

# East Coast Invasion: Brooklyn, NY

---

**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** October 24, 2025  
**Location:** Barclays Center — Brooklyn, NY

## Preview

It's a Brooklyn beat down this week as the brawlers of the UTA head to the Bronx. The fall out from the last East Coast Invasion continues.

## Results

### Introduction

Segment

The screen fades in from black. The skyline of Brooklyn glows in the distance, bathed in orange and red from the setting sun. Traffic hums along Atlantic Avenue. The camera swoops toward the massive Barclays Center, where the words "UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE — EAST COAST INVASION: BROOKLYN" flash across the arena marquee.

The low thrum of the crowd grows louder until the inside of the arena bursts onto the screen — a sea of fans, camera flashes, and handmade signs. The UTA logo spins across the video wall in fiery red and gold as pyrotechnics erupt across the stage, booming like cannon fire. The Barclays Center is shaking with noise.

John Phillips: "Brooklyn, New York — welcome to the United Toughness Alliance!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, man, you can feel it, Phillips! The East Coast Invasion has taken over the boroughs, and tonight — it's a Brooklyn beat down!"

The camera pans across the front rows — kids on their parents' shoulders, fans waving "AGE OF AMY" and "ROSS AIN'T DONE" signs. The commentators stand ringside, lit by the pulsing red light of the entrance ramp. The crowd chants 'U-TA! U-TA!' until the sound shakes the rafters.

John Phillips: "We are live, and we are sold out here inside the Barclays Center — fifteen thousand strong — and after the chaos we witnessed last week in Orlando, the landscape of the UTA has never looked more unpredictable!"

Mark Bravo: "Chaos, Phillips? That was total anarchy! Emily Hightower stole the show, taking down Angela Hall to become the undisputed United States Champion — Maxx Mayhem turned his back on Chris Ross just seconds after winning tag team gold — and the women's division? It's pure combustion waiting to blow!"

On the arena screen, highlights from the last East Coast Invasion roll: Emily Hightower landing her finishing strike on Angela Hall; Maxx Mayhem swinging a chair into Chris Ross's back; Valkyrie Knox staring across the ring at Marie Van Claudio under flashing red lights.

John Phillips: "The ripple effects of that night have brought us right here — to Brooklyn, where everyone's got something to prove and someone to fight!"

Mark Bravo: "And they picked the right city to do it, partner. Brooklyn doesn't back down, and neither does the UTA roster. Just look at this lineup!"

Camera cuts to the digital graphic on the tron: "Aaron Shaffer vs. Silas Grimm – Tonight!" followed by the tag team feature: "Susanita Ybanez & Valkyrie Knox vs. Rosa Delgado & Selena Vex," then the main event spotlight: "Women's

Champion Amy Harrison vs. Troy Lindz.”

John Phillips: "Aaron Shaffer gets his biggest test yet against the sinister Silas Grimm. Valkyrie Knox and Susanita Ybanez — two proud warriors — team up against the dangerous Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex, and in our main event, the UTA Women's Champion, Amy Harrison, faces Troy Lindz in non-title action!"

Mark Bravo: "And you know Amy — she's been walking around with that title like she's untouchable. She calls it 'The Age of Amy,' and frankly, who's gonna tell her otherwise? She's at the top of her game!"

The crowd roars again as pyro bursts in arcs across the stage, bathing the entrance ramp in gold light. A sweeping crane shot captures the electric crowd, the UTA logo glowing above the ring like a beacon.

John Phillips: "Every stop on this East Coast Invasion has gotten bigger, louder, and more intense — and tonight, the UTA proves once again why it's the standard in professional wrestling!"

Mark Bravo: "Brooklyn's got attitude, and so do the superstars in that locker room. I've been hearing rumors, Phillips — tensions are about to boil over before the first bell even rings!"

John Phillips: "Well, speaking of that locker room, word is there's already some commotion backstage. Let's head to the back and see what's happening — right now!"

The crowd noise fades into the background as the camera transitions through the curtain, following a cameraman rushing down the concrete hallway. Voices echo from around the corner — heated, angry — as the first backstage segment begins...

## **The Empire Arrives**

Segment

The camera bursts through the curtain and into the backstage corridor, where a black luxury SUV idles beside the loading dock. The sound of its engine cuts as the driver's door opens. A figure steps out — it's the UTA Women's Champion, Amy Harrison, title draped proudly over her shoulder, the Brooklyn crowd audibly reacting as her presence hits the screen.

Behind her, three figures emerge from the shadows: the cold-eyed powerhouse Selena Vex, the fiery Rosa Delgado, and the ever-intense Hardcore Sandy. The four women move as one — not a group, but an empire in motion.

John Phillips: "That's the Women's Champion, Amy Harrison — and she didn't come alone!"

Mark Bravo: "You see this, Phillips? That's what a champion looks like! Surrounded by the best, walking in like she owns the place — because frankly, she does!"

The camera follows the group as they stride confidently down the hallway. Amy pauses for a moment under the flickering backstage light, glancing at her reflection in the gold plate of her championship belt. A smirk creeps across her face.

Amy Harrison: "Brooklyn... you're about to witness something special tonight."

Selena Vex folds her arms, cracking her neck with a grin.

Selena Vex: "You mean the part where Troy Lindz learns what happens when you step up to royalty?"

Amy smirks again, nodding slightly.

Amy Harrison: "No... the part where everyone learns that the Age of Amy isn't just a catchphrase — it's a reality. You either stand beside me... or you fall beneath me. We ARE The Empire!"

Rosa Delgado, ever the loud spark of the group, lets out a laugh and slaps the UTA logo sticker off a passing equipment crate.

Rosa Delgado: "She's not wrong. Every woman in this division is just chasing her shadow. The Empress' already crowned!"

Hardcore Sandy lingers at the back, her knuckles taped, eyes flicking around as if daring someone to step in their path. Amy turns toward her and raises an eyebrow.

Amy Harrison: "Problem, Sandy?"

Hardcore Sandy: "Only if somebody tries to make one."

The four women share a silent, knowing look — a unity forged by dominance and fear. Amy adjusts her title on her shoulder and starts walking again toward the locker room corridor, the camera trailing just behind her heels.

Amy Harrison: "Tonight, Brooklyn gets a reminder... that I'm not the face of this division because I say so — I'm the face because no one's good enough to take it from me."

She stops in front of a door marked "WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM." She turns slightly, catching the camera's lens in her gaze.

Amy Harrison: "Now, if you'll excuse us — the champs have business to handle."

She pushes open the door, leading her entourage inside. The camera lingers on the nameplate — "Amy Harrison" taped boldly over the door — before the scene fades back to ringside.

John Phillips: "A commanding arrival from the Women's Champion and her new... entourage? If there was any doubt that Amy Harrison runs this division, she just erased it."

Mark Bravo: "Entourage? Try dynasty, Phillips. That's power walking. And I have a feeling Brooklyn's about to see just how dangerous The Empire really is."

The camera cuts back to the roaring crowd, the lights dimming as the music for the first match of the night begins to play.

## **Aaron Shaffer. vs. Silas Grimm**

Match

The Barclays Center hums under dim light as the crowd's anticipation builds. A low wind begins to swirl through the arena — the speakers crackle with the sound of gusting air. Suddenly, a beat drops — hard percussion, layered with electronic wind chimes — and the screens flash like a strobe storm.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd, Mark! The storm's rolling into Brooklyn — here comes Aaron Shaffer!"

Wind machines roar to life at the top of the ramp as blue and silver light floods the stage. The LED boards display rapid, sweeping motion graphics of clouds spinning in a vortex. Then — with a burst of white smoke — Aaron Shaffer races out from behind the curtain, hair whipping like a cyclone in motion.

Mark Bravo: "This guy never walks anywhere, Phillips — he flies, he spins, he defies gravity! I've seen roller coasters with fewer twists than an Aaron Shaffer entrance!"

Shaffer dashes to the edge of the stage, pumping his fist to the crowd. He spins into a half-cartwheel, landing perfectly upright as camera flashes pop from the lower bowl. He slaps hands with fans along the ramp, pausing briefly to hop up onto the guardrail — walking its narrow edge like a skateboard rail. The crowd gasps, but he balances easily, grinning before flipping backward onto the ramp.

John Phillips: "The confidence of this young man is infectious. You can see the freestyle roots in every step — he's not just entering an arena, he's performing a work of art."

As he reaches ringside, Shaffer vaults up to the apron in one fluid jump, planting both feet square on the edge before

flipping over the top rope in a smooth rotation. He lands center-ring and drops into a low crouch, his eyes sweeping the crowd, soaking in the cheers of the Brooklyn faithful.

Wind continues to whip around the ring from the entrance fans, giving his hair and gear a storm-like life of its own. He pops to his feet, ascending the nearest turnbuckle, and extends his arms outward like he's summoning the air itself. The Barclays Center lights dance across his body as the camera circles upward from his boots to his face — confidence and adrenaline radiating from every pore.

John Phillips: "Shaffer says every match is about rhythm — motion and counter-motion — like a dance between risk and reward."

Mark Bravo: "He calls it rhythm; I call it insanity. But hey, Brooklyn loves insanity, and this kid's got the city on its feet!"

The crowd breaks into chants — "SHAF-FER! SHAF-FER!" — as he hops down from the ropes and begins loosening up in the corner, shadowboxing and testing the ropes with his trademark energy.

John Phillips: "Aaron Shaffer, Chicago-born stormbringer, ready to kick off the night here in Brooklyn. But, Mark — there's a shadow waiting behind that curtain."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and if you thought Shaffer brought the wind... Silas Grimm brings the chill."

The lights in the arena flicker once, then go black.

Darkness swallows the Barclays Center. The noise of the crowd drops into an uneasy murmur. For a few seconds, only silence — then, a single bell tolls. Low. Resonant. It echoes through the rafters and across fifteen thousand hushed fans.

John Phillips: "And now... Brooklyn meets the other side of the storm."

On the big screen, static flickers. The UTA logo briefly distorts into a monochrome sigil — a circle of black and white lines resembling a ritual mark. A slow, rolling fog creeps from the entranceway as pale light seeps through it like moonlight through a crypt.

"Judith" by A Perfect Circle begins — the haunting guitar riffs slicing through the silence. From behind the smoke steps Silas Grimm. He's cloaked in darkness, hood drawn low, a half-mask glinting across his scarred features. His body language is deliberate, ritualistic — every movement feels like it carries weight from another world.

Mark Bravo: "There he is. The ghost of New Orleans himself. Silas Grimm gives me goosebumps every single time, Phillips."

John Phillips: "He's not your typical showman. Grimm calls this his 'process.' He doesn't wrestle — he performs rites. Every motion, every hold, it all means something to him... even if no one else understands it."

Grimm stops halfway down the ramp, standing perfectly still as fog curls around his boots. He slowly raises his head toward the ceiling, tilting it at a strange angle — unblinking. The spotlight isolates him as he removes his mask, sliding it from his face with chilling reverence. Beneath, his expression is blank except for that faint sneer of contempt.

He walks the rest of the way down with slow precision, trailing his fingers across the barricade as if absorbing the crowd's unease. Fans recoil slightly as his gaze passes over them, some holding up phones but lowering them as he moves closer.

John Phillips: "You can feel it. The atmosphere changes when Grimm walks out. He doesn't need pyro or smoke — though he's got plenty — he just brings... dread."

Mark Bravo: "It's that theater of the macabre thing, Phillips. He doesn't just want to win — he wants to make you remember how it felt to lose."

Reaching ringside, Silas steps onto the steel steps, pausing to trace a symbol across his chest. He whispers something no one can quite make out — a prayer, a curse, or maybe both — before stepping through the ropes.

Once inside, he slowly circles the ring, eyes fixed on Aaron Shaffer the entire time. He reaches into the corner, takes hold of the top rope, and wipes it down methodically as though purging it of impurity. Then he stops dead center, head tilted again, staring through Shaffer without expression.

John Phillips: "That's a thousand-yard stare if I've ever seen one. Shaffer looks fired up — but Grimm looks... like he's already written the ending."

Mark Bravo: "It's like two storms colliding, Phillips — one's pure energy, the other's pure malice. And Brooklyn's about to get caught in the middle."

Grimm unhooks his hooded coat, folds it carefully, and sets it down in the corner — almost ceremonially. The referee checks both men. The lights return to full brightness, the crowd rising as the bell is about to sound.

John Phillips: "The storm and the shadow, ready to collide. Brooklyn... let's get it on!"

The referee calls for the bell, and the sound echoes sharp through the Barclays Center — a crisp signal that breaks the tension hanging in the air.

John Phillips: "And here we go! Aaron Shaffer versus Silas Grimm — live from Brooklyn, New York — and you can feel the electricity in this building!"

Both men circle cautiously at first. Grimm's expression remains unreadable, his posture stoic and deliberate. Shaffer, on the other hand, moves with constant rhythm — light on his feet, shifting weight from toe to heel like a dancer waiting for the right beat to drop.

Mark Bravo: "Look at Grimm's eyes, Phillips. That man isn't here to wrestle — he's here to dissect. And Shaffer better hope the dissection doesn't start with one of those elbows to the jaw."

They tie up — a quick collar-and-elbow lock. Grimm transitions instantly, twisting into a standing arm wringer. Shaffer winces but rolls forward into a smooth kip-up reversal, snapping Grimm's wrist into a counter-twist that earns an appreciative pop from the Brooklyn crowd.

John Phillips: "Beautiful escape by Shaffer! That's the speed and control we were talking about!"

Grimm doesn't react, only blinks once — then jerks Shaffer forward by the arm and smashes an elbow into his shoulder. The crack of impact echoes like a gunshot. Shaffer staggers, and Grimm sweeps his legs out, sending him down hard to the mat.

Mark Bravo: "And there it is — that's the switch! Grimm's got a way of turning finesse into brutality in a heartbeat!"

Grimm presses a knee across Shaffer's forearm and grinds down slowly, twisting the wrist with surgical focus. The referee leans in, checking for a submission, but Shaffer shakes his head, teeth gritted. The crowd claps rhythmically, trying to rally him back.

Using his free hand, Shaffer plants against the mat, rolls backward, and flips himself up into a bridge — then twists his hips, dragging Grimm off balance and breaking free with a quick arm drag that sends Grimm tumbling across the canvas.

John Phillips: "Unreal counter! Shaffer's agility might be the only thing keeping him in control here!"

Grimm rises, his face blank except for a faint smirk. Shaffer hits the ropes, building speed — leapfrog, drop down, and then launches with a flying forearm that connects square across Grimm's jaw! The impact sends Grimm reeling backward into the corner.

Mark Bravo: "Momentum swing! The human whirlwind is cooking now!"

Shaffer doesn't let up — he charges in, hits a crisp Gale Force Dropkick right to the chest, the sound snapping through the arena. Grimm slumps into the corner, winded. Shaffer backs up, raising one arm, feeding off the roar of the crowd.

John Phillips: "He's got the Barclays Center behind him — listen to this place!"

Shaffer takes off again, sprinting into a handspring corner splash — but Grimm ducks out at the last second! Shaffer collides chest-first with the turnbuckles, gasping. Grimm slides behind him and drives an elbow between his shoulder blades, then a quick Dragon Screw that sends Shaffer flipping to the mat clutching his leg.

Mark Bravo: "Ohh, there's the difference maker right there! Grimm doesn't just survive the storm — he redirects it!"

Grimm seizes the leg and drops his weight into a twisting ankle lock variation, wrenching at Shaffer's knee. Shaffer thrashes, reaching for the ropes, finally dragging himself across the mat to hook the bottom strand. The ref orders the break. Grimm obeys — barely — giving one last torque before releasing the hold at the count of four.

John Phillips: "Silas Grimm walking that fine line — almost risking disqualification early on!"

Shaffer clutches his leg, trying to stand. Grimm watches him coldly, head tilted again, before raising his arms slightly and stepping forward, daring Shaffer to get up. The crowd begins clapping, chanting Shaffer's name again.

Mark Bravo: "Grimm's not taunting, Phillips — he's studying. Like a scientist waiting to see if his experiment survives the first phase."

Shaffer uses the ropes to pull himself upright, shaking out his leg, eyes burning with defiance. Grimm nods once, almost respectfully, before lunging forward again — and the crowd roars as Shaffer meets him mid-ring with a sharp counter kick to the gut, swinging the momentum once more.

John Phillips: "Shaffer's not backing down! The storm is still alive!"

The two men square off again in the center of the ring — one breathing heavy, one barely breathing at all — as the energy in the Barclays Center surges, setting the stage for the next phase of the battle.

The crowd claps in rhythm as both men reset near center ring. Shaffer wipes sweat from his brow, shaking life back into his left leg, while Grimm adjusts his gloves with eerie calm — no hurry, no emotion, just that faint tilt of the head again.

John Phillips: "Grimm's trying to draw Shaffer into his pace — slower, tighter, where he can control the limbs and smother that aerial game."

Mark Bravo: "And Shaffer? He needs chaos, Phillips! The longer this match stays in motion, the better his odds get!"

They lock up again. Grimm drops low, snapping a quick waistlock into a takedown, rolling through into a grounded headlock. He grinds his forearm across Shaffer's jaw, pressing the point of his elbow just enough to make the ref bark a warning. Shaffer twists, legs kicking, and pops his hips — reversing into a side head-scissors. Grimm kips out with unsettling grace, landing on his knees — and smirks.

The two men spring back up. Shaffer feints a grapple, ducks low, and fires a lightning-fast arm drag that sends Grimm skidding across the mat. The crowd pops! Grimm rises, only to eat another — then a third, Shaffer spinning into it with dance-like precision.

John Phillips: "That's vintage Aaron Shaffer — rhythm and repetition! Each drag a little faster, a little sharper!"

Grimm rolls to his knees, snarling now. Shaffer doesn't give him space — he sprints to the ropes, rebounds, and hits a textbook running Hurracanrana! Grimm is flung halfway across the ring, flipping to his back as the arena erupts!

Mark Bravo: "Did you see that height?! Shaffer just turned the Barclays Center into a wind tunnel!"

Shaffer lands light, pops back to his feet, and runs the opposite ropes. He leaps — springboards off the middle strand — twists in mid-air and connects with a spinning back elbow that catches Grimm clean on the jaw! The impact drops Grimm flat.

John Phillips: "Cyclone precision from Shaffer! Every rotation tighter than the last!"

Shaffer covers — one! ... two! — Grimm kicks out with a jolt, immediately rolling to the apron. Shaffer, full of adrenaline, doesn't hesitate. He sprints, leaps onto the top rope, balances for a breath — and dives outward with a Storm Surge Moonsault!

But Grimm moves! Shaffer crashes to the ringside mats with a thunderous thud, rolling onto his back clutching his ribs as the referee leans through the ropes to check him.

Mark Bravo: "Nobody home! You can't fly forever, Phillips — gravity always wins!"

Grimm slides out of the ring, expression still void of joy or anger, and grabs Shaffer by the hair. He whispers something inaudible and then drives a sharp palm strike to the ribs — once, twice, three times — each impact sounding like a gunshot in the concrete arena floor.

John Phillips: "Those strikes are surgical — targeting those ribs that took the brunt of that moonsault miss!"

Grimm rolls Shaffer back under the bottom rope and follows. He lifts Shaffer into a hammerlock position — then drops him violently with the Last Rites hammerlock backdrop driver! Shaffer bounces off the mat, folding up from the impact. Grimm covers, hooking the leg.

One! ... Two! ... Shaffer kicks out, gasping, hand clutched around his ribs.

Mark Bravo: "How did he kick out of that?! That's pure instinct!"

John Phillips: "Instinct and guts, Bravo! Shaffer's not about to let this storm end in Brooklyn!"

Grimm stays on him — no wasted motion. He drags Shaffer up by the wrist, pulling him into a short-arm rolling elbow. Shaffer stumbles back, dazed. Grimm hits the ropes — but Shaffer suddenly springs to life, leaping with a rebound knee to the jaw that cuts Grimm off mid-stride!

The crowd explodes! Shaffer lands awkwardly but keeps his footing, limping on the sore leg, adrenaline carrying him through. He points to the top rope and roars to the fans, who answer in kind.

John Phillips: "He's going for it again! Shaffer looking to finish this in spectacular fashion!"

He climbs the turnbuckles, every step drawing cheers. Grimm stirs beneath him, staggering upright. Shaffer steadies, eyes locked — then leaps, twisting through the air for the Eye of the Storm cutter!

Grimm ducks under! Shaffer crashes to the mat, but rolls through on instinct — popping to his feet. Grimm spins, firing a brutal spinning back kick to the ribs, folding Shaffer in half. He grabs the arm — another Dragon Screw — and then transitions straight into the Funeral Lock!

The crowd gasps as Grimm wrenches back on the hold, bending Shaffer's neck and shoulder at an unnatural angle!

Mark Bravo: "Funeral Lock! He's got it! He's got it cinched in!"

John Phillips: "Shaffer's in serious trouble here — nowhere to go!"

Shaffer claws at the mat, dragging himself inch by inch toward the ropes. The crowd claps in rhythm again, willing him on. His fingers stretch — just short — Grimm yanks back, eyes wide with intensity.

Mark Bravo: "He's fading, Phillips!"

At the last second, Shaffer twists his hips, rolling into a desperate reversal — trapping Grimm's shoulders in a surprise

pin!

One! ... Two! ... Grimm releases the hold and kicks free!

John Phillips: "He escaped! What resilience by Aaron Shaffer!"

Both men collapse in opposite corners, breathing heavy, the crowd rising to their feet as Brooklyn's energy surges again. Shaffer's chest heaves, Grimm's expression hardens — neither willing to yield an inch as the battle reaches its next crescendo.

Both men pull themselves upright in opposite corners. Sweat glistens on Shaffer's shoulders; his chest rises and falls in rapid bursts. Grimm wipes a trickle of blood from his lip, never breaking that cold, ritualistic stare.

John Phillips: "This crowd is on its feet in Brooklyn! These two have taken each other to the limit — speed against spite — art against anatomy!"

Mark Bravo: "Shaffer's fighting on fumes, Phillips, but he's got heart for miles. Grimm's just waiting for one mistake — one slip — and it's curtain call."

They meet mid-ring again — Grimm swings a brutal rolling elbow — Shaffer ducks! He explodes forward with a high-impact clothesline that sends Grimm spinning. The crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "Cyclone Clothesline! He caught all of it!"

Shaffer pumps his fist to the crowd, the Barclays Center roaring behind him. He hits the ropes — springboards — Gale Force Dropkick! Grimm staggers backward, barely keeping his footing. Shaffer charges again, leapfrogs, plants, and spins — Twister Slam!

Grimm hits hard, rolling toward the corner in a daze. Shaffer staggers, gripping his ribs but feeling the surge of adrenaline. The crowd chants his name: "SHAF-FER! SHAF-FER!"

Mark Bravo: "He's got Grimm dizzy in the corner — that's the setup, Phillips! You know what's next!"

Shaffer points to the top rope and shouts something indistinct over the roar. He climbs, each step deliberate, the lights flashing with the rhythm of the crowd's cheers. He reaches the top, steadies himself — wind machines kick on again, his hair whipping like a storm at sea.

John Phillips: "He's calling for the Stormbreaker!"

Shaffer leaps — full rotation through the air — catching Grimm around the neck mid-fall and driving him down with thunderous force! The ring shakes under the impact as Shaffer crashes on top for the cover!

One! ... Two! ... Thr— No! Grimm kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "What?! He kicked out of the Stormbreaker! How in the world did he do that?!"

John Phillips: "The resilience — or the madness — of Silas Grimm! Most men don't get up from that!"

Shaffer looks stunned but doesn't stop. He drags Grimm up, trying to hook him again. Grimm suddenly rakes the eyes — a flash of desperation. The referee warns him, but Grimm ignores it, spinning into a sudden Witchhook neck-snap DDT out of nowhere!

The crowd gasps as Shaffer folds in half, dropping motionless to the mat. Grimm crawls over, draping an arm across the chest.

One! ... Two! ... Shaffer kicks out at the very last heartbeat! The arena explodes in disbelief!

Mark Bravo: "Are you kidding me?! Nobody survives the Witchhook!"

John Phillips: "He just did! Aaron Shaffer refusing to die here in Brooklyn!"

Grimm's mask of calm cracks — his breathing quickens. He rises slowly, dragging Shaffer up by the hair, whispering something into his ear that the camera can't catch. He spins him for another Witchhook — but Shaffer shoves him off, ducks low, and lifts Grimm high with a sudden Tempest Suplex!

The crowd roars again! Shaffer crawls to the corner, uses the ropes to climb the turnbuckles — every fan in the Barclays Center on their feet now. Grimm is flat on his back, eyes glazed.

John Phillips: "He's got one last shot left in him — can he connect?"

Shaffer stands tall, arms outstretched — then leaps into a blinding rotation through the air. Eye of the Storm! He catches Grimm mid-rise and plants him with the top-rope cutter perfectly!

Shaffer covers, both hands hooked tight around Grimm's leg.

One! ... Two! ... Three!

The bell rings. The arena erupts in thunderous applause as Shaffer rolls off, clutching his ribs, every breath a mix of exhaustion and exhilaration.

John Phillips: "He did it! Aaron Shaffer pulls off a statement victory here in Brooklyn!"

Mark Bravo: "What a battle! You could feel every second of that — the storm met the grave and somehow the wind came out alive!"

The referee raises Shaffer's hand as "his theme" hits over the PA. Wind machines fire once more, this time softer, blowing across him like a victory breeze. He climbs the turnbuckle, pounding his chest, shouting to the crowd who respond with rhythmic chants.

At ringside, Grimm rolls onto his knees, face blank, staring up at Shaffer in silence. He tilts his head slightly... then nods once before slipping under the ropes and disappearing up the ramp into the smoke.

John Phillips: "A rare nod of respect from Silas Grimm — maybe the only language he speaks."

Mark Bravo: "Respect or recognition, Phillips — either way, Aaron Shaffer just earned it the hard way. What a way to kick off the night!"

Shaffer stands on the ropes, arms raised, the storm victoriously calm at last as the cameras pan the roaring Barclays Center crowd — energy still crackling through the air as the scene fades to commercial.

## **You Rang?**

Segment

The camera cuts from the celebration in the arena to the quiet hum of the backstage hallway. The golden glow of the UTA Championship belt is the first thing seen as Jarvis Valentine steps into frame, title slung proudly over his shoulder. He adjusts the cuff of his jacket, eyes sharp and calm, before stopping outside an office door marked "Scott Stevens — General Manager."

Jarvis smirks slightly, knocks once, then pushes the door open without waiting for a reply.

Jarvis Valentine: "You rang? You wanted to see me?"

Inside, Scott Stevens looks up from his desk — crisp suit, smirk of satisfaction — the UTA logo glowing faintly on the wall-mounted monitor behind him. He gestures toward the chair across from him but Jarvis doesn't sit; he stands tall, confidence in every movement.

Scott Stevens: "I did, Jarvis. I wanted to talk about last week... and about you."

Stevens leans back, lacing his fingers together, studying the champion for a long moment before continuing.

Scott Stevens: "That defense against Michael Owens — incredible. What a way for Michael to sunset a long and storied career. And you... congratulations. You're building something here. A reign people will remember. A reign... that legacies are built on."

Jarvis raises an eyebrow, a modest smile tugging at his lips.

Jarvis Valentine: "A true prodigy, right?"

Stevens grins, pointing at him like a man acknowledging a reflection of his own ambition.

Scott Stevens: "Exactly. Speaking of true prodigies... I've got a special surprise for you tonight."

Jarvis tilts his head, intrigued but silent. The faint sound of the crowd can be heard outside the office — muffled but growing louder with each second, like an approaching storm.

Scott Stevens: "You've beaten the best of this generation — Brick Bronson, Michael Owens — but tonight, Jarvis, you're going to test yourself against another UTA legacy. A former Prodigy Champion."

Stevens stands from his desk, his tone shifting from congratulatory to commanding.

Scott Stevens: "Tonight, Jarvis... you'll defend the UTA Championship... against Zhalia Fears."

The crowd outside the office can be heard screaming through the walls — a wall of noise rising instantly. The camera pans to Jarvis' face — his confident grin widening as the reality of the announcement sinks in.

John Phillips (from commentary): "WHAT?! Did I just hear that right?! Zhalia Fears — the former Prodigy Champion — is here tonight?!"

Mark Bravo: "You heard it, Phillips! That video last week... the mysterious figure... it must've been Zhalia! And she's walking straight into a UTA Championship match?!"

Back in the office, Jarvis straightens his jacket and gives Stevens a slow nod — the kind that says he relishes the challenge.

Jarvis Valentine: "Zhalia Fears, huh? I was wondering when she'd show her face again."

He taps the gold faceplate of his championship belt, eyes gleaming with confidence.

Jarvis Valentine: "Looking forward to it."

He turns, leaving the office with the title glinting in the overhead lights. The crowd's cheers are now deafening as the camera lingers on Stevens' smirk — satisfied, scheming — before fading back to ringside.

John Phillips: "Zhalia Fears is back, and she's challenging for the UTA Championship tonight! The landscape just changed in Brooklyn!"

Mark Bravo: "I don't even think Jarvis is worried, Phillips — that man looks like he lives for this. Legacy versus legacy, right here on East Coast Invasion!"

## **Story Time**

Segment

The arena lights cut out without warning. The crowd murmurs in confusion, a low buzz swelling through the Barclays Center. Then — an explosion of white strobes flares to life as "Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow hits the speakers. The opening scream rattles the air as smoke begins pouring from the stage.

John Phillips: "Oh boy... this can't be good. You know that music — and you know what it means. The Keystone State Killa is here."

Mark Bravo: "Chris Ross — and if you believe the rumors, he's still got stitches in his head from that attack last week."

But if I know Ross, that won't stop him — it'll just piss him off."

The camera cuts to the entrance ramp. Through the haze steps Chris Ross — head down, face shadowed beneath the arena lights. He's in a torn leather jacket, black jeans, boots caked with dried blood and arena dust. Around his forehead, a line of black sutures gleams beneath the spotlight — proof of last week's violence. His right hand grips a steel chair. His left? The infamous screwdriver — tucked into his waistband like a ghost of his past.

Ross doesn't pose. He doesn't shout. He just walks — slow, methodical — dragging the chair beside him. The scraping sound of steel on the metal ramp shrieks with every step. The crowd begins to stir, a mix of boos and awe, the sound rolling like thunder over the Barclays Center.

John Phillips: "Just look at him, Bravo. He's not storming to the ring tonight — he's dragging his rage behind him."

Mark Bravo: "He looks like a man walking back into a crime scene, Phillips. You can almost smell the gasoline and the blood on that chair."

Ross stops halfway down the ramp and raises his head for the first time. The camera zooms in — his face a portrait of controlled fury, lips pressed tight, eyes hollow but burning. He looks left and right, scanning the Brooklyn crowd like he's memorizing every face, every noise. Then, with one sharp kick, he folds the chair up, slings it over his shoulder, and continues toward the ring.

The boos begin to shift into chants — not for him, but because they can feel something dangerous coming. "ROSS! ROSS! ROSS!" mixes with "YOU GOT SCREWED!"

John Phillips: "He hears it, Bravo. These people remember what went down — Maxx Mayhem's chair shot, Kaine's boot, that final stomp to the skull that opened him up like a crime scene."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, Kaine — the East Coast Devil himself — made his statement on Chris Ross last week. Ross may never forget that name."

Ross reaches the ring. He doesn't rush — he climbs the steps, slow and deliberate, then steps between the ropes with purpose. The chair still in hand, he walks to the center of the ring and sets it down. He doesn't unfold it right away — he stares at it. The camera circles him, the crowd murmuring, sensing something raw about to erupt.

Finally, Ross opens the chair, sits, and lowers his head. The lights dim slightly, the spotlight centering on him as the music fades out. For a few seconds, there's silence — nothing but the faint hum of the crowd and Ross's quiet breathing through the house mic.

Chris Ross: "Alright, Maxx... ya had your fun."

The crowd reacts immediately — some cheer, some boo, all waiting for what's coming next.

Chris Ross: "I went along with this whole tag team thing like a god damn hostage against my will! And surprise, surprise — look what happened! I called it! I knew something absolutely stupid would f\*\*\*n' happen — and here we are!"

He laughs. Not joyfully — a broken, bitter laugh. The sound cuts through the tension like a knife. He shakes his head, brushing a hand through his hair, then winces as his fingers graze the stitches.

Chris Ross: "Ya know what, Maxx? I gotta hand it to ya! I figured you were dumb — like the kind of idiot who'd get set on fire for laughs on an episode of Jackass — but I see now, I was wrong. There's nothin' goin' on in that head of yours. You ain't dumb, you're empty!"

The crowd laughs nervously as Ross smirks, pacing now around the chair like a predator stalking his cage.

Chris Ross: "You know, I actually started to think maybe, just maybe, you were the kinda guy I could work with. Maybe

I could control the chaos for once. But you... you decided to bite the hand that tried to guide you. You busted me open, Maxx. You put me in the hospital. Twenty stitches in my head. You left me there — bleeding, broken — while Kaine stood over me and put his damn boot through my skull."

John Phillips: "That's right — it was Kaine who put the final exclamation point on that attack last week!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, that double stomp — the 'Grave Digger.' Ross was motionless when they cut to black. He's lucky he's even walking tonight."

Ross glares up toward the stage, voice lowering to a growl.

Chris Ross: "Kaine... you listen to me real close. You might think you made an impression, but all you did was write your name on the same bullet I've got marked for Maxx."

The crowd pops — the threat landing heavy. Ross turns back to the camera, eyes blazing.

Chris Ross: "As I laid there in that hospital bed, watching blood drip from my hair into my eyes, I had myself a little epiphany. I realized something. After years of fights, fines, suspensions, and violence... after every bridge I burned and every person I hurt just to feel alive... I realized one simple thing."

He pauses. The arena is dead silent.

Chris Ross: "I'm a damn good wrestler."

The crowd erupts, some in disbelief, some in support. Ross chuckles again, shaking his head.

Chris Ross: "Crazy, right? After all these years of violence, all this blood, I figured out what I should've known all along — I don't need to be the monster anymore. I can out-wrestle every bastard that steps foot in that ring."

Mark Bravo: "This is surreal, Phillips. I don't think I've ever heard Chris Ross talk about himself like this."

Ross's tone hardens, his eyes locking on the hard cam again.

Chris Ross: "See, Maxx — I didn't cause chaos for fun. I didn't swing chairs and break bones because it made me smile. I did it because it was all I had left. You? You do it for laughs. You do it for the reaction. I did it because I lost everything — my family, my friends, my life — and pain was the only thing that reminded me I was still alive."

He picks up the screwdriver from his waistband and holds it up, letting the lights glint across its sharp edge. The crowd buzzes nervously, some booing, some chanting "NO! NO! NO!"

Chris Ross: "See this, Maxx? This has been my life. My answer to everything. Every time I was angry, every time I was broken, every time the world kicked me down — I picked this up."

He stares at it — long, silent seconds of tension — then suddenly throws it over the top rope into the crowd. It bounces off the barricade, clattering onto the mats. The fans explode in cheers.

Chris Ross: "I don't need this anymore. I don't need you, I don't need your chaos, and I don't need this screwdriver. You took my blood last week — now I'm taking my life back."

Ross kicks the chair aside, the sound echoing through the arena as he stalks toward the ropes.

Chris Ross: "You think you're Mayhem? You haven't seen mayhem yet. You think Kaine's your muscle? I'll send him back to Salem in a body bag. You two wanted to make a statement — congratulations. You woke up something that doesn't sleep anymore."

He grips the top rope, leaning over it, veins bulging in his neck as his voice rises to a roar.

Chris Ross: "You want war?! You got it! No more teams! No more smiles! No more cheap shots! You wanted The Boss — well, now you've got him!"

He pauses.

Chris Ross: "By the way.... Scott Stevens... Next time I see you I'm kicking your god damn ass! As far as I'm concerned THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT YOU DUMB SON OF A BITCH!"

He slams the mic down, the sound echoing like a gunshot. "Black Flame" hits again as the crowd explodes. Ross stands center-ring, breathing hard, chest heaving — blood from his reopened stitches trickling down the side of his face. The camera zooms tight on his eyes — pure fury, pure focus.

John Phillips: "That's not just a man speaking his mind — that's a man reborn through rage! Chris Ross has just declared war on Maxx Mayhem and Kaine!"

Mark Bravo: "And after what we've seen from Ross before, Phillips — if he means it, if that version of him is really back — God help anybody standing in his way!"

Ross exits the ring, wiping the blood from his brow, jaw tight. The fans chant his name again — "R-O-S-S! R-O-S-S!" — as he marches up the ramp, leaving behind the empty chair in the ring — a symbol of what he's given up and what's coming next.

## **Dance Circles**

Segment

The camera finds Melissa Cartwright in the interview zone, UTA mic in hand as the crowd noise hums beyond the curtain. Beside her, Troy Lindz steps into frame in full ring gear — sequined jacket catching every stray light, red curls bouncing with every subtle head tilt. The Barclays Center pops just from their presence.

Melissa Cartwright: "Troy, later tonight you challenge Amy Harrison for the Women's Championship. You asked Scott Stevens for this match after defeating former champion Valkyrie Knox last week. The Empire is here in full force. How ready are you for what's coming?"

Troy slides their sunglasses down the bridge of their nose and smirks at the lens, one hand resting on their hip.

Troy Lindz: "Melissa, "ready" is what you are for a meeting. I'm not ready — I'm born for this. I said it last week and I'll say it again: I pinned a former champion. I looked Scott Stevens in the eye and said, "Give me the empress." And tonight? The crown meets the spotlight."

They tap the UTA logo on the mic, then flick a glance toward the hallway where the arena rumble grows.

Melissa Cartwright: "Amy Harrison hasn't been shy about using The Empire to keep that title. Rosa Delgado, Selena Vex, Hardcore Sandy — that's a lot of moving parts. How do you plan to deal with the numbers?"

Troy laughs softly, head tilted.

Troy Lindz: "Darling, I've dealt with numbers my whole life — one spotlight, one me, ten thousand of them. Rosa wants to wrestle cute? I'll out-chain her. Selena wants to chirp? I've got a whole choir. Sandy wants to swing? I'll make her miss and pose on the follow-through. Amy can bring the entire royal court — I'll still dance circles around the throne."

They step a half pace closer to the camera, voice dropping, playful edge hardening.

Troy Lindz: "Amy, you love gold — I love moments. And tonight, Brooklyn's mine. You try to slither out with that chain, that laugh, that little wink to the camera? I'll catch your wrist, dip you, and drop you Center Stage. If you somehow survive that, I'll take your head off with the Final Bow... and if you're still breathing, I'll bend you 'til you see stars in the Spotlight Stretch."

Melissa Cartwright: "Strong words. Final thought for The Empire?"

Troy slides the sunglasses back up and blows a kiss toward the lens.

Troy Lindz: "To the empress and her courtiers — shine up that belt, babes. The spotlight's not moving... it's mine. See you out there."

Troy turns on their heel and struts down the corridor toward the curtain, the crowd swell growing louder with each step. Melissa watches them go, then faces the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "Troy Lindz, confident and locked in, ahead of tonight's Women's Championship clash with Amy Harrison. Back to you."

## **Stay Out of Her Yard**

Segment

The camera cuts from the roar of the Barclays Center to the backstage interview area. The familiar logo of the UTA spins on the screen behind Melissa Cartwright, microphone in hand, as the sound of distant crowd noise hums in the background. Standing beside her is the UTA Women's United States Champion, Emily Hightower — denim jacket draped over her shoulder, title belt gleaming across her chest, a faint smudge of engine grease still on her knuckles like war paint.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the reigning Women's United States Champion, Emily Hightower. Emily — first off, congratulations on your successful title defense against Shannon Ray earlier this week on In The Zone. Your run as champion has been off to a strong start."

Emily Hightower: (nodding, voice low and firm) "Thank you, Melissa. Ya know, where I come from, we don't get to take much for granted. My daddy — David Hightower — taught me that if you want somethin' in this world, you don't ask for it. You earn it. So every time I step in that ring, it's like clockin' in at the yard back home. You put in the work, you sweat, you grind, and when that whistle blows, you can hold your head high knowin' you did it the right way."

Melissa Cartwright: "And that hard work certainly shows, Emily. But if we can shift gears for a moment — last week on In The Zone, your match with Susanita Ybanez ended in a double count-out after interference from Selena Vex. There's been a lot of talk about The Empire's recent dominance and their ties to Amy Harrison. What are your thoughts on that situation?"

Emily Hightower: (snorts, shaking her head) "Melissa, I'll tell ya straight up — I want no part of that nonsense. All that schemin', all that backstabbin', all that high school drama? That ain't me. I'm here to clock in, put the work in, and clock out. Whatever Amy Harrison and her little goon squad are cookin' up, they can keep it far away from me. I'm not in the gossip business — I'm in the fightin' business."

The crowd watching on the big screen pops at her blunt tone. Emily adjusts the belt on her shoulder and leans closer to the camera, voice rising just enough to cut through the noise of the arena.

Emily Hightower: "You know what? As far as I'm concerned, my belt's worth more than Amy Harrison's. I actually earned this one. I didn't politic for it. I didn't sneak behind anyone's back for it. I went out there, threw down, and proved I belong at the top. That five-foot-nothin' Amy — she hasn't put in a day's work in her life!"

Melissa Cartwright: (raising an eyebrow) "Strong words from the champion tonight."

Emily Hightower: (grinning slightly) "They ain't words, Melissa — they're facts. You can shine up all the gold you want, you can call yourself the queen of this division, but sooner or later, you're gonna have to step in there with someone like me. Someone who doesn't flinch, doesn't play games, and damn sure doesn't bow down. When that day comes? The only thing Amy Harrison's gonna be sanctifyin' is the mat I leave her layin' on."

The crowd in the arena reacts with a huge pop as Emily hoists her championship high. She gives Melissa a respectful nod before turning and walking off — boots heavy against the concrete, denim jacket swinging behind her like a banner of defiance. Melissa looks back to the camera with a faint smile.

Melissa Cartwright: "You heard it right there, folks — Emily Hightower isn't here for the politics, she's here for the work. The U.S. Champion sending a clear message to The Empire — stay out of her yard."

The shot fades to black as Emily disappears around the corner, the UTA Women's United States Championship catching the light one last time before the feed cuts back to the arena.

## **Put it All on Black**

Segment

The broadcast transitions to a grainy live feed — flickering slightly like a cell phone stream. A bright neon overlay appears: "Live – Atlantic City, New Jersey". The camera pans across flashing casino lights and the sound of slot machines chiming in the background. Seated at a roulette table is Maxx Mayhem, leather jacket over his shoulders, grin carved across his face like he's in on a joke only he understands.

Next to him stands Kaine — tall, silent, bandana covering his usually painted face. His dark eyes flick toward the camera under the low glow of the casino floor. The band of his shirt reads clearly: "The Devil Made Me Do It."

Maxx Mayhem: (slapping the table) "Put it all on black, gov'nah!"

The dealer gives a polite nod, spins the wheel. The ball rattles, bounces, and lands.

Casino Worker: "Red twenty-three!"

Maxx bursts out laughing, throwing his head back, the sound manic and unbothered.

Maxx Mayhem: "HA! Story of my bloody life, mate — always a spin away from greatness!"

He turns toward the camera now, sliding his phone — or rather, Kaine's phone — into view. On screen, paused, is footage of Chris Ross' earlier in ring story time. Maxx taps it, unpausing just long enough to hear Ross shouting about betrayal before grinning again.

Maxx Mayhem: "Been watchin' ol Crybaby Time with Chris Ross on the telly here..."

Kaine slowly turns his head, one brow raising. Maxx glances his way, mock defensive.

Maxx Mayhem: "Alright, alright — on Kaine's phone, jeez! Don't get your knickers in a twist!"

Kaine just stares, silent as ever, before adjusting his gloves. Maxx leans closer to the camera, his smirk widening, tone shifting darker.

Maxx Mayhem: "Anyway, Ross — you win some, you lose some. You better keep that ol' screwdriver handy, pal, 'cause next week, Maxx is bringin' a lil' more Mayhem to Boston!"

He slaps the roulette table for emphasis, chips scattering as the wheel spins again behind him.

Maxx Mayhem: "We'll be excited to see ya, Chrissy-baby!"

Kaine's muffled chuckle breaks through under his bandana — low, unsettling — as Maxx gives a mock salute toward the camera. The feed flickers once more before cutting back to the broadcast desk.

John Phillips: "There's your message, folks — Maxx Mayhem sending another warning to Chris Ross ahead of next week's East Coast stop in Boston."

Mark Bravo: "Warning? Phillips, that man's a walking declaration of war — and now he's got Kaine riding shotgun! Boston might need to brace itself."

## **In The Zone**

Segment

The screen bursts to life with a high-energy montage — rapid cuts of flying elbows, crowd roars, and the bright lights of

Universal Studios Orlando. The words "LAST WEEK — IN THE ZONE" flash across the screen in bold gold letters as the signature UTA theme blares beneath the narration.

Voice-Over: "Last week, the superstars of the United Toughness Alliance made a special stop inside Universal Studios Orlando for another unforgettable edition of IN THE ZONE!"

The WrestleZone glows in vivid blue and gold as fans fill every inch of the studio, their chants echoing through the theme park. The camera pans over the ring where the energy is electric and anticipation crackles in the air.

Voice-Over: "With championships on the line, rivalries heating up, and the East Coast Invasion looming large — the atmosphere inside The WrestleZone was absolutely electric!"

Footage shows Dante Rivera darting across the ring, springboarding into a knee strike — only to be caught mid-air by Graham Keel. The veteran powerhouse drives him down with the Keelhaul Driver as the crowd gasps.

Voice-Over: "Dante Rivera brought the fire, but Graham Keel showed why experience wins battles, planting Rivera with the Keelhaul Driver for a decisive victory!"

Keel raises his arm, the referee holding it high as the crowd applauds the veteran's triumph.

The scene shifts to Emily Hightower, calm and confident as she locks up with Shannon Ray. Every movement is sharp, calculated — the definition of technical mastery. Shannon swings for a cutter, but Emily reverses it in one fluid motion, grounding her and flowing straight into a takedown.

Voice-Over: "Women's United States Champion Emily Hightower once again proved why she's among the best in the division, turning away Shannon Ray with pinpoint precision and sealing the win with Ode to My Father."

Emily stands tall under the spotlight, the title raised high, her expression stoic and proud as the fans cheer.

Chaos fills the screen — Velocity Vanguard hitting tandem dropkicks, Madman Szalinski pounding the apron, laughing hysterically as El Fantasma slithers back into control. A perfectly timed distraction opens the door for the spinning heel kick and the Phantom Finish. The referee counts the three as Madman howls in triumph.

Voice-Over: "Tag team turmoil erupted as El Fantasma, flanked by the unpredictable Madman Szalinski, stole a victory from Velocity Vanguard after a phantom finish that left the audience stunned!"

El Fantasma raises their arms, the eerie grin of Madman beside them freezing on the screen like a fever dream.

The energy surges again as Eric Dane Jr. locks eyes with Silas Grimm in the main event. A slow-motion replay captures Grimm hoisting Dane for the Night Terror Chokeslam — only for the champion to twist free and drive a leaping knee into Grimm's jaw. The follow-up Star Driver II lands perfectly, and the crowd erupts as the referee counts three.

Voice-Over: "In the night's main event, the next generation of greatness stood tall as Eric Dane Jr. overcame the relentless Silas Grimm to remain the reigning WrestleZone Champion!"

Dane Jr. raises the championship high as gold confetti rains down, the WrestleZone crowd roaring their approval.

The montage races through the highlights again — Graham Keel's power slam, Emily Hightower's precision, El Fantasma's eerie victory, and Eric Dane Jr. standing tall in glory. The UTA logo fades in over the closing shot of the Universal globe spinning under bright lights.

Voice-Over: "When the UTA visits Orlando... the action never stops! Come experience the spectacle for yourself inside Universal Studios — and remember to get..."

Voice-Over (shouted): "IN... THE... ZONE!"

The screen fades out to black as the crowd's roar echoes, transitioning smoothly back to live action in Brooklyn.

## Dante Rivera vs. Brick Bronson

Match

The screen fades back in — a wide pan of the roaring crowd inside the arena, lights flickering in deep crimson. The camera sweeps across signs, chants echoing through the rafters. The UTA logo pulses in the lower corner as the hard-camera settles back on the commentary desk.

John Phillips: “Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen, to United Toughness Alliance! We are live and rolling on what’s already been a wild night of action — and we’ve still got plenty more coming your way here in Boston!”

Mark Bravo: “Oh, yeah! Buckle up, Philly — this next one’s gonna rattle some ribs. We got Brick Bronson in the house, and when that man shows up, somebody’s getting folded like bad laundry!”

The house lights suddenly collapse into black. The crowd hums in anticipation, a low chant starting from the floor seats. Then— *\*BOOM!\** —a thunderous pyro burst cracks above the stage as “Walk With Me in Hell” by Lamb of God detonates through the sound system.

The entire arena bleeds red under the pulsing strobes. Smoke curls from the stage as the first pounding riff hits. From the shadows steps Brick Bronson — jaw tight, eyes fixed dead ahead. Each step down the ramp lands with a deliberate thud, his boots striking in rhythm with the drums. The fans don’t cheer — they just react with a collective murmur of awe and unease.

John Phillips: “And there he is — the Concrete Titan himself. Look at the size of this man! Six-four, two-sixty-plus, trained in catch wrestling, MMA... Brick Bronson is a walking avalanche.”

Mark Bravo: “Avalanche? He’s a one-man demolition crew, Phillips. You don’t beat Brick Bronson — you survive him. And even then, you’re probably leaving here with bruises in places you didn’t know could bruise!”

Brick stops midway down the ramp and rolls his shoulders, his head lowering slightly as a crimson mist hovers in the lights. He cracks his knuckles, expression unreadable, then continues toward the ring. A close-up camera trails beside him, catching the faint smirk that creeps across his face as he mutters something under his breath — unreadable, but chilling.

He climbs the steel steps, pausing on the top one to stare out over the audience — motionless, cold, deliberate. Then, he steps through the ropes, taking the center of the ring. The lights shimmer against the sweat already building on his arms as he flexes his fists and eyes the entrance ramp like a predator waiting for prey.

John Phillips: “Brick Bronson doesn’t waste time, doesn’t waste motion. Every step, every strike, it’s calculated. He’s not here to entertain, he’s here to end.”

Mark Bravo: “And his opponent tonight, Dante Rivera — fiery, fast, the complete opposite. But, Phillips, this ain’t a comic book. The good guy doesn’t always win the fistfight.”

The red lights fade to a simmering glow as Bronson paces the ring once before turning toward the stage. The camera lingers on his stoic face, the drums of Lamb of God still echoing through the arena as the crowd prepares for what’s next.

The red haze begins to fade as the sound of “Walk With Me in Hell” cuts sharply. For a moment, there’s only the noise of the crowd — restless energy pulsing through the arena. Then, the big screen flickers to life, displaying a burning phoenix logo before cutting to bold white letters: “EL PASO’S PRIDE.”

The drums of “Rise Today” by Alter Bridge hit like lightning, and the crowd erupts in approval. Golden lights flash in time with the beat as Dante Rivera bursts through the curtain, chest heaving with adrenaline and passion. His energy is electric — eyes alive, mouth open in a shout to the fans as he throws both arms wide to embrace the roar of the crowd.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! El Paso's own Dante Rivera bringing that second-generation fire back to the UTA ring tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "He's got guts, I'll give him that — but guts don't always mean glory when you're staring down a monster like Brick Bronson."

Dante kneels down at the top of the ramp, bowing his head for a quick moment before pointing skyward — a quiet tribute to his family legacy. A small burst of pyros explodes behind him, showering gold sparks across the stage as he rises to his feet with renewed focus.

Rivera begins his walk down the ramp, slapping hands with fans along the barricades. He stops briefly at a young fan holding a homemade "RIVERA RISES!" sign and grins, tapping his heart before moving on. The camera pans low as he runs the final few steps and leaps onto the apron, his boots slamming down with a sharp echo.

John Phillips: "This young man's got charisma to spare — but don't mistake the showmanship for softness. Dante can wrestle with anyone, anywhere."

Mark Bravo: "He'll have to tonight. He's facing a man who doesn't even \*blink\* when he gets hit. If Dante's gonna win, he's gotta use his speed, his heart, and every ounce of that Rivera fire."

Dante grips the top rope, looking out at the crowd with a deep breath before springing over into the ring in one fluid motion. He lands clean, walks to the nearest turnbuckle, and climbs it with confidence. Raising a single fist to the sky, he mouths the words "For family" before dropping back down to the mat, loosening his shoulders as his theme fades out.

The camera cuts to Brick Bronson, who hasn't moved from his corner. His arms are crossed over his chest, gaze locked on Rivera with quiet menace. Dante meets the look with a slight smirk — fearless, maybe even taunting — before stepping toward the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "The referee's in, both men are ready, and you can feel the electricity building! This is the kind of clash that defines eras — Rivera versus Bronson, coming up right now!"

The referee signals both competitors to the center of the ring. The crowd hums, that deep, buzzing anticipation just before the storm. Dante bounces lightly on his heels, shaking out his arms, eyes locked on the powerhouse across from him. Brick Bronson doesn't move. He just stares — cold, unreadable, fists tight at his sides.

John Phillips: "You can feel it, Bravo. The energy's thick enough to cut with a knife. Dante Rivera looks ready to run through a wall... but standing in front of him is a man made of brick and bad intentions."

Mark Bravo: "No lies there, partner. Brick's the kind of guy that doesn't blink, doesn't joke, doesn't even breathe heavy. He's a grinder — and once he gets his hands on you, it's like getting caught in the gears of a machine."

**\*DING DING DING!\***

The bell rings, and Dante wastes no time. He darts left, then right, circling the bigger man, trying to stay mobile. Brick steps forward, slow and steady, eyes tracking every movement like a predator stalking prey. Dante lunges in for a quick lock-up attempt—but Brick shoves him halfway across the ring.

John Phillips: "Good lord! Brick just tossed Rivera like a gym bag!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference in power right there. Dante's quick, sure — but one wrong move, and that power's gonna plant him straight into the mat."

Dante regains his footing, shaking out his arm, a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth. He's not backing down. He circles again, feinting in before snapping off a stinging \*kick\* to Bronson's thigh. The crowd cheers. Another kick follows — then another. Each one lands sharper than the last.

John Phillips: "Smart move by Rivera! Chop the big man down to size! Target that base before he gets his rhythm!"

Mark Bravo: "If you can call that smart — he's just making him mad! Brick eats hits for breakfast!"

Brick steps forward through the kicks, finally catching Dante's leg mid-swing — and just \*launches\* him with a violent capture suplex that sends Rivera crashing to the canvas. The entire ring shudders on impact.

John Phillips: "Huge suplex from Bronson! Rivera might've just bounced a foot off the mat!"

Brick doesn't go for the cover. Instead, he stands over Dante, staring down with that stoic, merciless glare. He reaches down, grabs a handful of Dante's hair, and hauls him up to his feet before slamming a heavy forearm across his back that echoes through the arena.

Mark Bravo: "This is what Brick does — methodical, cruel, precise. He's not looking for flash, he's looking for dominance."

Dante stumbles toward the ropes, clutching his back. Brick charges — but Dante drops down, catching the top rope and sending Bronson tumbling over the top and down to the floor!

John Phillips: "Heads-up move by Rivera! Using Brick's momentum against him!"

Bronson hits the floor with a thud, immediately trying to rise. Dante takes a quick look at the crowd — then hits the ropes, rebounds, and soars through the air with a picture-perfect suicide dive that explodes into Bronson's chest, sending both men crashing into the barricade!

Mark Bravo: "Good grief! Dante just threw his entire body at a brick wall — literally!"

John Phillips: "That's Rivera's heart on display! That's that second-generation instinct — take the risk, take the fight to the monster!"

The crowd erupts in chants of "LET'S GO DANTE!" as both men lie on the floor, trying to recover. The referee begins his count as the camera zooms in on Dante, wincing but still defiant. He rolls to his knees, pounding the floor with his fist as he starts to rise again.

John Phillips: "We're just getting started, folks — Dante Rivera's not backing down, but Brick Bronson's not staying down either! Something's gotta give!"

The crowd claps in rhythm as the referee's count reaches four. Dante Rivera hauls himself to his feet first, clutching his ribs but still firing up. He grabs Brick by the head and rolls him back into the ring, sliding in right after. The audience buzzes — Dante's got momentum, but everyone knows how fast that can change against a man like Bronson.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera showing no fear tonight — he's staying right on Brick Bronson, not giving him a second to breathe!"

Mark Bravo: "And he better not, Phillips! You give Bronson one breath, he'll take the air right out of \*your\* lungs. Ask Jarvis Valentine how that feels."

Dante hits the ropes — flying forearm smash connects! Brick staggers back a step. Dante hits again — another forearm! The crowd's on their feet now. A third strike sends Brick to one knee, and Dante roars, pointing to the sky before rebounding again—

—only for Brick to explode upward with a brutal back elbow! The sound of impact snaps through the arena like a gunshot. Dante spins, crumpling to the mat, clutching his jaw as the fans collectively gasp.

Mark Bravo: "Yup! There it is! That's the wall! You hit him three times, he hits you once, and the math doesn't add up for Dante Rivera!"

Brick wipes sweat from his brow, the first trace of emotion creeping into his face — disdain. He grabs Rivera by the

arm and yanks him off the canvas with shocking force before driving a knee deep into his gut. Then another. Then a \*third\*, doubling him over. Brick hooks him under the arms — \*SNAP SPINEBUSTER!\*

The ring practically bounces on impact. Brick hooks the leg for the first cover.

Referee: “ONE!... TWO!...”

Dante kicks out at two-point-nine!

John Phillips: “Rivera just refuses to die! You can’t teach that kind of fight — that’s heart, that’s heritage!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s poor judgment is what it is! Sometimes you stay down and live to fight another day, Phillips!”

Brick shakes his head, a slight snarl forming as he drags Dante up again — this time hoisting him into the corner. A vicious body avalanche crushes Rivera into the buckles, the crowd wincing in sympathy. Brick steps back, then drives a forearm across his opponent’s chest, the sound like thunder. Dante gasps, his chest bright red, but he still throws a defiant forearm back!

John Phillips: “Dante Rivera firing back! He’s got no quit in him!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s guts, not brains! You’re not gonna win a slugfest with Brick Bronson!”

Dante lands another shot! Brick glares — then blasts him with a short-arm lariat that flips him inside out. The crowd collectively groans. Brick steps over Dante’s fallen body, leaning against the ropes, breathing heavily through his nose. He motions for the end, drawing his thumb across his throat.

John Phillips: “Bronson’s calling for it! He’s ready to put Rivera away right here!”

Brick hauls Dante up — gutwrench position — but Dante kicks his legs, breaking free! He drops behind, hooks the arm, rolls through — \*springboard cutter!\* The crowd explodes!

John Phillips: “Borderline Breaker! Outta nowhere!”

Dante dives for the cover —

Referee: “ONE!... TWO!...”

Brick powers out with pure strength, launching Dante off his chest.

Mark Bravo: “That wasn’t a kickout — that was a \*bench press!\* This guy’s made of rebar and bad moods!”

Both men are down, the crowd divided in chants of “LET’S GO DANTE!” and “BRON-SON!” The camera cuts between them — Dante clutching his jaw, crawling toward the ropes, and Brick glaring through the pain, rolling one shoulder, flexing his fists.

John Phillips: “This thing’s a war of attrition now! Brick Bronson may be the powerhouse, but Dante Rivera’s showing he can take everything this man’s got and still stand!”

Mark Bravo: “Yeah, but for how long, Phillips? Every time Dante gets up, Brick hits harder. The clock’s ticking on El Paso’s favorite son!”

Dante rises first, stumbling but refusing to back down. He charges in with a running enzuigiri — connects flush! Brick wobbles! The crowd’s losing it! Dante spins out, hits the ropes again, flying crossbody — caught midair! Brick turns it into a \*gutwrench powerbomb\* that rattles the ring and every spine in the first three rows!

John Phillips: “Good God Almighty! Bronson just planted him!”

Brick covers — but instead of hooking the leg, he presses a forearm across Dante’s jaw, glaring straight into the hard cam as the referee slides into position.

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

Dante's shoulder pops up again!

John Phillips: "He got the shoulder up! Dante Rivera's still in it!"

Mark Bravo: "That's insane! Somebody throw the towel before this kid ends up part of the mat!"

Brick slams the mat with both palms, shaking his head. The frustration's showing now. He gets to his feet slowly, motioning for Dante to rise — the stoic monster turning into a snarling animal ready to finish the job.

The arena lights flash in rhythm with the fans' clapping. Dante Rivera is somehow back on one knee, sweat dripping from his forehead, chest heaving, eyes glazed but defiant. Across from him, Brick Bronson paces like a caged beast — methodical, coiled, ready to crush whatever fight remains in front of him.

John Phillips: "How is Dante Rivera even \*standing\* right now? He's been rag-dolled, driven into the mat, and yet... look at him. Still fighting!"

Mark Bravo: "Call it heart, call it stupidity — either way, he's one more mistake away from being flattened like a tortilla!"

Brick lunges forward, grabbing Dante by the wrist and yanking him into a short-arm clothesline. Dante ducks under it! Rebounds off the ropes — flying forearm connects again! Brick stumbles but doesn't go down. Dante hits the ropes once more — another forearm! Brick staggers backward into the corner this time. The crowd comes alive!

John Phillips: "Rivera's rallying! He's using that speed, those quick bursts of offense to keep the big man off balance!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, yeah — until the big man catches him, and then he's gonna regret every step of this comeback tour!"

Dante charges the corner — \*dropkick!\* He hits flush and lands on his feet. He grabs the top rope, leans out to the fans, hyping them with a fierce yell before springboarding back in— \*flying legdrop!\* He scrambles for the cover!

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

Brick powers out again!

John Phillips: "Near fall! Rivera almost had him there!"

Mark Bravo: "Almost doesn't pay the bills, Phillips! That's like trying to pin a truck — it's not gonna stay down unless you shut the engine off first!"

Dante slaps the mat in frustration but stays on him. He hooks Brick's arm and tries to roll into the Rivera Lock — but Brick shoves him off with both legs, sending him sprawling into the ropes. Dante rebounds— \*caught!\* Brick spins him — \*Uranage Slam!\* The ring shakes again!

John Phillips: "Uranage! Brick just about drove him through the ring!"

Brick doesn't cover. He stands over Dante, his chest heaving. He looks to the crowd, his face twisted in something between anger and disgust. He hauls Dante back up by the neck, hoists him effortlessly into position —

Mark Bravo: "Uh-oh... here comes the big one!"

—and with a guttural roar, \*Brick drills him with the Concrete Ending!\* The crowd gasps, the impact echoing like a shotgun blast. Brick stays on top, pressing both forearms down as the referee slides in.

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

\*DING DING DING!\*

John Phillips: "It's over! Brick Bronson gets the win — and what a war it was!"

“Walk With Me in Hell” hits the speakers again as Brick slowly rises, towering over Rivera’s motionless body. The referee tries to raise his hand, but Brick jerks it away, staring down at his opponent. There’s no gloating, no words — just that quiet, cold stare before he steps through the ropes and exits the ring.

Mark Bravo: “That’s all business right there. No celebration, no showboating — Brick Bronson came in, broke bones, and left. That’s what he does.”

John Phillips: “And you have to give credit to Dante Rivera — the kid showed unbelievable fight tonight. He took everything Brick threw at him and kept coming back for more. He didn’t win, but he damn sure earned respect!”

Camera cuts to Dante on his knees, holding his ribs but lifting his head as the fans cheer him on. A chant begins to spread — “DAN-TE! DAN-TE!” — as he nods, mouthing “Thank you.” The broadcast cuts back to the commentary table.

John Phillips: “Dante Rivera might’ve lost the battle tonight, but that’s a heart that won’t stop beating. The kid’s got something special.”

Mark Bravo: “Yeah, special all right — like a glutton for punishment. But hey, he’s still breathing, and that’s saying something when Brick Bronson’s involved.”

The camera pans back up the ramp, following Brick’s slow walk into the red haze as the Lamb of God riff fades under the cheers of the Boston crowd.

## **Not Tonight**

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to the dimly lit hallways of the Barclays Center. The air is thick with tension, the low hum of the crowd in the distance barely muffling the heavy footfalls echoing off the concrete floors.

Valkyrie Knox storms through the corridor like a thunderclap — shoulders squared, fists clenched, her jaw tight enough to crack bone. Her long dark hair swings wildly with every stride, the rage radiating off her in waves. Just a few steps behind, Susanita Ybanez rushes after her, pleading in Spanish and English, trying to calm her down.

Susanita Ybanez: “Valkyrie, please! This isn’t the way! We will get them — but not like this, okay?”

Valkyrie doesn’t even slow down. Her boots slam the tile as she rounds a corner, eyes darting past crew members who scramble out of her path. The fury in her expression says it all — she’s hunting The Empire after what happened earlier tonight.

Valkyrie Knox: “They think they can \*steal\* a win from me? From us? I’m done talking! They want war— I’ll bring them the kind they don’t walk away from!”

Susanita Ybanez: “No! You need to think! We saw what they did, we both know it was dirty — but this isn’t the time! Stevens will handle it!”

Valkyrie spins on her heel, nostrils flaring, eyes burning with that cold Icelandic fury.

Valkyrie Knox: “Handle it? While they celebrate and laugh at us? While Amy Harrison parades around like a queen surrounded by her snakes? No, Susanita. They want to play games? Fine. I’ll end them.”

Before she can storm off again, a sharp, commanding voice echoes down the hallway.

Scott Stevens: “That’s enough!”

The General Manager of UTA strides into frame, suit jacket unbuttoned, clipboard in hand. He positions himself directly in front of Valkyrie, who stops short — though barely. The tension is palpable, the air electric.

Scott Stevens: “I saw what happened out there. I saw the distraction, the interference — all of it. You’re right to be

upset.”

He glances between the two women, his tone firm but calm.

Scott Stevens: “But this? Marching through my hallways looking for a fight before the night’s even over? This is how things spiral out of control. And I’m not letting that happen.”

Valkyrie takes a step forward, her breathing heavy, voice low but seething.

Valkyrie Knoxx: “They embarrassed us, Stevens. Rosa, Selena — they made a mockery of this division.”

Scott Stevens: “And they’ll answer for it. But \*not tonight.\*”

He raises a hand before Valkyrie can cut him off.

Scott Stevens: “Amy Harrison has a match later. I’m sure her little entourage will be with her, which is exactly why I want \*you two\* to stay right here in the back. I catch either of you out there during that match — even for a second — you’re suspended. No questions asked.”

Susanita quickly nods, eyes pleading with Valkyrie to let it go.

Susanita Ybanez: “You heard him, Valkyrie. This isn’t worth it tonight. We’ll fight smart, not angry.”

Valkyrie glares past Stevens, her jaw twitching. For a moment, it looks like she might argue — but she exhales sharply, turning away with a bitter sneer.

Valkyrie Knoxx: “Fine. But when the time comes... I’m not asking for permission.”

She storms off down another corridor, the camera following her for a moment before panning back to Susanita and Stevens. Susanita looks shaken but relieved. Stevens just shakes his head, muttering under his breath.

Scott Stevens: “If tonight doesn’t explode, it’ll be a miracle.”

The camera fades to black as the scene ends, the faint sound of Valkyrie’s boots echoing away down the hall.

## **Not Again**

Segment

The camera fades in to the backstage locker room — the fluorescent light above flickers like it’s as stressed as the man sitting beneath it. Madman Szalinski is at the center of the frame, elbows on his knees, palms pressed to his temples. Across from him, sitting in eerie silence, are El Fantasma Oscuro I and El Fantasma Oscuro II — twin shadows in matching masks, motionless.

Madman Szalinski: “Look, guys... this is serious.”

He rubs his temples harder, muttering under his breath before snapping upright with a wild expression.

Madman Szalinski: “I’ve said it time and time again... and no matter how many times I’ve said it, you keep doing it — and it’s gotta stop!”

The camera pans slowly to reveal the source of his agony — a greasy, half-eaten pizza with one glaring problem. Bright yellow chunks of pineapple glisten mockingly under the locker room light.

Madman Szalinski: “PINEAPPLE does NOT go on pizza!”

The Oscuros turn their masked faces toward each other at the exact same speed — slow, robotic, synchronized. They don’t say a word. Just... stare. Then, in unison, they turn back toward Madman, expressionless as ever.

Madman Szalinski: “I can’t eat this, guys! I just can’t! And this—”

He points down at the box like it’s a crime scene photo.

Madman Szalinski: "This cost me twenty-two bucks!"

El Fantasma Oscuro I raises a single hand — five fingers extended. Madman's eyes widen, his jaw dropping.

Madman Szalinski: "And you gave a \*five-dollar tip\*?!"

He stands up so fast the chair skids back and nearly topples over. His voice cracks in outrage.

Madman Szalinski: "I'm never going to financially recover from this!"

He stares at the pizza like it's personally betrayed him, then throws his hands in the air with a sigh that could shake the rafters.

Madman Szalinski: "Did you at least get the wings?"

The Oscuros slowly — painfully slowly — turn their heads toward each other again. One blinks. The other doesn't. A long beat of silence. Then they turn back to face him in perfect synchronization.

Nothing.

Madman Szalinski: "...No freaking wings either?! Unbelievable! I can't work under these conditions!"

He grabs his jacket and storms toward the door, muttering every step of the way. The Oscuros just sit, motionless, heads slowly tilting in opposite directions as if confused.

Madman Szalinski (off-camera): "STEVENS! THEY DID IT AGAIN! I SWEAR TO GOD—"

The camera pans back to the pizza box as his voice trails off down the hallway.

Madman Szalinski (distant): "PINEAPPLE ON THE DAMN PIZZA!"

El Fantasma Oscuro I quietly reaches forward, lifts a slice of the pineapple pizza, and takes a slow, deliberate bite. El Fantasma Oscuro II turns his head toward the camera... and simply nods once.

Fade to black.

## **Of Wolf and Man**

Segment

The backstage hallway is narrow, lit by flickering fluorescents that buzz like dying hornets. Footsteps echo—heavy, deliberate. Magnus Wolfe and Gideon Graves, Iron Dominion, cut through the corridor mid-conversation, heading straight for Scott Stevens's office. Their intent is clear: demand a title shot, and make it loud enough that no one forgets it. Graves moves like a wrecking ball in waiting, shoulders squared, fists flexing. Wolfe glides beside him, composed and clinical, his gaze dissecting everything it touches.

Gideon Graves: "We've waited long enough. Time to start breakin' bodies and collectin' some gold."

Magnus Wolfe: "Let them polish their titles. Fear makes men clumsy."

They round a corner—and nearly collide with Gunnar Van Patton. He's mid-stride, chewing tobacco with slow menace, his lone eye locked on Wolfe like he's sizing up a carcass. At his side, Avril Selene Kinkade, dressed in immaculate black, posture regal, gaze carved from disdain. Van Patton doesn't move. Doesn't blink. Just stands there like the hallway belongs to him.

Avril's eyes sweep over Iron Dominion with quiet contempt. Her voice is soft, deliberate, and venomous—like silk soaked in poison.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "This arena is positively infested with cretins. And here we have two specimens so perfectly crude, I daresay the infestation has begun to breed."

Graves scowls, jaw tightening. Wolfe's smirk is faint, almost polite.

Gideon Graves: "You talk a lot for someone hidin' behind her guard dog."

Magnus Wolfe: "He looks rabid. Might need to be put down before he bites the wrong person."

Van Patton spits a thick line of tobacco onto the concrete between them. The sound is wet. Final. His voice rolls out low, coarse, and mean. Knowing her client's attitude towards some people, Avril can barely contain her excitement over the mere thought of what bloodshed could happen.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ya know, Ah make it a point to know every asshole who dares to dub himself 'wolf.' Ain't many left. Most got culled. You? Maybe it was just dumb luck you landed on that name, 'cause you ain't shown me a damn thing that proves you're worth it. You're nothin' but a stray dog. A poser wearin' pelts he didn't earn."

Wolfe's smirk twitches. His voice remains calm, but the chill deepens.

Magnus Wolfe: "You mistake legacy for relevance. Unlike some, I was born into it and surely, don't need your blessing to carry it."

Van Patton steps forward, invading Wolfe's space, boots grinding against the floor. His grin fades to something cruel.

Gunnar Van Patton: "You don't carry that name—you desecrate it. Each loss another example of why yer ass doesn't deserve the honor. You ain't a wolf. You're a mutt hopin' and prayin' someone calls you dangerous before you piss yourself."

Graves shifts his weight and slides up next to Wolfe, shoulders squared, fists flexing. He looms beside him, eyes locked on Van Patton with intent—hoping the numbers game will rattle the Texan.

Van Patton never breaks eye contact.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Next week. My dance card is nice and open, ain't it Avril? How's about this stray shows me just how much of a wolf he is?"

He leans in closer, voice dropping to a low, vicious drawl. Out of the corner of his eye, he can see the other half of Iron Dominion nearly frothing at the mouth at the chance this might get physical.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ya know what? Yer goon likes to think that Ah'm gonna piss myself at the thought of being outnumbered. Ain't the first time Ah'm doing battle alone. Ain't gonna be the last either. So, make sure to bring that fat bastard with ya, so Ah can whoop his ass too."

A light bulb turns on in the mind of Van Patton.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Now, that's a mighty fine idea. A little two on one action. Handicap match. What do ya think, boys? Reckon yer up for it?"

Wolfe's voice cuts through the silence—low, clinical, and final.

Magnus Wolfe: "Challenge accepted. I'll bring the autopsy kit."

Gideon Graves: "I'm going to enjoy stomping you into the ground, soldier boy."

Van Patton holds his stare for a beat longer, then finally turns to leave—slow, deliberate, unbothered. His voice rolls out over his shoulder, calm and commanding.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Avril. Get started on the paperwork."

She doesn't miss a beat, quickly following behind her client.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Immediately, Sergeant."

She glances back once, lips curled in quiet yet downright vile satisfaction.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Do try to be punctual, darlings. It's frightfully rude to keep one's executioner waiting."

The camera lingers on Iron Dominion—rage and calculation, muscle and malice—before cutting to another happening in the arena.

## **The War Brews**

Segment

The feed cuts from replays of Amy Harrison's victory to a live shot backstage. The camera finds Valkyrie Knox standing before a monitor, arms crossed, jaw tight, her eyes narrowing at the sight of The Empire celebrating in the ring. Her chest heaves — every breath audible over the hum of the production area around her.

Valkyrie Knox: "This is rubbish!"

Her voice echoes off the concrete walls, raw with fury. She shoves a nearby chair, sending it clattering against the floor. Crew members glance her way, then scatter quickly out of frame. The monitor replays Amy Harrison raising her championship, surrounded by Rosa Delgado, Selena Vex, and Hardcore Sandy.

From the hallway's edge steps Susanita Ybanez — calm, poised, hands raised slightly in a measured gesture.

Susanita Ybanez: "Valkyrie... breathe, por favor. We need to look at this with calm eyes."

Valkyrie Knox: (snarling) "Calm eyes?! They're running this division like it's a damn empire, Susanita! They cheat, they maim, they blind — and you want calm?!"

She turns sharply, the camera following as her boots scrape across the concrete. Her fury feels volcanic — tightly coiled, ready to erupt. Susanita keeps her distance but doesn't back down.

Susanita Ybanez: "We cannot strike blind. Look what happened to Marie! She is still in the hospital — she can't even see right now. If we rush in like this, we end up the same way!"

Valkyrie's head snaps back toward her. For a second, the tension is electric — fury versus reason.

Valkyrie Knox: "You think I care about caution? I want violence. I want payback. They made this personal, Susanita — and I'm not waiting for permission to fight back."

Susanita steps forward, her tone quiet but firm, like trying to calm a storm that refuses to be tamed.

Susanita Ybanez: "And if you swing too early, you miss the kill shot. They want us angry — they want us reckless. We wait... and when the time is right, we take everything from them."

Valkyrie's nostrils flare, her jaw tightening. She stares at Susanita for a long beat before turning her eyes back to the monitor. Amy Harrison's smirk fills the screen — the image reflected in Valkyrie's cold glare.

Valkyrie Knox: (low, steady) "Fine. But when the time comes... I'm not holding back."

Susanita nods, her voice a whisper now — part warning, part promise.

Susanita Ybanez: "Nor should you."

The camera lingers as both women stand shoulder to shoulder, the glow of the monitor lighting their faces — one calm, one burning. The tension in the air is thick enough to choke on. The image freezes for a moment — the calm before the inevitable storm — before fading back to the arena.

John Phillips: "The women's division has turned into a battlefield, Bravo. The Empire might've walked out with the gold tonight, but the fire they've lit... might burn them down."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and if Valkyrie Knox gets her way — there won't be an Empire left standing by the time she's

through."

## **The Truth Stands Tall/Raggedy Ass Bitch**

Segment

The camera fades in backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands beside the United Toughness Alliance World Champion, Jarvis Valentine. The UTA title rests over his shoulder, gleaming beneath the production lights. He's calm, lacing his wrists, eyes sharp but collected.

Melissa Cartwright: "Jarvis, in just a few minutes, you step into the main event here at East Coast Invasion — defending your UTA Championship against the returning Zhalia Fears. How are you feeling heading into this matchup?"

Jarvis pauses, glancing down for a moment before looking directly into the camera.

Jarvis Valentine: "Melissa... I've wrestled champions. I've fought monsters. I've stood across from men who'd sell their souls to wear this belt. But tonight isn't about ego or fear. Tonight's about respect."

He adjusts the title on his shoulder, his tone steady — a veteran's voice with quiet conviction.

Jarvis Valentine: "Zhalia Fears is one of the most dangerous competitors this company's ever seen. She didn't just wrestle in the UTA — she haunted it. And now she's back, not asking for anything... just taking her shot. I respect that. But respect doesn't mean surrender."

Jarvis steps closer, the lens tightening on his face as his tone drops lower — cold, resolute.

Jarvis Valentine: "The truth doesn't flinch. It doesn't back down. And tonight, in Brooklyn... the truth stands tall."

He taps the UTA Championship once, a sharp echo off the gold faceplate, and walks off frame toward the gorilla position. Melissa watches him go, nodding slightly before turning back to the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "Confident words from the champion — and that main event is coming up next: Jarvis Valentine defends the UTA Championship against the returning Zhalia Fears!"

The camera follows Jarvis Valentine as he disappears through the gorilla position toward the entrance ramp. The crowd noise from the arena bleeds through the curtain — a constant roar of energy. As the champion vanishes from sight, the camera pans right — Troy Lindz bursts through another corridor, still sweating, ring gear half-loosened, breathing hard.

Melissa Cartwright: (rushing over) "Troy—Troy! What can you tell us about what happened out there?"

Troy stops, eyes wide, chest heaving, their voice trembling with anger.

Troy Lindz: "That didn't happen!"

Melissa Cartwright: (confused) "What do you mean?"

Troy Lindz: (snapping) "I MEAN THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN!"

Their voice echoes down the hallway. Crew members freeze mid-step as Troy runs a hand through their hair, pacing back and forth. The frustration is palpable — part disbelief, part rage.

Troy Lindz: "Raggedy ass bitch and her hoodlums—" (they jab a finger toward the curtain leading back to the ring) "—this ain't the last she's seen of Troy Lindz! That's for damn sure!"

Troy storms off down the hallway, their boots echoing against the concrete as Melissa looks back toward the camera, uncertain, the noise from the arena still rumbling in the distance.

Melissa Cartwright: "Clearly furious after what went down in the ring — Troy Lindz promising this isn't over. Back to you

at ringside."

The shot fades back to the commentary desk, where John Phillips and Mark Bravo sit amid the buzz of the live crowd.

John Phillips: "Emotions boiling over backstage — Troy Lindz still reeling after what The Empire pulled earlier tonight."

Mark Bravo: "I can't blame 'em, Phillips! You get cheated like that, humiliated like that, you don't just shake it off — you make damn sure you get payback!"

## Conclusion

Card Subject to Change.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite