are circling like sharks.

Mark Bravo: "That's the former-champs mindset. They're not trying to win fast, they're trying to take pieces off you."

Oscuro II slides in and locks a quick hold around Darian's leg, twisting the knee and ankle at once. Darian grimaces and reaches for the ropes—Oscuro II drags him toward center, keeping him away from Jacoby.

John Phillips: "Darian's in trouble now—El Fantasma have shifted to the leg."

Darian throws a heavy elbow down—Oscuro II absorbs it, releases, and immediately snaps a kick to Darian's ribs. Darian rolls and tries to push up—Oscuro I tags in and hits a sharp running forearm to the side of the head, then drops into a cover.

Referee: "One... two—"

Darian kicks out hard and shoves Oscuro I away, frustration flashing. He crawls toward his corner, reaching for Jacoby—Jacoby is leaning in, arm extended, shouting for the tag.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Come on! Come on!"

Oscuro I grabs Darian's ankle and yanks him back again, dragging him by the leg like a man pulling a body away from safety. Darian kicks wildly, landing a heel into Oscuro I's chest that creates a sliver of separation.

John Phillips: "Darian created space!"

Darian lunges for the corner—Oscuro II is already on the apron, reaching through—trying to stop it. Darian stretches—fingertips graze Jacoby's—

Oscuro II grabs Darian's wrist and yanks him back down to the mat. The crowd groans.

Mark Bravo: "They are cutting the tag off at the last inch every time!"

Darian sits up in fury and swings at Oscuro II—Oscuro II drops off the apron and disappears around the ringpost like smoke. Oscuro I steps in and snaps Darian with a kick to the face, then drags him up into a front facelock.

Darian fights—driving a knee into Oscuro I's midsection, trying to break free. He shoves off, stumbles forward, and finally gets to his feet. He turns, limping, and blasts Oscuro I with a lariat that flips the masked man inside out. The crowd pops hard.

John Phillips: "Huge lariat! Darian needed that!"

Darian doesn't waste it—he crawls, dragging his damaged leg, reaching... reaching...

and tags Jacoby Jacobs.

John Phillips: "Tag made! Jacoby's back in!"

Jacoby storms through the ropes with urgency this time, not showmanship. He grabs Oscuro I and shoves him into the corner, firing quick forearms. Oscuro I absorbs, then slips out and tags Oscuro II again—another silent switch. Oscuro II springs in and catches Jacoby with a spinning kick that staggers him backward.

Mark Bravo: "Every time RYG gets momentum, El Fantasma just... swaps bodies."

Jacoby shakes out his arms, annoyed, then points at Szalinski on the floor.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Keep your dog on a leash!"

Szalinski loses his mind, screaming back, gripping the apron so hard his knuckles whiten.

Madman Szalinski: "You don't deserve to breathe the same air!"

Jacoby turns back toward the masked men—trying to regain control of his own rhythm—while El Fantasma, calm and precise, begin to close the circle again.

Jacoby steps forward and tries to match El Fantasma's pace—quick strikes, quick movement. He throws a sharp forearm at Oscuro II—Oscuro II slips under, tags Oscuro I, and the two of them move like a revolving door. Jacoby's head turns to follow, and that half-second of confusion is enough for Oscuro I to crack him with a sudden kick to the ribs.

John Phillips: "They tag so clean it's disorienting."

Mark Bravo: "It's like fighting a two-headed snake where both heads are wearing the same mask."

Oscuro I snaps Jacoby down with a headlock takeover, grinding the pressure in tight. Jacoby grimaces and tries to roll to his knees—Oscuro I floats with him and keeps the squeeze. Szalinski is screaming over the top rope, demanding

the finish.

Madman Szalinski: "Tight! Tighter! Break him!"

Jacoby plants his boots and shoves upward, forcing space. He fires a quick back elbow to the ribs, then a second. Oscuro I releases and Jacoby stumbles free—only to turn and get clipped by Oscuro II, who slides in off a tag with a low dropkick to the knee. Jacoby buckles, catching himself on one hand.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma are taking the legs now—same strategy they used on Darian. They want to cut off the escape routes."

Oscuro II grabs Jacoby's ankle and twists, then stomps the calf. Jacoby snarls, pulling his leg free and scrambling toward the ropes. He gets a hand on the bottom rope—ref starts a count—Oscuro II backs off at four like he's bored.

Mark Bravo: "That's discipline. They're not giving the referee a reason to save Jacoby with a DQ."

Jacoby pulls himself up, shaking the leg, and points at the referee like he wants sympathy. He doesn't get it. He turns back into the center and sees both Ocuross standing there again—still, silent, waiting.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Alright. Enough of the circus."

Jacoby rushes in and finally catches Oscuro II with a sharp knee to the midsection, then a quick snap suplex that pops the crowd. He holds on, drags Oscuro II up, and throws him into the corner. Jacoby charges—Oscuro II slips out at the last second and Jacoby eats turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Jacoby hit the corner hard!"

Oscuro II turns and cracks Jacoby with a running knee to the back, then tags Oscuro I. Oscuro I steps in and hooks Jacoby, trying to set him up—Jacoby elbows free, spins, and blasts Oscuro I with a desperation lariat that drops him flat.

Mark Bravo: "Jacoby's hanging on with duct tape and hate right now."

Jacoby crawls and tags Darian—Darian limps in, still favoring the leg from earlier punishment. Darian swings at Oscuro I—Oscuro I ducks—Oscuro II tags in and hits a sharp kick to Darian's knee again, chopping the base out.

John Phillips: "They went right back to Darian's leg!"

Darian drops to one knee, grimacing. Oscuro II tries to roll him up—Darian powers out and shoves him away, but he can't explode like he wants to. He tags Jacoby back in quickly, trying to keep the damaged leg from being the story.

Mark Bravo: "Rich Young GRPLRZ are in trouble. One guy is hurt, the other guy is frustrated, and El Fantasma are... calm."

Jacoby steps in and tries to take control, but Oscuro I tags in, and suddenly El Fantasma hit a clean tandem burst—Oscuro I whips Jacoby—Oscuro II catches him with a kick—Oscuro I follows with a snap suplex—Oscuro II drops a quick stomp and backs out. It's relentless, fluid, and just suffocating enough that Jacoby's options shrink again.

Oscuro I hooks Jacoby and drives him down, then covers.

Referee: "One... two—"

Jacoby kicks out, barely, and rolls to the apron. Oscuro I rises and steps toward him—Jacoby snaps upward with a sudden shoulder through the ropes to create space, then drops to the floor again to buy time.

John Phillips: "Jacoby trying to breathe any way he can."

Oscuro I follows to the apron, looking down at him without expression. Then—without warning—Oscuro I steps off the apron like he's about to drop onto Jacoby.

Jacoby moves—barely—

and Oscuro I lands on his feet in front of him instead, no wasted motion, and cracks him with a sharp kick to the chest that slams Jacoby into the barricade.

Mark Bravo: "Oh! That was nasty!"

Oscuro II circles around the other side, and now El Fantasma have Jacoby trapped at ringside. Szalinski is screaming, clapping, urging the finish, telling them to end it and reclaim their path back to the titles.

Madman Szalinski: "Now! Now! Take it back!"

Oscuro I grabs Jacoby and rolls him toward the ring—Jacoby scrambles, trying to slide in. Oscuro II closes the distance like a shadow and reaches down—

but Darian, on the far side, steps off the apron just enough to get the referee's attention with frantic pointing and shouting.

Darian Darrington: "Ref! Ref! He's grabbing the mask! Look!"

John Phillips: "Darian's trying to draw the official—"

Mark Bravo: "Oh no. Ohhh no. I know this play."

The referee turns, gesturing at Darian to get back where he belongs. In that moment, Jacoby reaches into his gear on the floor and pulls something small—shiny—out of sight of the official.

Jacoby slides into the ring first, clutching the object in his palm. Oscuro II follows—stepping through the ropes—still calm.

Jacoby rises with a grin that's back to being smug again.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Gotcha."

He snaps his fist forward—steel meeting mask with a sickening thud. Oscuro II drops like his strings were cut.

John Phillips: "No! He just—"

Mark Bravo: "He hit him with something! He HIT HIM with something!"

Jacoby instantly stuffs the object back into his gear and flops into a cover, hooking the leg hard. The referee turns back just as Jacoby is already pinning.

Referee: "One... two... three!"

DING DING!

John Phillips: "Rich Young GRPLRZ eliminate El Fantasma!"

Mark Bravo: "They stole it again! That's robbery with abs!"

Szalinski loses his mind at ringside, screaming and pounding the apron, pointing at Jacoby and shouting about the weapon. Oscuro I slides in too late, looking from his fallen partner to the referee in disbelief.

Madman Szalinski: "He cheated! He cheated! You saw it!"

Jacoby rolls out of the ring immediately, laughing as he backs up the ramp. Darian limps after him, still hurt but smirking, clapping again—because they survived. Again.

John Phillips: "Rich Young GRPLRZ advance. El Fantasma are eliminated—former champions taken out by absolute theft."

Mark Bravo: "And now somebody needs to stop these guys before they scam their way into the titles. Who's next?"

Szalinski is still screaming at ringside as El Fantasma regroup—one Oscuro clutching his head, the other staring holes through the referee—when the arena suddenly brightens. The fog fades. The eerie tones die out. And in its place—

A clean, digital-sounding "start-up" chime hits the speakers, followed by a driving, arcade-rush beat that feels like neon lights and button-mashing adrenaline.

John Phillips: "Oh, this is a different vibe entirely."

Mark Bravo: "Thank God. I can breathe again. No more haunted house tag teams."

The tron shifts to glitchy graphics—pixelated arrows, "READY?" prompts, and a flashing "PRESS START" animation that stutters like an old screen being rebooted.

John Phillips: "Next team in Tag Team Turmoil... Next Level!"

Mark Bravo: "Fresh faces with fresh legs, and they're about to get a real education—because Rich Young GRPLRZ are still in there stealing wins like it's a hobby."

Theo Sparks bursts onto the stage first, bouncing on the balls of his feet like he's waiting for the countdown timer to hit zero. He throws his arms up, hyping the crowd, pointing to the ring, then to the tron like he's calling the next objective.

Theo Sparks: "Let's go! Player One is online!"

Dex Raines walks out behind him—calmer, more measured. He adjusts his wrist tape, scans the ring like a chessboard, and gives a tiny nod when he sees who's still standing. No big pose. No wasted motion. Just focus.

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks and Dex Raines—Theo's the energy, Dex is the calculation. They call themselves Next Level for a reason."

Mark Bravo: "Theo's the guy who talks like he's on voice chat. Dex is the guy who reads the patch notes and finds the exploit. That combo? It works."

Theo jogs down the ramp, slapping hands, feeding off the crowd. Dex follows at a steady pace, eyes locked on the ring—especially on Jacoby Jacobs, who's already arguing with the referee while Darian Darrington leans on the ropes and tries to look like his leg isn't screaming.

John Phillips: "And Next Level are coming in fresh. That matters in a turmoil match. It's survival, but it's also timing."

Mark Bravo: "And they're faces. Which means they're going to try to win the right way... and that's a problem when the other guys are basically professional scammers."

Theo slides into the ring and immediately points at Jacoby, laughing like he can't believe what he's seeing.

Theo Sparks: "Bro... you're still here?!"

Jacoby smirks, claps slowly, and gives Theo a little bow like he's being introduced at a gala.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Of course I am. Try to keep up."

Dex steps through the ropes and doesn't even look at Jacoby's theatrics. He goes straight to the corner and checks on Theo with a quick glance, then points toward Darian's leg and makes a subtle chopping motion—quietly calling the target.

John Phillips: "Dex is already reading the situation. Darian's leg has taken punishment. Jacoby's been in and out, but he's taken shots too."

Mark Bravo: "And Next Level are about to find out the hardest part of this match: you can't just beat Rich Young GRPLRZ. You have to beat them and the referee's line of sight."

The referee brings all four men in close and points to the corners, making sure the legal men are set. Theo hops in place, vibrating with energy. Jacoby steps forward like he's bored. Dex leans on the ropes, eyes narrowed. Darian rolls his ankle and tries to hide the limp.

John Phillips: "Next Level enter the turmoil. Rich Young GRPLRZ are still alive. And the gauntlet rolls on."

DING DING!

Theo Sparks starts for Next Level—Jacoby Jacobs starts for Rich Young GRPLRZ—and Theo immediately changes the pace. He darts in, feints a lockup, and bounces out with a grin, like he's testing the controls.

Theo Sparks: "You're lagging, man!"

Mark Bravo: "He really does talk like he's in a headset."

Jacoby's smile tightens. He reaches for Theo—Theo slips behind and snaps him down with a quick arm drag, popping up and throwing his hands up like he just hit a combo. The crowd cheers. Jacoby scrambles to his feet—annoyed now—then swings a forearm that Theo ducks clean.

John Phillips: "Theo's speed is going to be a problem."

Theo hits the ropes and comes back with a sharp running dropkick that catches Jacoby in the chest—Jacoby stumbles back into the corner. Theo rushes in again—Jacoby gets his boot up—Theo swerves and grabs the leg, yanking it down and forcing Jacoby to hop awkwardly.

Mark Bravo: "That's what fresh legs look like. Meanwhile Jacoby's been wrestling for his life for, what, two rounds now?"

Theo tags Dex. Dex steps in like a surgeon entering the room, grabs Jacoby's wrist, and immediately twists into a rolling armbar takedown—snapping Jacoby to the mat and stretching the arm with clean pressure.

John Phillips: "Dex Raines right into the armbar takedown—beautiful transition!"

Mark Bravo: "Dex doesn't play around. Dex just deletes options."

Jacoby grimaces and tries to roll—Dex keeps him glued. Jacoby reaches for the ropes—Dex drags him back a few inches, never breaking the hold, forcing Jacoby to burn energy.

Darian pounds the turnbuckle, shouting at Jacoby to fight. Theo claps from the apron, calling out numbers like he's counting damage.

Theo Sparks: "Keep him there! Keep him there!"

Jacoby finally jerks his arm free and scrambles to his corner to escape—Dex steps forward to cut him off—Jacoby tags Darian in quickly, almost desperately.

John Phillips: "Tag to Darian Darrington—and remember, Darian's been favoring that leg since the El Fantasma round."

Darian steps in and tries to bully Dex with size and attitude, but his base is shaky. Dex circles once, then flicks a low kick into Darian's knee, testing it. Darian winces—just a flash—and Dex sees it instantly.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, Dex saw the limp. Dex saw it and now it's going to be all he thinks about."

Dex snaps a discus elbow that catches Darian on the jaw—Darian staggers—Dex tags Theo back in. Theo springs over the ropes and rushes Darian with speed, chopping at the leg with a quick stomp, then bouncing out before Darian can grab him.

John Phillips: "Next Level are flying—fresh legs, clean tags, and they're already targeting the damage from earlier

rounds."

Rich Young GRPLRZ back up into their corner to regroup, but the rhythm is different now. For the first time tonight, the team still standing looks like the team trying to survive—while the new team looks like they came here to take the whole thing.

Theo keeps circling Darian like he's trying to bait a heavy swing. Darian lunges—Theo skips back, grinning, and snaps a quick low kick to the knee again. Darian's face tightens. He hates being targeted. He hates being exposed.

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks is staying just outside of Darian's reach, and every time Darian overcommits—Theo takes a piece of that leg."

Mark Bravo: "That's smart and it's annoying, which means Darian is about to get mad, which means Darian is about to do something dumb."

Darian tries to catch Theo on a charge—Theo darts in, fakes, then snaps a quick dropkick to the knee that drops Darian to a knee. The crowd pops at the sudden shift. Theo immediately tags Dex.

John Phillips: "Tag to Dex Raines—Next Level staying crisp."

Dex steps in and doesn't waste a second. He grabs Darian's leg and twists him down into a single-leg hold, wrenching the ankle and knee in opposite directions. Darian reaches out, clawing toward Jacoby for a tag, but Dex drags him away from the corner like he's moving furniture.

Mark Bravo: "Dex is a problem. He's not flashy—he's efficient. He's like a guy who reads your playbook and then rips the pages out."

Darian swings down with a clubbing forearm—Dex shifts his grip and rolls, using Darian's momentum to torque the knee again. Darian yells, pounding the mat with his fist.

Darian Darrington: "Get off my leg!"

Dex finally releases and stands, letting Darian rise on that compromised base. Darian takes one step—wobbles. Dex snaps a stiff kick into the back of the thigh and Darian stumbles forward into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Darian can't plant. That earlier damage is catching up."

Dex hooks Darian and drags him into the center, then drops him with a clean spinning neckbreaker. He covers.

Referee: "One... two—"

Darian kicks out, but it costs him. He rolls, reaching for the ropes, blinking hard. Jacoby is barking from the apron, frantic now.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Get up! You're fine! You're fine!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not the tone of a man who thinks his partner is fine."

Dex tags Theo. Theo hops in and goes right back to the leg—stomp to the calf, stomp to the knee, then a quick snap kick that makes Darian flinch. Theo runs the ropes and comes back with a running knee that catches Darian in the shoulder and knocks him onto his back again.

John Phillips: "Next Level are turning this into a clinic."

Theo hooks the leg for a cover.

Referee: "One... two—"

Jacoby darts in and breaks it up, stomping Theo in the ribs. The crowd boos loudly. The referee immediately turns and starts warning Jacoby, pushing him back toward his corner.

John Phillips: "Jacoby had to break that up—Darian was in real danger!"

Mark Bravo: "And now Jacoby is doing what Jacoby does: creating noise so the referee has to look at him."

Dex steps in to confront Jacoby—Jacoby backs up with innocent hands, smirking. The referee keeps them separated. In the ring, Darian crawls on hands and knees toward his corner, desperate for a tag.

Theo notices and tries to cut him off—Darian throws a wild back elbow that catches Theo on the jaw, stunning him just long enough.

John Phillips: "That elbow might have saved Darian's night!"

Darian drags himself another foot—another—then finally reaches and slaps Jacoby's hand. Tag made. Jacoby storms in, immediately arguing with the referee like he's been wronged by physics.

Jacoby Jacobs: "He was grabbing the tights again! Every time! Do your job!"

Mark Bravo: "Every time? Jacoby, you're the guy with the suspiciously heavy waistband!"

Dex slides in as the legal man now, squaring up with Jacoby. Jacoby tries to slow the pace with a collar-and-elbow tie-up—Dex twists out and snaps a quick arm drag. Jacoby pops up, irritated, and swings—Dex ducks and fires a sharp palm strike to the chest, driving Jacoby back.

John Phillips: "Dex is not letting Jacoby set the tempo."

Jacoby backs toward his corner and tags Darian again quickly—trying to force Dex to chase a fresh body—except Darian isn't fresh. He steps in and the leg immediately betrays him, buckling on the first pivot. Theo points from the apron like he just spotted a weakness in a boss fight.

Theo Sparks: "There! There! It's gone!"

Mark Bravo: "Next Level smells blood. And Rich Young GRPLRZ suddenly looks like a team running out of scams."

Dex steps forward, eyes locked on Darian's knee, and you can see the plan forming—one more targeted burst, one more clean sequence, and Next Level might finally end the run of the trust fund thieves... if Jacoby doesn't find a way to steal it again.

Dex closes in on Darian and immediately chops at the leg with a low kick, then another—each one thudding into the thigh like a hammer on a post. Darian grimaces, trying to hide it, and throws a wild forearm to push Dex off. Dex slips it and snaps a sharp elbow into Darian's ribs, then hooks him and drags him toward center.

John Phillips: "Dex is dissecting Darian. That knee is a neon sign right now."

Mark Bravo: "And Darian can't even get mad about it because he knows he's hurt. If he swings big, the leg goes out. If he stays still, Dex eats him alive."

Dex whips Darian into the ropes—Darian tries to bounce back with a lariat—his footing slips and the lariat comes late. Dex slides under the arm and catches Darian from behind with a tight waistlock, yanking him down into a quick roll-up.

Referee: "One... two—"

Darian kicks out and immediately tries to crawl toward Jacoby. Dex drags him back again, then tags Theo.

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks back in—Next Level keeping the pressure constant."

Theo springs through the ropes and fires a running knee to Darian's shoulder, then bounces off the ropes and drops a low dropkick to the knee that makes Darian's leg fold. Darian yells and collapses to a knee again. Theo doesn't celebrate—he stays on him, wrenching the leg into a quick single-leg crab style hold, twisting the ankle while sitting down on the knee.

Mark Bravo: "That's not a rest hold. That's a 'your leg belongs to me now' hold."

Darian scrambles, clawing at the mat, reaching for the ropes with both hands. He's close enough to taste it—fingertips brush the bottom rope—Theo drags him back again by the ankle, refusing to give the break.

John Phillips: "Theo pulled him away from the ropes—smart!"

Darian bucks and twists, finally kicking Theo off with his free leg. Theo rolls through and pops to his feet, but Darian uses that sliver of space to crawl and tag Jacoby again—another desperation tag.

John Phillips: "Tag to Jacoby! Darian had to get out of there!"

Jacoby storms in and immediately tries to change the story with theatrics—he points at Theo and laughs like none of this matters. But he's breathing heavier now, and his eyes keep flicking to the referee, measuring angles.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Cute. Now watch a professional."

Theo steps forward, still bouncing. Dex calls for the tag, but Theo wants a shot. Jacoby rushes in and surprises Theo with a sudden thumb to the eye-line—just a quick, dirty poke—enough to make Theo blink and lose his rhythm.

John Phillips: "Did you see that—"

Mark Bravo: "He poked him! He poked him right in the face!"

The referee turns—Jacoby instantly raises his hands like he's innocent. Theo is rubbing at his eye, staggered. Jacoby pounces, snapping Theo down with a DDT, then popping up and clapping at the crowd like he just performed a magic trick.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Applause is appropriate."

Jacoby covers Theo with a deep hook of the leg.

Referee: "One... two—"

Theo kicks out. The crowd roars. Jacoby's smile cracks for half a second—then he turns and starts barking at the referee.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Count faster! That was three!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, now he wants a fast count? That's hilarious."

Theo crawls toward Dex—Dex is reaching, ready. Jacoby grabs Theo by the ankle and yanks him back. Theo kicks at him—Jacoby stomps the leg once, then drags Theo up and whips him toward the corner.

Theo reverses it at the last second, sending Jacoby into the turnbuckles. Jacoby hits hard and stumbles out—Theo dives and tags Dex!

John Phillips: "Dex is in!"

Dex comes in like a man on a mission—he blasts Jacoby with a stiff forearm, then another, then a sharp kick to the midsection that doubles him over. Dex hooks him and drives him down with a clean suplex, then floats into position and lines up another strike.

John Phillips: "Dex Raines is lighting him up!"

Darian tries to step in to break momentum—his leg buckles and he grabs the rope to stay upright. Theo, still blinking the eye poke away, sees it and shouts from the apron.

Theo Sparks: "He's hurt! He's hurt! Finish it!"

Dex whips Jacoby into the ropes and catches him on the rebound with a spinning back elbow that drops him. Dex

covers.

Referee: "One... two—"

Darian dives in and breaks it up at the last second, clubbing Dex from behind. The crowd boos. The referee immediately turns to shove Darian out of the ring again.

John Phillips: "Darian saved it—barely!"

Mark Bravo: "And every time the referee has to manage chaos, Rich Young GRPLRZ finds a way to survive. That's been the whole night."

Dex rises, glaring at Darian, but the moment of distraction is exactly what Jacoby needs—he rolls to the ropes, pulling himself up, breathing hard, eyes scanning. You can feel it: Next Level are this close to finally ending the thieves... but the thieves are already reaching for their next shortcut.

Dex stalks Jacoby as he pulls himself upright by the ropes. Jacoby's eyes are darting now—less smug, more calculating. Darian clings to the apron, leg clearly compromised, but he's still trying to bark orders like volume can fix damage.

John Phillips: "Next Level are right there. They've had control, they've exposed the leg, they've had near-falls—Rich Young GRPLRZ are running out of rope."

Mark Bravo: "Which means Jacoby is about to do something greasy. It's who he is."

Jacoby stumbles toward his corner and tags Darian in—Darian limps through the ropes and immediately eats a stiff forearm from Dex that snaps his head back. Dex follows with a low kick to the bad knee and Darian drops to a knee with a sharp yell.

John Phillips: "Dex went right back to that knee!"

Dex drags Darian up and whips him toward the corner—Theo reaches out and tags himself in, bouncing with urgency. Dex steps aside and Theo launches in with a running knee to the shoulder, then a quick low kick to the thigh, forcing Darian to stagger out of the corner.

Theo Sparks: "Night night!"

Theo grabs Darian and tries to snap him down—Darian shoves him off and desperately tags Jacoby back in, trying to keep Theo from surgically taking the leg apart. Jacoby steps in, breathing hard, wiping his mouth, and you can see the frustration on his face because the tricks aren't landing clean anymore.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Enough."

Jacoby reaches into his gear again—subtle—turning his body so the referee can't see. Darian, on the apron, starts shouting at the official, waving his arms, trying to create that familiar blind spot.

Darian Darrington: "Ref! Ref! He's grabbing the hair! Look at that!"

John Phillips: "Here we go... this is the same play that ended El Fantasma."

Mark Bravo: "If they try it again, they deserve whatever happens next."

The referee turns—half a step—then stops. His head snaps back toward Jacoby's hands as he sees the movement. He steps in fast, voice sharp.

Referee: "No! Absolutely not!"

Jacoby freezes, caught with the object half-hidden in his palm. Darian's face drains on the apron.

John Phillips: "The referee saw it!"

Mark Bravo: "He CAUGHT him! He caught him red-handed!"

The referee points directly at Jacoby, then points toward Darian, warning them both. Jacoby tries to play innocent, hands out, blinking like he's offended.

Jacoby Jacobs: "What? What is he talking about?!"

Referee: "Drop it. Now."

Jacoby hesitates—then begrudgingly tosses the object to the mat like it's nothing. The crowd roars, furious. The referee kicks it out of the ring and turns back, still chewing Jacoby out.

John Phillips: "For the first time tonight, their cheating just got shut down."

Jacoby's expression shifts—shock first, then anger. He's not used to the con being stopped mid-sentence. He steps toward the referee, arguing—too long—too focused on being right.

Jacoby Jacobs: "You can't do that! That's—"

Behind him, Theo Sparks is already moving.

Theo darts in, hooks Jacoby from behind, and snaps him into a tight inside cradle—small package—folding him up before Jacoby even realizes he's been grabbed. The referee whips around, sees the shoulders down, and drops immediately.

John Phillips: "SMALL PACKAGE! THEO GOT HIM!"

Referee: "One... two... three!"

DING DING!

John Phillips: "Next Level eliminate Rich Young GRPLRZ!"

Mark Bravo: "YES! FINALLY! The scam got audited!"

Jacoby kicks out a fraction too late and sits up in disbelief, staring at the referee like reality just betrayed him. Darian tries to climb in—leg buckling—screaming that it wasn't fair, that it wasn't right, that it wasn't supposed to end like this.

Darian Darrington: "No! No, no, no!"

Theo rolls away, laughing breathlessly, pointing at Jacoby with a grin that's half relief and half triumph. Dex steps in and raises Theo's arm. The crowd cheers hard—because after two stolen rounds, the thieves finally got caught holding the bag.

John Phillips: "Rich Young GRPLRZ are out! Next Level survive and advance in Tag Team Turmoil!"

Mark Bravo: "And now Theo and Dex gotta turn around and do it all again—because the turmoil keeps rolling. Who's next?"

Theo Sparks and Dex Raines are still celebrating in the ring—arms raised, breathing hard—while Jacoby Jacobs is arguing himself hoarse on the floor and Darian Darrington limps after him, furious that the shortcut finally got shut down. The referee points them toward the back and they retreat, still shouting, still stunned that the hustle didn't land this time.

John Phillips: "Rich Young GRPLRZ are finally out, and you can feel the building exhale. Next Level just did what nobody else could do tonight—make the chaos work in their favor."

Mark Bravo: "They didn't just beat them. They beat their whole business model. That was beautiful."

But the relief lasts all of three seconds.

The lights in Mullett Arena cut down to a deep, church-like dim. A single white spotlight hits the stage. Then the opening notes of "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment roll through the speakers—heavy, ritualistic, and commanding. The crowd reacts instantly, a mixture of boos and nervous noise.

John Phillips: "Uh oh..."

Mark Bravo: "Oh great. Just when I'm happy, the universe reminds me it hates me."

The tron blooms with stark imagery—black-and-red cathedral tones, flashes of gilded insignias, the unmistakable branding of The Empire. The camera catches Theo and Dex turning toward the stage, their celebration evaporating as they brace themselves. Fresh legs or not, you can't pretend you don't know what this means.

John Phillips: "Representing The Empire... Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado."

Mark Bravo: "And listen—this is important. The Empire is a machine. It doesn't matter if you love them, hate them, or fear them—when they show up, they change the entire temperature of the room."

They emerge together.

Selena Vex steps through the curtain with that smug, poisonous confidence—chin high, eyes scanning the crowd like they're beneath her. She mouths something nasty toward the front row, then laughs like it's the funniest thing she's ever said. Every step is a performance: slow, deliberate, arrogant.

Rosa Delgado is the contrast walking beside her—steady, composed, shoulders squared. No wasted motion. No theatrics. She looks like a fighter heading into a shift she's already clocked for. While Selena basks in the reaction, Rosa's eyes never leave the ring.

John Phillips: "Selena Vex loves attention. Rosa Delgado doesn't need it. That combination can be dangerous—because Selena will bend rules while Rosa can actually wrestle you into the mat."

Mark Bravo: "One of them will steal your wallet, the other one will break your arm and tell you it's just pressure. Pick your poison."

Selena and Rosa walk down the ramp shoulder to shoulder, unified under that Empire theme—two very different weapons being carried in the same direction. Selena stops halfway down, spreads her arms, and soaks up the boos like oxygen.

Selena Vex: "Keep it coming. I love it."

Rosa doesn't even glance at the crowd. She taps her elbow pad once, then again, and resumes the walk—eyes forward, jaw set.

John Phillips: "Next Level have momentum, but they've also already been through a war. And now they draw The Empire's representatives—coming in fresh."

Mark Bravo: "Fresh, nasty, and organized. That's the worst kind of fresh."

Selena slides into the ring first, stepping through the ropes with an exaggerated wipe of her boots on the apron like she's cleaning off common dirt. Rosa enters right behind her, rolling her shoulders loose, gaze flicking between Theo and Dex like she's already choosing where the match gets grounded.

Theo Sparks hops on the spot in his corner, trying to keep the energy high, but his eyes narrow. Dex Raines leans on the top rope and watches Selena's hands, Rosa's feet—cataloging every tell.

Theo Sparks: "Alright! New challengers! New level!"

Selena Vex: "You talk too much."

Dex Raines: "And you cheat too much."

Selena grins wide at that, like it's a compliment.

Selena Vex: "Good. Then we understand each other."

The referee brings them in and points to the corners, warning everyone to keep it clean—because he's already had one team try to turn this into a crime scene tonight. Selena gives him a slow, sweet smile that clearly means the opposite of "yes."

John Phillips: "This is a brutal draw for Next Level. They finally get rid of the thieves... and now they have to deal with the Empire."

Mark Bravo: "At least the last thieves were funny. These two? These two will hurt you and act offended that you bled on their boots."

DING DING!

The bell sounds and Selena immediately points at Theo like she's choosing him as tonight's target. Theo steps forward, still bouncing, and Selena leans in close—smiling—inviting the lockup like she's offering a handshake she has no intention of honoring.

John Phillips: "Here we go..."

Theo reaches for the lockup—and Selena Vex swats his hands away like he's touched something expensive. She smirks, takes a slow step forward, and taps her own chest with a finger like she's asking him to admire the logo on her jacket.

Selena Vex: "You sure you want this?"

Theo Sparks: "I'm always sure."

Theo lunges again—Selena sidesteps and gives him a little shove from behind, sending him stumbling forward. The crowd boos. Selena throws her arms out like she's done nothing wrong.

John Phillips: "Selena Vex—already playing games."

Mark Bravo: "She's not here to wrestle, she's here to irritate you into making a mistake. That's her whole thing."

Theo turns back with a grin that's a little tighter now. He claps once, like he's resetting, then darts in with speed and finally catches Selena with a clean arm drag that sends her sliding across the mat. Theo pops up and points down at her.

Theo Sparks: "That one's free."

Selena sits up slowly, hair falling across her face, and laughs like she's amused—then immediately tags Rosa Delgado without even standing. The crowd reacts as Rosa steps through the ropes, calm and composed, like she's clocking in.

John Phillips: "And there's the tag—Rosa Delgado wants the actual fight."

Mark Bravo: "That's the thing. Selena baits. Rosa finishes."

Rosa and Theo circle. Rosa doesn't rush. She waits until Theo bounces a little too close, then snaps in with a tight collar-and-elbow, immediately steering Theo toward the ropes with pure leverage. Theo tries to slip out—Rosa shifts her grip and wrenches him down into a head-and-arm control, dropping her weight so Theo's neck and shoulder take the brunt.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado with the fundamentals—tight, heavy, no wasted motion."

Theo tries to twist free—Rosa rides him, rolling her hips, keeping Theo pinned in place. Theo finally manages to get a

knee under him and push upward. Rosa lets him rise just enough... then snaps him down again with a sharp snapmare, followed by a low kick to the spine that jolts Theo forward.

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference. Selena plays with you. Rosa makes you pay for being playful."

Rosa tags Selena back in with a slap. Selena steps through the ropes with a grin, immediately grabbing Theo by the hair near the crown—subtle enough that it's hard to see from the referee's angle—and yanking his head back to expose the throat.

John Phillips: "Selena's got a handful of hair—referee doesn't see it!"

Mark Bravo: "Of course he doesn't. She's a professional nuisance."

Selena snaps a quick forearm under Theo's jaw, then shoves him into her corner. Rosa tags back in immediately. Rosa steps in and drives a short, compact knee into Theo's ribs, then another, then hooks him for a snap suplex that plants Theo clean in the center.

John Phillips: "Snap suplex by Rosa! Theo is getting slowed down!"

Rosa covers.

Referee: "One... two—"

Theo kicks out. Rosa doesn't react—she just clamps onto the arm and pulls Theo into a grounded arm control, sitting her weight down, forcing Theo to carry her like an anchor. Theo grimaces, trying to inch toward Dex.

Mark Bravo: "This is smart in turmoil. Fresh teams come in and want to sprint. The Empire is saying: no sprinting. You're going to walk through mud."

Theo finally twists his hips and rolls through, slipping the arm free. He pops up and tries to sprint toward Dex—Rosa catches him with a sudden lariat that flips Theo inside out. Theo hits the mat hard and stays there for a beat, blinking.

John Phillips: "Rosa just turned Theo inside out!"

Selena laughs on the apron, clapping slowly, mocking the crowd as they boo her. Rosa tags Selena back in again, and Selena steps through with a smug smile, stomping Theo once in the ribs, then once more for good measure—just to show she can.

Selena Vex: "That's what you get."

The referee steps in to warn her—Selena backs off with her hands up, angelic expression, then immediately leans down and whispers something nasty at Theo as she backs away.

John Phillips: "Selena Vex staying just on the right side of disqualification while still being as cruel as possible."

Theo drags himself to his knees and throws a quick forearm at Selena's midsection—Selena yelps, more offended than hurt, and tags Rosa back in like she wants no part of a real exchange.

Mark Bravo: "Yep. Hand it back to Rosa. That's the system."

Rosa steps in and tries to drag Theo away from the corner—Theo digs his fingers into the mat and kicks off the ropes, finally creating a sliver of space. He throws two quick elbows to Rosa's jaw—Rosa rocks back half a step—Theo lunges... and tags Dex Raines!

John Phillips: "Dex is in!"

Dex storms through the ropes and immediately blasts Rosa with a stiff forearm, then a second, then a low kick to the thigh that buckles her base. Dex turns and catches Selena on the apron with a sharp back elbow that knocks her down to the floor.

Mark Bravo: "Dex just cleared the porch!"

Dex grabs Rosa and snaps her down with a clean suplex, then floats into position, eyes locked, ready to turn the momentum. Next Level finally have a foothold—maybe their first real one since The Empire entered.

Dex stays glued to Rosa, dragging her up and snapping a short kick into her thigh before she can reset. Rosa swings back—Dex slips under and hooks her arm, twisting into a tight wristlock and pulling her toward center like he's steering a wheel. Rosa plants and tries to muscle him off—Dex pivots, drops his hips, and yanks her into a smooth arm drag that sends her skidding.

John Phillips: "Dex is turning this into his kind of match—technical control, pressure, and no room to breathe."

Mark Bravo: "Dex is like a spreadsheet with fists. Everything is calculated, and somebody always ends up owing pain."

Rosa pops up and charges—Dex meets her with a sharp knee to the midsection, then whips her into the ropes. Rosa rebounds—Dex ducks, leapfrogs, then catches her with a crisp drop-toe-hold that sends Rosa face-first into the mat. Dex immediately spins and grabs the leg, twisting the ankle and knee, threatening a hold.

John Phillips: "Dex right into the leg—he's trying to slow Rosa down the same way they slowed Darian earlier!"

Rosa kicks free and scrambles toward her corner—Selena reaches in, eager for the tag—but Dex stays between them, keeping Rosa pointed the wrong direction with short, mean strikes.

Dex Raines: "Not yet."

Dex tags Theo back in. Theo springs over the ropes and immediately hits a quick running forearm to Rosa's jaw, then bounces off the ropes and clips her with a low dropkick to the knee. Rosa stumbles—Theo follows with a snap kick to the ribs and a fast cover.

Referee: "One... two—"

Rosa kicks out and rolls to her side. Selena leans over the top rope, screaming at Rosa to get to the corner. Theo grabs Rosa by the wrist to drag her back—Rosa suddenly yanks Theo in and plants him with a short, brutal spinebuster that drops him hard.

John Phillips: "Spinebuster! Rosa just cut Theo in half!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the danger. You get comfortable, you think you've got rhythm... then Rosa reminds you she's built for impact."

Rosa crawls—measured, steady—toward her corner. Theo reaches for Dex, but he's too stunned to move quickly. Rosa tags Selena.

John Phillips: "Tag to Selena Vex!"

Selena steps in with a grin and immediately swings her boot into Theo's ribs, then leans down and slaps the side of his head—disrespectful, deliberate. The crowd boos loudly.

Selena Vex: "Wake up."

The referee warns Selena—Selena smiles sweetly, then turns and rakes her boot across Theo's face on the way past him, just enough to be nasty without being obvious. Theo clutches his face and rolls toward the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "She's a villain in high heels, John."

Selena drags Theo up and shoves him into the corner, then tags Rosa back in. Rosa steps through and drives a heavy shoulder into Theo's midsection, then another. Theo folds over the top rope, gasping. Rosa pulls him back in and snaps him down with a suplex, then hooks the leg.

Referee: "One... two—"

Theo kicks out. Rosa doesn't react—she just clamps on a head-and-arm control again, sitting her weight down and forcing Theo to carry it. Theo's hand reaches out toward Dex, fingertips barely moving.

John Phillips: "Theo's been through two rounds already. This is where fatigue becomes a weapon."

Dex pounds the turnbuckle, calling for Theo. Selena leans in from her side, laughing as she watches Theo struggle.

Selena Vex: "Go on. Tag him. I dare you."

Theo grits his teeth and fights to a knee—he throws two elbows into Rosa's ribs. Rosa absorbs one... absorbs the second... then suddenly snaps Theo down again with a hard takedown, keeping him grounded.

Mark Bravo: "Rosa isn't rushing. She's grinding him down. That's turmoil strategy right there."

Rosa drags Theo up and whips him toward the corner—Theo reverses with a desperate burst and sends Rosa into the turnbuckles. Rosa hits hard and stumbles out. Theo lunges—tags Dex!

John Phillips: "Dex is back in!"

Dex storms through the ropes with urgency, but Selena is already in motion—she hops on the apron and starts shouting at the referee, waving her arms, insisting Dex grabbed her hair, insisting Dex said something, insisting anything—just trying to steal attention.

John Phillips: "Selena trying to create a distraction—"

Mark Bravo: "She lives for this. This is her natural habitat."

Dex turns for half a second—annoyed—trying to wave her off.

Rosa uses that half second and cracks Dex with a sudden lariat that drops him flat.

John Phillips: "Lariat! Dex got dropped!"

Selena smiles, satisfied, and tags in the moment Dex is down. She slides through the ropes and immediately hooks Dex's leg for a cover, pressing her forearm across his face like she's trying to smother him.

Referee: "One... two—"

Dex kicks out strong, shoving Selena off. Selena rolls to her knees, glaring, more insulted than anything. She snaps her fingers at Rosa for help and Rosa steps in close—Dex backs up, jaw tight, realizing the Empire just stole the momentum back with the smallest distraction imaginable.

Selena rises and immediately starts jawing at Dex, wagging a finger in his face like she's scolding him for daring to kick out.

Selena Vex: "You are so rude."

Dex Raines: "Get off me."

Dex steps forward—Selena slaps him. A sharp, open-handed crack that echoes just enough to make the crowd gasp and then boo like crazy. Selena grins wide, pleased with herself.

John Phillips: "Selena just slapped Dex!"

Mark Bravo: "That's an invitation to get hit by a freight train, John."

Dex's eyes narrow. He lunges—Selena darts behind Rosa and tags her quickly, using Rosa like a shield. Rosa steps in immediately, meeting Dex's charge head-on with a stiff forearm that stops him in his tracks. Rosa follows with a second forearm, then a short headbutt that snaps Dex back a half step.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado is cutting Dex off!"

Rosa grabs Dex by the wrist and whips him into the ropes—Dex rebounds—Rosa catches him with a heavy powerslam that thuds. Rosa doesn't go for the pin right away; she sits up and drags Dex into position, keeping him away from Theo with brute placement.

Mark Bravo: "That's ring IQ. Don't pin yet—position first."

Rosa tags Selena back in. Selena glides through the ropes like she owns the place, crouches over Dex, and plants her boot on his chest for a cover—smirking down at him.

Referee: "One... two—"

Dex kicks out again, shoving Selena's boot away. Selena falls backward dramatically like she's been struck, then sits up and glares at the referee.

Selena Vex: "Are you serious?!"

John Phillips: "Selena trying to steal it with that boot-on-the-chest pin—Dex refuses to stay down."

Selena drags Dex up by the jaw, whispering something vile into his ear, then snaps a quick knee into his midsection. Dex doubles over—Selena hooks his head and tries for a DDT—Dex shoves her off and staggers toward his corner.

Theo is reaching, calling for him.

Theo Sparks: "Dex! Dex! Here!"

Selena panics and grabs Dex's waistband, yanking him back. Dex turns, grabs her wrist, and twists—hard—forcing Selena to bend at the elbow. Selena yelps, suddenly not amused.

Mark Bravo: "Dex caught her. Dex CAUGHT her."

Dex whips Selena toward the corner—Selena reverses at the last second, sending Dex into The Empire's corner instead. Rosa immediately steps through and drives a heavy forearm into Dex's back, then another, while Selena hops up on the apron and laughs, clapping like she's watching theater.

John Phillips: "And there's the corner trap—Rosa pounding away while Selena enjoys the view."

Rosa tags Selena. Selena steps in, grabs Dex by the head, and rakes her nails across his scalp and face just enough to be nasty. The referee warns her again. Selena backs off with her hands up—sweet smile—then instantly stomps Dex's foot when the referee's focus shifts.

Mark Bravo: "She is a walking loophole."

Selena hooks Dex and drives him down with a snap DDT, then covers, hooking the leg tight this time.

Referee: "One... two—"

Dex kicks out again, but it's slower now. The match has taken a toll. Selena's grin fades into irritation. She slaps the mat in anger, then points at Theo like she wants him, too.

Selena Vex: "Bring him in. I want him."

Selena drags Dex up and tries to whip him away from the corner, but Dex plants and pulls her in—sudden short-arm yank—then cracks her with a sharp elbow that finally rocks her. Selena stumbles back, surprised.

John Phillips: "Dex created space!"

Dex lunges toward Theo—Selena grabs his ankle—Dex kicks free and dives... fingertips...

and he tags Theo Sparks!

John Phillips: "Theo is in!"

Theo explodes through the ropes like a reset button got hit. He blasts Selena with a running forearm, then spins and dropkicks Rosa off the apron before she can interfere. The crowd surges with the sudden burst of energy.

Mark Bravo: "Theo just turned the whole ring into a highlight reel!"

Selena staggers—Theo hits the ropes and comes back with a sharp running knee, then another quick strike that backs her into the corner. Theo climbs a step and unloads with rapid punches, the crowd counting along.

John Phillips: "Next Level needed this momentum!"

Theo grabs Selena and whips her across the ring—Selena rebounds—Theo snaps her down with a clean tilt-a-whirl takedown, then hooks the leg for a cover.

Referee: "One... two—"

Selena kicks out and immediately rolls toward her corner, desperate for Rosa. Theo sees it and sprints to cut her off—Rosa steps in through the ropes to block him, eating a forearm and rocking back, but doing her job—buying Selena the inches she needs.

John Phillips: "Rosa with the save—Selena needed that tag!"

Selena stretches—reaches—

and tags Rosa Delgado back in, just as Theo tries to grab her ankle.

Mark Bravo: "Here we go again. Selena runs. Rosa fights."

Rosa steps in and squares up with Theo, and you can feel the collision coming—Theo's speed versus Rosa's power—both teams refusing to give an inch as the turmoil round enters its next, nastier gear.

Rosa steps forward and Theo bounces side to side, looking for an angle—Rosa doesn't chase. She waits. Theo darts in with a quick kick to the thigh—Rosa barely flinches—Theo tries to pivot out—Rosa catches him with a sudden, heavy forearm that stops him cold and sends him stumbling backward.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado just shut Theo's speed down with one shot."

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference between fast and strong. Fast can be scary... until strong hits you in the mouth."

Theo shakes it off and rushes again—Rosa scoops him and slams him hard with a scoop slam, then follows with a short elbow drop to the chest. Theo coughs and rolls to the side. Rosa stays on him, dragging him away from Dex and pulling him into the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Rosa is doing exactly what you do in a turmoil match—keep the fresh tag out of play."

Rosa tags Selena. Selena slips in and immediately changes the tone—she stomps Theo once, then leans down and yanks his head up by the hair just to sneer at him.

Selena Vex: "All that energy... and you still can't win."

The referee warns her again about the hair. Selena releases with a sweet smile, then snaps a sharp knee into Theo's ribs as soon as the referee's eyes shift. She covers quickly.

Referee: "One... two—"

Theo kicks out. Selena rolls her eyes like she's bored, then tags Rosa right back in—keeping the rhythm: irritate, isolate, punish.

Mark Bravo: "This is Empire tag team math: Selena creates the mess, Rosa collects the debt."

Rosa steps in and lines Theo up for something bigger—she hauls him up and drives him into the corner with a hard body check, then another. Theo folds over, trying to breathe. Dex pounds the turnbuckle, shouting for the tag, but Theo's legs are betraying him.

Dex Raines: "Theo! Now! Now!"

Theo fights forward—Rosa grabs him and whips him away from the corner—Theo reverses at the last second, sending Rosa into the turnbuckles. Theo staggers—eyes wide—this is his chance. He dives toward Dex—

Selena's hand shoots out from the apron and grabs Theo's wrist, stopping him dead.

John Phillips: "Selena just snatched him—she stopped the tag!"

Mark Bravo: "That was slick. Dirty, but slick."

The referee turns and starts warning Selena, but the damage is done. Rosa storms out of the corner and cracks Theo with a lariat that flips him to the mat. Rosa covers.

Referee: "One... two—"

Theo kicks out again, barely. Rosa's jaw tightens—finally a hint of emotion—because Theo refuses to die. Rosa drags him up and signals for the end, pointing to the corner.

John Phillips: "Rosa's calling for something big."

Rosa hoists Theo—Theo struggles—Rosa muscles him up and drops him with a brutal spinebuster in the center. The crowd reacts as Theo bounces off the mat. Rosa doesn't waste the moment—she tags Selena in immediately.

Mark Bravo: "Spinebuster! That might be it!"

Selena slips through the ropes with a grin and goes straight to Theo's legs, hooking them and rolling him up into a tight, nasty pin—hips low, shoulders pressed, and Selena's hand finding a fistful of tights for extra leverage.

John Phillips: "Selena's got the tights—"

The referee drops to count. Dex is screaming from the apron, reaching through the ropes, desperate to break it up. His fingers scrape Theo's boot but he's a fraction too far.

Referee: "One... two... three!"

DING DING!

John Phillips: "The Empire eliminate Next Level!"

Mark Bravo: "And there it is. The Empire survives, advances, and they do it the way they always do—Rosa does the damage, Selena steals the moment."

Dex slams the top rope in frustration as Theo rolls to his side, clutching his ribs, furious that he couldn't reach. Selena pops up instantly and raises her arms like she just won a championship, laughing as the crowd rains down boos. Rosa stands behind her, composed, barely breathing heavy—like she just completed another assignment.

Selena Vex: "We told you. Sanctified."

John Phillips: "Next Level gave everything they had through multiple rounds, but The Empire's representatives were fresh... and ruthless."

Mark Bravo: "Now the question is simple: who's next to try and stop The Empire from getting to the champions?"

Selena Vex is still grinning in the ring, one arm raised like she personally invented winning, while Rosa Delgado stands behind her—stone-faced, composed—like the muscle that makes all of Selena's smugness possible. Dex Raines is on

the apron with his hands on his head, furious, and Theo Sparks is on the mat clutching his ribs, blinking up at the lights like he can't believe the round ended that way.

John Phillips: "Next Level just ran a marathon and got clipped at the finish line. The Empire advances, and now—now we find out if anyone can stop them from reaching the champions."

Mark Bravo: "If you're Selena Vex, you're feeling real proud right now. If you're Rosa Delgado, you're already thinking about the next team like it's just another rep."

Selena leans over the top rope, shouting toward the back.

Selena Vex: "Come on! Send the champs! Send them out so we can embarrass them too!"

The referee waves Next Level out and they regroup—Dex helping Theo to the ropes, both exhausted but still glaring. The Empire holds the ring... and then the arena lights dip again.

This time, it's different. It's not ritual-dark. It's electric.

Blue pulses wash across the crowd in waves—then red and white strobes answer back, syncing in a rapid rhythm like a heartbeat turned into a lightshow. The tron flashes a clean word in bold motion graphics:

VELOCITY.

John Phillips: "There it is!"

Mark Bravo: "Okay, okay—this is what I came for. The champs. Fresh. Last in. And they won these titles at Season's Beatings—so they've already proven they can handle pressure."

The tag team champions enter last, and they enter like they own the air.

Jet Lawson bursts through the curtain first—electric blue light catching the edges of his gear as CO2 cannons punch a cold fog around his feet. He doesn't walk so much as sprint, immediately feeding off the noise, bouncing on his toes like he's about to run through a wall. He hits the ramp and breaks into a dead run, then leaps—clean and fearless—springing onto the apron with a flashy flip that makes the hard camera catch him at the peak.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson—The Blue Comet—pure adrenaline!"

Mark Bravo: "That man moves like he's got cheat codes, and I mean that as the highest compliment."

Tyler Cruz follows, and the energy shifts into celebration—red and white strobes syncing with a Latin EDM pulse. Tyler dances at the top of the ramp, clapping with the crowd's rhythm, smiling like he's already won. He points to the titles on the screen, then to the ring, then to the fans, drawing them in—before he takes off down the ramp with a handspring that turns into a smooth, showy bounce at the bottom.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz—The Red Rocket—charisma, speed, and he can fly from anywhere!"

Mark Bravo: "If you blink, he's on the top rope. If you blink twice, he's landing on your face."

Jet and Tyler meet at ringside—championship belts raised—and slide into the ring together. Jet pops up first, pointing to the sky like he's marking a target. Tyler claps, getting the crowd to clap with him, and the noise builds until it feels like the building itself is shaking.

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard—your UTA Tag Team Champions—entering last, as they should in turmoil. Fresh legs against a team that's had time to settle into their rhythm."

Mark Bravo: "And here's the bad news for The Empire: the champs don't need to survive the whole gauntlet. They just need to beat you."

Selena Vex's smile tightens as she stares at the belts. Rosa Delgado steps forward, shoulders squared, eyes locked

on the champions like she's measuring them. Jet bounces lightly and points at Selena, then at Rosa, then at the canvas.

Jet Lawson: "You wanted the champs? You got the champs."

Tyler steps beside him, clapping once—sharp—then gestures to Selena like he's inviting her into a dance she won't enjoy.

Tyler Cruz: "Ride the rocket—vamos."

Selena scoffs and points at Rosa like she's already decided who does the dirty work.

Selena Vex: "Rosa. Break them."

The referee brings all four in, holds the belts up for the crowd, then points them to their corners. Jet and Tyler exchange a quick nod—no jokes now, just focus. Across the ring, The Empire holds their ground.

John Phillips: "Champions and challengers—this is what Tag Team Turmoil is supposed to lead to. The Empire... versus Velocity Vanguard."

Mark Bravo: "Bell rings, and somebody's night becomes a whole lot shorter."

DING DING!

Jet Lawson starts on the champions' side, bouncing on his toes like he's already in mid-sprint. Across from him, Rosa Delgado steps forward for The Empire—shoulders squared, eyes level, the kind of calm that says she's here to end movement, not chase it.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson and Rosa Delgado to start. Speed versus power. And remember—The Empire's already been in there, but they've had time to settle into their rhythm."

Mark Bravo: "And the champs are fresh, which is huge. But fresh doesn't matter if Rosa catches you. If she catches you, you stop being fast and start being furniture."

Jet feints in—Rosa doesn't bite. Jet darts left, darts right, then snaps in with a quick kick to the thigh and immediately bounces out again. Rosa's eyes narrow; she takes one step forward like she's going to swat him out of the air.

Jet Lawson: "Too slow."

Rosa lunges—Jet slips behind and grabs a waistlock, trying to drag her down. Rosa plants. Jet strains. Rosa doesn't move. She reaches back and snaps an elbow into Jet's ribs that forces him to release.

John Phillips: "Rosa isn't budging!"

Mark Bravo: "Jet just learned what it feels like to run into a wall that hits back."

Jet shakes it off and tags Tyler Cruz quickly, already keeping the champions' rhythm tight. Tyler springs in and immediately lights Rosa up with rapid strikes—forearm, chop, forearm—then hits the ropes and comes back with a low dropkick to the knee that makes Rosa take a half step down.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz with the quick offense—trying to chop the base!"

Rosa reaches for Tyler—Tyler slips out, tags Jet back in, and the champs hit a clean tandem burst: Tyler snaps Rosa forward with a snapmare, Jet comes off the ropes and drops a sharp running kick to the chest. Rosa drops to one knee.

Mark Bravo: "That's champion timing. In, out, hit, reset. No wasted motion."

Jet hooks Rosa's arm and tries to whip her—Rosa reverses and yanks Jet in instead, catching him with a short, brutal clothesline that turns Jet inside out. Jet hits the mat hard, the bounce suddenly gone.

John Phillips: "Whoa—Rosa just snatched Jet out of the air!"

Mark Bravo: "Told you. Furniture."

Rosa covers Jet.

Referee: "One... two—"

Jet kicks out, but Rosa immediately drags him away from the champions' corner, pulling him toward The Empire's side. Selena Vex reaches in, grinning, ready to get her hands involved.

John Phillips: "Rosa isolating Jet—trying to cut Tyler off."

Rosa tags Selena. Selena slips in with a satisfied smile and immediately stomps Jet's ribs, then leans down and whispers something into his ear like she's taunting him personally. Jet pushes at her boot—Selena steps on his hand and the crowd boos loudly.

Selena Vex: "Aww. That hurt?"

Mark Bravo: "Selena's doing Selena things. If she can't out-wrestle you, she'll out-ugly you."

Selena drags Jet up and shoves him into the corner, then tags Rosa back in. Rosa steps through and drives a heavy shoulder into Jet's midsection, then another. Jet folds, gasping. Rosa grabs him and snaps him down with a suplex that lands with a thud.

John Phillips: "The Empire are slowing Jet down—exactly what they want."

Rosa covers again.

Referee: "One... two—"

Jet kicks out again, but Rosa keeps him grounded, clamping on a head-and-arm control and sitting her weight down. Jet squirms, trying to inch toward Tyler. Tyler is on the apron, clapping, shouting, urging him forward.

Tyler Cruz: "Jet! Come on! Come on!"

John Phillips: "If The Empire can keep Jet isolated, they can take the champions' freshness away and turn this into their pace."

Mark Bravo: "And if Velocity Vanguard can get one clean tag, the whole thing flips again. That's the razor edge right here."

Jet fights to a knee and throws an elbow into Rosa's ribs. Rosa absorbs it. Jet throws another—Rosa leans back, then snaps Jet down again with a quick takedown, keeping him from reaching the corner. Selena claps from the apron like she's applauding a performance.

Selena Vex: "Stay down."

Jet grits his teeth, breath ragged, and plants a hand on the mat to push up again—trying to build toward that one crucial moment.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson's going to have to find a burst. One window. One tag. Or The Empire might take the titles right here."

Jet keeps fighting up—slow at first, then with a sudden burst of stubbornness. He throws a sharp elbow to Rosa's ribs, then another. Rosa's grip loosens. Jet turns and snaps a quick back elbow to Rosa's jaw, finally forcing her to take a step back.

John Phillips: "Jet creating space—this is what the champions needed!"

Jet staggers toward his corner, reaching for Tyler—Selena Vex is already leaning over the ropes, screaming at Rosa to stop him. Rosa lunges, grabbing at Jet's waistband—Jet kicks off the mat and swings a desperation enzuigiri that catches Rosa on the side of the head.

Mark Bravo: "Oh! Jet caught her!"

Rosa stumbles, but she doesn't fall. Jet uses that split second and dives—
tag to Tyler Cruz!

John Phillips: "Tag made! Tyler Cruz is in!"

Tyler explodes through the ropes like a fuse got lit. He blasts Rosa with a running forearm, then turns and dropkicks Selena off the apron before Selena can interfere again. Selena hits the floor with a scream of outrage.

Selena Vex: "Are you kidding me?!"

John Phillips: "Tyler just cleared Selena from the equation!"

Mark Bravo: "That's champion awareness. He knows where the slime comes from!"

Rosa charges Tyler—Tyler ducks and hits the ropes, springing back with a flying forearm that knocks Rosa back a step. Tyler doesn't slow down. He snaps a quick low kick to the thigh, then whips Rosa to the corner. Rosa hits hard—Tyler rushes in with a running corner strike, then climbs the ropes in one motion and launches with a crossbody that drives Rosa down.

John Phillips: "Crossbody off the ropes—Tyler is on fire!"

Tyler hooks the leg.

Referee: "One... two—"

Rosa powers out. Tyler rolls through and keeps moving, trying to stay ahead of Rosa's strength. He tags Jet back in and Velocity Vanguard hit their rhythm—Tyler snapmares Rosa forward, Jet hits the ropes and cracks her with a running kick to the chest, then immediately drops into a cover.

Referee: "One... two—"

Rosa kicks out again, but the champions are forcing her to spend energy fast. Selena is back on the apron now, furious, shouting instructions and insults.

Selena Vex: "Rosa! Break him! Break him!"

Jet drags Rosa up and tries to whip her—Rosa reverses and yanks Jet into a sudden short-arm lariat that drops him like a switch got flipped. The crowd gasps again. Jet clutches his throat as Rosa stands over him, breathing heavier now.

John Phillips: "Rosa keeps finding those moments—those power collisions!"

Mark Bravo: "You can't sprint forever when the other person is a wrecking ball. Eventually the wrecking ball connects."

Rosa tags Selena in. Selena slides through the ropes with a grin and immediately pounces, stomping Jet's ribs, then snapping a quick kick to the back. She leans down and hooks Jet's head, talking directly into his ear.

Selena Vex: "Champions don't cough. Try harder."

Jet swings from his knees—Selena dodges and shoves him face-first into the middle turnbuckle, then tags Rosa back in. Rosa steps through and drives a heavy shoulder into Jet, pinning him in the corner. Jet folds, gasping. Rosa pulls him out and drops him with another suplex, then stays tight on him to keep Tyler out of reach.

John Phillips: "The Empire are doing what they do—tag, isolate, punish. They want the champions separated."

Rosa covers.

Referee: "One... two—"

Jet kicks out again—barely. Tyler is slapping the turnbuckle, shouting, trying to will Jet across the mat. Selena leans in from the apron and reaches for Jet's ankle as he crawls, trying to slow him without getting caught.

Mark Bravo: "Selena is such a problem. Even when she's not legal, she's legal-adjacent."

Jet drags himself forward—fingertips stretching—Rosa grabs his boot and yanks him back to center again. Jet yells in frustration and tries to kick free. Rosa stomps the leg once, then hauls Jet up for something bigger—setting her grip, bracing her base.

John Phillips: "Rosa's looking to take Jet out with something major."

Rosa hoists Jet—Jet wriggles—Rosa muscles him up... and drops him with a brutal spinebuster that shakes the ring. Jet bounces and lands limp for a beat.

Mark Bravo: "That's it. That's the kind of hit that takes the air out of a whole team."

Rosa sits up, still composed, and points to Selena. Selena smiles and slips through the ropes, ready to capitalize—because that's the Empire formula, and it's worked all night.

Selena Vex steps in with that satisfied grin—like she's walking into a room she already owns. Jet Lawson is sprawled on his back from the spinebuster, chest heaving, eyes blinking hard as he tries to remember where he is.

John Phillips: "Jet got planted. Now Selena comes in to pick the bones—this has been their pattern."

Mark Bravo: "Rosa hits the car crash, Selena writes the parking ticket."

Selena drops to a knee and hooks Jet's leg for a cover, pulling it high and tight—then, just to be extra, she presses her forearm across his face.

Referee: "One... two—"

Jet kicks out. The crowd roars. Selena's eyes widen in disbelief, then narrow with anger.

Selena Vex: "Ugh. Why won't you stay down?"

Selena slaps the mat, then drags Jet up by the wrist and snaps a quick knee into his ribs. Jet doubles over. Selena grabs his head and tries to snap him down—Jet fights, pushing at her hips to create space. Selena snarls and tags Rosa back in, not wanting a straight-up fight.

Mark Bravo: "Selena wants the win, not the work."

Rosa steps through and immediately clubs Jet with a forearm to the upper back, then hauls him up and drives him into the corner. Jet hits hard. Tyler Cruz is shouting from the apron, reaching through the ropes for the tag like it's the only thing keeping the titles alive.

Tyler Cruz: "Jet! Now! Come on! Reach!"

Jet's hand stretches—Rosa grabs him by the waistband again and yanks him back, shaking her head like she's disappointed in the attempt. Rosa hooks Jet and lifts—looking for another spinebuster or a slam—Jet slips off behind her, landing on shaky legs.

John Phillips: "Jet slipped free!"

Jet staggers—then fires a sudden chop to Rosa's chest, followed by a second. Rosa absorbs them, but it forces her to

reset. Jet hits the ropes and comes back with a running forearm that finally knocks Rosa back half a step.

Mark Bravo: "Jet's trying to find that champion burst again!"

Jet turns and dives—

and this time his hand hits Tyler's.

John Phillips: "Tag to Tyler Cruz!"

Tyler springs in and immediately lights Rosa up—forearm, kick, forearm—then he hits the ropes and comes back with a jumping knee that rocks Rosa. Tyler turns and blasts Selena off the apron again, refusing to let her set the table.

Selena Vex: "Stop touching me!"

Mark Bravo: "Tyler is over Selena like a bad update. He's uninstalling her from this match."

Tyler grabs Rosa and whips her across the ring—Rosa rebounds—Tyler catches her with a dropkick that sends Rosa into the corner. Tyler charges in with a corner strike, then climbs the ropes fast—springing off with a flying crossbody that knocks Rosa down again.

John Phillips: "Tyler's flying—this is the champions' pace!"

Tyler hooks the leg.

Referee: "One... two—"

Rosa kicks out, powering through. Tyler's expression tightens—he knows he's burning energy too. He tags Jet back in quickly, and the champions try to land one clean tandem sequence to finish it.

John Phillips: "Jet back in—Velocity Vanguard trying to close the door!"

Tyler snapmares Rosa forward—Jet hits the ropes—

Selena reaches from the apron and grabs Tyler's ankle, yanking him down when the referee's attention is on Jet's run.

John Phillips: "Selena just tripped Tyler!"

Mark Bravo: "There it is. The slime found daylight."

Tyler hits the mat and scrambles to his knees, shouting at the referee, but the referee didn't see it—he was tracking the legal exchange. Jet slows for half a beat, glancing toward his partner—

and that half beat is all Rosa needs.

Rosa explodes forward and catches Jet with a vicious lariat that turns him inside out. Jet crashes to the mat, and the crowd gasps as the momentum flips again.

John Phillips: "Rosa just decapitated Jet!"

Rosa doesn't cover. She drags Jet up, sets her base, and this time she hoists him and plants him with another brutal spinebuster—center of the ring—no corner, no ropes, nowhere to crawl.

Mark Bravo: "That was a statement spinebuster. That was 'stay down and stay out.'"

Rosa tags Selena in with a sharp slap. Selena slides in quickly, eyes bright, smelling the end. She hooks Jet's legs and stacks him up—tight—pulling the hips high.

John Phillips: "Selena stacking Jet—this could be it!"

The referee drops.

Referee: "One... two—"

Jet's shoulder twitches—he fights—Tyler tries to spring in—Selena kicks her legs outward, subtly blocking Tyler's path with her body position, forcing him to go around.

Referee: "Three!"

DING DING!

John Phillips: "No! The Empire did it! Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado have won Tag Team Turmoil—"

Mark Bravo: "—and that means we have NEW UTA Tag Team Champions!"

Tyler drops to his knees, hands on his head, staring at Jet like he can't believe the titles just slipped away. Jet rolls to his side, stunned, chest rising and falling, while Selena pops up immediately and throws her arms up, screaming like she just conquered the world. Rosa stands behind her, calm as ever, barely breathing heavy.

Selena Vex: "Sanctified! We told you!"

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard came in fresh, but The Empire found the cracks—Selena found the moments—and Rosa did the damage. The titles have changed hands on Day One."

Mark Bravo: "And somewhere backstage? The rest of The Empire is smiling. Because gold attracts gold, John. That's how they work."

Maxwell "Max" Jett

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to a sleek, deliberately staged interview area—almost too clean for a wrestling building. The lighting is crisp, the floor is spotless, and there's a subtle sense that somebody specifically demanded this shot look "expensive."

Melissa Cartwright steps into frame, microphone up, ready to speak—when a single spotlight suddenly snaps on from above, washing the set in a bright cone of light like it's a red carpet.

Melissa pauses, confused.

Melissa Cartwright: "Well... alright then."

Maxwell "Max" Jett saunters into the spotlight in a designer robe, moving slowly like time is supposed to bend around him. He's smirking before he even fully appears on camera, soaking in the imagined boos like they're applause. In one hand, he's holding a small notebook—black cover, worn corners—like it's more important than the interview.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, I know this type. This guy definitely owns cologne that costs more than my car payment."

John Phillips: "That's Maxwell Jett. One of the six competitors in tomorrow night's UTA Contract Ladder Match on Day 2."

Max stops exactly on his mark without being told where it is. He looks directly into the camera and mouths a silent "keep it coming" with a pleased little nod, like he's listening to a crowd that isn't even here.

Melissa Cartwright: "Maxwell Jett—"

Max lifts a finger without looking at her, like a professor stopping a student mid-sentence.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "First of all... it's Max."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Maxwell is for contracts, courtrooms, and people who still ask permission to matter."

Melissa holds her composure, but her eyes narrow slightly like she already regrets this.

Melissa Cartwright: "Max, tomorrow night you'll compete in the UTA Contract Ladder Match. Six unsigned talents, one

contract—"

Max finally turns his head toward Melissa, still smirking like she's reading a script he wrote for her.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Let me help you."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Tomorrow night... five other people will participate in a ladder match."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "I will win it."

He flips his notebook open with his thumb and pretends to scan it, dramatically serious, like he's searching for the correct word.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "And then I'm going to sign the contract with the same hand I use to wave goodbye to everyone's 'feel good moment.'"

Melissa Cartwright: "That's a lot of confidence for someone the UTA Universe is meeting for the first time."

Max looks offended—genuinely offended—that she framed it as confidence instead of fact.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "No, Melissa... it's accuracy."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Confidence is what people have when they hope they're right."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "I'm not hoping."

He closes the notebook, taps it against his palm, then points it gently toward the camera like he's addressing the audience at home directly.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "You know what's funny about ladder matches?"

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "They're supposed to be about heart."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "About guts."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "About sacrifice."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "And tomorrow night, the UTA Universe is going to watch five people throw themselves into steel trying to earn your love—"

Max smiles wider, almost delighted.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "—right before I take the contract and prove you were stupid for believing in them."

John Phillips: "He's making friends already."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, he's not here for friends, John. He's here to ruin somebody's dream and then take a selfie with the pieces."

Melissa Cartwright: "You mentioned a notebook. What is that?"

Max looks down at it like she just asked what the Mona Lisa is.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "This?"

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "This is called preparation."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "See, most wrestlers travel city to city hoping the crowd reacts the way they want."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "I don't hope."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "I plan."

He flips it open again and pretends to read, lips silently forming words as if he's rehearsing something cruel.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Tempe... interesting."

He looks back up with a glint in his eye.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Tomorrow night, I'm going to climb a ladder, take a contract... and I'm going to do it while people at home yell at their TV like it matters."

Melissa Cartwright: "What do you say to the other five competitors?"

Max closes the notebook with a soft clap and steps closer, crowding Melissa's mic space without touching her—classic bully move, designed to make the room feel smaller.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "I say thank you."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Because tomorrow night, they're going to make me look like a genius."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "They're going to do the brave stuff. The desperate stuff. The heroic stuff."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "And right when the crowd starts believing—right when they start standing up and thinking they're about to witness a miracle—"

Max's smile vanishes for one beat, replaced by something cold.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "That's when I take it."

The smile returns immediately, like a switch flipped back to "performer."

Melissa Cartwright: "Final question, Max. Why should the UTA Universe care about you?"

Max laughs once—short, sharp.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "You shouldn't."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "That's the best part."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "You're going to hate me... and you're going to watch anyway."

He turns slightly, angling his body toward the hard cam like he's about to pose for a photo.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Tomorrow night, when I'm standing there with that contract—"

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "I want you to remember this moment."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Because it's the moment the UTA Universe realizes..."

He leans in, voice calm, venom hidden behind polish.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "I'm better than you."

Max steps back, gives Melissa an exaggerated, mock-courteous nod, and strolls out of the spotlight at the same slow pace he entered—like the building owes him an exit shot.

Melissa watches him go, blinking twice, then turns back to camera with a tight, professional smile.

Melissa Cartwright: "Maxwell 'Max' Jett... tomorrow night... Day 2... in the UTA Contract Ladder Match."

Jackpot

Segment

The screen cuts to black.

A single casino chip clacks across a felt table in slow motion.

Then another.

Dice tumble—end over end—until they hit the table with a sharp, familiar snap.

The sound of a crowd swells underneath it... not an arena roar, but something tighter. Louder. Closer. The kind of noise that happens when a fight is happening ten feet from your face.

On screen: neon lights bloom in the darkness—red, gold, and electric white.

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

The music kicks in—slick, dangerous, rhythmic—like a heartbeat hiding under a bassline.

Quick cuts: The Las Vegas Strip at night. The Palms sign glowing. A marquee flickering. A roulette wheel spinning. A dealer's hand sliding a card across the felt.

Narrator: "In this city... luck is a lie."

Hard cut: boots hitting a ramp. A spotlight slicing through smoke. A championship belt raised above a sea of hands.

Narrator: "Because in the United Toughness Alliance... you don't win by chance."

On screen, bold:

UTA RETURNS TO LAS VEGAS

The camera glides through the entrance of the Palms Casino and Resort—past the lights, past the noise, past the promise of easy money—then fades into a tighter shot of the venue doors.

PEARL THEATER

The words slam onto the screen like a stamp:

JACKPOT

JANUARY 31, 2026

The music hits a sharp rise—then drops into a heavier, meaner groove.

Narrator: "The residency returns."

Quick cuts of the Pearl Theater—empty seats in dramatic lighting, then a flash of the same seats packed and shaking. A ring post. A hard camera. A stage bathed in red-and-gold.

Narrator: "Another year. Another Vegas season."

We see blurred shots of UTA action—hands slapping canvas, bodies crashing into barricades, a referee sliding into position, faces screaming, fists raised.

Narrator: "And the one show that never asks permission... returns to take what it wants."

The visuals become faster now—chips, dice, lights, ropes, fists—Vegas and violence stitched together.

On screen:

PEARL THEATER — PALMS CASINO & RESORT

LAS VEGAS, NV

John Phillips: "Jackpot is a UTA tradition—one of the loudest crowds we get all year, one of the tightest venues, and every time we come back, something changes."

Mark Bravo: "Vegas doesn't do 'quiet.' Vegas doesn't do 'safe.' Vegas does 'risk'—and UTA does 'consequences.'"

The word "JACKPOT" pulses again on the screen, now with a subtle shimmer—like gold catching the light.

Narrator: "The Pearl Theater... where the fight feels personal."

Cut to a slow-motion shot of a spotlight sweeping across an empty ring—then a smash cut of that same ring bouncing under the weight of chaos.

Narrator: "Where the crowd is close enough to touch you... and loud enough to break you."

One final sequence: a roulette wheel spinning... spinning... spinning... then stopping hard.

The ball drops into place.

On screen:

JACKPOT: 01.30.2026

AIR DATE: JANUARY 31, 2026

The numbers flash. The wheel slows.

Narrator: "The house always wins..."

Beat.

Narrator: "...unless you're tough enough to burn it down."

The UTA logo slams onto the screen, followed by the final stamp:

JACKPOT RETURNS

LAS VEGAS RESIDENCY — 2026 BEGINS

PEARL THEATER — PALMS CASINO & RESORT

Fade out on the sound of dice rolling... and a crowd roaring in anticipation.

No Stopping The Empire

Segment

The camera cuts backstage, moving quickly down the corridor as voices and laughter spill out from behind a door marked: THE EMPIRE.

The door swings open and in step Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex—UTA Tag Team Championships in hand—enter like they own the hallway. They're smiling, breath still heavy from the fight, adrenaline still hot. The titles glint under the overhead lights as they raise them up for a second like proof.

Rosa Delgado: "That's what I'm talking about!"

Selena Vex: "We told you. We told everybody!"

They step into the locker room still celebrating, Selena laughing as Rosa spins one of the belts in her hands like it's a trophy she waited too long to touch.

Dahlia Cross is the first to move. She's on them instantly—arms out, smile breaking her usual cold edge—pulling them into quick hugs, one after the other.

Dahlia Cross: "You did it. You really did it."

Dahlia Cross: "Tag Team Champions... look at you two!"

Rosa nods, still buzzing, and Selena lifts one belt higher, letting the plate catch the light as if she wants the camera to memorize it.

Rosa Delgado: "Gold back where it belongs."

Selena Vex: "In The Empire."

And then the camera catches Amy Harrison.

She's standing further back in the room, perfectly still. Arms folded. Expression unreadable. No smile. No applause. Just watching the three of them like a queen evaluating her court.

The celebration rolls on for another beat—until Amy speaks.

Amy Harrison: "You done yet?"

The room stops.

Rosa and Selena both turn, smiles faltering. Dahlia's arms lower slowly. The joy in the air doesn't vanish, but it tightens—like someone just pulled a cord around it.

Rosa Delgado: "...We just won the titles."

Selena Vex: "We brought them back."

Amy takes a single step forward, chin lifted, eyes locked on the belts like they're hers by right.

Amy Harrison: "You did it. You brought gold back to my Empire."

Rosa and Selena exchange a quick look at the phrasing. Dahlia's eyes flick to Amy, then back to the titles.

Amy Harrison: "Now instead of celebrating, we need to start planning how you're going to keep them here."

Selena's brow furrows.

Selena Vex: "We're the champions. We'll defend them."

Rosa Delgado: "That's the plan."

Dahlia takes a small step forward, trying to soften the edge in the room, a half-smile forming like she's about to make a joke or offer a toast.

Dahlia Cross: "Come on, Amy, let them breathe for five seco—"

Amy snaps her head toward Dahlia, voice like a blade.

Amy Harrison: "You don't get a say here, Dahlia."

Dahlia freezes.

Amy Harrison: "You had the chance to bring the United States title back at Season's Beatings... and you failed."

Dahlia's face changes immediately. The smile dies. Her eyes widen just slightly as the words hit, and she looks away for a fraction of a second like she's trying not to show it... but it's too late. The hurt is visible.

Selena and Rosa both glance at each other again—this time not celebratory. Uncertain. The belts feel heavier in their hands now.

Amy holds the stare on Dahlia for an uncomfortable beat, then exhales through her nose and—almost theatrically—relaxes her shoulders.

Amy Harrison: "...Maybe I'm being too harsh."

A brief, collective release fills the room—like everyone's lungs finally remembered how to work.

Dahlia swallows, trying to recover. Selena's posture loosens. Rosa's grip on the belt shifts.

Amy Harrison: "Go ahead. Celebrate."

She gestures toward the titles with a small nod, as if granting permission.

Amy Harrison: "This is good for us."

Amy's eyes slide back to Dahlia.

Amy Harrison: "And Dahlia..."

Dahlia meets her eyes carefully, guarded now.

Amy Harrison: "We'll get gold around your waist soon enough."

Dahlia nods faintly, but the sting is still there. Selena watches her. Rosa watches Amy.

Amy Harrison: "And once I take what's mine back from Marie Van Claudio..."

Amy's voice gains heat, conviction returning like a flame catching oxygen.

Amy Harrison: "No one will be able to stop The Empire."

For a moment, that old rhythm returns—the certainty, the mission, the shared purpose. Selena lifts a title again, forcing a smile. Rosa follows, and Dahlia claps once, then twice, pushing the mood back toward celebration.

Amy finally allows the smallest smile to touch the corner of her mouth—more satisfied than happy—as the three celebrate in front of her.

The camera lingers on the group: Rosa and Selena raising the belts, Dahlia congratulating them... and Amy standing just behind, watching like she's already thinking about the next conquest.

Conclusion

Card Subject to Change

Show Credits

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