

East Coast Invasion: Baltimore, MD

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: November 7, 2025
Location: Chesapeake Employers Insurance Arena — Baltimore, MD

Preview

The streets of Baltimore aren't the only thing dangerous when the UTA comes to town.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The red-and-gold strobe lights rip through the darkened Chesapeake Employers Insurance Arena as a wall of pyro erupts on the stage. The crowd erupts with it — fans on their feet, signs waving, camera flashes popping like stardust over the sea of humanity. A massive UTA banner descends from the rafters as the roar crescendos into thunder.

John Phillips: "We are live in Baltimore, Maryland — and the streets outside may be dangerous, but tonight it's the ring that's the war zone! This is the East Coast Invasion, and this is the United Toughness Alliance!"

Mark Bravo: "You can feel it in the air, JP. It's thick. It's loud. And it's looking like chaos from the jump. Five matches on tap and every single one could shift the foundation of this tour."

The camera pans ringside as the commentary team sits front and center — John Phillips in a slate-blue blazer, headset on and focused; Mark Bravo, shades on indoors, smirking like he knows something we don't.

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard welcomes the debuting Next Level. Tyger II and Dante Rivera are set for one-on-one action. Gideon Graves and Gunnar Van Patton — a collision that's been brewing since Graves was attacked last week. And the Empire's presence looms large as Dahlia Cross takes on Angela Hall."

Mark Bravo: "And yet somehow none of that is the weirdest part of tonight."

John Phillips: "You're referring, of course, to the main event — the UTA Championship on the line. Jarvis Valentine defending... against Jack Hunter."

Mark Bravo: "That's not a typo, folks. Not a rib. Not a fever dream. Jarvis Valentine, the top guy in the company, the undefeated, undisputed UTA Champion... is facing Jack Hunter. Yes, that Jack Hunter. The guy most of us assumed retired, or vanished into a cloud of vape smoke after that last forgettable run."

John Phillips: "It's certainly raised eyebrows. Jack Hunter was never considered a serious contender in his previous time with the UTA. He never even sniffed the main event. And yet tonight, he's here — with a golden opportunity."

Mark Bravo: "Opportunity? He must've won a radio contest. Or maybe there's a 'Feel Bad for Me' initiative happening backstage. Either way, Jack Hunter's getting a chance he never earned, and if I'm Jarvis Valentine? I'm insulted."

Cut to a quick teaser: Jarvis Valentine pacing backstage, UTA title slung over his shoulder. Cut again — Jack Hunter seated on a production crate, staring at the floor. Alone. Silent. Focused. Or broken.

John Phillips: "Hunter says he's coming back to prove he belongs. That everyone who doubted him was wrong. That this — this match tonight — is the beginning of his redemption."

Mark Bravo: "Redemption? No. This is a public execution. And Jarvis is going to sharpen his blade in front of a sold-out

Baltimore crowd."

The arena begins to stir as the lights shift and a spotlight hits the stage ramp. The energy is thick. Palpable. The first match of the night is moments away.

John Phillips: "Love him or hate him, Jack Hunter has found himself in the biggest spotlight of his career. But before we get there — it's tag team action coming up first as Next Level makes their UTA debut against the ever-dangerous Velocity Vanguard."

Mark Bravo: "Let's find out if Next Level lives up to their name — or if they're about to get download-crashed by the fastest duo in the game."

John Phillips: "Strap in, everyone. UTA is taking over Baltimore. The East Coast Invasion continues... right now."

Next Level vs. Velocity Vanguard

Match

The arena lights cut to black. A soft mechanical hum pulses through the Chesapeake Employers Insurance Arena. On the massive LED screen above the stage, a retro boot-up screen flickers to life — loading bars, glitching pixels, a blinking cursor typing across digital code:

>> SYSTEM ONLINE

>> INITIATE PLAYER ONE

>> INITIATE PLAYER TWO

>> PRESS START

8-bit chiptune bleeds into modern EDM as "Press Start" by MDK erupts across the speakers. A colorburst of electric green and neon violet strobes rips across the stage. The crowd turns, drawn by the light show and the pounding bass.

John Phillips: "Welcome to Level One. The co-op kings of the indie scene have arrived in the UTA."

Mark Bravo: "Oh great, we're being invaded by Twitch streamers."

Through the fog, Theo Sparks bursts onto the stage like he was launched from a respawn point. Arms wide, headset mic around his neck, bomber jacket flaring behind him, he yells into the crowd with manic enthusiasm.

Theo Sparks: "BALTIMORE... ARE YOU READY TO PLAY?!"

The fans respond with a pop — partly genuine excitement, partly curiosity. Sparks darts to one end of the stage, then the other, hyping both sides of the crowd. Behind him, Dex Raines emerges slowly — hoodie pulled low, head bowed, calm as a sniper.

John Phillips: "You talk about contrasts — Theo Sparks is the volume. Dex Raines is the silence. Together? They're a rhythm. A pattern. A strategy. This is more than flash. These two live and breathe tag-team chemistry."

Mark Bravo: "They better be ready for lag spikes. Because tonight's not a tutorial."

Theo jogs in place at the top of the ramp, then holds up a single finger: "Player One." Dex stands behind him and slowly raises two fingers: "Player Two." The camera catches a smirk from Sparks — then they fist bump and bolt down the ramp together.

Theo high-fives fans the whole way, even stopping to sign a handmade "NEW GAME+" sign. Dex doesn't acknowledge the crowd, but his eyes never leave the ring — focused on the calculations ahead.

At ringside, Theo sprints ahead, leaps onto the apron, and springboards into the ring with a smooth forward roll into a taunt pose. Dex takes the steel steps, wipes his boots, and enters clean.

Inside the ring, Sparks climbs the middle rope and shouts back into the crowd:

Theo Sparks: "Tonight we don't fight for a win — we grind for perfection!"

The crowd chants with him — imperfectly at first, then building:

CROWD: "NEXT! LE-VEL! NEXT! LE-VEL!"

Dex kneels in the corner, pulling his wrist tape tighter, never looking up. Theo paces the ropes, nodding with confidence. This isn't just their debut. It's a launch. The screen above the stage flashes:

OBJECTIVE LOADED: WIN YOUR DEBUT MATCH

The lights fade back to neutral. The screen clears. Their music fades out as Theo and Dex settle into their corner.

The lights drop again. A burst of synthwave surges from the speakers, slicing through the darkness with retro-futuristic flair. White and teal lasers ripple across the ceiling as a single word pulses across the screen in bold chrome font:

VELOCITY VANGUARD

There's no pause. No hesitation. Jet Lawson sprints out through the curtain like he's already mid-race. He jumps to the side rail and high-fives three fans in a row without breaking stride. Behind him, Tyler Cruz appears with a wide grin and a running leap into a twisting backflip at the top of the ramp — sticking the landing to a solid crowd pop.

John Phillips: "And here come the veterans in this one. Velocity Vanguard. They've dazzled crowds across every stop of the East Coast Invasion. High-speed. High impact. High risk."

Mark Bravo: "And Cruz is barely old enough to rent a car — but he moves like a ten-year vet. Lawson? That guy's the parkour prophet. No ropes are safe when he's in the ring."

Cruz and Lawson slap hands at the base of the ramp, then launch themselves forward — Jet slides under the bottom rope while Tyler vaults onto the apron with a rope-assisted arm drag into a landing pose inside the ring.

Jet hits the ropes and rebounds into a roll before popping up and pointing toward the lights. Cruz claps in rhythm — the crowd joins in instantly.

CROWD: "LET'S GO CRUZ! *clap clap clap-clap-clap*"

Jet pulls off his jacket, flings it toward the timekeeper, then crouches low in his corner like a coiled spring. Cruz paces the apron rope, looking across at Theo Sparks, who returns the stare with a knowing nod.

John Phillips: "This is a test for Next Level. And a chance for Vanguard to reestablish dominance. Debuts are electric. But experience? Experience writes the code."

Mark Bravo: "We got glitch energy on one side, and precision processors on the other. Let's see whose system crashes first."

The referee checks both teams. The crowd is at full attention. No music. Just the building hum of two teams staring each other down, just before the bell...

The referee checks with both corners one final time... then signals for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Tyler Cruz steps forward for Velocity Vanguard. Theo Sparks answers for Next Level. The crowd cheers simply at the visual — two of UTA's flashiest fan favorites facing off for the first time.

John Phillips: "There's the bell! And you can feel the electricity already — Theo Sparks and Tyler Cruz, two men who could probably trade highlight reels all night long."

Mark Bravo: "No bad blood, no cheap shots. Just two teams that want to prove who's sharper, faster, better. These are the ones I love, JP. Pure competition."

Theo circles to his right, light on his feet, mouthing something to Cruz across the ring. Tyler smirks, gives a small bow of the head, and they lock up center-ring.

The tie-up is brief — Cruz transitions into a quick go-behind, but Theo cartwheels out, lands in a crouch, and flashes finger guns. Cruz claps and nods with a grin, then lunges in again — only to be met with a lightning-fast arm drag from Sparks!

Cruz hits the mat, rolls through, and comes up — only to eat a springboard crossbody! Theo lands on top for a surprise cover!

ONE!

Cruz kicks out and both men pop to their feet. The crowd claps hard as the two fan favorites reset, smiling.

John Phillips: "Clean, crisp, and competitive. Sparks using that springboard momentum to keep Cruz guessing."

Mark Bravo: "I'll give it to Theo — he's not just style. He's got timing, and he doesn't blink in the spotlight."

They circle again. Another lockup. This time Cruz grabs a side headlock — Theo pushes him off to the ropes. Tyler rebounds — leapfrog from Sparks — Cruz ducks under a spinning heel kick — handspring off the ropes — and nails a beautiful back-flip dropkick that sends Sparks staggering!

The crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "And that's Cruz with a flash of brilliance! Sparks just got caught mid-animation."

Theo grins and points at Cruz as if to say "nice shot." Tyler nods and motions for more. Theo tags in Dex.

The crowd perks up as the tone shifts slightly. Dex Raines steps through the ropes without a word. Cruz makes the tag to Jet Lawson — and the two quiet killers square off.

Mark Bravo: "Now it's about to get surgical. Dex is the type of guy who can break you down without breaking a sweat. But Jet Lawson? That dude flies like physics are optional."

They lock up — Jet slips under into a hammerlock. Dex rotates out, hooks the arm, spins into a takedown — but Jet backflips free before Dex can transition to an armbar. Jet hits the ropes, rebounds — Dex ducks the lariat — Jet springboards—

—and Dex CATCHES him mid-air into a tight waistlock, rolling straight into a grounded hold!

John Phillips: "Look at that counter! Dex didn't just catch him — he downloaded him."

Mark Bravo: "That's muscle memory, JP. Raines didn't react. He predicted."

Jet claws his way toward the ropes. Dex lets go clean at the four-count and backs away with surgical calm. Jet nods in appreciation before tagging Cruz back in.

Next Level nods across the ring — Theo claps as Dex steps back, allowing his partner to retake position. Mutual respect, but the tempo is rising.

John Phillips: "So far, this is everything we hoped it would be — fast-paced, high-precision tag wrestling with two fan-favorite teams pushing each other to their limits."

Mark Bravo: "But it won't stay polite forever. Sooner or later, someone's going to find a crack — and that's when the real game begins."

Tyler Cruz and Theo Sparks circle again, this time quicker, more intent in their footwork. The early feel-out phase is

over. This time, Cruz fakes a lock-up and instead launches into a rope-walk arm drag — clean, fluid, and sharp. Sparks pops up — eats a tilt-a-whirl headscissors — flips through — lands on his feet — dropkick from Cruz! Sparks stumbles back into the ropes, grinning through the impact.

John Phillips: "Cruz is picking up speed now — and Sparks loves it. You can tell he thrives in these back-and-forth stretches."

Theo bounces back with a standing dropkick of his own, then darts under a second rope-walk attempt and counters with a springboard crossbody! Both men crash, both scramble — and tag!

Dex Raines and Jet Lawson re-enter, and the crowd swells as they square off again. Lawson darts in fast — rolling savate kick — Dex blocks, spins him into a standing switch, goes for a back suplex — Jet flips out, lands on his feet — rebound off the ropes — Sling Blade!

Jet hits the mat and rolls through, pointing to the sky before hitting a standing shooting star — but Dex rolls out at the last second!

Mark Bravo: "That was milliseconds from lights out. You blink against Jet Lawson, you eat sky."

Dex shakes it off, grabs Jet, snapmare into a stiff kick to the spine — then tags Theo. Sparks vaults over the ropes with a senton to Jet's back before Dex even lets go of the hold. Seamless.

John Phillips: "Now that's what Next Level brings — combo transitions. They're not just tagging in — they're optimizing every exchange."

Theo pulls Jet up — hits the ropes — running dropkick to the chest! He tags Dex back in immediately. Dex charges — rolling armbar takedown — "Patch Note"! Jet screams as Dex torques the arm!

Mark Bravo: "Smart strategy. They're slowing down the fastest man in the match. If Jet can't fly — Vanguard can't function."

Jet claws his way toward the corner. Tyler leans in, hand outstretched. Dex drags him back once — twice — but Jet rolls through, uses his momentum — and kicks Dex off!

Hot tag — Tyler Cruz springs in and immediately catches Dex with a flying forearm! Sparks charges — Cruz ducks — ducks again — DOUBLE arm drag to both members of Next Level!

The arena pops huge as Cruz sprints to the ropes and launches into a picture-perfect Spiral Tap that crashes onto both Sparks and Raines!

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz lighting this place up! This is a clinic on execution!"

Mark Bravo: "We're not watching tag wrestling, JP. We're watching tag evolution. These teams are rewriting the rulebook."

Tyler covers Theo!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

The match resets briefly, both teams breathing heavy, all four men showing signs of wear. The crowd breaks into a chant:

CROWD: "THIS IS AWE-SOME!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

John Phillips: "And we're not even at the final stretch yet. Something's got to give!"

Tyler Cruz tags Jet Lawson back in. Theo Sparks is still legal for Next Level, but clearly worn from the Spiral Tap moments earlier. Jet slingshots in and immediately connects with a rope-skip enzuigiri that rocks Theo backward into the ropes.

Jet charges — slingshot spear through the middle rope!

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson is in a different gear now! That slingshot spear nearly split Sparks in half!"

Jet wastes no time — he pulls Theo to his feet, transitions smoothly — pop-up fireman's carry —
— Meteor Lift!

Jet spins him down and spikes him with the Ion Driver!

Mark Bravo: "THAT'S IT! That's the Ion Driver! Game over!"

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

Theo kicks out at the last possible second!

CROWD: "OOOHHHH!"

John Phillips: "Sparks survives! I don't know how, but he kicked out of one of Jet's deadliest finishers!"

Mark Bravo: "That was a split-frame animation cancel. Unbelievable."

Jet tags Cruz — they're going for the double-team. Tyler ascends the turnbuckle while Jet hoists Sparks up again. Tyler leaps — double stomp to the chest as Jet powerbombs Theo down!

Tyler hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE—NO! Dex Raines breaks it up with a diving forearm!

John Phillips: "Dex saves the match! Just in time!"

The crowd's on their feet now as all four men are involved. The ref tries to restore order as Dex drags Theo toward their corner, holding the tag rope and shouting for his partner to crawl.

Theo crawls — Cruz grabs a leg — but Sparks lunges and makes the tag!

Dex Raines explodes into the ring with a flurry — discus elbow to Cruz! Rolling arm trap into a suplex! Jet runs in — Dex sidesteps — redirects him chest-first into the corner!

Dex spins Jet around and nails a brutal Snap Brainbuster!

Mark Bravo: "I don't care if he doesn't talk — that man speaks violence!"

Dex grabs Cruz, pulls him in — Sparks is back on his feet now on the apron — Dex hoists Cruz high in a torture rack position — Theo springboards in — superkick to the face while Dex drops Cruz into a cutter!

John Phillips: "That's the Power-Up Sequence! Their signature combo!"

Theo dives to cut off Jet — Dex hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE—NO!! Cruz kicks out!

CROWD: "HOLY SH*T! HOLY SH*T!"

Mark Bravo: "That would've dropped a lesser man! Cruz is running on pure willpower now!"

Dex nods once, expression unchanging. Sparks slaps the turnbuckle in frustration — but also awe. Both teams are running on empty.

John Phillips: "You can feel it now — we're entering endgame. And no one's hit the final combo yet."

All four men lie on the mat or ropes, exhausted, heaving, eyes flickering. The crowd begins clapping in rhythm again —

CROWD: "FIGHT FOR-E-VER!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

Jet Lawson and Theo Sparks have spilled out to the apron, both down, clutching ribs. In the ring, Dex Raines and Tyler Cruz are legal, both staggering to their feet, drenched in sweat, faces bruised but eyes still locked.

John Phillips: "This has been a sprint. A war. A chess match. And somehow, these two are still standing."

Mark Bravo: "For now."

Cruz stumbles in with a desperation elbow. Dex absorbs it. Fires back with a forearm. Cruz hits again. Dex again. Back and forth. The crowd roars with every shot.

Suddenly, Dex ducks a spinning heel kick — grabs Tyler by the waist — deadlifts him into a high-angle backdrop — and slings him toward the corner.

THEO IS BACK ON THE APRON.

Dex tags Sparks and immediately hoists Cruz again — fireman's carry position. Theo springboards from the top rope —

— SUPERKICK! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON! Dex spins and plants Cruz with a cutter out of the carry position!

John Phillips: "That's it! That's the full Power-Up Sequence!"

Dex rolls out as Theo dives on top for the cover, hooking both legs tight.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The crowd erupts as "Press Start" hits the speakers again. Theo falls off the cover and rolls onto his back, arms spread wide like he just beat the final boss. Dex kneels beside him, nodding once with approval before offering a hand.

John Phillips: "What. A. Match. A thrilling contest from bell to bell — and Next Level scores the clean victory in their debut!"

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't just a win, JP. That was a statement. These guys didn't sneak one out — they earned it. They outplayed Vanguard in a straight-up fight."

Theo and Dex stand in the center of the ring as the crowd chants:

CROWD: "NEXT! LE-VEL! NEXT! LE-VEL!"

Across the ring, Jet helps Cruz to his feet. Both men look disappointed — but not bitter. Jet approaches the winners... and offers a fist bump. Theo glances at Dex. Dex gives a small nod. They accept.

John Phillips: "That's what this sport is all about. Mutual respect. No shortcuts. Four of the best showing what tag team wrestling should look like."

Velocity Vanguard exit the ring first to a round of applause. Inside, Theo hops onto the second rope, pounding his chest and shouting to the crowd:

Theo Sparks: "LEVEL ONE — CLEARED!"

Dex raises two fingers — a subtle signal. Level Two is coming.

Mark Bravo: "If I'm the tag division? I'm saving my progress right now. Because Next Level just powered up."

The camera fades on the duo standing tall in the center of the ring as the HUD on the screen above them flickers again:

ACHIEVEMENT UNLOCKED: TAG DEBUT VICTORY

Reinforcements

Segment

The camera fades into the backstage hallway of the Chesapeake Employers Insurance Arena. Fluorescent lighting hums overhead as we see a nameplate: CHRIS ROSS stuck crookedly on a locker room door. From inside, the muffled sounds of locker slams and pacing boots can be heard.

Chris Ross stands shirtless, sweat still fresh from training, his knuckles wrapped. The last few weeks have been brutal. Maxx Mayhem. The attacks. The blood. And now... Survivor on the horizon. He looks up at the door when—

Knock. Knock.

Ross doesn't answer. The door creaks open anyway.

In walks Madman Szalinski, calm and collected in a black hoodie with the hood down, a subtle grin on his face. Behind him, stepping into frame like a ghost from another world, is El Fantasma, the mysterious masked men now draped in gold — the UTA Tag Team Championships shining across both of their shoulders.

Madman Szalinski: "Don't worry, Ross. We're not here to fight you."

Ross smirks. Doesn't move.

Chris Ross: "That'd be the dumbest mistake you've made all year."

Madman Szalinski: "Relax, man. I actually came to say... thanks."

Ross raises an eyebrow.

Madman Szalinski: "What you did last week? That chaos you caused? That disruption? That opened the door. Because of you... because of the way you handled your business..."

Szalinski steps to the side and gestures toward the silent figures behind him.

Madman Szalinski: "El Fantasma is now the UTA Tag Team Champions."

Ross looks from Szalinski to the Fantasmas. No words. Just a snort — the faintest hint of a satisfied smile curling at the edge of his mouth.

Madman Szalinski: "You've got Mayhem crawling up your back. You've got Survivor coming. Looks to me like you're building a team."

He leans against the wall, arms folded. Neither of Fantasma speaks. They simply lift the belts from their shoulders and holds it out, showing the shine — not as a boast, but as a symbol.

Madman Szalinski: "Consider this our way of saying... we owe you one. So when the time comes? You can count on El Fantasma to be in your corner."

Ross lets the silence hang a moment. Then he steps forward — nose to nose with Madman — not confrontational, but eye-to-eye. He gives a single sharp nod. Then turns to El Fantasma and does the same.

Chris Ross: "Two down."

He smirks again. Steps back. Fist bumps his own palm.

Chris Ross: "Two more to go."

Szalinski claps Ross on the shoulder once before turning to leave. El Fantasma follows silently, the gold gleaming behind them.

The camera lingers on Chris Ross as he watches them leave. His breathing slows. His focus sharpens. The war for Survivor has just shifted.

John Phillips (V.O.): "That's big news, folks! Chris Ross officially has his first two allies for Survivor — the new tag champions."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "Ross. El Fantasma. That's already a dangerous foundation. Maxx Mayhem better start recruiting yesterday."

Cross Examination

Segment

The camera opens in Gunnar Van Patton's locker room. The light is dim, the hum of a flickering bulb droning over the sound of creaking leather. Gunnar sits forward on a bench, lacing his boots with slow, deliberate pulls. Across from him stands Avril Selene Kinkade—poised, pristine, and cold—her tablet held like a dagger of glass and steel.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You know, Sergeant, I find it most inconvenient to be kept uninformed. Last week, Gideon Graves was discovered unconscious—bloodied, broken, and, quite frankly, humiliated. Yet not a single word from you. Tell me, was that your doing, or did someone else borrow your particular brand of barbarism?"

Gunnar doesn't look up. He exhales through his nose, slow and heavy.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Darlin', if Ah'd done it, there wouldn't be no mystery. Would've left his teeth in the drywall and his pride in a puddle. Hell, they'd be mopin' up pieces of him with a prayer and a sponge."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Picturesque as ever. But forgive me if I remain skeptical—impulsiveness is, after all, your defining trait. I don't object to the violence; I object to being kept ignorant of it."

Gunnar rises, cracking his neck, that single good eye catching the light.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah told ya. Weren't me. Ya want proof? Pull the damn footage. Ah don't do sneak attacks. If Ah want someone hurt, Ah do it loud, center stage, and with enough force to make the crowd gasp."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Already done. I requested the footage this morning. We can review it together—unless, of course, you'd rather feign innocence a while longer."

Before Gunnar can reply, the locker room door slams open. Gideon Graves storms in—jaw taped, bruised, fury radiating from every movement. Avril exhales sharply through her nose, muttering under her breath.

Avril Selene Kinkade (muttering): "How terribly convenient..."

Gideon Graves: "Ya think yer clever, tough guy?! Think ya can cheap-shot me and walk around like some kind of badass?! Ya crossed the wrong bastard!"

Avril tilts her head slightly, expression dripping with disdain.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "How delightfully rude. Then again, restraint was never a hallmark of American breeding."

Graves ignores her, stepping forward and jabbing a finger at Gunnar's chest.

Gideon Graves: "Don't hide behind yer mouthpiece, Van Patton! Ah know ya did it!"

Gunnar stands to his full height, boots planted, shoulders squared. His voice drops low, but the heat behind it could melt steel.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Boy, ya ain't even stitched up right, and ya come limpin' in here flappin' yer gums like a rooster in a thunderstorm. Ya ain't worth the sweat it'd take to knock ya out again. Go get patched up before ya bleed on my damn boots. 'Cause if ya keep yappin', Ah'll put ya back in that infirmary myself, and this time they'll need a mop, not a stretcher."

He turns to walk past him, but Graves grabs his arm and yanks him back.

Gideon Graves: "Coward! That it? Yer scared to face me straight up 'cause ya can only do it from behind?! Big bad 'Lycan,' huh? Yer all bark."

Gunnar stops mid-stride. His head turns slow. The grin fades. What's left is pure venom.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ya'll are beatin' a dead horse. It weren't me. But you and that partner of yers? Ain't exactly popular. Let me ask ya somethin', jackass. Did ya keep track of just how many boots were stompin' ya that night? Don't go thinkin' too hard. Ah know ya can't count that high."

Avril's eyes flick toward Gunnar—sharp, surgical. For the briefest moment, her composure fractures, giving way to something colder, more calculating. That wasn't bravado. That was detail. Specific. Remembered.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Curious choice of words, Sergeant. Almost as if you weren't guessing... but recalling."

Gunnar shoots her a look—just a flick of the eye, but it lands like a thrown knife. Not defensive. Not guilty. Just a warning. Then his attention snaps back to Graves, who's already stepped in close, fury burning through the bandages.

Gideon Graves: "Enough talk! You and me, tonight! Ah'm gettin' even for what ya did and this time, ya won't walk away smilin'."

Gunnar chuckles—a low, ugly sound that rolls out like thunder. His voice drops, slow and lethal.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Think what ya want. Say what ya will. But ya better be ready to die on that hill."

He steps forward, nose to nose with Graves.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ya want a match, ya got it. Tonight. Just make sure the medics bring a shovel—'cause when Ah'm done, they ain't patchin' ya up... they're plantin' ya."

Graves shoves him hard in the chest. Gunnar barely moves.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "This entire ordeal is becoming intolerably tedious."

Gunnar glances her way with a half-smirk.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Don't get yer knickers in a bunch. It's under control. That ring's 'bout to look like a Waffle House bathroom, scattered and splattered."

Avril's eye roll is of epic proportions.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Absolutely rancid..."

That earns a low chuckle from the Texan. He pivots toward the door, boots heavy, shoulders loose. Down the hall, the vending machine full of energy drinks is calling his name. Avril watches him go, eyes narrowed, calculating.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "This doesn't excuse you from our discussion, Sergeant."

Gunnar pauses at the threshold, that familiar rasp curlin' into a dry laugh.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Didn't figure it would."

He leaves without another word. The door swings shut behind him, leavin' Avril alone—expression thoughtful, eyes distant, the gears clearly turnin' as the camera lingers on her face.

The scene fades, bringing attention to another section of the arena...

Level One: Cleared

Segment

We cut to the backstage interview area where Melissa Cartwright stands with a bright smile, microphone in hand. Behind her, the LED-lit UTA backdrop pulses faintly — but it's not the lights that catch your attention. It's the animated overlay on the screen: a pixelated "ACHIEVEMENT UNLOCKED: DEBUT VICTORY" graphic appears as Next Level steps into frame.

Melissa Cartwright: "Joining me now are the two men who just logged a major win in their UTA debut — Theo Sparks and Dex Raines, collectively known as Next Level. Gentlemen, congratulations!"

Theo Sparks — aka Player One — practically bounces with energy. He's still catching his breath, brushing damp bangs out of his face, but the grin never fades. He leans into the mic like he's streaming live to thousands.

Theo Sparks: "Thanks, Melissa! First off — shoutout to the crowd. That 'Next! Le-Vell!' chant? Music to my ears. You know, people said we'd freeze in our debut. Said we were just gamers playing wrestler. Well guess what? Level One: Cleared."

Melissa: "You faced a seasoned team in Velocity Vanguard — and came out with a decisive victory. What's your message to the rest of the tag division?"

Dex Raines — silent until now — steps forward. Calm. Collected. Analytical. He looks straight into the camera like it's a live webcam feed. If Theo is the hype, Dex is the system debug.

Dex Raines: "Every team is just a different boss fight. We watch. We analyze. And we find the exploit."

Theo: "Oof. That one gave me chills. Seriously though — this isn't a fluke. This isn't early access. Me and Dex? We've been co-op partners for years. You put us in that ring and we don't just compete — we optimize."

Dex: "No lag. No ego. Just patch-perfect execution."

Melissa: "Do you think this win puts you in the conversation for a shot at the UTA Tag Team Championships?"

Theo takes a beat. He nods — not arrogantly, but confidently. Then lifts two fingers.

Theo: "Player One? Ready. Player Two? Synced. And if the tag champs are watching? Let's just say we've already started grinding XP. They might be top of the leaderboard for now... but we've got our eye on the endgame."

Dex simply taps his wrist — an invisible timer. Theo laughs.

Theo: "Time's ticking, boys. Next Level's coming. And we don't fight for wins — we grind for perfection."

Another achievement-style pop-up graphic appears on-screen: "NEW OBJECTIVE: Tag Gold". The two fist bump and walk off-frame, leaving Melissa grinning.

Melissa Cartwright: "You heard it here — Next Level has arrived, and they're not slowing down. Back to ringside."

The Monster's Circle Forms

Segment

The scene opens in a dimly lit locker room — no logos, no banners, just peeling paint, exposed pipes, and silence. The camera shot is low and behind two figures: Kaine and Maxx Mayhem, standing shoulder to shoulder with their backs to the lens.

Mayhem's head is tilted downward slightly, hair hanging loose, knuckles wrapped in black tape. Kaine stands motionless beside him, arms crossed, a phantom presence in the flickering light. The camera slowly creeps forward, still behind them. We can't yet see who they're speaking to — but the energy is tense. Dangerous.

Maxx Mayhem: "I don't need friends. I don't need alliances. What I need... is chaos. The kind of chaos that leaves people broken. Questioning everything they thought they knew about this place."

He shifts slightly, not turning around, just adjusting his stance — like a man sharpening a blade in his mind.

Maxx Mayhem: "Survivor isn't a match. It's a statement. And this... this will be the match that puts both of you on the map."

The camera starts to slowly pan to the side, revealing the two shadowed figures standing silently in front of them — one tall and gaunt with a twisted grin just starting to form beneath a hood, the other with cold eyes, arms folded across his chest like a statue carved out of wrath.

Silas Grimm. Malachi Cross.

The four men stand now in full view — an unholy assembly. No handshakes. No formalities. Just silence. Just intent.

Maxx Mayhem: "I know you don't owe me anything. I know you don't trust me. Hell, I don't want you to."

He steps forward slightly, eyes locked on the two new additions.

Maxx Mayhem: "That's what makes it perfect. Because this isn't about loyalty — this is about annihilation. You want to carve your names into the bones of this place?"

He pauses, then grins — wide, menacing, sincere.

Maxx Mayhem: "Then join us. And be a part of the team that ends Chris Ross."

Silas Grimm just smiles wider — lips curling like he's already picturing the carnage. Malachi Cross doesn't say a word, but he gives a slow, deliberate nod.

Kaine: "They're in."

Fade out on the image of all four men standing in that dim room, silent but unified — shadows stitched together by hate.

John Phillips (V.O.): "Oh my god... Silas Grimm. Malachi Cross. Maxx Mayhem. Kaine. That's not a team — that's a nightmare waiting to happen."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "Four of the most dangerous men in this company just joined forces... and Chris Ross might've finally picked a fight even he can't survive."

The Champion Arrives

Segment

The low rumble of a luxury vehicle engine echoes through the parking garage of the Chesapeake Employers Insurance Arena. A matte black SUV rolls to a smooth stop near the rear entrance. The camera pans down to catch a license

plate that simply reads: "TRUTH1".

After a moment, the rear passenger door swings open — and out steps Jarvis Valentine, the reigning UTA Champion.

Dressed sharply in a tailored charcoal suit, his signature glasses resting on his face, Jarvis carries the championship belt over his shoulder like a statement piece. He pauses for a moment, breathing in the cold Baltimore air, before adjusting the title and walking forward with a calm, focused determination.

A crew member quickly jogs up beside him.

Crew Member: "Mr. Valentine, welcome back. Anything you need?"

Jarvis Valentine: "Just clear the way. The main event doesn't walk through side doors."

He continues down the hallway, the gold of the UTA Championship glinting under the fluorescent lights. Each step echoes with authority. Staff and talent alike turn their heads as he passes. Some nod. Others whisper.

He doesn't stop. Doesn't look back. Doesn't acknowledge the whispers. Tonight, there's only one thing on his mind — retaining the crown.

John Phillips (V.O.): "There he is — the UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine. Cool. Collected. Dangerous."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "He's got that 'big game' walk, JP. I don't care if it's Jack Hunter or a ghost from UTA's past — Jarvis is comin' to win tonight."

Can of Worms

Segment

We cut backstage to the familiar UTA interview set — deep blue lighting, UTA logo emblazoned on the backdrop, and the ever-professional Melissa Cartwright standing by with a confident smile.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... the UTA Women's United States Champion — Emily Hightower!"

The crowd pops as Emily Hightower steps into frame, championship over her shoulder, wearing a no-nonsense expression and her signature blue denim vest. There's a steelworker's grit in her posture — humble, but unshakable.

Melissa Cartwright: "Emily, first off — congratulations on your huge win over Valentina Blaze at IN THE ZONE. That was one for the books. The question on everyone's mind now is — what's next for you?"

Emily Hightower: "Appreciate that, Melissa. Y'know, I ain't fancy. I don't wear tiaras or talk like I'm above anybody. I'm a blue collar woman raised by a blue collar man. And just like my daddy taught me — you clock in, you do the work, and you never back down from a challenge."

She adjusts her grip on the championship. The crowd reacts with cheers — but that reaction is suddenly drowned out...

...as the camera jerks slightly and five women burst onto the scene like a wave of aggression and attitude.

Amy Harrison, flanked by Dahlia Cross, Selena Vex, Hardcore Sandy, and Rosa Delgado — the full force of The Empire — storms into the shot. Amy strides front and center, mock applause dripping from her fingertips.

Amy Harrison: "Yeah, yeah, we get it. Hard work. Emily Hightower this and that. Spare us the heartwarming speech and move outta the way so The Empire can say something that actually matters."

Emily blinks, unimpressed. She lowers her title slightly, jaw tightening.

Emily Hightower: "Y'all always gotta roll in deep just to feel important, huh?"

Amy gives a look of pure disgust.

Amy Harrison: "And who exactly do you think you are?"

Emily doesn't flinch. Instead, she raises her title high — eyes locked on Amy.

Emily Hightower: "I'm the United States Champion. And you better put some respect on that when you're talkin' to me, little girl."

The crowd in the arena lets out a collective "ooh," as Amy takes half a step back — caught off guard by the fire in Emily's voice.

Amy Harrison: "The United States Champion? Please. Is that even a real title? This ain't the county fair, sweetheart. You're looking at the Empress of the UTA — the Women's Champion. Learn your place in the pecking order, because I promise you — it ain't above me."

Emily takes a slow, deliberate glance across the five women surrounding her. She knows she's outnumbered, but she doesn't blink. Instead, she smirks — like someone holding a loaded hand she hasn't played yet.

Emily Hightower: "Yeah... I might always be ready for a fight. But I ain't stupid."

She turns back to Amy, a sly confidence brewing beneath her calm exterior.

Emily Hightower: "But you? You're real dumb, Amy. 'Cause you just opened a can of worms you ain't ready for."

She nods slowly — like she knows something Amy doesn't — then turns and walks off screen, title still slung over her shoulder. The camera lingers on The Empire, who exchange confused, narrowed glances as Amy scoffs loudly.

Amy Harrison: "Whatever. Let her walk. Tonight, the newest member of The Empire — Dahlia Cross — is gonna handle business. Angela Hall's getting put down for good."

The segment fades with the five women looming like vultures, The Empire asserting dominance — but Emily Hightower may have just sparked something bigger than any of them anticipated.

John Phillips (V.O.): "Did... did Emily just threaten The Empire without actually threatening them?"

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "Oh she did. And I think Amy Harrison might've stepped on a hornet's nest with that interruption."

Jack Attack™

Segment

We cut backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands in front of the UTA banner. The camera slowly zooms in as she raises the mic with her signature composed energy.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time — the number one contender for the UTA Championship, returning to action tonight — Jack Hunter."

Jack Hunter steps into frame. He's wearing a faded leather vest with "STREETFIGHTER" spray-painted on the back, a half-tied bandana around his head, and a smug, twitchy grin on his face. The crowd watching in the arena lets out a mix of chuckles and confusion. Jack looks like he just wandered off a gas station roof and into the biggest match of his life.

Jack Hunter: "Well, well, well... here we are again, huh, Missy? Back in the ol' stompin' grounds of the U. T. A.!"

Melissa glances at the camera briefly as Jack holds up a bent metal pipe — not threateningly, just like it's part of his outfit. He tosses it behind him with a loud clatter.

Jack Hunter: "Tonight, Baltimore's gonna bear witness to the biggest whoopin' this side of the Appalachian Mountains, darlin'. 'Cause your boy... Jack's back, baby!"

He throws his arms out like a man expecting applause at a flea market talent show. He doesn't get it — but that doesn't

bother him one bit.

Jack Hunter: "Jarvis Valentine? Hoo-boy... that fella walks 'round like he's got a Pulitzer in one hand and the world in the other. But lemme tell ya somethin' 'bout the real world — it don't care how many bowties you iron or how many podcasts you host."

Jack Hunter: "Tonight ain't about exposés or ethics in journalism. Nah, tonight's a good ol' fashioned streetfight — and where I come from, we don't print retractions... we print receipts!"

He wipes his nose with his wrist and leans closer to the mic like he's about to reveal a big secret.

Jack Hunter: "I may not be the sharpest crayon in the shed, but I am the meanest one in the box. Jarvis is gonna find that out when he's pickin' gravel outta his teeth, courtesy of Jack Attack™ street justice."

Melissa blinks, unsure if Jack's just made up a trademark or genuinely believes it exists.

Jack Hunter: "So if yer watchin', champ, polish that pretty little belt up real nice. 'Cause in about an hour, I'mma pry it off your waist and slap a 'Property of Jack Hunter' sticker on it faster than you can say 'underdog redemption story!'"

He winks, tongue half out like he's posing for a gas station scratch-off ticket, then throws up devil horns and makes a "BOOM!" sound with his mouth.

Jack Hunter: "Time to play, Jarvis. And buddy... I don't play fair. You're bout to get streetfought."

With that, Jack Hunter struts out of frame in a zig-zag walk, nearly tripping over the same pipe he tossed earlier. Melissa stares after him, blinking slowly.

Melissa Cartwright: "Back to you at ringside..."

John Phillips (V.O.): "Did he say 'Jack Attack™' like that's a real thing?"

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "I don't know what I just watched, but I'm oddly fired up. This man might actually believe he's about to win the UTA Championship... and that's terrifying."

Team Ross Just Got U.S.A Stronger

Segment

The camera picks up Chris Ross walking briskly through the backstage hallway, fresh from his earlier conversation with Madman Szalinski and El Fantasma. He's focused, fists clenched at his sides, jaw set. You can feel the storm brewing inside him after everything Maxx Mayhem has put him through.

Suddenly, from just off-camera—

Voice: "Hey Chris... Chris!"

Ross slows his stride and turns as Jaxson Ryder steps into the frame. One half of Team U.S.A., Ryder looks calm but sincere, sporting a bomber jacket over his wrestling gear, the stars-and-stripes stitched proudly across his sleeve.

Jaxson Ryder: "I just wanted to say... I may not agree with how you came back to the UTA."

Ross raises an eyebrow but says nothing. Ryder continues, honest and straightforward.

Jaxson Ryder: "But ever since you and Dane hashed things out, I've seen the shift. You're not just fightin' for yourself anymore. What Maxx did to you... that wasn't just dirty — it was cowardly."

There's a pause. Ross tilts his head slightly, listening, evaluating. Ryder steps in closer, lowering his voice.

Jaxson Ryder: "Next week at Survivor... Carter won't be there. He's out. But me? I'm wide open. If you're still lookin' for someone to watch your back — someone you can trust in that war — I'm right here."

The moment hangs for a second. No witty comebacks, no sarcasm. Just two men — two warriors — understanding what's at stake.

Chris Ross looks Jaxson Ryder up and down. He doesn't smile. He doesn't nod immediately. But after a long beat, he gives a short, deliberate nod. That's all that needs to be said.

Jaxson nods back with quiet respect and walks off, leaving Ross alone in the hallway again... but not alone in the fight.

John Phillips (V.O.): "That's huge! Chris Ross just picked up another ally — Jaxson Ryder — one of the toughest, most respected men on the roster."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "El Fantasma and now Ryder? That's three. Ross is building a unit for war at Survivor — and Maxx Mayhem better be ready for hell to march through his door."

The Mayhem Express

Segment

Backstage at the Chesapeake Employers Insurance Arena, we find Maxx Mayhem and Kaine standing by a water cooler. The chaotic brawler fills a little paper cup and downs the whole thing with theatrical flair.

Maxx Mayhem: "Mmmm... nice and cold. You should have some."

Kaine, silent and ominous as ever, raises one gloved hand with a subtle 'no thanks' gesture. Maxx shrugs, wiping his mouth with the back of his wrist.

Maxx Mayhem: "We're about there, Kaine ol' boy. One more — just one more soldier of chaos. One more soul who wants to bathe in violence and leave ashes in their wake. One more anarchist to help burn this place down!"

Kaine just stares — no words, no reaction, just that cold, calculating gaze.

That's when a presence enters from the left. Dark hair. Sharp eyes. Quiet rage. Kaida Shizuka walks into frame.

Maxx Mayhem: "Well well well... what do we have here? You come to try the water, lil' lady? It's pretty good."

He dramatically raises his eyebrows, over-exaggerating his enjoyment of the beverage as he slurps another sip. Kaida doesn't smile. She doesn't blink.

Kaida Shizuka: "No. I come... for answer."

Maxx tilts his head, intrigued. Kaida steps closer, her accent thick, her words chosen with intent.

Kaida Shizuka: "Since I here... I used. I put over women... not half as good as me. Then... thrown away. Like trash."

She clenches her fist at her side.

Kaida Shizuka: "Amy Harrison. Marie Claudio. Pretty girls. They get TV. They get title. I... I get silence."

Maxx takes a slow sip of water and nods like a condescending therapist.

Maxx Mayhem: "Yeah... that kinda sucks. I'd say."

Kaida steps even closer now, her voice rising just slightly with conviction.

Kaida Shizuka: "I join. Your team. Survivor. I prove I belong. I prove... I am toughest!"

Maxx's eyes go wide like a kid on Christmas morning. He looks to Kaine.

Maxx Mayhem: "You... want to join my team?"

Kaida nods once. No games. No hesitation.

Kaida Shizuka: "Yes."

Maxx throws his hands up and spins dramatically toward Kaine again.

Maxx Mayhem: "Well hell, Kaine! There we go! That's five! Who woulda thought it'd be a skirt?"

Suddenly, Kaida steps forward and pokes her finger dead center in Maxx's chest. Her glare cuts through him like a blade.

Kaida Shizuka: "I join. But... you disrespect me again... I end you."

Maxx freezes. Then... he smiles. Broad. Wild.

Maxx Mayhem: "No disrespect, sweetheart. Welcome aboard the Mayhem Express!"

He offers a mock salute with his water cup. Kaine finally nods — a silent sign of approval as the final ember falls into place.

John Phillips (V.O.): "Whoa! Kaida Shizuka... just joined Team Mayhem? That's huge!"

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "Maxx Mayhem's team is full, and that is one scary squad! Ross better be payin' attention — Survivor just got DEADLY."

Future Stakes

Segment

John Phillips: "Business is really picking up here in Baltimore tonight, and I think it's about to get even more serious, Mark."

Mark Bravo: "That's one way to put it, Johnny. I just got word—we're heading to the ring. Chris Ross is on his way out!"

The house lights dim. A tense hush rolls over the Chesapeake Employers Insurance Arena. Then, the opening riffs of "Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow rumble through the speakers. The video wall flickers with flashes of fire and iron, while red strobes pulse with the music's tempo.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd. The Boss is in the building."

Chris Ross steps out onto the stage with a slow, deliberate stride. He's in no rush—every motion is calculated, like a man who knows the weight he carries. Dressed in a custom black and silver leather jacket with "THE BOSS" stitched boldly across the back, he pauses at the top of the ramp, soaking in the energy.

Mark Bravo: "That's not just swagger, John—that's battlefield confidence. Chris Ross doesn't move fast because he doesn't need to. When he walks into a room, everyone else slows down."

Ross lowers his chin, eyes laser-focused on the ring ahead. His jaw clenches, nostrils flare. The camera zooms in on his expression—intensity and purpose carved into every inch of his face.

John Phillips: "That stare right there? That's not just a look. That's a warning to anyone who thinks they can stand in his way."

He begins his descent down the ramp. The fans lean over the barricades, chanting his name, some reaching out in vain for a slap of his hand. He ignores them—not out of disrespect, but discipline. Tunnel vision.

Mark Bravo: "You don't see a guy like Ross doing TikTok dances or selfie waves. This guy is cut from a different cloth. Old school, new rules."

He circles the ring slowly, locking eyes with the hard camera for a moment before climbing the steel steps. Once on the apron, he wipes his boots—another sign of his unshakable discipline—and ducks between the ropes.

Ross walks to the far turnbuckle, ascends the second rope, and raises both fists high in the air. Red lights cascade around him like embers as the fans erupt. He takes it all in, eyes closed for a brief second, then hops down and paces

the ring with slow, deliberate steps.

He motions for a microphone as “Black Flame” fades out. No wasted motion. No performative hype. Just raw presence.

Chris Ross: "Looks like Survivor's shaping up to be one hell of a blowout, huh?"

Pop from the crowd.

Chris Ross: "One little detail makes it even juicier—the winning team's captain? They get to pick the match and the stipulation at Black Horizon. Me or Mayhem... one of us is setting the rules for the end of this madness."

He paces.

Chris Ross: "Maxx Mayhem's already locked in his chaos cult—Silas Grimm, Malachi Cross, Kaine... hell, even Kaida Shizuka jumped aboard the pain train. It's a murderers' row of destruction. I respect that... but I don't fear it."

Another pop.

Chris Ross: "And I'll tell you this right now... I want to thank El Fantasma and Jaxson Ryder. They didn't have to step up. This war? It ain't their battle to fight. But they saw what's happening, and they said, 'Ross, we're with you.'"

He nods with gratitude.

Chris Ross: "That means something. I don't want anyone in my corner... but if I gotta have allies in this war... I'm damn glad it's them."

Chris Ross: "But we still need one more. One last soldier to complete the team. I don't know who that is yet... but you better believe, Maxx... I'll have him next week."

The arena lights dim, casting the Chesapeake Employers Insurance Arena in near darkness. A hush falls over the Baltimore crowd... and then —

"American Flags" by Tom MacDonald blasts through the sound system, shaking the rafters.

John Phillips: "That music says it all — the UTA Champion has arrived!"

Mark Bravo: "And business is about to pick up in a big way!"

Red, white, and blue lights pulse and swirl around the arena, bathing the crowd in a wave of patriotic color. On the stage, smoke machines blast plumes upward as a coordinated pyro sequence explodes in rhythm with the beat — like fireworks celebrating Independence Day.

Out steps Jarvis Valentine.

The UTA Champion stands tall at the top of the ramp, the championship belt snug around his waist, his presence commanding. He's dressed in a sleek, custom-made patriotic ensemble — rich navy base with subtle red accents, white trim, and intricate stitching that weaves faint impressions of the letter Q and the number 17 into the pattern. It's tasteful, but intentional — a quiet message to those who know.

John Phillips: "Every detail about this man is deliberate. From the message in his gear to the fire in his eyes — Jarvis Valentine is locked in."

Mark Bravo: "He doesn't need a posse or some flashy gimmick. Just give him the belt, the moment, and a reason to fight — and he'll deliver every time."

He begins his slow walk down the ramp, each step resonating with the gravity of a man who carries the weight of a company on his shoulders. As he nears the halfway point, he stops — and raises his right hand.

His fingers form a subtle "Q."

The crowd, already on their feet, catches it instantly — an audible wave of cheers and whistles rolling through the building.

John Phillips: "That symbol may not mean something to everyone... but to the people who believe in Jarvis Valentine? It's everything."

Mark Bravo: "And tonight, he's not just fighting for the title — he's fighting for the truth. His truth."

Pyro erupts behind him once more — a dazzling vertical display that mirrors a Fourth of July celebration, trailing sparks as Jarvis continues forward, undeterred.

He climbs the steel steps with patience, wiping his boots on the apron before stepping between the ropes. In the center of the ring, he unfastens the championship and raises it high overhead. Flashbulbs erupt. The chants grow louder.

John Phillips: "That right there — that's the symbol of excellence in the United Toughness Alliance. That's the top prize. And Jarvis Valentine holds it with honor."

Mark Bravo: "You better believe Jack Hunter is somewhere pacing right now, wondering if he just made the biggest mistake of his life picking a fight with this man."

Jarvis Valentine removes his title belt, sets it down gently in front of Ross, and looks him dead in the eyes.

Jarvis Valentine: "Chris... you're the number two guy in the rankings—right behind me."

Big crowd pop.

Jarvis Valentine: "We SHOULD be having a match at Survivor. You've earned that. You've earned the chance to sit at the big table."

Ross tilts his head, intrigued, unsure where this is going.

Jarvis Valentine: "But just like when you were gunning for the belt against Eric Dane Jr... you've been dragged into another mess. Another feud that's stopping you from getting what you rightfully deserve—a clean shot at the UTA Championship."

Fans explode with cheers.

Jarvis Valentine: "This fight with Maxx? It ends at Black Horizon. One final match. One last chapter. Then it's over."

Ross nods slowly, processing it all.

Jarvis Valentine: "So, I got to thinking... if Jack Hunter is the last 'legacy challenger' management's got lined up for me—and after I beat him tonight... I got nothing on my plate for Survivor."

He pauses... then smirks.

Jarvis Valentine: "How about I take that last spot on your team?"

The arena erupts. Ross looks out to the sea of fans, nodding with a sly grin. The crowd begins chanting "LET'S GO ROSS! LET'S GO JARVIS!"

Chris Ross: "You ready to go to war with us?"

Jarvis Valentine: "I was born ready."

The two shake hands firmly.

Chris Ross: "Then it's done."

Fans cheer louder than ever.

Jarvis Valentine: "But Chris..."

Chris Ross: "Yeah?"

Jarvis Valentine: "When you finish Mayhem off at Black Horizon... keep December 28th open."

Ross narrows his eyes.

Jarvis Valentine: "Because this is me... telling you... I want you. Main event. Season's Beatings. No interference. No chaos. Just me and you... for this."

He lifts the UTA Championship into the air as the fans explode. Standing ovation. Chris Ross nods, mouthing, "You got it."

John Phillips: "Holy hell! Jarvis Valentine just joined Team Ross AND set the table for Season's Beatings!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the UTA Champion laying down a challenge to the most dangerous man in the company. Business just went nuclear!"

Ross and Valentine stand eye to eye. Two warriors. The Survivor war is now locked in... and so is a main event for the ages.

Healing

Segment

Black screen.

A slow inhale.

Then — soft piano keys begin to play. A calm, composed voice speaks over the darkness.

Eli Creed (V.O.): "Most people think healing feels good."

The screen fades in — a sterile white room. A single chair. Eli Creed sits perfectly still, hands folded in his lap, wearing a white dress shirt and a faint smile. Behind him, the wall is covered in faint motivational phrases, hand-written in neat script: 'BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF.' — 'PAIN IS PROGRESS.' — 'SUBMIT TO GROW.'

Eli Creed: "But healing... hurts. Growth hurts. Enlightenment isn't soft light through stained glass."

He leans forward, eyes piercing the lens.

Eli Creed: "It's the fire that burns away everything fake inside you."

Quick flashes — a hand gripping a turnbuckle. Sweat hitting canvas. A lightbulb flickering over a silhouette delivering a snap DDT in slow motion. The audio stays calm — but unsettlingly quiet.

Eli Creed (V.O.): "For years, I helped lost people find themselves. I gave them truth... and they hated me for it. They called me a monster. But monsters don't tell the truth. They hide it."

He rises from the chair. The camera follows his steps as he walks barefoot across the white floor, the echo of each footfall unnaturally sharp.

Eli Creed: "The United Toughness Alliance is full of good people. Hard workers. Dreamers. Fighters."

He pauses — that faint smile returns, controlled, almost sympathetic.

Eli Creed: "But they're broken. They're angry. And they don't even know why."

The piano fades under a growing low hum, like a heartbeat. Eli turns his back to the camera, looking toward a large mirror on the wall. His reflection seems slightly distorted — stretched, blurred — but his voice stays calm.

Eli Creed: "They'll learn. Pain is the teacher. I'm just the guide."

He faces the camera again, hands folded behind his back, posture straight like a pastor preparing to bless a congregation.

Eli Creed: "I don't fight to win. I fight to enlighten. Every opponent I touch will walk away a better version of themselves..."

He leans close to the lens — voice dropping to a whisper that's both gentle and chilling.

Eli Creed: "...or not at all."

The screen flickers — brief flashes of him hitting the Ascension Driver, a hand reaching up from the mat, then static.

TEXT ON SCREEN: "THE MORNINGSTAR IS COMING."

The piano fades. The last sound is Eli's calm voice — distant, echoing like a sermon in an empty hall.

Eli Creed (V.O.): "You can't stop the dawn."

Fade to black.

Culture War

Segment

The camera cuts to the backstage hallway. Troy Lindz rounds the corner, radiant and relaxed, sequins catching the light, humming a Lady Gaga riff under their breath. They pause to check their reflection in a monitor, adjusting a curl and blowing themselves a kiss.

From the opposite end of the corridor, Avril Selene Kinkade emerges—heels clicking with precision, clipboard in hand, dressed in a tailored navy skirt suit and silk stockings. Her posture is immaculate. She stops. She stares. Her normally cold and uncaring demeanor is broken by a look of complete and utter disgust.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Heavens above. I'd heard whispers, but I assumed they were exaggerated. And yet here you stand—proof that the decline of Western civilisation is not merely academic."

Troy Lindz: "Rude... Do I know you?"

Avril Selene Kinkade: "No. But I know you. Not by choice, mind you. Unfortunately, my client has no social life to speak of. He devotes himself entirely to studying this roster. Every match. Every movement. Every weakness. Which means I've had the misfortune of enduring far more of your performances than any sane person should. You're not a wrestler. You're a glittering mascot for a generation that confuses indulgence with identity. A culture that rewards noise over nuance. You are the end result of a society that abandoned standards in favour of spectacle."

Troy Lindz: "Okay, wow. That's a lot of syllables for someone I've never met. You always open with a monologue, or am I just special?"

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Special? Don't flatter yourself. You're symptomatic. A walking tantrum in rhinestones. You mistake applause for absolution. You mistake your own reflection for relevance. And you mistake the tolerance of others for respect you've never earned."

Troy Lindz: "And you mistake your bitterness for brilliance. You sound like a villain from a BBC drama. One of the ones who dies in the first act."

Avril tilts her head slightly, unamused.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You mistake survival for relevance. You're not the lead—you're the cautionary tale they forget to mourn."

Troy steps forward, closing the distance. Their smile fades into something sharper. They lean in, just enough to invade Avril's space.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Do come closer if it lends you the illusion of control. It won't make you any more formidable. Your sequin-covered bravado doesn't stir a single hair on my neck—though it does offend my sense of decorum."

Troy Lindz: "You sure you want to keep talking like that? Some people might take it personally."

They smirk, tilting their head with theatrical disdain.

Troy Lindz: "I mean those are brave words for someone whose war dog isn't standing behind her."

Avril's expression doesn't change. Her voice remains composed.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "On the contrary, you should be thankful that he isn't or you would not have gotten this close."

She lets the moment settle, then continues.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Thankful is surely the correct word. Gunnar Van Patton fought for freedoms you exploit without reverence. He bled for a flag you deface with every breath. You should consider yourself blessed to exist in the same world as a man of his calibre. He is everything you will never be—principled, forged by sacrifice, and the absolute pinnacle of what your homeland has to offer."

Troy Lindz: "You make him sound like a monument. Bronze, blood-soaked, and boring. I don't care how many flags he's folded or how many ghosts he's collected. I care what happens when the lights hit and the crowd roars. So let's find out. Next week at Survivor. One-on-one. Just me, him, and the spotlight that loves me."

Avril's lips curl into the faintest smile—cold, composed, and utterly confident. Just enough to hint at the suggestion of fangs, like something regal that remembers how to bite.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Then consider it accepted."

Troy Lindz: "Shouldn't you ask him first? Or does he only speak when you pull the string?"

Avril's smile vanishes.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "There is no need. I already know his answer. He doesn't run from filth. He cleanses it. Washes it from the face of the earth like floodwaters sent by God Himself."

Troy Lindz: "Then I'll pack a swimsuit. I look divine in a deluge."

Avril Selene Kinkade turns, heels clicking like a metronome of judgment, and disappears into the shadows. Troy watches her go, the smile fading just slightly.

The tension doesn't break—it lingers. The show moves on, but something has shifted beneath it.

Jarvis Valentine vs. Jack Hunter

Match

John Phillips: "Main event time in Baltimore. UTA Championship on the line. And remember — earlier tonight Jarvis Valentine said two things: he's the fifth man for Chris Ross at Survivor, and if he retains here he'll defend against Ross at Season's Beatings on December 28. Big promises... that only matter if he survives Jack Hunter tonight."

Mark Bravo: "That's the trap, Johnny. Make too many plans for next month and you forget the guy tripping you in the hallway. Jack Hunter might be a questionable pick, but he's stubborn, he's shameless, and sometimes that's kryptonite to a focused champion."

The house lights dip to a dingy amber and a distorted punk riff rips through the PA — fast, loud, a little off-time. A spray of cheap strobes pops at the entryway as Jack Hunter strides out like he just headlined the place he barely got booked

on. He chews imaginary gum, throws an arms-wide “I’m back!” pose, and cups a hand to his ear for cheers that mostly boomerang into heckles.

John Phillips: "Here comes the challenger, Jack Hunter, returning to the UTA and calling his shot against the champion tonight."

Mark Bravo: "'Calling his shot' is generous, Johnny. He's vibing like a cover band that knows the chorus and hums the verses."

Hunter stalks to the hardcam and mouths along to a line he clearly doesn't know, then taps an imaginary wristwatch with a smirk. He paces the stage, points to a "WELCOME BACK" sign a fan clearly printed in marker ten minutes ago, and bangs his fist to his heart like it's a movie trailer. The crowd answers with a mix of boos and ironic claps.

John Phillips: "Love him or hate him, he's not short on confidence."

Mark Bravo: "Confidence, caffeine, and chaos. Let's see if he packed ring skill in the same bag."

Down the ramp he goes, jawing with the front row. He shadowboxes a kid's foam finger, then leans into a camera and says something about "streetfighting the truth outta champions," lips outpacing his brain. He hops to the apron on a sprint... and his plant foot skitters. A quick windmill-arms save keeps him upright. He grins like it was on purpose and slaps the top rope twice to sell the bit.

John Phillips: "Nearly blew a tire on the entry lane there."

Mark Bravo: "No worries — he'll tell you gravity slipped, not him."

He wipes his boots (late), slingshots in with a lazy half-twist, lands off-center, and pops to the second rope for a pose. He cups his ear again, tries to start a chant that dies on the third syllable, then points at the hardcam like he's about to drop a famous catchphrase... stalls... smirks... and shrugs it off into a cocky middle-rope hop down.

John Phillips: "Jack Hunter has promised all week he's going to 'make it ugly' in there."

Mark Bravo: "Good news — he's already halfway there and the bell hasn't rung."

He peels off his sleeveless tee and flings it toward a section that tosses it back like a hot potato. He paces a crooked figure-eight, testing the ropes, yanking a turnbuckle pad once for show. At ringside he mouths off at a fan in a Chris Ross shirt, then turns and points dead center — a jab at the champion's nameplate waiting on the timekeeper's table.

John Phillips: "The UTA Championship changes people — it either sharpens you or exposes you. We're about to find out which way Jack Hunter breaks."

Mark Bravo: "If swagger counted on the scorecards, he's up ten-eight already. Unfortunately for Jack, punches and pins get judged here."

Hunter settles into his corner, rolling his neck, shaking out his hands. He pounds his chest twice, nods like he's manifesting destiny, and points to the stage with a big, theatrical sweep — the kind you do when you're begging the spotlight to share credit. He's ready. Or at least convinced he is.

The arena drops to blackout. A single white spotlight hits the stage grille. Then the snare cracks and the opening bars of "American Flags" by Tom MacDonald slam the silence. Red beams spear the rafters; blue lancers sweep the lower bowl; white strobes chase the ramp in a tight, marching rhythm.

The tron blooms with a slow ripple of the title plate, and the UTA Champion steps into the cone of light.

Jarvis Valentine wears a tailored, patriotic ring jacket — clean lines, matte finish, with a subtle chevron trim at the shoulders that suggests a Q, and ghost-stitched 17s you only catch on the close-up. The UTA Championship is clasped at his waist. He doesn't posture; he takes one measured breath, sets his eyes on the ring, and starts the walk.

John Phillips: "The champion, Jarvis Valentine — and remember the stakes he set earlier: he's riding with Chris Ross at Survivor and he promised Ross a title shot at Season's Beatings... if he handles business right here, right now."

Mark Bravo: "It's a long calendar between promises and payoffs. This is the page he has to turn first."

Each step down the ramp cues a tight pop of prismatic pyro at ankle height — more celebration than explosion, like handheld July sparks pacing him to ringside. Jarvis doesn't look left or right; he keeps a steady cadence, right hand brushing the belt once, a ritual check.

At the foot of the ramp he pauses, angles to the hardcam, and lifts his off-hand just enough to trace a small, restrained Q. The lower bowl swells. He nods once, then circles to the steps.

On the apron, Jarvis wipes his boots, rests a palm on the top rope, and scans the hardcam with that even, reporter's stare — the "ready" look. He ducks in between the ropes and paces a slow line to center.

He unbuckles the title and raises it high. The house lights respond — red, white, and blue arcs sweep a full 360 as the camera tracks from the main plate to his face. No roar, no shout — just a calm exhale and a nod as he hands the belt to the referee.

John Phillips: "Businesslike. Jarvis has turned this building into a courtroom — and he's about to present evidence."

Mark Bravo: "He'd better, because the guy across from him is chaos wrapped in a smirk. Focus beats chaos... if you never look away."

Jarvis backs into his corner, fingers flexing once at his sides, eyes never leaving Jack Hunter. The music fades, the lights settle, and the referee steps in with the belt — the main event's center of gravity — held between them.

John Phillips: "Bell's about to ring — champion looks composed, Hunter looks... enthusiastic."

Mark Bravo: "Enthusiasm's great until it meets gravity."

DING! DING! DING!

Jack Hunter sprints out of his corner throwing wide hands like he's late to a bar fight. Jarvis Valentine takes a half step back, parries one, ducks the second, slides behind with a tight waistlock, and drags Hunter straight down to the canvas. No strike. No gloat. He pops up and gives Hunter room to stand.

John Phillips: "Jarvis starting with fundamentals — take the air out of the room, then breathe on his terms."

Collar-and-elbow. Hunter bull-rushes Jarvis to the buckles and buries a shoulder, then a second. He peels back to mug for the front row — too long. Jarvis pivots out along the top rope, catches the far wrist, and turns Hunter down into a grounded hammerlock. Smooth. He floats to a front headlock, posts a knee, and guides Hunter to the mat with pressure instead of force.

Mark Bravo: "Clinic. He's not fighting Hunter's match; he's deleting it and writing his own."

Hunter worms a knee under, shoves to space, and swings a backfist on instinct. Jarvis slips inside, clamps a body lock, and German suplexes him high and tight. Bridge—

Ref: "One! Two—"

Kickout.

Hunter bails to the apron, shaking the cobwebs. He slingshots in with a lariat — not pretty, but it connects enough to stagger Jarvis. The challenger pounces with stomps and a quick cover — one-count only. He drags Jarvis up by the hair, points to the hardcam, and mouths something about 'streetfighting the champ.' Jarvis answers with a short forearm that stops the monologue cold.

John Phillips: "The champion won't give him free beats — you want to talk, you do it on your own time."

Whip to the ropes. Jarvis ducks the return hook and snaps Hunter down with a DDT, planting him center ring. He floats immediately into a lateral press, forearm across the face for emphasis — two-count; Hunter jolts a shoulder up and rolls to his side, blinking at the lights.

Mark Bravo: "That's Jarvis cashing in a tiny mistake for medium interest."

Jarvis stays attached — short-arm pull into a sidewalk slam, then he sits Hunter up and rakes a forearm across the back between the shoulders, measured and mean. He hauls Hunter vertical, snaps a back suplex, and holds the body cinched on landing to keep Hunter from bailing.

John Phillips: "Everything connected and centered. The opposite of Hunter's chaos."

Hunter reaches blindly and grabs the bottom rope to force separation. The referee counts; Jarvis breaks on three and backs clean. Hunter uses the rope to pull up, waves Jarvis in like he wants a fistfight — then dives low for an ankle. Jarvis hip-sprawls, shoves him face-first to the mat, and rides a half-nelson to stack Hunter on his shoulders for a quick two before letting him slide out to the corner.

Mark Bravo: "That's the worst feeling in the world — when a guy can pin you by accident because he's so much better on purpose."

Hunter slaps his own chest to wake up, charges again — Jarvis sidesteps, guides him chest-first into the buckles, and German suplexes him a second time, this one releasing high. Hunter skids to his hip and rolls under the bottom rope to the apron on instinct, eyes wide.

John Phillips: "Hunter's discovering that there's a massive difference between wanting a fight and being in there with a champion."

Jarvis doesn't chase to the outside. He waits, center ring, breathing even, finger and thumb rubbing together once like he's counting beats. The referee starts the count on Hunter as the challenger clings to the rope and stares back in, reconsidering his plan.

Hunter re-enters on the eight-count, shaking out his arms, jaw set like he's willed himself back into the fight. He feints low, then snaps a quick kick to the thigh and a pair of body shots — the first honest combo he's landed.

John Phillips: "That's cleaner from Jack — touch the leg, touch the ribs, make the big man breathe."

He hits the ropes for momentum — Jarvis steps in and clamps him mid-stride with a tight body lock, turns the hips, and deposits him with a simple, smothering takedown. No flourish. Jarvis floats to a front headlock and leans his weight through the jaw, making Hunter carry him.

Mark Bravo: "And there goes the oxygen. Jarvis doesn't have to hurt you to beat you — he starves your plans."

Hunter posts a knee, tries to build to a base — Jarvis switches grips, bumps him to his knees, then yanks him up short-arm into a thudding sidewalk slam. Cover.

Ref: "One! Two—"

Kickout, but Hunter's breath comes rough. He scrambles to the corner; Jarvis gives him three steps, then tracks in and folds him with short body shots — nothing wild, just professional pressure. He whips him corner-to-corner, follows with a clothesline from the corner that buckles Hunter's legs, and keeps the wrist to whirl him into a neckbreaker slam.

John Phillips: "Every time Hunter finds daylight, Jarvis turns off the power."

Jarvis hooks a half-nelson and rolls Hunter to his belly, rides him for a second, then transitions up and DDTs him again — sharper, spiking the crown. He doesn't even try a pin; he slides to Hunter's back and drags him to center by the

wrists to deny the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "Ring generalship 101 — make the square feel small for your opponent and huge for you."

Hunter throws a desperation elbow from his hip. Jarvis absorbs it, answers with a grinding forearm across the bridge of the nose and a knee pinned into Hunter's ribs to keep him folded. The crowd alternates between a low buzz of appreciation and a rising chant for the champion.

Jarvis hauls him up, feeds him to the ropes — Hunter ducks a line and swings big on the return — Jarvis beats him to the point with a back suplex that leaves Hunter staring at the lights again.

John Phillips: "Jarvis is wrestling like a man with appointments on the calendar — handle tonight, live tomorrow."

Hunter rolls out to the apron on instinct. Jarvis stays patient, forces the count to four, then reaches over the middle rope, hooks the head, and slingshots him back in with a snap. He pops to his feet, takes the angle, and discus clotheslines Hunter so flush the challenger's boots leave the canvas. Cover — deep hook.

Ref: "One! Two!—"

Hunter drapes a foot on the bottom rope by reflex. The ref sees it. Two-and-nine-tenths.

Mark Bravo: "Instinct saved him; intention didn't."

Jarvis doesn't argue. He peels Hunter up, cinches for the Patriot Plunge — the building lifts — but Hunter rakes the face on the scoop (referee screened on Jarvis's back) and slips free to a schoolboy.

Ref: "One! Two—"

Kickout with authority. Jarvis rolls through, beats Hunter up first, and meets him with a forearm shiver that deadens the challenger's legs. A short whip sends Hunter chest-first into buckles; Jarvis follows with a snap running bulldog out of the corner, face-planting him center ring.

John Phillips: "Every shortcut Jack tries gets turned into a straight line back to the canvas."

Jarvis takes a long breath, resets his stance, and motions Hunter up with a quiet hand. Hunter, glassy-eyed but stubborn, fights vertical. He swings... air. Jarvis ducks under, clamps the waist, and German suplexes him a third time — this one bridging deep.

Ref: "One! Two!—"

Hunter kicks free by sheer will and tumbles to his side, sucking wind.

Mark Bravo: "Credit where due — the man won't die easy. But the math isn't changing: control beats chaos, and Jarvis has all the control."

The champion rises without hurry, shadow of a nod to the hardcam — not a taunt, a tell. He reaches down, grips Hunter by the wrist, and begins to pull him into position again. The crowd knows the rhythm he's setting. Jack Hunter can feel it too — and that's the problem.

A ripple rolls through the lower bowl — fans stand, point, phones up. The hard camera wobbles off center as a pocket of commotion swells near the entryway.

John Phillips: "Uh... something's happening in the aisle. We've got movement at the stage—"

Mark Bravo: "That's not 'something,' Johnny. That's trouble with a capital T."

The shot snaps to the ramp. Maxx Mayhem strides out first with a steel chair dangling from his fist, grin wide and feral. Fanning behind him in a loose, predatory line: Kaine, face paint cracked like old bone; Kaida Shizuka, eyes narrowed, hands loose and poised; Silas Grimm, slow and expressionless; and Malachi Cross, looming with that funeral-still

posture.

John Phillips: "That's the whole pack — Maxx Mayhem, Kaine, Kaida Shizuka, Silas Grimm, Malachi Cross — the team Chris Ross and Jarvis Valentine are slated to face next week at Survivor."

Mark Bravo: "Birthday party came early, and they brought folding metal as a gift."

In the ring, Jarvis Valentine stops mid-grip, releases Jack Hunter's wrist, and turns square to the ramp. The champion's chin lifts a hair — not a flinch, a read. He steps in front of Hunter's prone form, center ring, hands low at his sides, stance balanced.

Mayhem barks a laugh and bounces the chair head off the rail once — clang — to spike the noise. Kaine throws a wide-armed "DEAD BUT ALIVE!" to the jeering fans. Kaida wipes her boot soles at the threshold out of reflex even as she stalks. Grimm just tilts his head, birdlike. Malachi stops dead-center of the ramp and crosses his arms over his chest, gaze fixed on Jarvis like a benediction before a burial.

John Phillips: "Security is moving — we've got stripes spilling from the back. The referee in the ring is waving them off, trying to keep this a championship match and nothing else."

Mark Bravo: "If I'm Jack Hunter, I pretend to be unconscious and hope they don't notice me. If I'm Jarvis Valentine, I do exactly what he's doing — pick the spot in the middle and make the ring your world."

Jarvis doesn't take a step. He just tracks them with his eyes. The belt isn't here — it's at the timekeeper — but the posture says everything: you want it, come through me. Out of frame, Jack Hunter paws at the canvas, trying to rise on elbows, confused at the sudden tide turning away from him.

At the foot of the ramp, the pack fans out. Mayhem points the chair toward the ring like a conductor's baton, mouthing off — unreadable under the din — then lifts it to rest across his shoulder. Kaine paces left, Kaida mirrors right, Grimm and Cross stay spine-straight in the middle, unblinking.

John Phillips: "This is psychological warfare on the champion's time. The team of chaos just came to look Jarvis Valentine in the eye before Survivor."

Mark Bravo: "And the champ is giving them nothing to feed on. Stone face. Breath even. The man keeps his promises because he doesn't waste his pulse on panic."

The ref leans through the ropes, shouting down to security; a few officials create a human line at the base of the ramp. The pack stops one step short — wolves at the treeline. In the ring, Jarvis finally glances over his shoulder just long enough to locate Jack Hunter... then turns back to the aisle, daring the next move.

Security floods the aisle, but Maxx Mayhem and his pack muscle straight through, peeling to all four sides of the ring. Malachi Cross posts at the hardcam side, arms folded like a midnight sermon. Kaida Shizuka claims the ramp side, eyes flat and hands poised. Silas Grimm slides to the timekeeper's edge, head tilted, unreadable. Kaine stalks to the announce side beside Maxx, face paint cracked in the lights.

Jarvis Valentine turns a slow circle in the ring, setting his feet, palms low, ready to break either way. The referee and a half-dozen officials crowd the apron, pleading up at the wolves to back off.

John Phillips: "This is a championship match, and we've got a siege underway."

Mark Bravo: "And the king hasn't blinked. He just squared his stance and started counting exits."

Maxx cackles and CLANG—smashes the chair against the apron lip. The ring shudders. He does it again. And again. Each shot a heartbeat faster, echoing through the bowl. Kaine leans in over the middle rope beside him and hisses, "DEAD BUT ALIVE!" to the front row. Kaida wipes her soles on the edge out of reflex, never breaking that calm stare. Grimm's fingers tap the apron in a slow, ritual cadence.

Inside, Jarvis plants himself dead center, body half-turned so he can see Mayhem and Kaine to one side and feel the shadow of Malachi on the other. He flicks a glance to the prone Jack Hunter, then back to the perimeter — calculation without panic.

John Phillips: "Officials are begging them off — if this band spills a foot farther, we're headed for a full-on incident."

Mark Bravo: "Maxx isn't here to throw a punch; he's here to steal breath. He's drumming on Jarvis's pulse with that chair."

Another CLANG. The chair-head skips a spark. Maxx throws his free hand wide, laughing, mouth running hot. Malachi lowers his chin and never moves. Kaida's knuckles flex once. Grimm exhales through his nose, a ghost of pleasure at the tension.

Jarvis raises one hand — not high, not taunting — a small, steadying command to the chaos at every edge of the canvas. The building hums on a knife's edge while security tries to push the line back a half-step and fails.

In the split-second Jarvis glances to the apron, Jack Hunter springs alive — he dives forward, snatches the tights at the hip, and yanks the champion into a tight schoolboy, stacking hips over shoulders.

John Phillips: "Schoolboy! Schoolboy! The challenger's got him stacked—"

The referee hesitates a heartbeat, then drops.

Ref: "One! ... Two! ... Th—"

Jarvis explodes a shoulder at the exact beat the hand slaps for three. The crowd gasps, half rising; the referee waves it off immediately, two fingers up, emphatic.

Mark Bravo: "Oh man, that was a hair and a prayer! The champ kicked at two-point-nine-nine-nine, I swear!"

Outside, Maxx Mayhem doubles over laughing, chair bouncing on the apron with a clatter. Kaine pounds the ring skirt, howling "DEAD BUT ALIVE!" Kaida doesn't move, but her eyes glitter. Malachi's stare never changes. Grimm's mouth twitches — almost a smile.

In the ring, Hunter pops up wild-eyed, both hands flashing three as he chases the referee into the near corner, pleading. Jarvis is already to a knee, jaw set, breathing controlled. He taps his chest once — calm — then rises, eyes on Hunter's back.

John Phillips: "Jack nearly stole the UTA Championship in the most chaotic moment of the night!"

Mark Bravo: "And what did it cost him? He turned his back on a champion who doesn't make the same mistake twice."

Hunter keeps arguing, pointing to the mat; the ref shakes his head, two fingers again. At the apron, Maxx clocks the scene and starts a slow, mocking golf clap with the chair, metal on palm, ting... ting... ting, daring Jarvis to break focus.

Jarvis doesn't bite. He steps in behind Hunter, hooks the waist clean and tight—

—and the building swells, sensing the momentum tilt back to the champion as the wolves circle and the match teeters on a knife's edge.

Jarvis tightens the grip—

—and Jack Hunter stomps straight down on the champion's boot. Jarvis' knee buckles a fraction. Jack peels free, wheels behind, clamps a waistlock of his own and leans back like he's trying to deadlift a house.

John Phillips: "Counter by Hunter— he's got the waist—"

With a ragged shout Jack heaves, hips through, and somehow German suplexes the champion. Jarvis lands high on

the shoulders and rolls through to a hip. The crowd pops in shock; at ringside Maxx Mayhem throws his head back and cackles, chair thumping the apron like a drum.

Mark Bravo: "Stop the presses! Jack Hunter just hit a clean German on Jarvis Valentine and I think even he's allergic to his own success!"

Jack sits up, eyes wide, hands in his hair like he just pulled a sword from a stone. He scrambles into a cover late—

Ref: "One! Two—"

Jarvis powers a shoulder free and turns to his side, already shrinking the space. Jack blinks at the ref, then at his own hands like he can't believe they worked.

John Phillips: "Best shot of the night for the challenger, but the champion rolled his way to oxygen right on impact."

Hunter drags Jarvis up, swings a wild forearm— Jarvis ducks beneath, clamps a rear waist, and tries to lift; Jack kicks his legs and drops to a knee to block. He fires a back elbow that grazes, hits the ropes... and runs straight into a short lariat from Jarvis that flips him inside out.

Mark Bravo: "There's the difference: Jack can spike a moment. Jarvis can end one."

Jarvis shakes out the stomped ankle, resets his base, and stalks. Outside, Mayhem is still giggling into the camera, pointing at Jack and pantomiming a "so close" pinch with his fingers. Kaine hammers the skirt, Kaida remains stone, Grimm and Malachi hold their posts like statues at a gate.

Back inside, Jarvis hauls Jack up by the wrist, whips him— pull-back neckbreaker slam drops the challenger flat. The champion doesn't cover; he floats to side control, presses shoulder-to-jaw, and makes Jack carry weight while Jarvis breathes even and the crowd swells behind him.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine letting the adrenaline dump on Hunter burn off in the worst way possible — with two hundred and seventy pounds pinning him to the truth."

Jack squirms to a knee; Jarvis guides him up with the hook still on... and the champion's eyes flick, just once, to the chaos at the apron before squaring right back on the job in front of him.

Jarvis yanks Hunter up and walks him toward the ropes to funnel him into the corner — textbook champion's geometry. He frames Jack's head, looking to thread him through the middle strand...

...and that puts Jarvis' back within arm's length of the announce-side apron — right where Maxx Mayhem lurks.

John Phillips: "Careful, champ — that's dangerous territory with Mayhem patrolling."

Mark Bravo: "Maxx plus metal equals misdemeanors waiting to happen."

Maxx cocks the chair and swings for Jarvis' shoulder blades — a brutal, flat arc — and stops a hair shy of contact as the referee whirls, eyes bulging. The steel kisses nothing but air, but the whoosh and sudden shadow whip Jarvis' instincts around for a half-beat.

John Phillips: "He didn't touch him! He didn't touch him — but he sure made him feel it!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Maxx's favorite hold: Attempted Assault, no-contact version."

Officials on the floor swarm Mayhem, shouting him back. Kaine barks "DEAD BUT ALIVE!" in their faces. Kaida doesn't flinch, eyes locked on Jarvis. Malachi never moves. Grimm's fingertips tap the apron twice, delighted at the tension.

Inside, Jarvis checks over his shoulder on reflex — just a flick — and Jack Hunter shoves him chest-first into the top rope, snapping his throat on the cable. Jarvis staggers, hand to neck—

—Hunter dives behind and rolls him up in a tight backslide!

Ref: "One! Two!—"

Jarvis powers through, muscles Hunter over and up, both men spilling to their knees. Hunter scrambles faster than he has all night, hits the ropes, and throws himself into a running knee that catches Jarvis on the chest and sends him reeling to a corner.

John Phillips: "That non-shot with the chair turned the champion's head for a heartbeat — and Jack Hunter made it count."

Mark Bravo: "Almost only counts in horseshoes and heart attacks. Jarvis didn't get hit, but he felt hit — and that's enough to open a door."

Hunter climbs to the middle rope and rains down clumsy but committed punches — the crowd counts to five before Jarvis stiff-arms him in the hips and walks out, letting Jack face-bounce to the canvas. The champion coughs once, working air back through his throat, eyes narrowing as he resets his base.

At ringside, Maxx spreads his arms like a proud dad at a science fair, mouthing "So—close," while the ref on the floor jabs a finger at him: "One more and you're gone." Maxx curtsies with the chair, mock-innocent, then sets it gently against the barricade like a museum piece he'd never dream of touching.

Back inside, Jarvis rolls his shoulders, checks the ropes once more — and then his eyes go flat and focused. The moment passed. The champion is back on task.

The lower bowl detonates into a roar that drowns the commentary headsets. Cameras whip to the stage just as a black-and-scarlet blur barrels through the curtain—

Chris Ross, full sprint, jaw set, storms down the ramp. Behind him in staggered formation: El Fantasma Oscuro I and II in mirrored masks, Madman Szalinski stalking with that wolfish grin, and Jaxson Ryder pounding a taped fist into his palm. Security parts like a rip current as they charge.

John Phillips: "Reinforcements! Chris Ross and company are here— El Fantasma Oscuro, Madman Szalinski, Jaxson Ryder!"

Mark Bravo: "From hostage situation to standoff in ten seconds flat."

Maxx Mayhem pops up on the apron with the chair raised like a trophy, laughing. Kaine slaps the apron and shouts "DEAD BUT ALIVE!" Kaida Shizuka plants her heels, unmoved. Silas Grimm tilts his head with that dead-eyed calm. Malachi Cross uncrosses his arms, gaze never leaving Jarvis Valentine.

Ross slides in under the bottom rope; Jarvis squares beside him. El Fantasma I and II slip through on opposite sides, Szalinski steps over the middle rope, and Ryder claims the near corner. The ring fills with purpose.

The referee takes one look at ten fighters coiled to detonate and makes the only call left—he waves his arms in an X, signaling the timekeeper.

DING! DING! DING!

John Phillips: "He's thrown it out! The main event is a no-contest!"

Mark Bravo: "Smart. We were a half-breath from a riot."

Team Ross fans out inside the ropes, forming a tight circle — Jarvis, Ross, Szalinski, El Fantasma I and II, and Ryder — each man posted to a side, hands up, daring the pack to try it.

Outside, Team Mayhem mirrors them: Maxx on the announce side with the chair, Kaine pacing at his shoulder; Kaida on the ramp edge, body bladed; Grimm dead-center at the timekeeper's table; Malachi at hardcam side, statuesque. They creep in a slow orbit, testing angles, never breaking the ring of eyes staring back.

Officials, referees, and security pour in to build a shaky human fence between the two lines. Fingers point, chins lift, words are thrown like knives — but no one blinks first.

John Phillips: "This is the picture of Survivor a week early — five on five, the temperature at a boil, and nobody giving an inch."

Mark Bravo: "Tonight the fuse burned to the knot. Next week, somebody lights it."

Maxx taps the chair twice to the apron — clang, clang — and grins. Inside, Jarvis doesn't flinch. Ross leans forward on the balls of his feet, ready. The camera floats over the tableau: two armies, one line of canvas, and a promise written in the noise.

Jack Hunter pops up red-faced, jabbing a finger at the referee and shouting that he "had him beat." The official doesn't argue — he just points to the chaos on every side of the ring: two full teams, security, and a steel chair glinting under the lights.

John Phillips: "The ref made the safe call and he's not walking it back — look at the perimeter. This was seconds from breaking wide open."

Mark Bravo: "Jack's yelling at a thunderstorm for raining. Pick your battles, kid."

Inside the ropes, Jarvis Valentine, Chris Ross, Madman Szalinski, El Fantasma Oscuro I and II, and Jaxson Ryder hold their circle tight, each man leaning over the ropes and waving Mayhem's crew on. "Come on!" "Bring it!" The Baltimore crowd surges with them.

Maxx Mayhem's smile never fades. He raises one finger... then draws a slow circle in the air.

Outside, Kaine peels back from the announce side, still barking "DEAD BUT ALIVE!" Kaida Shizuka steps clean to the center of the ramp, never taking her eyes off the ring. Silas Grimm slides away from the timekeeper's table like a shadow shrinking with the light. Malachi Cross backs in that eerie, patient cadence. The pack reforms on the ramp under Maxx's signal.

John Phillips: "They're not taking the bait. Mayhem's calling the retreat."

Mark Bravo: "Not retreat — rehearsal. He just made sure everyone here tasted tomorrow before it gets served at Survivor."

The two armies hold their distance — Team Ross inside the ropes, Team Mayhem halfway up the ramp — a gulf of officials and security between them. Maxx taps the chair twice to his shoulder, mouths "Next week," and laughs loud enough that the hardcam catches every syllable.

Jarvis stands at the front rope, chin high, unmoving. Ross paces like a caged dog, jaw clenched. Szalinski points to his temple. El Fantasma I and II throw synchronized, taunting beckons. Ryder pounds a fist to his chest and then points dead at Maxx.

John Phillips: "No clash tonight — just a message. The mind games have already begun."

Mark Bravo: "And next week at Survivor, those minds come with fists."

Team Mayhem disappears through the curtain one by one, Maxx last, walking backward with that same feral grin. Inside, the champions and their allies lower their guard, but not their eyes. The camera lingers on the split-screen of faces — defiance below, derision above — before fading to the event graphic for Survivor.

Conclusion

Card Subject to Change.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite