

East Coast Invasion: Madison Square Garden

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: October 17, 2025
Location: Madison Square Garden — New York City, New York

Preview

The UTA returns to the world famous Madison Square Garden in the second stop of the East Coast tour. You never know what may happen when in The Big Apple.

It will be a night for champions to shine.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The cameras fade in on the outside of the iconic Madison Square Garden in New York City. The streets are alive with flashing lights, roaring traffic, and fans in UTA merchandise pouring into the arena. A sweeping drone shot pulls back to reveal the illuminated marquee reading: "UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE — EAST COAST INVASION: LIVE TONIGHT."

Inside, the camera pans over a sold-out crowd of rabid fans waving signs and chanting. The production team hits the opening pyro display, bursting red, white, and gold fireworks across the massive Garden stage. The roar of the audience nearly drowns out the commentary team as the music fades.

John Phillips: "Welcome, everyone, to the world-famous Madison Square Garden! The UTA has returned to The Big Apple for East Coast Invasion, and what a night we have in store. This is going to be a night for champions to shine, and you can feel the electricity in the air already!"

Mark Bravo: "John, I've been to plenty of big arenas, but there's nothing like The Garden. This place is legendary. Boxers, basketball legends, rock concerts, and tonight, the UTA roster takes center stage to make history once again. If you're not hyped, you might need to check your pulse!"

John Phillips: "You're absolutely right, Mark. Let's run it down for the people at home. Emily Hightower puts her UTA Women's United States Championship on the line against one of the fastest rising stars in the business today, Susanita Ybanez. We've also got Valkyrie Knox stepping back into singles competition against Troy Lindz. And then, Eric Dane Jr. defends the WrestleZone Championship against the ever-dangerous Malachi Cross."

Mark Bravo: "And let's not forget tag team warfare—Rich Young GRAPPLRZ defend the Trust Fund Championships against Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem, two men who can brawl with the best of them. Plus, the main event: Jarvis Valentine defends the UTA Championship right here in Madison Square Garden against Michael Owens. John, I'm telling you now, that one is going to be a fight for the ages."

The crowd erupts as the cameras cut between shots of fans chanting "UTA! UTA!" and holding up signs for their favorite stars. The commentary team leans in, speaking over the roar of the sold-out Garden.

John Phillips: "The East Coast tour rolls on, and tonight it's all about proving who belongs on top of this company. We're live, we're loud, and it all starts now!"

The camera zooms toward the entrance stage as the first theme of the night blares through the speakers, kicking off

the action.

Emily Hightower vs. Susanita Ybanez

Match

The lights dim across Madison Square Garden as the first heavy drumbeats of “Ignite” by Dead Legacy thunder through the PA system. Red lights begin to swirl across the arena, pulsing with the rhythm as the crowd rises to their feet.

The haunting violin melody joins in, and on cue a flicker of flame bursts to life at the top of the stage. With each piano note, the fire grows brighter, until the growl in the song hits—BOOM!—a thunderous explosion rocks the arena, showering sparks across the stage.

Ring Announcer: "Hailing from Lambaré, Paraguay..."

The fans roar as Susanita Ybanez steps out onto the stage. She pauses in the red glow, eyes fixed forward with the quiet confidence of someone who has fought for every step of her journey. Flames shoot upward around her as she begins her walk down the ramp, the Garden buzzing at the spectacle.

John Phillips: "Listen to this ovation! From the streets of Paraguay to Madison Square Garden—it's Susanita Ybanez, and what a moment for this rookie tonight. Her first United States championship opportunity, live in The World's Most Famous Arena!"

Mark Bravo: "She's not just walking to the ring, John—she's walking into history. Look at that presentation, the fire, the lights, the confidence! This is how you make an entrance. And don't let the word 'rookie' fool you, Susanita's got the fight of a veteran in her veins."

Ring Announcer: "She is 'La Reina Silenciosa'... Susanita Ybanez!"

Reaching the ring, Susanita climbs onto the apron and stops dead center. With a sudden lean back, she raises her hands high above her head and slams them down, triggering another blast of pyro from all four turnbuckles. The lights flash wildly as she steps confidently into the ring, pacing to the center where she stands tall, soaking in the atmosphere of Madison Square Garden.

John Phillips: "Susanita's debut in the UTA has been nothing short of electric, and now she stands on the precipice of greatness. Can she leave The Garden as the new Women's United States Champion?"

The music fades as Susanita paces in the ring, eyes locked on the stage, awaiting the arrival of the champion.

The red lights fade away, leaving the Madison Square Garden crowd buzzing in anticipation. Suddenly, the opening twang of Eric Church's “The Outsiders” echoes through the arena. Blue and white spotlights sweep across the crowd as the champion steps through the curtain with the UTA Women's United States Championship slung proudly over her shoulder.

John Phillips: "And here she comes—the champion! Emily Hightower, a woman who wears her grit on her sleeve, making her first defense of the Women's United States Championship right here in The Garden."

Mark Bravo: "Emily doesn't see this as glitz and glamour, John. For her, this is a job, and she's clocking in. She's country-tough, she's no-nonsense, and that's why she's wearing gold right now. You don't outwork Emily Hightower."

Emily adjusts the belt on her shoulder, giving it a firm pat before she starts her march down the ramp. She doesn't dance for the cameras or pander to the crowd—just a straightforward, determined walk, jaw set like she's heading into a shift at the scrapyards. Fans reach out as she passes, some chanting her name, others rallying behind the challenger, but Emily keeps her focus locked straight on the ring.

Ring Announcer: "And her opponent... from West Memphis, Arkansas... she is the reigning and defending UTA

Women's United States Champion... EMILY HIGHTOWER!"

Reaching ringside, Emily climbs the steps, wipes her boots on the apron, and steps through the ropes with the belt raised high. She walks directly to the center of the ring, holding the title up in front of Susanita before handing it off to the referee—her way of saying, “this is what you’re here for, and you’ll have to take it from me.”

John Phillips: "That's the mentality of a champion, Mark. Emily Hightower treats every night like it's time to go to work. The only question is—will she be clocking out tonight still the United States Champion?"

The referee raises the title high above his head as the fans cheer wildly, the atmosphere in Madison Square Garden reaching a fever pitch. The bell is seconds away.

The referee hands the United States Championship to the timekeeper and signals for both competitors to step forward. Emily Hightower and Susanita Ybanez stand just a few feet apart, eyes locked. The camera zooms in on Susanita's face — a mix of nerves and fire, knowing this is the biggest moment of her career.

The crowd noise swells, half chanting “SUS-AN-ITA!” while the other half rallies with a booming “HI-GH-TO-WER!” Madison Square Garden is split, creating a thunderous dueling chant that reverberates through the rafters.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd, Mark! Susanita Ybanez—just months into her UTA career—already finds herself standing across from the champion in Madison Square Garden. The atmosphere is electric."

Mark Bravo: "And don't forget, John, the women's division has been through chaos lately. Amy Harrison and her crew have shaken the foundation. If Susanita wants to be taken seriously, she needs to put that noise in the rearview mirror and focus on the fight in front of her. Emily Hightower isn't just some stepping stone—she's a brawler who will eat you alive if you blink."

Emily adjusts her wrist tape, staring Susanita down with a stone-cold, workmanlike glare. She mouths the words, “You ready to work?” Susanita nods, slapping her own chest and pointing at the canvas as if to say, “I belong here.” The crowd erupts again, fully aware they're about to witness a test of pride, toughness, and championship grit.

The referee steps between them, checking both competitors one last time before signaling to the timekeeper. The bell is about to ring. The tension is so thick it feels like the entire Garden is holding its breath.

DING DING DING!

The bell rings and Madison Square Garden instantly comes alive. Emily Hightower and Susanita Ybanez circle each other, the noise of the dueling chants echoing with every step. Susanita keeps her stance low and quick, darting in and out with small feints, while Emily stays upright, hands raised, radiating veteran calm and brute strength.

John Phillips: "And here we go! The Women's United States Championship on the line to kick off East Coast Invasion in The Garden!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what Susanita dreamed about, John, but now she has to deal with reality. Emily's not just another opponent—she's the Junkyard Bitch, and she loves turning matches into fights."

The two women lock up center ring—collar and elbow tie-up. Emily immediately powers Susanita back several steps, showing the strength advantage. Susanita plants her feet, fighting against the momentum, but Emily shoves her clean into the corner. The ref calls for a break and Emily raises her hands, backing away with a smirk that says, “this is my ring.”

Susanita doesn't flinch. She nods, resets, and comes back out. The crowd rallies behind her, chanting her name. They lock up again—this time Susanita ducks under, quick as a flash, and slips behind Emily into a waist lock. Emily tries to break the grip, but Susanita yanks her down into a tight side headlock, cinching it in as the crowd pops at the speed and craftiness of the rookie.

John Phillips: "There's that scrappy style we've come to expect from Susanita Ybanez—using speed and leverage to counter Emily's raw power."

Mark Bravo: "Sure, she got the headlock, but let's see if she can keep it. Emily's like trying to wrestle down a steel beam—you can wrap your arms around it, but good luck moving it."

Emily pushes her into the ropes, shooting Susanita off. On the rebound, Susanita leaps into a shoulder block attempt—but she bounces off Emily and hits the mat hard. Emily doesn't budge, flexing her shoulders as the crowd gives a mixed reaction. Susanita rolls back up quickly, brushing her hair from her face, and the two women square up again, the pace clearly being set: Emily with power, Susanita with quick strikes and tenacity.

John Phillips: "That's the story right there. Emily's not moving an inch, but Susanita won't stop coming at her. This could be one of those matches where stamina and grit mean everything."

Susanita and Emily lock up once more, but this time Susanita slips behind with a quick go-behind, wrapping her arms around Emily's waist. Emily throws back a sharp elbow, but Susanita ducks it and rolls Emily into a schoolgirl pin!

1...! Emily powers out quickly, kicking free before the referee's hand hits two. Both women scramble up, and Susanita catches Emily in a deep arm drag, sending the champion tumbling across the canvas. Emily pops up again only to eat a second arm drag, and now Susanita locks in an armbar on the mat, wrenching back while the Garden roars in approval.

John Phillips: "Susanita's not wasting a second! Look at the technique, grounding the champion early with those arm drags and that armbar!"

Mark Bravo: "Smart, but risky. Emily's got the size and power advantage—Susanita can't afford to get caught underneath her. Chain wrestling might keep her in control now, but once Emily shifts gears, she'll bulldoze through it."

Emily grits her teeth and forces her way up, dragging Susanita with her. She twists her hips and reverses into a hammerlock, cranking Susanita's arm behind her back. Susanita winces, stomping her foot, but quickly dips down and flips through with a forward roll, breaking the hold. She springs up and catches Emily with a crisp drop toe hold, sending the champ face-first to the mat before floating over into a front facelock.

John Phillips: "That's the scrappiness of Ybanez! She's chaining one move into the next, forcing Emily to stay on defense."

Emily powers to her knees and drives a forearm into Susanita's midsection, breaking free. She swings an arm to grab her, but Susanita counters into a wrist lock. Emily tries to reverse, but Susanita flips into a cartwheel escape and transitions seamlessly into another deep arm drag, sending Emily back across the ring. The fans are on their feet, applauding the sequence.

Mark Bravo: "She's quicker than a hiccup tonight! Susanita's showing that she belongs in there with the champion. But the question is—how long can she keep this pace against someone like Emily Hightower?"

Emily rolls out to the apron, shaking her arm and nodding with a smirk. She looks back at Susanita with a hint of respect, before stepping back through the ropes. The two circle again as the Garden erupts into another loud dueling chant, setting the tempo for this championship clash.

Emily and Susanita tie up again, but this time Susanita ducks under and spins into a tight waist lock, snapping Emily down with a quick mat return. She floats right into a grounded headlock, wrenching it in and grinding her weight down. Emily fights up to her knees, but Susanita transitions fluidly, spinning around to trap Emily in a seated hammerlock, pulling back on the arm with surprising torque.

John Phillips: "Look at the transitions! Susanita Ybanez is putting on a clinic here in Madison Square Garden—she's

chaining holds together like she's been doing this for twenty years."

Mark Bravo: "And she's got the champ tied up like a pretzel. Emily didn't clock in for a technical seminar, she clocked in for a fight, and right now she's being forced to learn Susanita's language."

Emily manages to fight to her feet, trying to roll through the hammerlock, but Susanita uses the momentum to switch seamlessly into a side headlock takeover. Emily hits the mat hard, shoulders down—

1...!

Emily pops a shoulder up, but Susanita keeps the headlock cinched in. Emily powers her way up, shoving Susanita toward the ropes. Susanita rebounds and this time Emily goes for a hip toss—only for Susanita to cartwheel out and catch Emily's arm, countering with a crisp Japanese arm drag! The crowd roars in approval as Emily rolls through and charges, but Susanita leapfrogs, pivots, and nails another deep arm drag, dropping straight into an armbar again.

John Phillips: "This is unbelievable! Susanita is dictating the pace, countering everything the champion throws at her!"

Emily slaps the mat in frustration, pushing herself upright, only for Susanita to switch into a La Magistral cradle!

1... 2...!

Emily kicks out just in time, glaring at Susanita with new intensity. Susanita pops to her feet, a flash of confidence on her face, and the Garden comes unglued with a chant of "SU-SAN-ITA! SU-SAN-ITA!"

Mark Bravo: "This rookie is out here stealing the show! She's turning The Garden into her classroom, John, and right now Emily Hightower is the one taking notes."

Emily takes a moment in the corner, leaning on the ropes and shaking her head, clearly frustrated but also realizing she can't underestimate the challenger. Susanita pounds her chest, urging the crowd louder, while the referee keeps them separated until Emily steps back out.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez has come to fight, and she's showing that she has the technical chops to hang with the very best. But how long can she keep this pace before Emily decides to make it ugly?"

Susanita charges again, ducking under a wild swing and going for another arm drag—but Emily plants her boots this time and yanks her straight back into a brutal short-arm clothesline! The challenger hits the canvas hard, the crowd wincing at the sudden shift in tone.

John Phillips: "Oh my! Emily Hightower just turned the lights out on that technical showcase with one hell of a clothesline!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference-maker right there. You can chain all the holds you want, but when you get hit by a freight train, all that technique doesn't mean a thing!"

Emily doesn't give Susanita a moment to recover. She drags her up by the hair, clubs her across the back with a heavy forearm, and drives a knee into the gut that doubles the rookie over. Emily hooks her up and snaps her down with a suplex, holding for a cover—

1... 2... Susanita kicks out!

Emily snarls, biting down on her own mouthguard before stomping away at Susanita's ribs. She grabs the challenger by the arm, pulls her up, and viciously cranks on the fingers with a nasty joint manipulation, bending them back until Susanita screams out in pain.

John Phillips: "There's that mean streak we talk about. Emily's got her dad's brawler instincts—dirty, gritty, and punishing."

Mark Bravo: "It's not pretty, but it's effective. Susanita was rolling with those arm drags and counters, and Emily said,

'enough of that, we're fighting now.'

Emily releases the crank, then suddenly leans down and bites Susanita on the shoulder! The referee scolds her, but Emily just smirks, backing the rookie into the corner. She charges in with a big splash, crushing Susanita against the turnbuckles, then follows it up with a huge running big boot that nearly takes the challenger's head off.

Susanita crumples to the mat, clutching her jaw, as Emily flexes her shoulders and shouts, "THIS IS MY YARD!" to a mixed reaction from the Garden crowd.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower is turning this match into a hoss fight—exactly the kind of environment she thrives in."

Mark Bravo: "Susanita had the champion frustrated, but now Emily's dragging her down into a scrap in the mud. And trust me, nobody does it better than a Hightower."

Emily drags Susanita out of the corner by the wrist, yanking her up just to slam her back down with a hard body slam. She drops a heavy elbow across the chest, hooks the leg—

1... 2... kick out by Susanita!

Emily growls, hauling her challenger back up by the hair. She rams Susanita's face into the top turnbuckle once, twice, three times before the referee intervenes. Emily backs off just long enough to break the count, then stomps Susanita in the midsection to keep her folded in the corner.

John Phillips: "The champion is slowing this one way down, Mark. This is what Emily Hightower wanted—dragging Susanita into deep waters, where she can punish her at her own pace."

Mark Bravo: "Exactly. Susanita had the speed, but Emily's putting her in the mud now. This is like fighting in a scrap yard—you don't come out clean."

Emily hooks Susanita under the arms and tosses her with a ragdoll suplex halfway across the ring. Susanita lands hard, rolling onto her stomach in pain. Emily stalks over, boots grinding against Susanita's back, before yanking her into a Fujiwara armbar attempt. She cranks back on the arm, shouting at Susanita to quit.

The referee checks, but Susanita shakes her head furiously, refusing to submit. The crowd rallies behind her with chants of "SU-SAN-ITA!" Emily leans back further, torqueing the hold, but Susanita manages to inch toward the ropes, fingertips brushing the bottom strand. Emily drags her back to center, re-sinking the hold with a vicious grin.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower knows exactly what she's doing here—picking Susanita apart piece by piece, making her fight for every breath."

Mark Bravo: "She's got that dog mentality, John. Doesn't matter if she's biting, stomping, or cranking joints—Emily will do whatever it takes to grind an opponent down."

Susanita finally shifts her hips, rolling Emily over just enough to break free. But as she scrambles up, Emily meets her with a brutal running knee lift that sends Susanita sprawling to the mat again. Emily drops down for another cover—

1... 2... no! Susanita kicks out again!

The crowd cheers wildly for the challenger's resilience, but Emily stays on her, dragging Susanita into a corner and stomping her down until the referee steps in to push her back. Emily throws her hands up in mock innocence, smirking as the boos and cheers blend together in the Garden.

John Phillips: "Susanita's taking a beating, but every kickout keeps her in this fight. The question is—how much more of this punishment can she withstand?"

Emily yanks Susanita up by the hair again, slamming her into the ropes and whipping her across the ring. On the rebound, Emily lowers her head for a back body drop—

—but Susanita kicks her square in the chest! The champion stumbles back, clutching her sternum. The Garden erupts as Susanita seizes the moment, hitting the ropes and blasting Emily with a flying forearm that knocks her down! The crowd roars to its feet as Susanita springs back up, adrenaline surging.

John Phillips: "There it is! Susanita's digging deep, and The Garden is coming alive with her!"

Emily scrambles back up, only to get taken down with a crisp snap DDT! Susanita floats into a cover—

1... 2... Emily kicks out!

Susanita pounds the mat, rallying the crowd louder. She pulls Emily up by the arm, twisting into a sharp wrist lock before climbing the ropes in the corner and springboarding off with a flying arm drag that sends Emily skidding across the canvas. The champion rolls to her knees, stunned, as Susanita feeds off the roar of Madison Square Garden.

Mark Bravo: "She's finding her fire now, John! That rookie spark—that energy you can't teach—is lighting up this crowd, and Emily doesn't know what hit her!"

Emily charges wildly, but Susanita ducks low and hits the ropes again, diving through with a picture-perfect suicide dive between the ropes that wipes Emily out on the floor! The fans explode, chanting "SU-SAN-ITA! SU-SAN-ITA!" as she pops up, fists raised, soaking in the energy of her first true surge in the match.

John Phillips: "Listen to this Garden crowd! Susanita Ybanez has them eating out of her hand! This is her first championship challenge, and she's showing she belongs right here, right now!"

The referee begins the count as Susanita grabs Emily, tossing her back into the ring. Susanita climbs the turnbuckle, pointing to the sky as the crowd rises with her, anticipation buzzing in the air...

Susanita steadies herself on the top turnbuckle, the Madison Square Garden crowd roaring in anticipation. Just as she's about to leap, the lights shift red and "Going to Hell" by The Pretty Reckless blasts through the speakers. The fans instantly boo as Selena Vex struts out onto the stage with a smug grin, tossing her hair back and mouthing insults toward the ring.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on! What's Selena Vex doing out here? She's not scheduled, she has no business being anywhere near this championship match!"

Mark Bravo: "Business? John, this IS her business. Selena's Amy Harrison's right hand, and where Amy and her crew see opportunity, trouble usually follows."

Inside the ring, Susanita hesitates, her eyes narrowing as she spots Selena on the stage. She shouts at her in Spanish, pointing down toward the aisle, demanding she leave. Selena just smirks wider, slowly clapping her hands with exaggerated mockery before shouting back, "¡Vamos, reina! Show me what you've got!"

The distraction is enough—Emily Hightower recovers, staggering to her feet. She rushes the corner and crashes into Susanita with a thunderous forearm to the midsection, knocking the wind out of her. Susanita nearly topples off the turnbuckle, hanging on desperately. Emily climbs up after her, pounding away with heavy fists.

John Phillips: "Susanita had the momentum, she had the crowd on her side, and Selena Vex just stole that moment away!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference-maker, John. Rookie mistake—she took her eyes off the champion, and Emily made her pay for it."

Emily hooks Susanita's head, heaving her up and over with a massive superplex that rattles the ring! Both women crash down hard, the crowd erupting in shock at the impact. Emily drapes an arm over Susanita—

1... 2... NO! Susanita kicks out!

The Garden explodes, half in relief, half in awe. Selena smirks from the stage, arms crossed, clearly pleased with the chaos she's caused.

John Phillips: "What heart from Susanita Ybanez! Even with Selena Vex sticking her nose where it doesn't belong, the challenger refuses to stay down!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but Emily's got the wheel again, John. And with Susanita rattled from that distraction, the champion's about to clock in and finish her shift."

Emily pushes herself up to one knee, chest heaving after the superplex, and glares toward the stage. Selena Vex is no longer standing still — she begins strutting down the ramp with a smug smirk, swatting at jeering fans on either side. Her arms are spread wide, soaking in the wave of boos as though she's a conquering queen.

John Phillips: "Oh, this is ridiculous. Selena Vex is actually making her way down the aisle now—she has no business out here!"

Mark Bravo: "What's her game, John? She's not out here to help Emily Hightower, that much I can tell you. But she's also not exactly cheering for Susanita either. This is classic Selena—make it about herself."

Inside the ring, Emily drags herself to her feet, throwing her arms out in frustration toward Selena. She yells, "What are you doing here? This is MY match!" The champion's blue-collar, no-nonsense demeanor cracks just a bit as she stares at the unwelcome intruder. Selena stops halfway down the ramp, crossing her arms, tilting her head with a look of mock innocence.

Meanwhile, Susanita crawls toward the ropes, clutching her ribs but managing to pull herself upright. She too spots Selena and shakes her head, mouthing heated words in Spanish. The distraction has shifted both women's focus, and Madison Square Garden is buzzing with confusion.

John Phillips: "This is the worst-case scenario for a championship match. Both the champion and challenger are distracted by Selena Vex, and you know Amy Harrison's crew loves to strike when the water's muddy."

Mark Bravo: "Confused champion, rattled rookie, and Selena smiling like a cat that ate the canary... yeah, this smells like trouble."

The referee leans over the ropes, pointing at Selena to stay back, but she blows him a kiss, grinning ear to ear. The crowd boos louder as she inches closer to ringside, dragging all eyes toward her. Emily shakes her head, muttering to herself, before turning her attention back to Susanita, who is still clutching the ropes, trying to regroup.

Emily whips Susanita toward the ropes, but the challenger ducks a clothesline and sprints off the far side for momentum. As she rebounds, Selena slyly reaches under the bottom rope—yanking Susanita's ankle just enough to send her sprawling face-first onto the canvas!

The Garden erupts in boos, and the referee immediately turns to confront Selena. Susanita clutches her jaw on the mat, furious, while Emily throws her arms up in disbelief.

John Phillips: "There it is! Selena Vex just tripped Susanita, and the referee caught her red-handed!"

Mark Bravo: "She just changed the whole complexion of this match with one tug, John. Classic Selena—slithering in at the worst possible time."

Emily stomps her boot against the mat, pointing a finger at Selena. "What the hell are you doing?" she yells, her frustration clear. "This is MY match!" The champion's blue-collar pride flares as she shouts at Selena to back off. The crowd roars louder, sensing the tension boiling over between all three women.

Selena only smirks, tossing her hair back and mouthing, "Relax, champ—I'm just making things interesting." She blows a kiss toward the furious Emily, then waves mockingly at Susanita, who is still shaking her head on the mat. The

referee warns Selena again, threatening ejection, but she leans on the apron, pretending to plead her innocence with exaggerated theatrics.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower doesn't even want Selena's help! This isn't about sides—Selena's out here to stir the pot, plain and simple."

Mark Bravo: "She's rattled the challenger, she's ticked off the champion, and she's got the referee tied up. That's three-for-three. Selena Vex may not be competing tonight, but she's still running the show right now."

Inside the ring, Susanita pulls herself back up, shaking out her arm, while Emily paces with frustration still written on her face. The referee signals for them to continue, and reluctantly, they square up again. Susanita ducks under a lock-up attempt and hits the ropes—but as she comes back, Selena Vex creeps closer, teasing another grab at her ankle.

John Phillips: "Oh no, not again—Selena's looking to insert herself one more time!"

But this time, both champion and challenger have had enough. Emily and Susanita exchange a quick glance, then suddenly slide out of the ring—Emily to one side of Selena, Susanita to the other. The crowd erupts into a thunderous cheer as Selena realizes too late she's boxed in.

Mark Bravo: "Uh-oh! Selena's mouth just wrote a check she might not be able to cash—she's surrounded!"

Selena tries to backpedal, holding her hands up and mouthing "Wait, wait, wait!" with mock innocence, but Emily and Susanita close in on her from both sides. The Garden explodes with anticipation, fans on their feet screaming for justice.

John Phillips: "For once, Emily Hightower and Susanita Ybanez are on the same page—and Selena Vex is in big, big trouble!"

Emily cracks her knuckles, glaring with that blue-collar intensity, while Susanita points right at Selena, firing off rapid Spanish insults. Selena's smirk fades, her eyes darting back and forth between the two wrestlers closing in on her. She tries to dart up the ramp, but the women cut her off, inching closer as the fans chant "YES! YES! YES!" in unison.

The crowd is at a fever pitch as Emily and Susanita close in, ready to corner Selena on the outside. Just as they reach for her, the referee suddenly leans through the ropes, arms outstretched, shouting at all three of them to back off. He warns that this is a championship match, and if it breaks down into chaos, he won't hesitate to call for a disqualification.

John Phillips: "The official trying to restore order here—he doesn't want to see this match ruined by outside interference!"

The stern warning is just enough to pull Emily's eyes off Selena for a second, while Susanita argues with the referee in rapid Spanish, insisting Selena has no business at ringside. That split-second distraction is all Selena needs—she smirks wickedly, holding her hands up as though she's innocent, and then slyly backpedals up the ramp, slipping away before either woman can grab her.

Mark Bravo: "And there it is, John! Like a thief in the night—Selena causes maximum chaos and then slides right out of the fire before it burns her."

Emily and Susanita both turn back to see Selena retreating toward the stage, arms raised mockingly in triumph as the Garden rains down boos.

Emily and Susanita stand on opposite sides of the ring, still glaring up the ramp where Selena Vex has slithered away. The referee leans over the ropes, shouting for both women to get back inside. He starts his count, his voice barely heard over the roar of Madison Square Garden.

1... 2... 3...

Emily pounds the barricade in frustration, pointing up the ramp at Selena. Susanita throws her hands in the air, yelling in Spanish at the official that this isn't fair. The crowd, sensing what's happening, begins to boo heavily.

6... 7... 8...

Neither woman makes a move to roll back in—they're too distracted, too angry, too consumed with the chaos Selena caused. The referee shakes his head, continuing the count.

9... 10!

The referee waves his arms and signals to the timekeeper. The bell rings, and the announcement echoes through the arena.

Ring Announcer: "Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has ruled this contest a double count-out... therefore, still your United States Champion... EMILY HIGHTOWER!"

The Garden explodes with deafening boos. Fans throw their arms up, stomping their feet, and jeering furiously. Susanita slaps the apron in disgust, while Emily shouts at the referee that she wanted the match to continue. Even the champion looks unsatisfied as she grabs her belt, shaking her head in frustration.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on! A double count-out? Here? In Madison Square Garden? These fans wanted a clear winner, and instead we get chaos thanks to Selena Vex!"

Mark Bravo: "Mission accomplished for Selena. She didn't just ruin Susanita's championship opportunity—she left Emily looking like she didn't finish the job. That's how you stir the pot, John. Like it or not, Amy Harrison's crew is running the women's division right now."

Selena stops halfway up the ramp, turning back to the chaos in the ring with a smug grin. She mockingly claps her hands together as if applauding her own handiwork, before disappearing through the curtain. The fans rain down boos louder than ever as Emily and Susanita stare each other down in the aftermath—both furious, both robbed of their moment.

Gold on the Line

Segment

Backstage. The camera finds Chris Ross lacing his boots on a bench, the UTA Tag Team Championship match looming. His brow is furrowed, jaw tight, clearly not in the mood for distractions. A bottle of water sits at his side, untouched, as he wraps his wrists with deliberate, tense movements.

The door creaks open. In strolls Maxx Mayhem, grinning like he owns the place, a restless swagger in every step. The air instantly thickens with Ross' irritation.

Chris Ross: "What the hell do you want?"

Maxx Mayhem: "Easy, partner, easy. Big night. Big opportunity. Gold on the line. Thought I'd come make sure my... teammate was in the right headspace."

Ross scoffs, yanking the tape tight around his wrist, his glare sharp enough to cut glass.

Chris Ross: "Don't call me that. Teammate. You went behind my back. Had Stevens book this match without even asking me. Don't think for one second I'm forgetting that."

Maxx Mayhem: "Stevens did what Stevens does—he makes things happen. And me? I'm the guy who cashes in when opportunity knocks. You should be thanking me, Ross. You get another shot at gold because I pushed the button."

Ross stands, face-to-face with Mayhem, chest rising and falling as he tries to contain his temper. The tension between them is palpable.

Chris Ross: "I don't want your scraps, Maxx. I don't want your 'opportunities.' I've earned everything I've got in this business. And if you think I'm gonna play nice tonight, think again. I'm not here for you. I'm here for me."

Maxx Mayhem: "Ha! That's the spirit! That's why I wanted you. You fight like a mad dog, I fight like chaos on two legs—together, nobody stands a chance. That's why it's perfect."

Ross shakes his head, disgusted, grabbing his jacket off the bench.

Chris Ross: "You don't get it, do you? I don't trust you. I don't like you. The only reason I'm walking out there with you tonight is because championship gold means more to me than my pride. But when that bell rings, you step out of line once? Just once? I'll put you down myself."

Ross shoves past Mayhem, heading for the door. Mayhem lingers, grin spreading wider as he watches Ross leave, muttering under his breath.

Maxx Mayhem: "That's the fire I like to see. Don't worry, Chrissy-baby... I'll make sure we both walk out with gold."

The camera zooms in on Mayhem's twisted smile before fading back to ringside.

No Time for Games

Segment

The camera cuts backstage after the chaos of the match earlier. Emily sits on a folding chair, her United States Championship resting across her lap. Her gear is still damp with sweat, her face twisted in frustration. She leans forward, elbows on her knees, staring at the floor and shaking her head.

The door creaks open. Susanita Ybanez steps into the frame, cautious, hands raised slightly in a gesture of peace. Emily immediately stands, adjusting the title on her shoulder, eyes narrowing as if preparing for a fight.

Emily Hightower: "You want more? 'Cause I've got no problem going another round right here."

Susanita shakes her head quickly, stepping forward slowly but deliberately.

Susanita Ybanez: "No, no... I didn't come here for that. Not tonight. I just wanted to say... thank you. For the chance. Even if that chance was ruined by Selena Vex sticking her nose in."

Emily exhales sharply through her nose, gripping the title a little tighter.

Emily Hightower: "Opportunity? That's what this was for me too. I came out there to work, to defend this championship, to prove what I am. I don't have time for games, Susanita. Not Selena's. Not anybody's."

Susanita nods, lowering her head in agreement, her tone firm but respectful.

Susanita Ybanez: "I get it. Believe me, I do. What happened out there—Selena... that wasn't about us. That was about Amy Harrison. I know it. And I know she's pulling strings."

Emily's eyes flicker at the name, but she stays steady, shaking her head.

Emily Hightower: "I appreciate you checking in. I really do. And I'm sorry it went down the way it did. But I don't want any part of princess high school drama. You want another shot? Fine. Straighten your stuff out with Amy, with Selena, with whoever. Then maybe we'll go again."

Susanita studies her for a moment, lips pressed together, then gives a single nod before backing toward the door.

Susanita Ybanez: "Fair enough. Next time... clean slate."

Susanita exits quietly. Emily watches her leave, still tense, still clutching the United States Championship tight. The camera lingers on her expression—a mix of irritation and determination—before cutting away.

Eric Dane Jr. vs. Malachi Cross

Match

The arena plunges into darkness. A low fog begins to creep across the stage, curling down the ramp like ghostly tendrils as the opening strains of “Arise” by E.S. Posthumus echo through Madison Square Garden. Gregorian chants seep into the air, their haunting tones rolling across the sold-out crowd and silencing the buzz into nervous murmurs.

On the stage, a pale white light pierces through the haze, and from its center emerges a tall figure—Malachi Cross. His eyes, black as tombstones beneath the shadow of the fog, never leave the ring. He walks with the calm certainty of a priest headed for the altar, arms crossed stiffly across his chest like a corpse being laid to rest.

John Phillips: "And here he comes—the Punisher from New Orleans. Malachi Cross. A man who doesn't just wrestle... he dissects, he dismantles, he makes every move a sermon in suffering."

Mark Bravo: "You can feel this, John. That's not just fog, that's dread. Malachi Cross doesn't have to scream or shout—his silence is louder than any pyro or laser show."

The chants swell, merging with heavy bass hits as Malachi descends the ramp slowly, every step measured, every breath deliberate. Fans reach toward him but recoil almost instantly, unnerved by his aura. His expression never changes, stoic and cold, as though the match ahead is not competition but ritual.

Reaching ringside, Malachi pauses at the bottom of the steps. He lowers his head, crosses his arms once more, and remains completely still for a long, unsettling moment. The chants fade into silence. Then, with a slow exhale, he ascends the steel steps and steps between the ropes with deliberate precision.

Inside the ring, Malachi walks to the center, the fog still clinging to his boots. He lowers to one knee, bowing his head like a man in prayer. Then, with sudden sharpness, he lifts his arms outward—an inverted crucifix pose—before snapping them downward, sending a shiver through the audience. The lights return, but the eerie chill lingers in Madison Square Garden.

John Phillips: "There is no wasted motion with Malachi Cross. To him, this is not entertainment—it's a ritual of violence. And tonight, that ritual comes with the WrestleZone Championship on the line."

Mark Bravo: "And across from him? Eric Dane Jr. A kid with ego and a last name. This isn't just a clash of styles, John—it's a clash of purpose. One man's out to carve his name in blood, the other's out to chase his father's ghost."

The eerie silence left in the wake of Malachi's entrance is shattered by the opening beat of “Made You Look” by Nas. The Garden erupts—not in cheers, but in loud, unified boos as the silver curtain parts and out struts Eric Dane Jr. Sequined headband shining under the lights, oversized sunglasses hiding his eyes, and a ridiculous feather boa wrapped around his neck. He twirls an ornate walking stick in one hand, pointing it toward the camera as though he's the biggest star in the world.

John Phillips: "And here comes the champion—the self-proclaimed future of this business—Eric Dane Jr. Listen to this place, Mark. Not a shred of respect, not a shred of support!"

Mark Bravo: "Come on, John. You hear that reaction? He's got them all watching, all talking, all booing. In his mind, that's as good as cheers. Love him or hate him, he's got the spotlight."

Eric struts halfway down the ramp, stopping to drape the boa across the shoulders of a bewildered fan in the front row, only to yank it back and laugh in their face. He tilts his sunglasses down, smirking, and mouths, “Bigger than Dad ever was!” before tossing the walking stick aside with a dramatic flourish.

Climbing onto the apron, Eric points toward Malachi inside the ring, shouting, “This is MY show, old man wannabe priest!” The crowd rains down heavier boos as Eric scales the turnbuckles, spreading his arms wide, basking in the heat as though he's headlining Madison Square Garden itself.

He peels off the sunglasses and tosses the headband into the crowd, strutting into the ring with the confidence of a world-beater, despite the boos raining down. He hands the WrestleZone Championship to the referee, kissing the faceplate first before holding his arms wide as if the crowd should be bowing to him.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. has talked a big game since the day he walked in the door, but tonight he's in there with Malachi Cross—a man who treats every hold like a prayer and every match like a burial."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, yeah, yeah—but don't count the kid out, John. He's reckless, he's fearless, and he's got that Dane blood in his veins. He'll jump off anything that'll stand still long enough. The problem is, he may crash and burn just as hard."

The referee raises the WrestleZone Championship high above his head as the crowd buzzes with anticipation. Eric paces in circles, jawing at fans in the front row, while Malachi stands perfectly still in his corner, arms crossed, eyes fixed on the champion. The bell is about to ring.

DING DING DING!

The bell rings and Eric Dane Jr. immediately struts to the center of the ring, puffing out his chest and pointing at himself. He twirls his finger in the air, demanding the crowd cheer him. Instead, the Garden erupts in boos. Eric smirks, strutting in a circle, and then points at Malachi in the corner, shouting, "You're looking at the STAR of the Dane legacy!"

John Phillips: "This kid's ego is unbelievable. He's in the ring with one of the most methodical punishers in the game, and he's acting like it's open mic night in Mobile, Alabama."

Mark Bravo: "He doesn't care, John. He lives for this. Boo him, hate him, throw your popcorn at him—Eric Dane Jr. wants the spotlight, and right now, in The Garden, he's got it."

Malachi hasn't moved. Arms crossed, head lowered slightly, eyes locked on Eric like a hawk on prey. His silence is unnerving. Eric notices, waving him forward mockingly. "What's the matter, you scared?" Eric taunts, flexing and bouncing on his heels. The crowd laughs at the absurdity of his bravado compared to Malachi's towering calm.

Finally, Malachi uncrosses his arms and takes one slow step forward. The reaction from the fans is immediate—they buzz with anticipation. Eric, trying to keep the upper hand, does a cartwheel in place, then a flashy back roll, throwing his arms out wide like he's just hit a five-star move. He even does a little strut toward Malachi, wagging his finger in his face.

Malachi doesn't blink.

John Phillips: "Look at Malachi! Not even a flinch. Eric Dane Jr. can pull out all the nonsense in the world, but you can't play mind games with a man who doesn't react."

Mark Bravo: "I'll give you that—Malachi looks like a statue in there. But Eric? He thrives on being underestimated. All it takes is one of those flippy-doo shooting stars, and suddenly this crowd might not be laughing anymore."

Eric finally closes the distance, sticking his hand out as if he's offering a handshake. The fans boo louder, sensing the mockery. Malachi looks down at the hand... then slowly looks back up into Eric's eyes, saying nothing. Eric grins, pulls the hand back, and slicks his hair with it, laughing at his own joke.

That's when Malachi suddenly steps forward, clamping both of Eric's wrists and driving a vicious knee up into the kid's ribs. Eric doubles over instantly, all the air rushing from his body as the crowd explodes in cheers. The games are over.

John Phillips: "And just like that, Malachi Cross shuts it down! All the antics in the world won't save Eric Dane Jr. from the pain that's about to come!"

Eric collapses from the knee strike, clutching his ribs, but Malachi doesn't rush. He looms over the champion like a shadow, then slowly reaches down, hooking Eric under the arm and dragging him back to his feet. Malachi snakes into

a Muay Thai clinch, pulling Eric's head down and driving knee after knee into his chest and midsection, each blow a brutal exclamation point. The crowd counts along—"ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!"—before Malachi releases him, letting Eric crumple in the corner.

John Phillips: "This is what Malachi Cross does—methodical, deliberate punishment. Every knee, every strike, is calculated to take something from you."

Mark Bravo: "It's like watching a sermon, John. He's preaching pain, and Eric's the unwilling congregation."

Malachi calmly steps in, pressing his boot across Eric's throat and leaning down with a rope-hung choke until the referee counts. At four, Malachi lets go, backing away without argument, his face still expressionless. Eric gasps for air, coughing violently. Malachi grabs him by the wrist and yanks him into the center of the ring, scooping him up before planting him with a slow, punishing stalling spinebuster that shakes the canvas.

Malachi doesn't go for the cover. Instead, he kneels down beside Eric, presses a forearm across his jaw, and whispers something inaudible into his ear before pulling him up again. Eric swings wildly, connecting with a few desperate chops to Malachi's chest—but Malachi barely reacts. He seizes Eric by the hair and drills him face-first into the mat with a rope-hung kneeling DDT. Eric bounces off the canvas like a ragdoll, rolling onto his back.

John Phillips: "Eric's got nothing right now! He's flailing, swinging wildly, but Malachi Cross is just tearing him apart piece by piece."

Malachi rolls Eric over, driving his knee into the small of the back and yanking back on the chin with a grinding hold. The referee asks Eric if he wants to quit, but the arrogant young champion waves his finger, refusing, even as his face twists in agony. Malachi cranks harder, then suddenly switches, dragging Eric up and hoisting him into a gutwrench before slamming him stomach-first across his knee in a brutal Falling Gutwrench Slam. Eric writhes on the mat, clutching his ribs again.

Mark Bravo: "Malachi is targeting everything that keeps Eric standing—ribs, back, breathing. He's turning this kid's body into a roadmap of suffering."

The crowd buzzes as Malachi stands over Eric, arms crossed once again, looking down at him as if silently judging his worth. Eric crawls toward the ropes, gasping, eyes wide, but Malachi simply stalks behind him, waiting for the next opening like a predator circling prey.

Eric crawls toward the ropes, clutching his ribs, trying to pull himself up. Malachi stalks behind him, slow and steady. As Malachi reaches down to grab him—Eric suddenly snaps back with a wild headbutt, cracking his own skull into Malachi's jaw! The crowd gasps at the sound, both men reeling from the impact.

John Phillips: "What the—Eric just headbutted him! That's desperation, pure and simple!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not desperation, John—that's arrogance! He'll knock himself loopy if it means knocking you loopy too. That's the Dane Jr. special!"

Malachi staggers back a step, and Eric wipes blood from his own brow with a twisted grin. He stumbles to the ropes, springboards off—catching Malachi with a wild knee strike to the temple! Malachi drops to one knee, dazed for the first time in the match, and Eric throws his arms out wide, shouting to the jeering crowd: "BIGGER THAN DAD!"

The boos rain down, but Eric feeds off them, charging back at Malachi and nailing a rolling elbow to the jaw. Malachi rocks back against the ropes, and Eric sprints to the corner, climbing in one quick motion. Without hesitation, he leaps into a reckless Shooting Star Press attempt—

—and CRASHES down across Malachi's shoulders, barely hitting the mark but landing enough to topple the big man onto his back! Eric hooks the leg sloppily—

1... 2... Malachi powers out!

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. with that daredevil arrogance—he'll throw his body at anything, even if he misses half the time!"

Mark Bravo: "Hey, it connected! Not pretty, but effective! That's all Eric cares about—style points and spotlight, baby!"

Eric rolls off, clutching his ribs again, but raises his arms like he's already won. The crowd boos mercilessly as Malachi sits up behind him, eyes burning with silent fury, while Eric struts toward the ropes, jawing with fans in the front row.

Eric soaks in the boos, leaning over the ropes and shouting at a fan in the front row, "That's what a REAL Dane looks like!" He turns around, grinning, and—WHAM!—Malachi blasts him with a sudden Yakuza Kick that nearly takes his head clean off. The sound echoes through Madison Square Garden like a gunshot.

John Phillips: "GOOD LORD! Malachi Cross just shut the kid's mouth with one strike!"

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't a kick, John—that was a guillotine with boots! Eric's lucky his jaw is still attached!"

Eric collapses flat to the mat, his sunglasses-level smirk completely erased. Malachi doesn't waste a second—he drags Eric's limp body up by the hair, lifts him with eerie calm into an inverted crucifix position, and steps deliberately toward the center of the ring. The crowd gasps, sensing what's about to come.

With a sudden snap, Malachi drops into the Burial Rite—spiking Eric into the canvas with a thunderous inverted crucifix powerbomb! The ring shakes as Eric bounces onto his back, motionless, his arms splayed out like a broken marionette.

John Phillips: "The Burial Rite! That could be it—Eric Dane Jr. might be finished already!"

Malachi doesn't go for the pin immediately. Instead, he kneels beside Eric, placing one palm firmly against the champion's chest, almost like delivering a benediction. The Garden grows eerily quiet as Malachi lowers his head in mock prayer before finally pressing down for the cover.

1... 2... NO! Eric somehow kicks out, rolling his shoulder at the very last second! The crowd gasps in disbelief.

Mark Bravo: "What?! How did that kid kick out of the Burial Rite?!"

John Phillips: "Sheer arrogance, sheer stubbornness—call it what you want, but Eric Dane Jr. is still alive in this WrestleZone Championship match!"

Malachi rises slowly, his expression unchanged, but the slight tilt of his head suggests irritation. The crowd rallies, buzzing at Eric's survival, even as the champion writhes on the mat, clutching his neck and ribs, barely moving.

Malachi looms over Eric, dragging him up by the hair with that same grim patience. He hooks Eric for another punishing slam—but suddenly, Eric drops to one knee and fires off a wild low headbutt into Malachi's gut! The big man doubles over, just slightly, and Eric scrambles to his feet, eyes wide with desperation.

Eric explodes into the ropes and comes flying back with a roaring elbow, staggering Malachi! The crowd gasps. Eric doesn't stop—he springboards off the middle rope, twisting into a Shooting Star Knees across Malachi's chest! Malachi hits the mat for the first time, and the Garden erupts in shock.

John Phillips: "Unbelievable! Eric Dane Jr. somehow finds another gear—those knees caught Malachi flush!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what I've been telling you, John! Love him or hate him, Eric's got no quit! He'll throw his entire body at you until something sticks!"

Eric scrambles for a cover—

1... 2... Malachi powers out with authority, throwing Eric halfway across the ring! The champion crashes into the ropes,

clutching his ribs, but instead of looking worried, he laughs maniacally, holding up two fingers to the booing crowd.

"Bigger than Dad!" he shouts again, staggering to his feet. He points to the top rope, shaking his head like he's about to prove everyone wrong once and for all. Climbing slowly, wincing with every step, Eric perches himself on the turnbuckle, signaling for the SD3—his reckless Shooting Star DDT.

John Phillips: "Oh no... not this! The SD3 is high risk on the best night, and in Eric Dane Jr.'s hands, it's practically suicide!"

Eric launches into the air, flipping into the Shooting Star—but Malachi rises with chilling suddenness, catching Eric mid-flight by the throat! The crowd gasps in unison as Malachi yanks Eric down, driving him into the mat with a thunderous chokeslam variation. Eric bounces violently, his body folding on impact.

Mark Bravo: "He got caught! Eric went for it all, and Malachi turned it into a car crash!"

Malachi kneels beside Eric's broken frame, calmly dragging him up for one last act of violence. He hoists the kid into the inverted crucifix again, the crowd roaring with anticipation...

Malachi lifts Eric high into the inverted crucifix, the crowd buzzing as they anticipate another Burial Rite. But suddenly—Eric starts kicking his legs frantically, thrashing like a man being carried to his grave. He wriggles, shifts his weight, and manages to slide down behind Malachi, collapsing to his knees but breaking free from certain doom! The Garden gasps in shock.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute—he slipped out! Eric Dane Jr. just escaped the Burial Rite!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the thing about this kid, John—he might be reckless, arrogant, and sloppy as hell, but he doesn't stay down. We saw this exact resilience when he went toe-to-toe with Chris Ross a few months ago. He refuses to die easy!"

Eric staggers back into the ropes, barely keeping his feet under him. His chest heaves, his eyes wide, but he smirks through the pain. He raises a fist weakly in the air, mouthing to the camera: "Still bigger than Dad." The boos cascade, but he thrives on them, pushing off the ropes for one last desperate run.

He charges Malachi with a reckless roar, leaping into a wild crossbody attempt—but Malachi doesn't even flinch. He catches Eric midair, cradling him like dead weight, and the crowd rises to its feet in anticipation.

John Phillips: "Oh no... Malachi caught him like a child!"

Mark Bravo: "And now the sermon's about to end, John. The priest of pain is ready to deliver the benediction!"

Malachi hoists Eric like dead weight, preparing to deliver the final benediction. But just as he adjusts his grip, Eric explodes with rapid-fire elbows to the side of Malachi's skull! The first one does nothing. The second staggers him. The third lands flush, forcing Malachi to loosen his hold. Eric twists his body mid-air, landing awkwardly on his feet but free, and the Garden gasps in shock.

John Phillips: "I don't believe it! Eric Dane Jr. escaped again! This kid refuses to stay buried!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the same grit we saw when he went the distance with Chris Ross! Say what you want about the kid's ego—he can take punishment and keep swinging!"

Eric stumbles into the ropes, blood dripping from his forehead, chest heaving, but there's a wild gleam in his eye. He screams to the crowd, "I'M STILL STANDING!" And to everyone's shock—some of the fans actually cheer. A pocket of the Garden starts chanting, "DANE JR.! DANE JR.!"

Feeding off the mixed reaction, Eric charges back at Malachi and nails a running knee to the jaw! Malachi staggers but doesn't fall. Eric hits the ropes again, springboards off—Shooting Star Legdrop across Malachi's chest! The big man

crashes to the mat, and Eric scrambles for the cover!

1... 2... Malachi kicks out!

Eric pounds the mat in frustration, but the crowd is buzzing. He drags himself up, pointing to the top rope, blood dripping down his face, body trembling with exhaustion. "This is MY Garden!" he shouts, climbing step by step to the top turnbuckle.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. is battered, bloody, but he's not done yet! He's looking for the move that could shock the world!"

Mark Bravo: "Love him or hate him, John, the kid's fighting like a Dane tonight. And this crowd—some of them are actually starting to believe in him!"

Perched high, Eric steadies himself, setting his sights on Malachi Cross. The fans rise to their feet, anticipation swirling as the champion prepares for the biggest gamble of his young career.

Eric steadies himself on the top rope, blood streaking down his face under the bright Garden lights. He raises his arms wide, screaming, "BIGGER THAN DAD!" before launching into the air. He flips into a breathtaking Shooting Star Press—

—and this time, he lands flush across Malachi Cross's chest! The crowd erupts in shock, some fans actually popping to their feet and cheering despite themselves. Eric hooks the leg with everything he has, screaming through gritted teeth.

1... 2... NO! Malachi powers out, but just barely! Eric flops onto his back, clutching his ribs, but the Garden is alive with noise, dueling chants of "LET'S GO MALACHI!" and "DANE JR.! DANE JR.!" thundering back and forth.

John Phillips: "I don't believe what I'm hearing—Eric Dane Jr. has actually won over part of this Madison Square Garden crowd! They're rallying for him!"

Mark Bravo: "And he deserves it tonight, John! Look, he might be cocky, he might be reckless, but he just hit that Shooting Star Press picture-perfect. That's the Eric Dane Jr. who went the distance with Chris Ross. That's the kid who wants to carve out his own legacy!"

Eric slaps the mat, adrenaline coursing through his battered frame. He staggers back to his feet, pointing again to the corner. "I'LL FINISH HIM WITH DAD'S MOVE!" he yells, signaling for the Stardriver II—the same top rope brainbuster his father made infamous. The Garden buzzes with anticipation, knowing the risk is astronomical.

Eric drags Malachi up, struggling with the bigger man's dead weight, and begins to guide him toward the corner. The fans are on their feet, some screaming for Eric to do it, others begging for Malachi to rise and stop the madness.

Eric grits his teeth, blood dripping from his forehead, as he drags the larger Malachi toward the corner. He hooks him, straining every ounce of his strength to lift the Punisher from New Orleans up onto the turnbuckle. The crowd roars as Eric climbs alongside him, each step a battle against exhaustion. Perched on the top rope, Eric wraps his arm tight around Malachi's head, pointing to the sky with the other hand.

John Phillips: "No way... NO WAY! He's not going for it—he can't be going for it!"

Mark Bravo: "He is, John! The Stardriver II—his father's move! The brainbuster from the heavens! This kid is insane!"

Eric heaves with everything he has, screaming from the effort—AND HE GETS HIM! Malachi is spiked from the top rope with the Stardriver II, crashing down in a thunderous explosion that shakes Madison Square Garden to its core. The fans leap to their feet, a stunned mix of cheers and disbelief pouring from every corner of the arena.

Eric sprawls across Malachi, clutching him tightly for the cover, screaming with every ounce of energy he has left—

1... 2... ...NO! Malachi kicks out at the very last heartbeat!

The Garden ERUPTS, half in shock, half in admiration for the near-fall. Eric rolls off, his hands tearing at his hair, eyes wide in disbelief as he looks up at the referee's two fingers.

John Phillips: "He hit it! Eric Dane Jr. hit the Stardriver II right here in Madison Square Garden—and Malachi Cross STILL kicked out! I don't know how, I don't know why, but somehow this match continues!"

Mark Bravo: "This is insane, John! For the first time since he walked into this company, Eric Dane Jr. looks like a champion, not just because of his name, but because he's FIGHTING like one! Half this crowd can't believe it, and the other half are actually starting to cheer him on!"

Eric pounds the mat, pointing to the top rope again, wild-eyed and defiant. He signals for the Stardriver III—the reckless Shooting Star DDT—as the Garden rises in a frenzy, knowing it's either glory or disaster waiting to happen.

Eric wipes blood from his eyes, trembling with exhaustion but grinning through the pain. He points to the sky, screaming, "STARDRIVER THREE! BIGGER THAN DAD!" The crowd buzzes with anticipation—half jeering, half on their feet in disbelief. Eric climbs to the top rope again, arms outstretched like a man ready to defy death.

Malachi struggles to rise, groggy but on his feet, swaying in the middle of the ring. Eric launches into the air with breathtaking rotation, flipping into the Shooting Star—he catches Malachi's head mid-flight, twisting down with gravity's force and SPIKING him into the canvas with the Stardriver III!

The Garden explodes in shock, a chorus of gasps and screams filling the air. Malachi bounces violently off the mat, collapsing flat on his back. Eric sprawls across him, hooking the leg desperately, eyes wide with wild hope.

1... 2... ...NO!!! Malachi kicks out at the very last second, sending the crowd into absolute pandemonium!

John Phillips: "HE HIT IT! ERIC DANE JR. HIT THE STARDRIVER III! BUT MALACHI CROSS... MY GOD, MALACHI CROSS STILL LIVES!"

Mark Bravo: "This place just came unglued, John! Eric Dane Jr. is proving tonight he's not just his father's shadow—he's a madman, a daredevil, and damn it, he's got HEART! Madison Square Garden is on their feet for Eric Dane Jr.!"

Eric collapses beside Malachi, hands on his face, screaming into the void in frustration. The crowd is buzzing with dueling chants, "LET'S GO MALACHI!" and "DANE JR.! DANE JR.!" shaking the rafters. Both men are down, battered and broken, as the referee checks them, the WrestleZone Championship still hanging in the balance.

Both men lie motionless as the referee hovers over them, the crowd roaring in dueling chants. Slowly, Malachi Cross stirs—his chest rising and falling like a beast returning from slumber. He sits up, eyes cold, sweat dripping down his face, and the Garden buzzes louder. Eric, still clutching his ribs, notices Malachi's rise and shakes his head furiously, screaming, "STAY DOWN!"

Malachi climbs to one knee, then to his feet. He turns to Eric with that same chilling, emotionless stare. The Punisher raises his arms in the crucifix pose, signaling his wrath, and the fans explode. He steps toward Eric—

—and Eric suddenly lunges, throwing his entire body weight into Malachi with a wild Spear! The move comes out of nowhere, flattening Malachi and stunning the Garden. Eric pops up to his knees, pounding his chest and screaming, his face a crimson mask of blood and sweat.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. just cut Malachi Cross in half! I don't believe what I'm seeing—he's stopped the Punisher cold!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the same never-say-die fight we saw against Chris Ross! Eric Dane Jr. is running on fumes, on blood, on pure ego—and somehow, it's WORKING!"

Eric doesn't give Malachi a chance to recover. He scrambles back to the top rope, moving faster than he has all night

despite the pain. He balances himself, eyes wild, and launches into another breathtaking Shooting Star Press—this time dropping directly across Malachi's chest with absolute precision!

The crowd rises as Eric hooks both legs, screaming through clenched teeth—

1... 2... ...3!!!

The bell rings. Madison Square Garden ERUPTS, half in stunned disbelief, half in a thunderous mixed reaction of boos and reluctant cheers. Eric rolls off, collapsing on the mat, clutching his ribs while the referee hands him the WrestleZone Championship.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner... and STILL WrestleZone Champion... ERIC DANE JUNIOR!"

Eric crawls to the ropes, dragging himself up, and raises the championship high above his head with trembling arms. He screams at the top of his lungs, "BIGGER THAN DAD!" The camera pans across the crowd—fans booing viciously, others actually clapping, shocked into respect by the fight he just survived.

John Phillips: "For better or worse, Eric Dane Jr. just slayed Malachi Cross in Madison Square Garden! I don't know if we're seeing the birth of a star or just a reckless kid catching lightning in a bottle, but tonight—he proved he belongs in that ring!"

Mark Bravo: "And he did it in the most Eric Dane Jr. way possible—reckless, arrogant, bleeding, and shouting to the world. Love him or hate him, you can't ignore him anymore!"

The final shot is Eric standing on the turnbuckle, title held high, blood streaking his face as the fans continue their split reaction. Malachi lies on the canvas behind him, motionless, the image of Eric Dane Jr. basking in his chaos frozen in time at Madison Square Garden.

Fight, Owens, Fight

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands in front of the UTA backdrop, microphone in hand. Beside her is UTA Hall of Famer and current backstage producer, Michael Owens. Dressed in his ring gear with a warmup jacket draped over his shoulders, Owens looks focused but calm, his eyes locked on Melissa as she begins.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with United Toughness Alliance Hall of Famer, Michael Owens. Michael, tonight you step into the main event against Jarvis Valentine with the UTA Championship on the line. How are you feeling heading into this match?"

Owens takes a slow breath, rolling his shoulders before answering, his voice steady but carrying the weight of experience.

Michael Owens: "Melissa... I've been in this business a long time. I've fought in main events across the country, wrestled in front of thousands, and I've bled for this sport more times than I can count. But tonight? Tonight feels different. Tonight isn't about proving I belong. I'm already in the Hall of Fame. Tonight is about proving I can still hang with the absolute best this industry has to offer."

He pauses, adjusting the championship tape around his wrist, his eyes narrowing as he continues.

Michael Owens: "Jarvis Valentine is as dangerous as they come. He's young, hungry, and at the very top of his game. He's got the belt for a reason. But hunger and talent? That doesn't intimidate me. Because I've been through every storm this business has to throw at a man—and I'm still standing. I've outlasted legends, I've survived wars, and I'm walking into that ring tonight with nothing left to lose and everything to gain."

The crowd pops faintly in the background, the arena reacting to the words being fed live on the screen. Owens' tone sharpens, his voice lowering with intensity.

Michael Owens: "So how am I feeling? Focused. Ready. Prepared to give Jarvis Valentine the fight of his life. And if I've got one more miracle left in me, Melissa... if there's one more fight the Hall of Famer can win on the biggest stage of them all... then maybe, just maybe, the UTA Championship comes home with me tonight."

Melissa nods, turning back toward the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "Strong words from Michael Owens as he heads into tonight's main event. The Hall of Famer is ready—now it's up to Jarvis Valentine to see if he can stop him."

The camera lingers on Owens, who stares down the lens with quiet determination before the shot fades out.

Signed in Blood

Segment

The hum of the lights overhead crackles like the perimeter wire of a prison yard — low voltage, high tension. Gunnar Van Patton sits hunched on a splintered bench, his frame carved from war — broad shoulders glistening, tattoos and scars catching the light like battlefield relics.

He tips back the last of his Sour Punch Green Apple Ryse Energy, then sets the can down beside his phone — screen still lit, the latest UTA podcast fading out. Mia and Mars's voices crackle through the tiny speaker, chirping about chaos, machines, and momentum.

Gunnar snorts. Low. Derisive.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Just buzzwords and bullshit — dress it up, slap it on a shirt, and peddle it to civilians who'd shit themselves if a firefright broke out."

He taps the screen. The podcast dies. Silence returns.

The door creaks open.

Enter Avril Selene Kinkade — statuesque, immaculate, and gliding rather than walking. Her tailored blazer catches the light with every step, stilettos clicking like a metronome of judgment. A clipboard rests beneath her arm, her lips curled into a scalpel-thin smile.

She glances at the discarded phone, then at Gunnar.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "They commodify your violence with all the subtlety of a carnival barker — vulgar, desperate, and beneath contempt."

Gunnar chuckles, low and dry.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah reckon they'd sell the blood off my knuckles if they could bottle it."

Avril displays the clipboard and paperwork upon it.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "The open contract is prepared. We're simply waiting for someone with the spine to sign it."

Van Patton's trust in his lawyer knows no bounds and he doesn't read a single word on the contract, choosing to work on the curve of his hat's brim.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ahm sure every 't' is crossed."

The door slams open.

Brick Bronson storms in — hoodie half-zipped, fists clenched, fury in his eyes. His 6'4" frame fills the doorway like a battering ram. Trained in catch wrestling and MMA, he moves with the coiled precision of a man who knows exactly how to dismantle another.

Avril doesn't flinch. She tilts her head, voice dipped in aristocratic venom.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "The door opens, and the circus begins. Delightful."

Bronson doesn't respond. He snatches the clipboard, signs with a flourish, and tosses it hard at Van Patton's feet — paper skidding across the concrete like a challenge.

Brick Bronson: "You want blood, Van Patton? You'll get mine — tonight."

Gunnar rises instantly — no theatrics. He closes the distance in two steps, nose to nose with Bronson, breath hot, eyes locked.

Gunnar Van Patton: "You offer blood? Good. Ah'll take it slow — let the spirit rot while the body leaks."

Avril glances down at the tossed contract, then back at Bronson with a faint sneer.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "So much muscle, so little manners. I suppose civility was too much to ask."

Bronson glares, jaw tight. He turns to leave, but pauses at the threshold — voice low, eyes still burning.

Brick Bronson: "Hope you're ready to earn it."

He walks out — no theatrics, just the sound of boots on concrete fading into silence.

Avril watches the door close, then exhales — not in relief, but in disappointment. Her eyes linger on the empty space where Bronson stood, as if mourning the absence of arterial spray. She had hoped Gunnar would slaughter him on the spot — just to feel the blood splatter against her skin like perfume.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "How terribly convenient. One might almost believe he was loitering in the wings like a trained hound. It reeks of Stevens, does it not? His fingerprints are all over this... display."

Gunnar doesn't break eye contact with the door.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Stevens can send the whole damn roster, for all Ah care. I hope it's worth a trip to Crystal Lake."

Avril's lips curl into a slow, wicked grin — the kind that belongs to someone who's already picturing the aftermath.

CUT TO BLACK

Top of the Mountain

Segment

The camera cuts back to the backstage area where Melissa Cartwright is standing once again, microphone in hand. This time, the UTA Champion Jarvis Valentine stands beside her, the championship draped proudly over his shoulder. The crowd reacts audibly from the arena, a mix of boos and cheers filtering through as Jarvis adjusts the belt, giving it a firm pat before Melissa speaks.

Melissa Cartwright: "I'm here now with the United Toughness Alliance Champion, Jarvis Valentine. Jarvis, tonight you defend that title against Hall of Famer Michael Owens in our main event. Owens said he's focused, ready, and believes he can still hang with the best. What are your thoughts heading into this match?"

Jarvis smirks, nodding slowly as if carefully weighing his words. His voice is calm, even respectful, but underlined with the confidence of a man who knows what he's carrying on his shoulder.

Jarvis Valentine: "First off, Melissa, let me say this—Michael Owens is a legend. A Hall of Famer. A man who helped build this place into what it is today. You don't get into that Hall without putting your body on the line, without making sacrifices most people couldn't even imagine. And for that, I respect him. I really do."

Jarvis adjusts the strap of the championship, his tone sharpening slightly.

Jarvis Valentine: "But respect doesn't mean I'm walking in there unprepared. Because while Michael Owens has nothing left to prove, I do. I'm still building my legacy. I'm still defining what this championship means in 2025 and

beyond. And if I want this title to stand for greatness, then I have to defend it against greatness. Tonight, that means Michael Owens.”

He looks directly into the camera now, intensity in his eyes, voice steady and sure.

Jarvis Valentine: “I don’t take him lightly. I know what he’s capable of. But I also know what I’m capable of—and I didn’t fight tooth and nail to sit at the top of this mountain just to let anyone knock me off. Not Owens. Not anyone. Tonight, I prove why I am the present and the future of this company. Tonight, the UTA Championship stays right here, with Jarvis Valentine.”

Melissa nods, turning back to the camera as Jarvis lifts the title high across his shoulder, eyes still locked forward.

Melissa Cartwright: “There you have it. Champion versus Hall of Famer, tonight’s main event. It’s Jarvis Valentine against Michael Owens for the UTA Championship.”

The camera lingers on Valentine’s determined expression, the UTA title gleaming under the lights, before fading back to the arena.

Troy Lindz vs. Valkyrie Knoxx

Match

The house lights plunge into deep purple, drowning Madison Square Garden in shadow. A low rumble of thunder rolls across the speakers, followed by the chilling blare of a Nordic war horn. The crowd rises to their feet in anticipation as thick smoke blankets the stage. Then, the heavy beat of “You Should See Me in a Crown” by Billie Eilish rips through the arena, sending vibrations through the crowd.

Through the haze, a towering silhouette emerges. Valkyrie Knox steps forward, her frame broad and imposing, eyes locked forward with unblinking focus. On her right arm glints her steel-spiked gauntlet, raised high above her head like a warrior’s weapon. She doesn’t smile, doesn’t play to the crowd—she stalks forward with the aura of a storm given flesh. The fans roar, some in awe, some with primal energy of their own, feeding off her presence.

John Phillips: “Madison Square Garden is shaking for Valkyrie Knox! The former Women’s Champion—known across the UTA as a walking war machine—is here to make a statement.”

Mark Bravo: “Look at that presence, John. She’s not here for pageantry. She’s here for war. She’s got the look of someone who’s still furious about losing that championship, and Troy Lindz is about to find out what happens when the Valkyrie decides to take her rage out on someone.”

Valkyrie makes her way down the ramp with deliberate steps, every stride heavy and commanding. The crowd closest to the barricade reaches out, but she ignores them completely, her eyes never leaving the ring. As she reaches ringside, she climbs onto the apron and raises her gauntlet once again, a guttural roar ripping from her throat as purple sparks rain from the rafters. The war-horn blares one last time, echoing ominously through the Garden.

Stepping through the ropes, Valkyrie moves to the center of the ring. She slams her gauntlet against her chest, then thrusts it high into the air again before lowering her head, snarling with primal fury. The purple lights fade back to normal as her music dies down. She backs into the corner, arms crossed, waiting like a statue carved from steel and shadow.

The lights in Madison Square Garden flicker and then cut out entirely, plunging the arena into total darkness. A single white spotlight beams down on the stage as the thumping bassline of Lady Gaga’s “Born This Way” kicks in. The crowd erupts in a mixture of cheers, whistles, and sheer anticipation. Then—BOOM!—a curtain of red-and-black pyrotechnics explodes upward, showering sparks as the music swells.

Through the dazzling pyro steps Troy Lindz, their curly red hair bouncing under the spotlight. Sequined gear glitters under the lights as Troy immediately strikes a Broadway-style pose—arms wide, chest out, head tilted back as if

basking in celestial adoration. The crowd reacts instantly, some cheering wildly, others booing the over-the-top spectacle, but everyone is on their feet watching.

John Phillips: "There they are! The larger-than-life spectacle that is Troy Lindz! Nobody—and I mean nobody—does an entrance quite like Troy!"

Mark Bravo: "Look at that confidence, John. They don't just walk to the ring, they turn it into a Vegas revue. Love 'em or hate 'em, Troy Lindz makes sure you know their name by the time that bell rings."

Troy begins a slow strut down the ramp, hips swaying to the rhythm of the music. Every few steps, they stop to blow a kiss to the crowd or wag a playful finger at a booing fan. When a particularly loud section cheers, Troy pauses mid-ramp and breaks into an impromptu vogue routine, striking pose after pose with exaggerated flair. The Garden erupts—half jeering, half chanting along with the beat of the music.

Halfway down the ramp, Troy twirls dramatically, the spotlight following their every move. They stop suddenly and point directly at Valkyrie Knox waiting in the ring, smirking as if to say, "Your war horns are cute, but this is the real show."

At ringside, Troy slides dramatically onto the apron, arching their back as they drape across the ropes, demanding the cameras catch every angle. With a hair flip, they slowly step through the ropes one leg at a time, drawing out every motion like a Broadway finale. Once inside, Troy twirls into the center of the ring where the spotlight follows them exclusively.

Dropping to one knee with arms extended wide, Troy shouts, "THIS IS MY SPOTLIGHT!" as red-and-black confetti rains gently from the rafters. The music crescendos as they spring back to their feet, bouncing into the ropes with a mix of flamboyant energy and surprising athleticism. They lock eyes with Valkyrie in the corner, smirking with total confidence while the crowd buzzes in anticipation of this clash of opposites.

DING DING DING!

The bell rings, and Troy Lindz immediately twirls out of their corner like a Broadway dancer hitting center stage. They wag a finger at Valkyrie Knox, blow a dramatic kiss, and then strike a pose with one hand on their hip and the other extended skyward. The crowd roars in approval and boos in equal measure, split right down the middle.

John Phillips: "Troy Lindz wasting no time turning this match into theater. That's the playbook—frustrate your opponent, win over the crowd, and keep them guessing."

Mark Bravo: "Or get your head taken off, John. Valkyrie Knox doesn't play games. She looks like she's already measuring Troy for a headstone."

Valkyrie doesn't flinch. She just narrows her eyes, her arms crossed over her chest, standing completely still like a stone sentinel. Troy, undeterred, saunters forward and circles her, clapping dramatically and mockingly pointing to her gauntlet, as if to say, "Cute accessory." The crowd chuckles at the audacity.

Troy suddenly throws out a flamboyant curtsy in front of Valkyrie, daring her to react. When she doesn't, Troy slaps their own chest twice and steps back, pumping the crowd into a chant of "TROY! TROY!" from one side of the arena while the other side chants "VAL-KY-RIE!" The dueling noise rattles The Garden.

Finally, Troy extends their hand with exaggerated flair, offering a "handshake." Valkyrie glares at it, her jaw flexing, then slowly extends her own hand... only for Troy to yank theirs back at the last second and run it through their hair with a laugh, strutting away like they just won an Oscar. The boos cascade while Valkyrie simply exhales through her nose, still unmoved.

John Phillips: "Troy Lindz is playing with fire. They're trying to pull Valkyrie into their game—but how long can you poke a Viking wolf before it bites?"

Mark Bravo: "It's entertaining, sure, but Troy better be careful. Valkyrie Knox doesn't dance, doesn't laugh, doesn't smile. She smashes. And sooner or later, John, she's gonna swing that hammer."

The two circle again—Troy shimmying their shoulders and striking little poses, Valkyrie stalking methodically, waiting for her moment. The tension is palpable as the crowd builds louder, knowing it's only a matter of time before the games end and the violence begins.

Troy struts to the center of the ring, spinning on one heel like a dancer at curtain call. They wag a finger in Valkyrie's face, then pirouette into a dramatic bow. The crowd laughs and boos in equal measure—until Valkyrie suddenly steps forward and smashes a short-arm lariat across Troy's chest!

The impact echoes through Madison Square Garden, dropping Troy flat on their back and cutting their theatrics short. The audience erupts in shock and cheers as Valkyrie looms over her opponent, snarling, gauntlet hand clenched tight.

John Phillips: "Oh my! Valkyrie Knox just snapped! One thunderous lariat and Troy Lindz has been absolutely flattened!"

Mark Bravo: "See? I told you, John—Valkyrie doesn't dance, doesn't curtsy. She smashes. And Troy just got their first lesson in Nordic reality!"

Valkyrie yanks Troy back up by the hair, muscles flexing as she deadlifts them into the air with frightening ease before snapping them backward with a German suplex that rattles the ring. Troy crumples to the mat, clutching the back of their neck, gasping from the sheer force.

The crowd chants "VAL-KY-RIE!" as she stalks forward, pressing her boot against Troy's chest to keep them down while snarling something unintelligible toward the rafters. She drags them up again, backing them into the corner before crushing them with a brutal body avalanche, her shoulder burying into their ribs. Troy stumbles forward only to get leveled again with a running big boot that nearly decapitates them.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knox is unleashing all that fury right here, and Troy Lindz looks like they just got hit by a freight train!"

Mark Bravo: "This isn't a Broadway performance anymore—it's Ragnarok! Troy better find a way to flip the script, or they're about to get an ending they won't like!"

Valkyrie roars, slamming her gauntlet against her chest, standing tall as the crowd rallies behind her dominance. Troy writhes on the mat, clutching their ribs, the flamboyant smirk wiped away in favor of a look of shock and pain.

Troy struggles to crawl to the ropes, clutching their ribs, but Valkyrie Knox is unrelenting. She drags them up by the arm, spins with frightening ease, and plants them into the canvas with a gorilla press powerslam. The ring shakes on impact, and Troy arches their back in agony while the Garden roars its approval.

John Phillips: "Good lord, the raw strength of Valkyrie Knox on display! That's not just a slam, that's a statement!"

Mark Bravo: "And every statement comes with an exclamation point. Troy Lindz thought they were walking into a show, but Valkyrie's turned it into a massacre!"

Valkyrie doesn't stop. She grabs Troy by the hair again, whipping them hard into the corner. Troy hits the turnbuckles chest-first and bounces back into Valkyrie's waiting arms. Without hesitation, she hooks them and plants them with a side suplex that folds Troy in half. The referee checks, but Valkyrie snarls and waves him off, yanking Troy back to their feet.

Dragging Troy to the apron, Valkyrie hoists them up in position for her dreaded apron powerbomb—but Troy kicks frantically, clawing at the ropes, and barely slips free back into the ring before disaster can strike. The crowd gasps at the close call.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie was about to end Troy Lindz right there with that apron powerbomb! That could've been career-altering!"

Mark Bravo: "And Troy knew it, John—they scrambled like their life depended on it. Because it probably did!"

Valkyrie snarls, stepping back inside and charging with another big boot attempt—but Troy ducks at the last possible second! Valkyrie's leg hooks on the top rope, leaving her momentarily stuck. The crowd stirs as Troy drops to a knee, clutching their ribs, realizing this might be their one golden opening.

Valkyrie pulls her leg free from the ropes, but before she can reset—BAM! Troy Lindz connects with a sudden superkick right under the chin! The shot staggers Valkyrie back a step. Troy kips up to their feet, clutching their ribs but throwing both arms wide like a Broadway curtain call. The Garden erupts in mixed cheers and boos, but everyone's loud.

John Phillips: "Out of nowhere, Troy Lindz with the Curtain Call superkick! And now look at them—soaking it all in!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what makes Troy so dangerous, John. One second they're getting rag-dolled, the next they're stealing the spotlight!"

Troy rushes the ropes, rebounds, and leaps into a crossbody splash, taking Valkyrie down hard! They pop back to their feet instantly, striking a pose mid-ring before cartwheeling into the corner. The crowd roars as they sprint back out—this time spinning into a dazzling wheel kick right across Valkyrie's jaw!

The blow staggers Valkyrie into the ropes. Troy follows up with knife-edge chops, each one punctuated by blowing a kiss to the crowd. "WOOO!" echoes through the Garden with every strike. Finally, Troy spins dramatically and floors Valkyrie with a flamboyant discus clothesline that sends her crashing to the canvas.

John Phillips: "Troy Lindz is rolling now! Power, precision, and pure showmanship—this crowd doesn't know whether to cheer or boo, but they're all on their feet!"

Mark Bravo: "And that's the genius of Troy—they've got The Garden eating out of their hand. Pose, prance, and then—BAM—right in the mouth with another shot. That unpredictability is money, John!"

Troy drags Valkyrie up and whips her into the corner, then dashes across the ring with surprising speed. They leap into the air, spinning, and crash down with a running splash, before catching Valkyrie on the rebound with a sudden spinning powerslam—the Encore Slam! Troy hooks the leg—

1... 2... Valkyrie powers out!

The crowd gasps, half cheering Troy's near-fall, half chanting "VAL-KY-RIE!" to rally the fallen powerhouse. Troy pops up, twirling dramatically and shouting, "THE SPOTLIGHT'S MINE!" before motioning for their finisher.

Troy Lindz spins dramatically in the center of the ring, arms out wide, setting up for Center Stage. The crowd rises with anticipation as Troy winds up for the discus lariat—

—but Valkyrie Knox surges forward, snarling as she cuts them off with a brutal forearm smash across the jaw! Troy staggers, dazed, and Valkyrie doesn't waste a second. She grabs them by the wrist, whips them with all her strength, and Troy goes flying into the ropes—

—only to be launched over the top rope! The audience gasps as Troy crashes hard, their tailbone slamming directly against the sharp edge of the apron before they spill awkwardly to the floor. They immediately clutch their lower back, writhing in agony, their flamboyant confidence gone in an instant.

John Phillips: "Oh my GOD! Troy Lindz just took a brutal fall on the hardest part of the ring!"

Mark Bravo: "That's no stage trick, John! You can pose, you can prance, but gravity doesn't give a damn. And Valkyrie

Knox just sent Troy Lindz crashing straight into reality!"

Valkyrie leans against the ropes, snarling down at Troy as the referee starts the count. She raises her gauntlet and slams it against her chest, roaring to the Garden crowd. Meanwhile, ringside fans lean over the barricade, wincing at Troy's pained grimace as they drag themselves toward the apron, teeth gritted in stubborn defiance.

Troy Lindz writhes on the floor, clutching their lower back after the vicious fall onto the apron. A cluster of fans at ringside lean over the barricade, pointing and laughing at the wreckage. One particularly loud voice shouts, "We SAW that!"

Troy, teeth clenched, shakes their head furiously and shouts back, "THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN!" The Garden immediately roars in unison: "YES IT DID!"

Red-faced and grimacing, Troy slams their hand against the floor and screams again: "THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN!" The fans thunder back, "YES IT DID!" The call-and-response grows louder and louder until Troy, wincing in pain, slaps their hands over their ears, shouting "I CAN'T HEAR YOU!" as they stumble along the apron, trying to block the crowd out.

John Phillips: "Even in agony, Troy Lindz is turning Madison Square Garden into their stage. That fall nearly broke their back, but they're arguing with thousands of people like it's a Broadway improv show!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Troy for you, John. Theatrics first, reality second. But no matter how many times they say it didn't happen—the bruise on their tailbone tomorrow is gonna tell a different story!"

Inside the ring, Valkyrie Knox leans against the ropes, her arms crossed, glaring down at Troy with icy disdain. She snarls, clearly unimpressed, while the fans continue the "YES IT DID!" chant that rattles the rafters. Troy, still covering their ears dramatically, waves the crowd off before dragging themselves back to the apron.

Troy finally musters the strength to crawl onto the apron, still waving the crowd off with one hand while clutching their lower back with the other. They grit their teeth, preparing to slide under the bottom rope—

—but Valkyrie Knox explodes off the far ropes like a war machine unleashed! She drives both boots forward, smashing into Troy's ribs with a brutal baseball slide that sends them crashing back to the floor. The thud echoes as Troy slams against the barricade, folding awkwardly before spilling to the ground.

John Phillips: "What a shot! Valkyrie Knox with a perfectly timed baseball slide—and Troy Lindz just got sent back to the floor like a ragdoll!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference, John. Troy wanted the spotlight, Valkyrie just gave them a bootlight right to the ribs!"

Valkyrie rolls out under the ropes, wasting no time as she drags Troy up by the hair. She smashes their face into the barricade, then whips them spine-first into the steel steps with a sickening crash. The crowd erupts with a mix of cheers and groans at the sheer brutality.

Troy clutches their back, kicking their feet in pain, while Valkyrie looms over them, breathing heavy, eyes burning with fury. She raises her gauntleted fist high, snarling to the crowd before dragging Troy back toward the ring, her dominance absolute.

Valkyrie Knox grabs Troy by the hair, dragging their limp body off the floor. She hurls them under the bottom rope with raw strength, Troy tumbling back inside like dead weight. Valkyrie starts to climb up onto the apron—

—when suddenly, a figure vaults the barricade! The crowd gasps in shock as Rosa Delgado, one of Amy Harrison's notorious henchwomen, storms ringside with a steel chair in hand. Before Valkyrie can even register the danger, Rosa swings low—CRACK!—slamming the chair across Valkyrie's back!

The thunderous shot echoes through Madison Square Garden, and the fans erupt into boos. Valkyrie drops to one

knee, snarling in pain, but Rosa doesn't stop. She drives the edge of the chair into Valkyrie's ribs, then hurls her face-first into the steel post with a sickening clang. Valkyrie crumples to the floor, clutching her shoulder and back as Rosa stands tall, grinning wickedly.

John Phillips: "What the hell?! Rosa Delgado! Rosa Delgado just jumped the barricade, and she's attacking Valkyrie Knox! She has no business out here!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, she's got business all right, John. This is Amy Harrison's crew—we saw Selena Vex wreck Susanita's title match earlier, and now Rosa's here to put Valkyrie down!"

The referee immediately turns his attention to the chaos on the outside, shouting for security as Rosa grinds a boot into Valkyrie's chest, sneering at the fans who rain down boos. Meanwhile, inside the ring, Troy Lindz pulls themselves up on the ropes, wincing but wide-eyed, realizing the golden opportunity that's just landed in their lap.

Rosa finally steps back, tossing the chair aside, and mockingly pats Valkyrie on the cheek before slipping into the crowd again. Security rushes too late to catch her, while the referee is left with no choice but to resume the match, his focus back on the action in the ring.

The referee waves for order as Rosa Delgado vanishes back into the crowd, leaving Valkyrie Knox sprawled on the floor clutching her ribs and shoulder. Inside the ring, Troy Lindz wipes sweat from their brow and sees their chance. They stagger upright, chest heaving, and point to themselves with both hands, shouting, "MY SPOTLIGHT!"

The crowd erupts in boos, though a few can't help but cheer at the sheer audacity. Troy drags Valkyrie back into the ring by the hair, propping her against the ropes. With exaggerated flair, they twirl in the center of the ring, bouncing dramatically off the ropes before spinning into a vicious discus lariat—

—CENTER STAGE connects flush! Valkyrie flips inside out from the impact, crashing onto her back as the Garden gasps at the brutality of it.

John Phillips: "Center Stage! Right after Rosa Delgado's attack—Troy Lindz just stole this one!"

Mark Bravo: "Stole? John, they call it seizing the spotlight! And Troy just seized the moment!"

Troy struts in a quick circle before finally collapsing on top of Valkyrie for the cover, their flamboyant grin still plastered on their face.

1... 2... 3!

The bell rings, and the referee raises Troy's hand. "Born This Way" blares over the speakers as red-and-black confetti rains down once again. Troy twirls to their feet, striking another Broadway-worthy pose with one foot on Valkyrie's chest, arms outstretched as the fans boo thunderously.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner... TROY LINDZ!"

Valkyrie rolls to her side, clutching her ribs, fury etched across her face even in defeat. Meanwhile, Troy struts across the ring, voguing and blowing kisses to the hard camera, basking in the chaos Rosa Delgado left behind.

John Phillips: "This is outrageous! Valkyrie Knox had Troy beat until Rosa Delgado interfered. First Susanita, now Valkyrie—Amy Harrison's crew is tearing the women's division apart!"

Mark Bravo: "And Troy Lindz doesn't care one bit, John. They just got their hand raised in Madison Square Garden. The spotlight's theirs tonight, by hook or by crook!"

Troy Lindz prances across the ring, confetti raining down as they strike a pose with one hand on their hip, the other blowing exaggerated kisses to the camera. They wag a finger mockingly at Valkyrie Knox, who is still clutching her ribs on the canvas. The boos cascade from the Garden, though a smattering of cheers slip in for Troy's audacity.

But then—Valkyrie stirs. She slams her fist against the mat, eyes blazing with fury. The crowd roars as she powers herself upright, teeth clenched, shoulders heaving. Troy turns mid-vogue, freezes for a moment, and suddenly their smirk falters.

John Phillips: "Uh oh... Troy Lindz might have thought this was over, but Valkyrie Knox isn't finished yet!"

Mark Bravo: "Look at her eyes, John. That's not just anger—that's a storm about to break loose!"

Valkyrie lets out a primal roar, slamming her gauntlet against her chest. She lunges forward, swinging a wild clothesline that sends Troy tumbling backward through the ropes to the floor! The Garden explodes as Troy stumbles into the barricade, hands raised, mouthing, "No, no, no!" before backpedaling up the ramp, clutching their throat.

Valkyrie paces the ring like a caged beast, eyes locked on Troy retreating toward the stage. She points with her gauntleted fist and snarls something inaudible, the crowd feeding her energy with thunderous cheers of "VAL-KY-RIE! VAL-KY-RIE!"

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knox may not have gotten the win tonight, but she is standing tall here in Madison Square Garden, and she's making it clear—this war is far from over!"

Mark Bravo: "And Troy? They stole a victory with Rosa Delgado's help, sure—but if I were Troy Lindz, I'd be worried. Because Valkyrie Knox is not the kind of woman you embarrass and walk away from unscathed."

The camera lingers on Valkyrie pounding her chest and snarling up the ramp as Troy disappears backstage, still strutting but clearly shaken. The message is loud and clear: Valkyrie Knox isn't finished, and her storm is far from over.

Sunshine and Rainbows

Segment

Backstage, the camera focuses on a monitor. On the screen, we see Troy Lindz scoring the upset win over Valkyrie Knox — thanks to a well-timed interference from Roda Delgado. The crowd noise from the arena bleeds through faintly as the match ends, but backstage, the energy is different.

Standing in front of the monitor, arms crossed and expression stone cold, is Marie Van Claudio. Her jaw tightens. She shakes her head slowly in disbelief.

Marie Van Claudio: "Unbelievable..."

She exhales sharply, clearly frustrated by what she's seeing—her allies picked apart while she's left to watch. The camera pans back—revealing UTA Women's Champion, Amy Harrison, standing just behind her, title resting proudly over her shoulder, a smug grin on her face.

Amy Harrison: "Oh... did Marie's little friends have a rough night?"

Marie spins on her heel, fury in her eyes, and takes a step toward Amy. Before she can get any closer, a blur moves in—Scott Stevens steps between them, one arm out, stopping Marie's advance.

Scott Stevens: "Whoa, whoa, whoa... hold on, Marie."

Amy Harrison (mockingly): "Yeah, hold on, Marie."

Marie tries to shove past him, pointing a finger over his shoulder at Amy.

Marie Van Claudio: "Get out of my way, Scott. I've had enough of her mouth. She wants to run it? Let her do it face-to-face!"

Stevens holds firm, his expression calm, but there's a hint of satisfaction underneath it.

Scott Stevens: "That's exactly why we're here, Marie."

Marie freezes, eyes darting between the two of them.

Marie Van Claudio: "What are you talking about?"

Stevens looks over his shoulder at Amy, who grins wide, then turns back to Marie.

Scott Stevens: "Amy came to me earlier tonight and said she wants to have a match. Not tomorrow. Not next week. Tonight. And she wants it to be against you."

He lets the words hang, watching as Marie's expression shifts from anger to surprise.

Scott Stevens: "And she's putting the UTA Women's Championship on the line."

The crowd inside the arena can be heard reacting through the monitors—cheers erupting the second Stevens' words hit. Amy tilts her head, the smirk never leaving her face.

Amy Harrison: "Yeah, Marie... looks like your little friends won't be around to bail you out this time. Guess it's just you and me now."

Marie glares at her, stepping closer again, voice low but seething.

Marie Van Claudio: "You're serious? Tonight... me and you... for that championship?"

Stevens nods once, confirming.

Scott Stevens: "That's right, Marie. I know you're fired up, but if you want to walk out with that title... you've got a match to get ready for."

Amy chuckles, brushing past Marie with deliberate disrespect, the Women's Title glinting under the light as she adjusts it on her shoulder.

Amy Harrison: "See you out there, sunshine."

Amy laughs softly as she exits the frame, leaving Marie standing there, breathing heavy, eyes locked forward in fury. Stevens lingers a moment longer, watching her reaction, before nodding and walking off. The camera zooms in on Marie's face — pure determination — before fading out.

Determination or Damnation?

Segment

The camera cuts to the backstage hallway. Chris Ross storms down the corridor, his boots echoing off the concrete with every step. His face is locked in focus — no smirk, no swagger, just pure determination. The tension in his jaw says it all. This isn't about partnerships or grudges anymore — it's about gold.

Stagehands and crew instinctively step out of his way as he passes. His taped fists flex, his shoulders roll, his eyes locked straight ahead toward the direction of gorilla position — but he stops just short of the curtain. He doesn't go through yet. He just stands there, staring at the glow of the lights beyond, breathing steady, ready for war.

The camera slowly pans around to catch his expression — calm intensity, that quiet storm before the fight — before fading back to the commentary desk.

John Phillips: "Look at that face, Mark. Chris Ross looks absolutely locked in tonight."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, he's got that look like nothing else exists right now — just that ring and that championship gold. But the question is... will that determination help him capture it, or will tonight be his damnation?"

The camera lingers one more time on Ross's stare before cutting to a sweeping shot of the live crowd as the tag team title match looms.

Her Head will Roll

Segment

The curtain explodes open and Valkyrie Knox comes barreling through like a freight train. Her hair is wild, face flushed with fury. She's swinging a chair one-handed, sending it crashing into a table before she spins and boots another over. Props, catering trays, a folding table — all become collateral as she stalks down the hallway, every step thunderous.

Valkyrie Knox: "Where is she? Where is Rosa?"

Her voice is a raw snarl that bounces off the concrete. She launches herself at a stack of crates, flipping them over without hesitation. A production assistant yelps and dives out of the way as Valkyrie kicks a tray full of coffee cups into the air, watching them explode on the floor like tiny white shells.

Susanita Ybanez comes running into frame, breathless and terrified, hands held up in a placating gesture. She moves between Valkyrie and the path of destruction, eyes wide, voice urgent.

Susanita Ybanez: "Please. Calm down."

Valkyrie Knox: "Calm down? I'm going to rip her head off her body!"

Valkyrie's words land like a slap. She grabs a metal folding chair and hurls it into the corridor — it clangs against the wall and skids away. Susanita flinches, taking a step back, then reaches a tentative hand out as if to touch Valkyrie's arm. The attempt is gentle; the situation is anything but.

Valkyrie spins toward Susanita for a heartbeat, eyes burning, but then she pivots away and keeps moving down the hall, ripping through more equipment carts and sending security scrambling to keep up.

Susanita watches her go, jaw clenched and worry written across her face. She calls after her, voice small amid the chaos.

Susanita Ybanez: "Valkyrie—please. Talk to me. Where did this come from?"

Valkyrie doesn't answer. She's already disappeared around the corner, the sound of shattering plastic and a distant, angry shout trailing behind her like smoke. Susanita stands frozen for a beat, then breathes out slowly, her worry deepening as she watches the damage left in Valkyrie's wake.

The camera lingers on Susanita's face — concern, fear, and the knowledge that tonight just got a lot more dangerous — before cutting away.

Rich Young GRAPPLRZ vs. Chris Ross/Maxx Mayhem

Match

The arena lights dip into a shimmering gold hue as the unmistakable opening warble of "Lifestyle" by Rich Gang blares through Madison Square Garden. The reaction is immediate—boos cascade like a waterfall, drowning the track before the beat even drops. Out through the curtain strut the Trust Fund Tag Team Champions: Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington, The Rich Young Grapplrz.

Jacoby leads the way, oversized designer shades glinting under the spotlight, an obnoxious "RYG" varsity jacket slung over one shoulder. He chews gum with smug confidence, iPhone in hand, already recording himself strutting down the ramp as if he's livestreaming a victory lap. Behind him, Darian flexes his pecs under an open silk bomber jacket, barking "We're up! We're up!" while pointing at imaginary stock tickers in the air like a frat-boy crypto influencer who's never checked a chart in his life.

John Phillips: "Here they come—the Rich Young Grapplrz, as smug as ever, flaunting their lifestyles like they've already won tonight."

Mark Bravo: "Hey, don't hate the players, John. These kids are the definition of new money—flash, style, and gold around their waists. You can boo 'em all you want, but they're still the champs."

At the top of the ramp, Jacoby throws up a finger-gun salute to the hard cam, while Darian lets out a dramatic dab that earns nothing but louder boos. Together, they strut down the ramp in obnoxious synchronization, treating the sold-out Garden like their personal catwalk. A group of fans in the front row heckle them with "YOU SUCK!" chants, and Darian shouts back, "Y'all could never!" while Jacoby flips the camera around for a slow pan of the crowd, captioning it with a sarcastic eye-roll before posting it mid-walk.

Sliding into the ring first, Jacoby drapes himself across the ropes like he's poolside, striking TikTok poses, while Darian runs the ropes at full speed twice before flexing dead center, veins popping as he roars, "Attitude!" The boos are relentless, but the Grapplrz bask in it, drinking the hate like champagne. The Trust Fund Tag Team titles gleam under the lights as they hold them aloft, smirks plastered across their faces.

Jacoby leans over the ropes, pointing straight into the hard camera with a wink.

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

The boos rain down louder than ever, but the Grapplrz feed off it, bouncing in their corner with smug swagger as they wait for their challengers to arrive.

The house lights cut to blood red as "Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow blasts through Madison Square Garden. The crowd's reaction is visceral—boos rolling like thunder as Chris Ross steps out onto the stage. No theatrics. No pandering. Just The Boss, slow and brooding, eyes burning holes through the champions waiting in the ring.

Ross wears his trademark scowl, the weight of his reputation hanging heavy in the Garden. He drags his black leather jacket tight around him, one hand curled into a fist. There's no smile, no smirk—just anger and simmering violence. He takes a few steps down the ramp before stopping, glancing at the jeering crowd, shaking his head as if disgusted by the entire spectacle.

John Phillips: "Here comes Chris Ross—and look at the face of The Boss. He didn't want this match, he didn't want this partner. Scott Stevens forced his hand, and now he's walking into Madison Square Garden with a storm brewing inside him."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but forced or not, John, Ross is dangerous. You put gold in front of him and tell him he can't have it? That's a man who will burn the whole house down just to prove you wrong."

As Ross makes his way halfway down the ramp—suddenly the speakers explode into "Holiday" by Green Day. The crowd pops in surprise as Maxx Mayhem bursts onto the stage, skipping and bouncing with unhinged energy. He's wearing a bright homemade t-shirt that reads: "Chris Ross is God" in spray-painted letters, half the words smudged. He spins in a circle, licking the camera lens before sprinting down the ramp like a madman.

Ross stops dead in his tracks, his jaw tightening as he looks back up the ramp at his "partner." Maxx rushes to him, throwing an arm over Ross' shoulder like they're best friends, shouting to the crowd, "The Boss and the Chaos King—WE'RE TAKIN' THE GOLD!" The fans roar with a mix of laughter and shock, while Ross looks like he's ready to explode, visibly grinding his teeth in irritation.

John Phillips: "Oh boy... and here's Maxx Mayhem, clearly enjoying himself. Look at that shirt! I don't think Chris Ross finds it as funny as Maxx does."

Mark Bravo: "Ross looks like he's gonna strangle his own partner before the bell even rings, John. But hey—you can't deny Maxx is committed. That's... that's loyalty in the weirdest possible way."

Maxx slaps Ross hard on the back, nearly knocking him forward, and shouts, "C'mon, buddy—we're the DREAM

TEAM!" Ross shoots him a death glare but doesn't shove him off, instead rolling his eyes before storming the rest of the way to ringside. Maxx skips alongside him, pointing to the Grapplrz and yelling, "YOU'RE BROKE AND WE'RE BEAUTIFUL!"

Ross slides into the ring first, peeling off his jacket with deliberate menace, while Maxx dives in behind him, popping up and shaking the ropes like a wild man. The champions sneer from their corner, smirking at the chaotic picture of their challengers: one a boiling storm of hatred, the other a grinning maniac in a spray-painted t-shirt.

The referee collects the Trust Fund Tag Team Championships from Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington, holding the gold high for all to see. The crowd reacts with a wave of noise—some booing the arrogant champions, others buzzing at the chaos brewing in the challengers' corner. The belts glisten under the Garden lights, the stakes crystal clear.

In one corner, Jacoby sprawls across the ropes with his phone still in hand, smirking at the camera while Darian flexes his pecs and shouts, "Crypto never crashes, baby!" They point mockingly at Maxx Mayhem's spray-painted "Chris Ross is God" shirt, laughing obnoxiously as if the match is already theirs.

Across the ring, Chris Ross stands stone still, arms crossed, glaring daggers at both champions. Maxx Mayhem bounces beside him, vibrating with energy, shouting, "TAG TEAM CHAMPS, BABY! TAG TEAM CHAMPS!" while licking the top rope for no apparent reason. Ross side-eyes him, visibly seething, before turning his focus back to the Grapplrz.

John Phillips: "You can cut the tension with a knife, folks. The Grapplrz are as smug as ever, Ross is as angry as ever, and Maxx Mayhem... well... he's Maxx Mayhem."

Mark Bravo: "That's the wild card, John. Ross doesn't want him, the Grapplrz don't respect him, but Mayhem might be just crazy enough to flip this whole match on its head."

The referee hands off the belts and checks both teams. The crowd's noise swells into dueling chants—"YOU STILL SUCK!" for the Grapplrz and a confused, yet loud, "MAXX IS GOD!" chant that makes Ross snap his head in disbelief toward the stands.

Both teams step forward, chest to chest, the referee caught in the middle. Jacoby winks at Maxx, Darian flexes at Ross, and Ross responds by shoving Darian back a step. The crowd explodes as the referee throws up his arms, signaling for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

The bell barely finishes ringing when Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington lunge forward, charging across the ring with cocky grins. They jump Ross and Mayhem, throwing wild forearms and stomps. The Garden boos thunderously—but the ambush lasts only seconds.

Ross absorbs the shots, glaring through them like a man possessed, before blasting Darian with a vicious headbutt that drops the big man to a knee. At the same moment, Maxx Mayhem bursts into chaos mode, screaming "CHAOS IS GOD!" before gouging Jacoby's eyes and sending him flipping backward with a wild discus elbow that nearly decapitates him. The champions crumple like dominoes.

John Phillips: "Well that didn't last long! The Grapplrz tried to jump the challengers, but Ross and Mayhem just shut them down instantly!"

Mark Bravo: "I don't think Darian knows what zip code he's in after that headbutt, and Jacoby—Jacoby looks like he just got hit by a bus named Maxx Mayhem!"

The challengers stand tall in the center of the ring, Ross snarling, Mayhem grinning ear to ear in his spray-painted shirt. Ross points down at the fallen champions and growls, "THAT'S what you wanted, Stevens? This is on you."

Meanwhile, Mayhem bounces around the ring, yelling "NEW CHAMPS! NEW CHAMPS!" as the crowd erupts with cheers and laughter.

Jacoby crawls into the corner clutching his jaw, while Darian shakes the cobwebs, slapping his chest as if to psych himself back up. The referee finally asserts control, motioning for the legal men to start—but the damage is done. The champions have been rocked before the match even gets going.

Jacoby and Darian regroup in their corner, groaning from the early beatdown. Across the ring, Maxx Mayhem is bouncing like a maniac, pointing at Chris Ross with both hands. He screams loud enough for the hard camera to pick it up: "SHOW 'EM WHY YOU'RE THE GOD OF CHAOS!"

The Garden roars with laughter and cheers, while Ross slowly turns his head toward Maxx, his jaw tightening. He doesn't say a word, just glares—but Maxx throws up his arms in a grand flourish, backing up through the ropes onto the apron. He leans over, slapping the turnbuckle pad and shouting, "BOSS MODE! BOSS MODE! LET'S GO, BABY!"

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem's antics are already all over this match—but look at this, he's actually stepping out and letting Ross start things off."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but you can tell Ross isn't loving the hype. He didn't want this match, didn't want this partner—but now the spotlight's on him whether he likes it or not."

Ross steps forward coldly, cracking his neck, eyes locked on Jacoby Jacobs who reluctantly takes the first shift for the Grapplr. Jacoby smirks through the pain, trying to shrug off the earlier beatdown, but Ross' glare alone makes him hesitate. The crowd buzzes as Ross clenches his fists, ready to unload, while Maxx pounds the turnbuckle and chants "CHAOS! CHAOS! CHAOS!" like he's leading a pep rally from hell.

Jacoby Jacobs circles Ross cautiously at first, still nursing his jaw. Then, with a cocky smirk, he suddenly flips into his usual routine—springing off the ropes, cartwheeling, throwing in a dab, and strutting across the mat as if Ross isn't even there. The Garden rains boos, but Jacoby soaks it up like he's bathing in their hate.

Ross doesn't move. He just stands in the center of the ring, arms crossed, watching coldly as Jacoby prances around him. The hard camera zooms in on Ross' face—no emotion, just quiet disdain. Jacoby pauses, grinning, wagging his finger at Ross before sprinting into the ropes and launching himself forward, looking for a flashy flying forearm.

CRACK!

Ross explodes with a single lariat that nearly flips Jacoby inside out. The impact echoes through Madison Square Garden as Jacoby crashes to the mat, sprawled and motionless. The boos turn to shocked gasps before exploding into cheers at the sheer brutality of it.

John Phillips: "Oh my GOD! Chris Ross just cut Jacoby Jacobs in half! That was like getting hit by a freight train!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what happens when you try to go viral in the middle of a fight with The Boss. Ross doesn't care about your likes and follows—he cares about hurting people."

Ross doesn't even gloat. He just stares down at Jacoby with icy contempt, then looks over his shoulder at Maxx Mayhem, who's losing his mind on the apron, screaming "THAT'S THE GOD OF CHAOS! THAT'S THE GOD OF CHAOS!" while shaking the ropes like a wild animal. Darian Darrington leans through the ropes, wide-eyed, shouting encouragement at Jacoby, who's clutching his neck and rolling toward his corner for safety.

Jacoby scrambles to the corner, but Chris Ross stalks him like a predator. He yanks Jacoby up by the hair, snarling, and hurls him chest-first into the turnbuckles. The sick thud rattles the ring. Jacoby stumbles backward—and Ross instantly plants him with a vicious German suplex that folds him in half. The Garden groans in unison as Jacoby lies crumpled, gasping for air.

Ross doesn't hesitate. He drags Jacoby up again, hooking his waist, and launches him with a second German suplex, this one bouncing him off the mat. The crowd is split between awe and horror as Ross sits up, sweat dripping, eyes locked like a man possessed. Maxx Mayhem on the apron pounds the turnbuckle, screaming, "TOSS 'EM LIKE TRASH, BOSS!"

John Phillips: "Chris Ross is in complete control here, and Jacoby Jacobs looks like he's just been through a car crash!"

Mark Bravo: "This is vintage Ross, John—angry, ruthless, and relentless. He doesn't just want to win, he wants to leave scars."

Ross doesn't give Jacoby a chance to breathe. He hauls him up by the arm and whips him into the ropes, catching him on the rebound with a brutal spinebuster that rattles the ring again. Jacoby writhes in pain, clutching his lower back, groaning "ahhh!" while Ross stands over him, snarling down at the prone Grapplr member.

Finally, Darian Darrington can't take it anymore. He slaps Jacoby's back to tag himself in. The referee calls it official as Darian storms into the ring, pounding his chest and shouting, "LET'S GO!" The crowd responds with boos as Ross slowly turns his head, glaring at the much larger man now standing across from him. The atmosphere thickens—Ross, the cold, violent veteran, versus Darian, the big jock ready to swing his weight around.

Darian Darrington charges in with all the bravado of a fired-up linebacker, roaring "LET'S GO!" as he lowers his shoulder for a running clothesline. The crowd braces for impact—

—but Ross doesn't even flinch. He steps forward and smashes Darian right between the eyes with a skull-rattling headbutt. The crack echoes through Madison Square Garden as Darian's legs go rubbery and his eyes glaze over. The big man stumbles backward, arms out like he's trying to catch his balance, before dropping to one knee clutching his face.

John Phillips: "Oh! What a headbutt! Ross just about caved in Darian's skull!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Ross for you, John. No wasted motion, no finesse—just pain. Darian thought he was about to steamroll him, but The Boss cut him down like a tree with one shot."

Ross doesn't stop. He grabs Darian by the head, snarling, and rains down stiff forearms across his jaw. Every shot lands with a thud that makes the front row wince. Darian slumps further, eating the punishment as Ross growls something inaudible before dragging him up into position for more violence. On the apron, Maxx Mayhem throws his arms into the air, screaming, "CHAOS REIGNS! HE'S A GOD, BABY!" while the Garden eats up every bit of it.

Darian wobbles on spaghetti legs after the headbutt, and Ross wastes no time. He hooks the bigger man around the waist, grits his teeth, and with sheer force snaps him overhead with a thunderous belly-to-belly suplex. The crowd erupts in shock as Darian, nearly 270 pounds, flips through the air and crashes to the mat like dead weight.

Ross sits up, eyes wild, snarling as he drags Darian up by the arm and clubs him across the jaw with a stiff forearm smash. Darian staggers but doesn't fall, so Ross fires another—then another—until Darian drops to his knees. Ross hooks him under the arms, hauls him upright, and plants him with a release German suplex that sends Darian tumbling across the ring into his own corner.

John Phillips: "Unreal! Ross is throwing around Darian Darrington like he's Jacoby's size. The Boss is on another level tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "This is a man possessed, John. Darian thought his size was going to give him the edge, but Ross is reminding everybody he doesn't care how big you are—if you step in front of him, he'll fold you in half!"

Ross stalks Darian into the corner, unleashing a flurry of body shots and stomps, each one heavier than the last.

Darian's chest heaves as he slumps against the turnbuckles, groaning in pain. Ross steps back, snarling, before charging in and driving a massive running knee strike right into Darian's gut, doubling him over.

The referee finally tries to pull Ross away, but as Ross paces back toward the center of the ring, Maxx Mayhem slaps him hard across the back and tags himself in. The crowd explodes as Maxx leaps over the ropes, pointing at Ross and screaming, "GOD OF CHAOS, BABY! TAG ME IN AGAIN ANYTIME!" Ross spins, furious, shoving Maxx's chest, but Maxx just grins, wagging a finger before turning to the fallen Darian with manic energy.

John Phillips: "Ross was dismantling Darian, but Maxx Mayhem just tagged himself in! You can see the frustration all over Ross' face!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what Stevens wanted, John. Ross doesn't want this partner, but Maxx Mayhem doesn't care—he's here for chaos, and he's here to steal the spotlight."

Maxx Mayhem storms into the corner and immediately lights up Darian with a flurry of rapid-fire stomps, cackling like a lunatic with each one. "CHAOS IS A LIFESTYLE!" he shouts before dragging Darian out and planting him with a snap DDT that bounces the big man's head off the canvas. The Garden roars as Maxx kips up, throws his arms wide, and licks the camera lens again.

Jacoby Jacobs tries to rush in to save his partner, but Maxx spots him. With a manic grin, he charges, catching Jacoby flush with a discus elbow that sends him sprawling to the apron. Maxx follows up with a running cannonball into the corner, crushing Darian against the turnbuckles before rolling out to the floor and slamming his hands against the announce table. He screams into a headset, "I'M BETTER THAN BOTH OF YOU!" before tossing it aside and sliding back into the ring.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is absolutely unhinged, and it's working! The Grapplrz don't know which way is up right now!"

Mark Bravo: "It's chaos, John. Pure, unfiltered chaos—and the fans here in the Garden are loving it!"

Back inside, Maxx scales the ropes, arms outstretched like a mad preacher, before launching himself with a flying crossbody—flattening both Grapplrz at once! He pops up, shaking the ropes and screaming, "NEW CHAMPS! NEW CHAMPS!" while the Garden erupts. Even Ross, pacing on the apron, allows the faintest smirk before crossing his arms again.

Maxx, drunk on adrenaline, drags Darian up again, whips him into the ropes, and goes for another wild spinning elbow. But this time, Darian ducks! Maxx swings so hard he spins himself off balance, staggering forward into Jacoby's waiting springboard dropkick. The impact drops Maxx flat, and the Grapplrz instantly swarm.

Darian clobbers Maxx with a massive lariat as Jacoby scrambles onto the apron, clapping his hands like they've just flipped the script. The crowd boos furiously as the Grapplrz finally gain control, dragging Maxx into their corner for some good old-fashioned double-teaming.

John Phillips: "And there it is! One mistake from Maxx Mayhem, and the Grapplrz finally turn this match around!"

Mark Bravo: "You live by chaos, you die by chaos. Maxx had the momentum, but his wild style leaves openings—and the champs just cashed in."

With Maxx groaning on the mat, Darian drags him into the Grapplrz corner and stomps down hard on his chest before tagging Jacoby back in. The two lift Maxx to his feet, whip him into the ropes, and catch him with a synchronized double back elbow that flattens him again. Jacoby instantly drops down into a mock push-up pose on Maxx's back, mugging for the hard cam while Darian flexes behind him. The boos rain down, but the Grapplrz eat it up.

Jacoby pops back up, dragging Maxx into the corner and unloading with rapid-fire forearm strikes. Darian tags himself

in, and the big man barrels into Maxx with a string of shoulder tackles, driving the air out of his lungs. "CREDIT CHECK, BABY!" Darian shouts, before hitting a final crushing spear-like thrust that nearly folds Maxx in half.

John Phillips: "Now the champions are doing what they do best—cutting the ring in half, isolating Maxx Mayhem from Chris Ross."

Mark Bravo: "And this is smart, John. Maxx burned himself out, and now the Grapplrz are making him pay. This is how you win tag team wrestling—keep the chaos contained."

Jacoby tags back in and leaps onto the top rope, springboarding into a picture-perfect meteora that drives both knees into Maxx's chest. He hooks the leg—

1... 2—Maxx kicks out!

The champs don't panic. Jacoby slaps the mat in mock frustration, then struts around Mayhem's body before tagging Darian again. Together, they whip Maxx into the corner. Darian crushes him with a big body avalanche, and Jacoby follows with a running enzuigiri that leaves Maxx slumped in the corner. Darian yells "WE'RE RICH, BABY!" as Jacoby mugs for the camera with a selfie mid-ring, drawing nuclear heat from the crowd.

Maxx struggles, gasping, trying to crawl toward Ross—but Jacoby cuts him off with a sliding clothesline before dragging him back into enemy territory. Darian steps in and plants Maxx with a thunderous spinebuster—The Trust Fall—before flexing over him, shouting "That's attitude!"

Jacoby tags in again, scaling the ropes for a springboard armdrag attempt—but Maxx barely rolls out of the way, leaving both men down. The crowd starts to buzz as Ross paces like a caged animal on the apron, hand outstretched, barking for the tag.

Maxx Mayhem crawls desperately across the mat, gasping for breath, his arm outstretched toward Chris Ross who's leaning over the ropes, shouting, "TAG ME, DAMMIT!" The Garden rises to its feet, buzzing with anticipation. Maxx claws forward, inch by inch, the crowd clapping in rhythm, ready to explode for the hot tag.

Jacoby Jacobs scrambles up just in time, diving across the ring to grab Maxx's ankle. The crowd erupts in boos as Maxx kicks frantically, trying to break free. Ross is red-faced on the apron, screaming, "HE'S MINE! TAG ME IN!"

Maxx lunges forward—fingertips just shy of Ross' hand—but Jacoby yanks him back into the Grapplrz corner. Darian immediately tags in, stomping down on Maxx's chest while Jacoby climbs the ropes. Together, they nail a double-team combo: Darian hoisting Maxx up with a back suplex as Jacoby crashes down with a springboard crossbody. Maxx crumples to the mat again, clutching his ribs.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on! Maxx Mayhem was inches away from making the tag to Chris Ross, but the Grapplrz snatched him back into their world!"

Mark Bravo: "That's tag team wrestling 101, John. The Grapplrz are obnoxious, they're arrogant, but right now—they're showing exactly why they're the champions."

Jacoby struts around Maxx's body, pretending to wave at Ross while Darian flexes and shouts, "THIS IS THE RICH LIFE!" The boos rain down, but the Grapplrz just laugh it off. Maxx rolls onto his stomach, coughing, trying once more to claw toward his partner, but Darian drags him back again, locking him in a bearhug in the center of the ring. Maxx screams in pain, his legs kicking helplessly as Ross paces on the apron like a madman, fists pounding the turnbuckle pad.

Darian squeezes tight on the bearhug, roaring "WE'RE UP! WE'RE UP!" as Maxx thrashes in his grip. The referee checks on him, but Maxx shakes his head violently, refusing to quit. The crowd claps louder, building momentum. Maxx suddenly claps his hands against Darian's ears, stunning the big man. He wriggles free, stumbling forward toward

Ross—

—but Jacoby sprints in off the ropes, cutting him off with a springboard forearm smash that drops Maxx flat again. The boos are deafening as Darian tags Jacoby in officially, and the Grapplrz drag Maxx back into their corner.

John Phillips: "Oh come on! That's twice now the Grapplrz have stolen the hot tag away!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what makes them so effective, John. They may be obnoxious, but they know how to cut a ring in half better than anybody."

The champs line Maxx up for another double-team: Darian hoists him up for a slam while Jacoby leaps onto the ropes, ready for a diving crossbody. But as Darian lifts—Maxx kicks frantically, slips loose, and shoves him backward into Jacoby. Jacoby crashes down onto his own partner, both men colliding in a heap!

The Garden explodes! Maxx, staggering on his knees, sees his chance and dives across the ring. Ross is waiting, hand outstretched, teeth bared—

TAG!

The crowd erupts as Chris Ross storms into the ring like a man possessed. He blasts Jacoby with a lariat that nearly flips him inside out, then turns and demolishes Darian with a spinebuster that rattles the canvas. The boos for the Grapplrz vanish under a wave of cheers as Ross stands tall, fists clenched, snarling at the champions laid out around him.

John Phillips: "Listen to this Garden! Chris Ross is in, and business has just picked up!"

Mark Bravo: "The Boss didn't want this match, didn't want this partner—but now that he's in there, he's tearing the Grapplrz apart!"

Chris Ross' eyes burn with rage as he zeroes in on the Grapplrz. Jacoby staggers to his feet first, holding his ribs—only to be snatched and hurled across the ring with a thunderous overhead belly-to-belly suplex! The Garden pops huge as Jacoby rolls to the floor clutching his back.

Darian charges back in, trying to clothesline Ross down. But Ross ducks, hooks him from behind, and launches him with a violent German suplex that folds the big man in half. The crowd groans at the impact, and Ross doesn't release—he rolls through, hauls Darian up again, and nails a second German. Then a third! Darian crumples in a heap, gasping for air.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross is throwing suplexes like he's possessed! Darian Darrington's spine might not survive another one!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what Ross does best—he takes the ring, and he makes it his personal crime scene!"

Jacoby climbs onto the apron, dazed, only to get snagged mid-step. Ross grabs him by the waist and suplexes him over the ropes, into the ring, bouncing him across the mat like a ragdoll! The Garden roars with shock at the sheer violence of it as Ross stands in the center of the ring, fists clenched, snarling like a man who won't be denied.

Maxx Mayhem is losing his mind on the apron, screaming, "THAT'S THE GOD OF CHAOS! BOSS MODE, BABY!" as the fans chant "ROSS! ROSS! ROSS!" The Grapplrz are both down and reeling, their cocky swagger completely erased by the storm of suplexes.

With both Grapplrz sprawled across the canvas, Chris Ross doesn't waste a second. He wipes the sweat from his brow, snarls, and yanks Darian up by the neck. The Boss barks, "IT ENDS NOW!" before muscling him into position for the Side Walk Smash. The crowd buzzes, sensing the end is near.

Jacoby tries to crawl up the ropes to save his partner, but Ross cuts him off with a stiff boot to the head, sending him

tumbling back to the mat. The fans erupt in cheers as Ross locks eyes with the hard cam, his jaw tight, fury radiating off him. Maxx Mayhem leans so far into the ring from the apron he nearly falls inside, screaming, "DO IT, BOSS! SHOW 'EM WHO RUNS THIS!"

John Phillips: "Chris Ross has Darian right where he wants him—Side Walk Smash incoming!"

Mark Bravo: "This could crown new champions, John. Ross is about to singlehandedly rip the Trust Fund Tag Team titles away from the Grapplrz!"

Ross hauls Darian up higher, preparing to drive him face-first into the canvas. The Garden is on its feet, the energy reaching a fever pitch, the champions' reign teetering on the edge of disaster.

Chris Ross muscles Darian Darrington high into the air, snarling as the Garden rises to its feet. He plants him down with a thunderous Side Walk Smash, the impact shaking the entire ring. Darian crumples flat on the canvas, lifeless under Ross' glare.

At the same moment, Jacoby Jacobs dives desperately to break it up—but Maxx Mayhem vaults through the ropes, cutting him off with a wild spear that sends both men tumbling into the corner. Maxx cackles, pounding Jacoby's head against the bottom turnbuckle while screaming, "CHAOS REIGNS, BABY!" The crowd explodes at the chaos.

Ross drops into the cover, hooking Darian's leg with both arms as the referee slides in.

1... 2... 3!

The bell rings, and Madison Square Garden erupts. "Holiday" by Green Day blares as the referee raises the arms of Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem. The Trust Fund Tag Team Championships are handed to them, and Ross snatches his up immediately, staring down at it with a mix of disdain and purpose. Maxx grabs his, holds it upside down, and screams into the hard cam, "UTA TAG TEAM CHAMPS, BABY! WE'RE MAKIN' 'EM REAL!"

John Phillips: "It's done! Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem have ended the reign of the Rich Young Grapplrz—and we've got new champions in Madison Square Garden!"

Mark Bravo: "But John, it's not just about winning the belts. Remember what Mayhem said—if they won tonight, these titles aren't the Trust Fund Tag Team Championships anymore. They want to rechristen them as the UTA Tag Team Championships!"

Ross doesn't celebrate. He stares down at the belt, then raises it high with one hand, growling into the camera, "NO MORE GAMES." Meanwhile, Maxx is bouncing around like a maniac, licking the faceplate of his belt and shouting, "THE CHAOS ERA BEGINS!"

The Grapplrz roll out of the ring, clutching their ribs and jaws, glaring back in disbelief as the Garden rains cheers. Inside, Ross and Maxx stand side by side, the unlikely duo holding gold together for the first time—chaos and fury united, whether Ross likes it or not.

Chris Ross stands tall in the center of Madison Square Garden, the newly-won championship belt in his hands. For a moment, the scowl fades. He looks down at the title, breathing heavy, and you can see it in his eyes—pride. After years of being blackballed, barred, and cast aside, he's holding UTA gold. This was the dream he fought to get back, even if it came shackled to a lunatic like Maxx Mayhem. For once, Ross can't hide it. This is his vindication.

Ross finally tosses his agitation aside. He turns toward Maxx, ready to celebrate their victory as champions. The crowd, begrudgingly, begins to applaud the sight of Ross allowing himself joy again—

CRACK!

The entire Garden gasps in horror as Maxx Mayhem swings his championship belt like a weapon, blasting Ross square in the face. Ross stumbles back, clutching his head, blood already welling at his brow. The camera pans the

crowd—mouths hanging open in shock. Even the Rich Young Grapplrz, huddled at ringside, are wide-eyed, shaking their heads as if to say, “No way... not even we would do that.”

John Phillips: "WHAT THE HELL?! WHAT THE HELL DID MAXX MAYHEM JUST DO?!"

Mark Bravo: "...I—I don't even know, John! They had the belts, they had the moment—what is this man doing?!"

Ross is on his hands and knees, dazed, blood dripping from his temple, trying to shake it off. The referee screams at Maxx, but Mayhem just grins, his eyes wide with manic delight. Suddenly, he bounces off the ropes—

WHAM!

A sickening thud echoes through MSG as Maxx drills Ross in the temple with a running punt, knocking him flat. The Garden erupts in boos, some fans even throwing trash toward the ring. Ross' body lies motionless, the belt he fought his whole life for slipping from his hands as Maxx kneels over him, clutching his own belt to his chest like a prize won in blood.

The camera cuts to shocked faces in the crowd—fans covering their mouths, children crying, the disbelief palpable. Back at ringside, Jacoby and Darian can only laugh nervously, stunned that they aren't even the worst villains in the building tonight. Maxx Mayhem just turned Madison Square Garden upside down.

John Phillips: "This was supposed to be Chris Ross' redemption! Years in exile, clawing his way back to gold—and Maxx Mayhem has just destroyed it all in front of the world!"

Suddenly, the arena plunges into darkness. A blood-red glow washes over the Garden as smoke rolls across the stage. The opening riffs of “House of 1000 Corpses” by Rob Zombie blast through the speakers. The crowd stirs, confused, nervous, electric.

John Phillips: "What—what is this now? Who the hell is coming out here?!"

Mark Bravo: "I don't know, John, but the air just changed in Madison Square Garden..."

Through the haze crawls a skeletal figure, face paint glowing under the UV lights. The Garden gasps as he rises to his feet and stalks toward the ring, every step deliberate and eerie.

John Phillips: "That's... that's Kaine! That's got to be Kaine!"

Mark Bravo: "You mean the cult hero from the East Coast indies? The Revenant himself?! I heard rumors he'd signed with UTA, but—why here, why now?"

Kaine slides into the ring, standing side by side with Maxx Mayhem, who's still laughing maniacally with the tag belt clutched to his chest. The crowd is roaring in disbelief, a mix of cheers for the legend's arrival and boos for the man he seems to stand with.

John Phillips: "Fans, Kaine is a name whispered all across the East Coast. A man who refuses to die, a legend in the shadows—but to align himself with Maxx Mayhem of all people?"

Mark Bravo: "This... this doesn't make any sense. Maxx Mayhem's out of his mind—and now he's got an ally just as unhinged?"

Kaine climbs to the top turnbuckle, arms spread wide, the red glow reflecting off his skeletal paint. Behind him, Chris Ross stirs weakly, bloodied but trying to rise. The Garden rises with him, sensing something awful is about to happen.

John Phillips: "Ross is trying to get back to his feet... oh no, John, don't tell me—"

Kaine screams “DEAD BUT ALIVE!” and leaps, driving both boots into Ross' spine with the Grave Digger.

The impact leaves Ross face-first on the mat, motionless, the crowd erupting into gasps of horror.

John Phillips: "Good God! The Grave Digger! Kaine just buried Chris Ross in the middle of Madison Square Garden!"

Mark Bravo: "I can't believe what I'm seeing... Kaine has aligned himself with Maxx Mayhem—and Ross has just been destroyed!"

Maxx doubles over laughing, tossing Ross' championship belt contemptuously onto his broken body. He slings his own belt over his shoulder and points at Kaine, screaming, "CHAOS REIGNS WITH US!" The two exit together, leaving Ross motionless, his pride and redemption shattered under the boots of betrayal.

John Phillips: "What does this mean for UTA? For the tag division? For Chris Ross? Kaine and Maxx Mayhem have just changed everything!"

Mark Bravo: "The chaos just found a new Revenant, John—and this company is in serious trouble."

(Tip) Top of the Mountain

Segment

Inside the office of UTA General Manager Scott Stevens, the door suddenly swings open with flair. Troy Lindz bursts through, all charisma and confidence, dressed to the nines and radiating energy.

Troy Lindz: "Scotty boo boo! Baby boy! Did you see that?"

Stevens looks up from a pile of paperwork, unimpressed. He sighs audibly, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

Scott Stevens: "Unfortunately... yeah, I saw it."

Troy Lindz: "Your girl Troy just beat the bricks off Valkyrie Knox — the former Women's Champion! Huh? Huh?"

Stevens raises a brow, unimpressed.

Scott Stevens: "That's... not exactly how I remember seeing it go down."

Troy waves a manicured hand dismissively, grinning ear to ear.

Troy Lindz: "Pay no attention to the deets, baby. The fact of the matter is simple — I just beat the former champion. And in Troy Lindz's book, that means Troy Lindz is better than the former champion. So maybe it's about time you put some Respek on Troy Lindz's name and gave me a title shot."

Scott Stevens: "For the Women's Title?"

Troy Lindz: "The women's, the men's — baby, it don't matter. Troy Lindz is the true tip-top of the mountain, and any bitch can get it!"

Stevens sighs again, this time rubbing his temples, clearly trying to keep his patience.

Scott Stevens: "You know what? Fine! Next week — whoever walks out champion tonight between Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio — you get a match. Happy now? Now please, for the love of God, leave me in peace."

Troy's face lights up like the Fourth of July. They clap their hands together and start doing a little celebratory dance right in front of the desk.

Troy Lindz: "Oh, you won't regret this, big boss man! Troy Lindz is gonna make you famous!"

With a wink and a finger-gun, Troy twirls out of the office, humming along to their own theme music. Stevens just exhales slowly, staring into space as the door closes.

Scott Stevens (muttering): "I already do..."

The camera fades as Stevens leans back in his chair, shaking his head while the sound of Troy's excited singing echoes down the hallway.

Have You Not Been Watching?

Segment

The camera catches Maxx Mayhem and Kaine making their way through the backstage hallway. Mayhem's still riding the high, the Trust Fund Tag Team Championship draped carelessly over his shoulder, gleaming under the flickering fluorescent lights. Kaine walks beside him — silent, stoic, expression unreadable. The contrast between them is palpable: one fueled by chaos, the other a storm waiting to break.

From off-camera, Melissa Cartwright hurries into frame, microphone in hand, heels clicking against the concrete as she catches up to them.

Melissa Cartwright: "Maxx! Maxx — may I have a second of your time?"

Mayhem stops mid-stride and turns with that familiar twisted grin, eyes wild, sweat still dripping down his temple. He gestures toward her with open arms like she's an old friend.

Maxx Mayhem: "Anything for you, sweetheart."

His tone drips with sleaze, and Melissa instinctively recoils half a step, visibly uncomfortable. Kaine doesn't react — just folds his arms, standing in silence beside him like a shadow.

Melissa Cartwright: "Why would you do that? After months of boasting about Chris Ross — trying to be his friend — you just... you just turned on him! And now you've got—"

Maxx Mayhem: "That's Kaine, babe."

He pats Kaine's shoulder roughly, grinning ear to ear as Kaine's cold eyes stare straight ahead.

Maxx Mayhem: "He's good people. He likes chaos too. And to answer your question... why wouldn't I? Come on, have you not been watching?!"

He laughs — not a normal laugh, but an unhinged, manic one that echoes through the corridor. Melissa takes another small step back as Mayhem throws his arms wide, looking around at the mess of crates and cables like he's admiring a masterpiece.

Maxx Mayhem: "It's pure chaos! Pure anarchy! PURE ART!"

He bursts out laughing again — loud, sharp, and unsettling. Then, without warning, he starts to hum... then sing. It's tuneless, chaotic — something between a hymn and a taunt as he and Kaine start to walk away.

Maxx Mayhem (singing): "? Chaos, chaos everywhere... breaking hearts without a care... ?"

Melissa stands frozen, microphone still in hand, her face caught somewhere between confusion and disbelief. The camera follows Mayhem and Kaine from behind as they disappear around the corner — Mayhem still laughing, Kaine still silent — before fading out.

Worried

Segment

Backstage, the camera finds Marie Van Claudio sitting on a bench, her head down as she tightens the laces on her boots. The air around her is tense — focused, quiet, and sharp with determination. The faint echo of the crowd outside hums through the walls.

The door creaks open. Susanita Ybanez steps in, hesitating at first before approaching slowly.

Susanita Ybanez: "Marie... I don't like this."

Marie doesn't look up. She just keeps working the laces, her focus unbroken, jaw tight, eyes burning with purpose.

Marie Van Claudio: “Not now, Susanita.”

Susanita steps closer, her voice trembling just a little.

Susanita Ybanez: “You’ve seen what they did... to both me and Valkyrie. Marie, please. Think about this. Think about what you’re walking into.”

That finally gets Marie’s attention. She pulls the last lace tight, stands up, and looks Susanita dead in the eyes. Her tone is calm, but firm — icy, even.

Marie Van Claudio: “Look, Susanita... I don’t have time for this. This... whatever this is. Jealousy, envy, concern, drama — take your pick. I have a match... and a title to win.”

Marie slings her jacket over her shoulder, adjusts her wrist tape, and strides past Susanita without another glance. The door swings shut behind her, the sound echoing through the hallway.

Susanita remains standing there, silent, staring after her. The worry in her eyes mirrors the same look she had earlier for Valkyrie. She exhales softly, shaking her head, knowing deep down that what’s coming next might not end well.

The camera lingers on Susanita’s face — a mix of concern and helplessness — before slowly fading out.

A Change in Tone

Segment

The lights in the arena cut out completely. For a long, uncomfortable moment—nothing. No sound, no movement. Just darkness.

Then, faintly, a sound begins to rise through the speakers—soft, eerie guitar strums accompanied by a woman’s voice whispering in reverse. The crowd starts to murmur. A low orange glow creeps across the entrance ramp, flickering like candlelight through smoke.

Words appear on the big screen, handwritten in glowing white letters, each one fading in and out in rhythm with the beat:

SOME STORIES DON’T END...

THEY JUST CHANGE PACE.

The familiar opening riff of “White Rabbit” by Jefferson Airplane hits—but only for a few haunting seconds before the track warps, stretching and distorting into static. Smoke pours from both sides of the ramp, orange and white mixing together until the stage is blanketed.

Through the haze, a silhouette appears—feminine, defiant, head tilted slightly as if listening to the crowd. She doesn’t move closer, doesn’t speak. The faintest glint of gold flashes at her waist before the spotlight cuts off abruptly.

The screen flickers again—this time showing a single image: a rabbit’s outline drawn in orange light, fading into a pulsing heart monitor line that slowly flatlines.

NEXT WEEK

SHE RETURNS.

The static returns. Then, just before the lights come back on, a woman's faint laugh echoes through the sound system—playful, teasing, and unmistakable.

The arena lights restore. The stage is empty.

John Phillips: "What the—did you hear that, Mark? That laugh... that music..."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, I heard it, Johnny boy. And if that means what I think it means—next week, the UTA's about to get turned upside down."

John Phillips: "No name, no announcement... just a warning. But I've got chills, folks. Whoever that was—something tells me we're looking at a major return next week."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, you better believe it. Change in pace? Try change in everything."

The camera cuts to the commentary desk one last time, both announcers exchanging looks of disbelief before the feed transitions to the next segment.

Dark Days

Segment

The camera cuts backstage. Susanita Ybanez stands frozen in front of a monitor, eyes wide in horror as she watches replays of Marie Van Claudio crashing off the stage through the sound equipment. Her hand covers her mouth as she whispers under her breath—

Susanita Ybanez: "Oh my God... Marie..."

Without hesitation, she turns and bolts toward the hallway, clearly heading for the stage area to help. But she doesn't make it two steps before someone steps into frame—

Selena Vex.

Selena Vex (smirking): "Going somewhere?"

Before Susanita can answer, Vex pounces—nails raking, forearm shots landing hard as the two crash into a nearby equipment cart. Susanita tries to fight back, but Selena slams her head against the wall and drops her with a vicious knee strike to the gut. The scuffle spills toward the floor as officials shout for help—but the damage is done. Susanita lies writhing, gasping for air, as Vex straightens her jacket, smiling coldly.

The feed abruptly cuts to another area of the backstage hallway—chaos continuing.

Valkyrie Knox is still tearing the place apart, flipping tables, sending crates flying, her fury unchecked. Crew members scatter as she shouts incoherently through clenched teeth. Suddenly—

CRACK!

Rosa Delgado blindsides her from behind with a lead pipe! The metal clang echoes through the corridor as Valkyrie collapses to her knees. Rosa swings again—across the back this time—before standing over her with a cruel grin.

Rosa Delgado: "Where's all that fight now, huh?"

Security rushes in to break it up, but Rosa drops the pipe and backs away laughing as Valkyrie tries to rise, fury in her eyes but pain keeping her grounded.

John Phillips: "This is madness! It's a coordinated attack—Amy Harrison's orchestrated a full-on ambush on every

woman who's ever opposed her!"

Mark Bravo: "We've got Susanita down backstage, Valkyrie Knoxx blindsided by Rosa Delgado—and Marie Van Claudio thrown off the damn stage! This isn't competition, Johnny—this is tyranny!"

John Phillips: "It's a dark day in the United Toughness Alliance. Amy Harrison has turned the women's division into a battlefield!"

The camera cuts back to ringside. Medical personnel surround the stage area as Marie Van Claudio is carefully strapped to a stretcher. Smoke still hangs in the air from the damaged sound equipment. The crowd, once deafening, has fallen nearly silent. A chant begins softly—

"MVC! MVC! MVC!"

The EMTs lift her carefully, wheeling her past the wreckage toward the back. The camera zooms in close—Marie's face pale, her eyes fluttering, but her hand weakly clutching at the air, as if still trying to reach the ring where Amy stands watching from afar.

Amy Harrison remains at the top of the ramp now beside Hardcore Sandy, championship still on her shoulder, laughing as she surveys the destruction her allies left behind. The boos are deafening. She blows a kiss toward the stretcher as it disappears behind the curtain.

John Phillips: "I don't even have words. Amy Harrison may have just destroyed every shred of credibility this championship had. The Empress isn't ruling—she's reigning terror."

Mark Bravo: "And with what we've just seen tonight, Johnny, one thing's for sure—no one in the UTA women's division is safe anymore."

The final image before fade-out: Marie being wheeled out on the stretcher, EMTs moving swiftly beside her... as in the background, the camera lingers on the smoldering debris and the faint reflection of the Women's Championship belt gleaming under the arena lights.

Hell to Pay

Segment

Cut to the locker room area. The set is a mess—duffel bags torn open, clothes scattered, taped fists thrown across the benches. The earlier chaos of the show is still humming in the background. At the commentary desk, John and Mark's voices carry over the shot as a recap.

John Phillips (V.O.): "It's been a night of betrayals and ambushes, Mark. From Amy Harrison's orchestrated attack to Maxx Mayhem's turn on Chris Ross — everything's spiraled out of control."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "Yeah, Johnny. And you can feel it here in the back — the air's electric. Guys like Chris don't just get betrayed and walk away. This could get ugly."

The camera pushes through the cracked door to the chaotic scene inside Chris Ross's locker room. He's in the center of it all — jacket thrown over a chair, fists wrapped but trembling, eyes burning red with fury. He rips open another locker and hurls its contents across the room. A towel, a bottle, a taped glove sail past the camera and hit the opposite wall with a dull thud.

Melissa Cartwright (off-camera, soft): "Chris—Chris, can I have a word?"

Chris snaps his head toward the doorway. He breathes hard, nostrils flaring, one hand balled into a fist while the other snatches up a pair of knee pads and tosses them across the room with more force than necessary.

Chris Ross: "A word? You want a F****ng word? After that? I TOLD STEVENS! I TOLD HIM THE BLOOD WOULD BE ON HIS HANDS! HE DID THIS!"

He paces, each step a drumbeat. He slams a palm into the locker door until it rattles. The emotion is barely contained — part grief, part rage, all hurt pride.

Melissa Cartwright: “Chris... I know you told Scott. I know you warned him. But right now — you and Maxx Mayhem are technically the new UTA Tag Team Champions. How does that sit with you?”

At that, Chris stops as if struck. For a flash, the weight of the title — the irony — registers on his face. Then the mask cracks and the bitterness spills right back out.

Chris Ross: “Champions? That’s laughable.”

He grabs a nearby folding chair and swings it against the locker wall, metal screeching. The sound echoes like a gunshot in the small room. He glares straight into the camera, not at Melissa, eyes boring through the lens with lethal promise.

Chris Ross (low, dangerous): “He ruined what could’ve been my redeeming moment, Melissa. I knew something like this would happen... I F****ng knew it!”

He hurls another object — a mouth guard — across the room. It bounces, barely missing Melissa’s foot. She flinches, hands up in a calming gesture, but she doesn’t back away. She knows how close the edge he’s teetering on is.

Chris Ross: “You better run, Maxx... you better hide. You better take that little dog with you too... because when I get my F****ng hands on you...”

He leans forward, voice barely above a whisper, the threat chilling in its quiet.

Chris Ross: “...there will be hell to pay.”

Melissa steps closer, voice urgent but measured.

Melissa Cartwright: “Chris—don’t do anything you’ll regret. Scott is on his way. We’ll get answers.”

Chris laughs—short, broken. It isn’t a laugh of humor, but of a man with nothing left to lose.

Chris Ross: “Answers won’t fix what they stole from me, Melissa. But when I find them... trust me.”

He stalks to the door, pauses, and looks back one last time. The camera catches the raw, combustible mix of heartbreak and rage in his face. He slips through the doorway and disappears down the corridor toward the chaos, leaving the damaged room in his wake as the camera lingers on Melissa’s worried expression.

John Phillips (V.O.): “That was terrifying. Chris Ross is dangerous right now.”

Mark Bravo (V.O.): “And if he goes after Maxx Mayhem—well, we may have a whole new level of mayhem to worry about.”

The feed cuts to a shot of the arena crowd, the night’s events echoing in every murmur, before transitioning to the next scene.

Next

Segment

The camera fades up on a split-screen view. On the left: Michael Owens, UTA Hall of Famer and tonight’s challenger, walks with quiet purpose through the backstage corridors. He’s dressed in his black and gold ring gear, his trademark focused stare fixed straight ahead. Crew members part for him without a word. Every step feels deliberate — a man who’s done this a thousand times, but knows tonight means more.

On the right: Jarvis Valentine, the reigning UTA Champion, walks down his own hallway in the opposite direction. The title glints over his shoulder beneath the blue light of the corridor. His face is calm, confident, the swagger of a man

who believes destiny is on his side. A faint smirk tugs at his lips as he adjusts his wrist tape, mouthing something to himself—perhaps a promise.

John Phillips: “You’re looking at two generations colliding right here, Mark. Michael Owens — a Hall of Famer, a legend in that ring — versus Jarvis Valentine, the man who’s carrying the torch into the future.”

Mark Bravo: “And what a night for it, Johnny. After all the chaos we’ve seen — betrayals, attacks, ambushes — the UTA needs something pure. Two men, one title, no tricks... hopefully.”

The split-screen tightens as both men stop at their respective entry points. Michael rolls his neck once, exhaling deeply. Jarvis tilts his head, gripping the championship a little tighter. The tension is palpable.

John Phillips: “This... this is what it’s all about. Champion versus legend. Jarvis Valentine versus Michael Owens. The UTA Championship — and the legacy — on the line.”

Mark Bravo: “Hold on to your seats, folks. The main event is next.”

The camera slowly fades to black as both men step toward the curtain in unison — two paths, one destiny — the roar of the crowd beginning to swell in the distance.

[MAIN EVENT — UTA CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH — NEXT]

Jarvis Valentine vs. Michael Owens

Match

The house lights dim, and a low buzz sweeps through Madison Square Garden. Then—

“Hells Bells” by AC/DC thunders through the arena, that iconic opening bell toll ringing out like a funeral knell. The fans explode, rising to their feet instantly. Some chant his name, others just roar in respect, the sound washing over the Garden as smoke fills the stage.

Through the haze, Michael Owens steps out. Older now, in his late 40s or early 50s, streaks of silver running through his hair, but his physique is still undeniable—clearly, he hasn’t stopped grinding in the gym. He wears his patented green tights and a black shirt. His gait is slower than in his prime, but his eyes still burn with that same fire. The UTA Hall of Famer is home.

John Phillips: "Listen to this ovation! Michael Owens—one of the greatest to ever step into a UTA ring—is back, and he’s challenging for the richest prize in our sport!"

Mark Bravo: "And don’t let the years fool you, John. Owens may not be in his twenties anymore, but he’s still got gas in the tank and fight in those fists. This is a man who lived and breathed show-stealing performances in his heyday. Tonight, he’s got the chance to add one more chapter."

Owens walks down the ramp deliberately, slapping a few outstretched hands from fans who grew up idolizing him. A sign in the crowd reads: “HE STILL HAS IT!” and Owens smirks at it, nodding in acknowledgment. As he approaches the steps, he pauses at the bottom of the ramp, spreading his arms wide under the lights as another bell toll rings out. The camera catches a close-up of his face—weathered but determined.

He climbs the steel steps, steps through the ropes with veteran precision, and immediately heads to the nearest corner. Owens ascends to the second turnbuckle, raising one hand to the rafters as the fans cheer louder, flashes of cameras going off like it’s 1999 all over again. He mouths, “One more time,” as if reminding himself and everyone watching that the legend isn’t done yet.

Dropping down from the ropes, Owens peels off his shirt and tosses it aside, rolling his shoulders and flexing his arms to loosen up. He paces the ring with calm confidence, eyes fixed on the stage, ready to meet the champion.

John Phillips: "Owens has headlined Madison Square Garden before, but tonight feels different. Tonight, he's got the chance to become UTA Champion against a man who has taken this company by storm—Jarvis Valentine."

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis is young, strong, and controversial, but Owens? He's battle-tested, he's respected, and he's got nothing to lose. That makes him the most dangerous man in this building right now."

The lights in Madison Square Garden dim to near darkness. The energy from Michael Owens' entrance is still buzzing when the opening beat of "American Flags" by Tom MacDonald hits the speakers. Red, white, and blue spotlights sweep across the arena, bathing the crowd in patriotic hues. Immediately, the reaction is split down the middle—boos raining from one half of the arena while the other erupts in cheers.

On the stage, fireworks burst in red, white, and blue like a Fourth of July spectacle. Through the haze strides Jarvis Valentine, the UTA Championship strapped proudly around his waist. His sleek gear gleams under the lights, subtle hints of the letter Q and the number 17 stitched into the design. The symbolism draws louder boos from detractors, while loyal supporters wave handmade signs and chant his name.

John Phillips: "Here comes the most polarizing man in professional wrestling today—Jarvis Valentine. Listen to this reaction—half the Garden is on their feet cheering, the other half are raining down venom."

Mark Bravo: "And he wouldn't want it any other way, John. Jarvis thrives on this. Every cheer, every boo, every chant—it fuels him."

Jarvis pauses at the top of the ramp, slowly raising one hand in the shape of a Q. The crowd erupts louder, a mixture of disgust and adoration shaking the building. He smirks, slaps the faceplate of his championship, and then begins his march down the ramp as bursts of pyro fire in sync with his steps. His fiancée Toni briefly appears at the stage entrance, clapping proudly before retreating backstage, leaving Jarvis to own the spotlight alone.

Halfway down the ramp, Jarvis stops, pointing into the ring directly at Michael Owens. He mouths, "Your time's up." The camera zooms tight on his face—dripping with confidence, eyes locked on his challenger with absolute disdain. The fans boo louder, though a pocket of diehards rise up chanting, "IN JARVIS WE TRUST!"

At ringside, Jarvis climbs onto the apron, wiping his boots as if cleansing them of the crowd's filth before stepping through the ropes. He unbuckles the UTA Championship himself, raises it high into the air as the lights swirl red, white, and blue, then shoves it into the referee's chest with a sneer.

Owens, stoic in his corner, doesn't move an inch—his glare fixed firmly on the champion. Jarvis spreads his arms wide in the center of the ring, soaking in the storm of boos and cheers, standing defiant and unshaken as the referee lifts the UTA Championship overhead for all to see.

John Phillips: "The champion looks supremely confident, but across the ring stands a Hall of Famer who has seen it all. Something's got to give tonight at Madison Square Garden."

Mark Bravo: "This is legacy versus legacy, John. The man who built it against the man who wants to redefine it."

The referee holds the UTA Championship high for all to see. The camera pans across Madison Square Garden—every fan on their feet, a sea of noise swirling between dueling chants of "JAR-VIS! JAR-VIS!" and "OW-ENS! OW-ENS!" The energy is electric, the air thick with the gravity of a true main event.

Jarvis Valentine stands tall in his corner, jaw set, pacing back and forth like a caged animal. Across the ring, Michael Owens leans against the ropes, arms draped casually, but his eyes never leave the champion. It's a generational collision—Hall of Fame royalty against the polarizing, controversial titleholder. The referee steps between them, giving final instructions as the chants grow deafening.

John Phillips: "This is what Madison Square Garden was built for. The UTA Championship, a legend against the

lightning rod, and fifteen thousand people losing their minds."

Mark Bravo: "You can feel it in your bones, John. That's the big fight atmosphere. We're about to witness something special."

The bell finally rings—DING! DING! DING!—and the Garden erupts. Owens and Jarvis step out of their corners slowly, their eyes locked. They circle, listening to the noise wash over them. Owens pauses, spreading his arms as if inviting the cheers. Jarvis smirks and raises one hand in his Q symbol, drawing a wave of boos. The dueling chants grow louder, shaking the rafters.

Finally, they lunge forward—collar-and-elbow tie-up in the center of the ring. The crowd roars as the two power into each other, neither giving an inch at first. Owens grits his teeth, leaning with veteran leverage, trying to use his technique. Jarvis snarls, planting his feet and using raw power to shove Owens backward. Owens pivots, slipping slightly, but regains his stance with ring generalship. They strain for control, the referee hovering close, the fans roaring louder with every shift.

Owens twists, grabbing a quick side headlock to pop the crowd. Jarvis responds by muscling him back into the ropes, shoving him off. Owens rebounds, shoulder blocks the champ—but Jarvis barely budes. The crowd pops at the standoff. Owens smirks, nods, and beckons him forward. Jarvis glares, jaw tight, as the fans eat it up.

John Phillips: "What a start—Michael Owens showing he still has the savvy, and Jarvis Valentine reminding everyone he's the immovable object as champion."

Mark Bravo: "This isn't just strength versus skill, John—it's pride versus legacy. And neither man is blinking first."

The two circle again, the fans still buzzing from the shoulder block stalemate. They lock up a second time—this time, Owens quickly ducks under, slipping behind into a waistlock. With a veteran's snap, he switches into a hammerlock, twisting Jarvis's arm high and tight. Jarvis grimaces, reaching for the ropes, but Owens smoothly transitions into a side headlock, wrenching it in with precision.

Jarvis shoves him off again, forcing a break, but Owens is waiting. On the rebound, Owens drops to the mat, letting Jarvis leap over him. As the champion turns, Owens pops back up—arm drag! Jarvis hits the mat hard. He scrambles back up, only to be caught again—second arm drag! The crowd pops louder. Jarvis charges, furious—Owens leapfrogs over him and snatches him into a deep hip toss, sending the champ sprawling across the ring.

The Garden roars as Owens kips up with a grin, spreading his arms wide in his old trademark pose. Jarvis slams the mat in frustration, rolling to the ropes as the fans break into a booming chant of "YOU STILL GOT IT!"

John Phillips: "Vintage Michael Owens! Crisp, clean, technical perfection—and the Garden is loving every second of it!"

Mark Bravo: "Owens is showing the champ that experience trumps raw power when you know your way around every inch of that ring. Jarvis Valentine did not expect to be outclassed this early."

Jarvis pounds the ropes, his jaw tight, eyes flashing with frustration. Owens smirks at him, motioning with his fingers for Jarvis to bring it on. The champion scowls, muttering something under his breath as he rises to his feet, pacing like a bull about to charge. Owens adjusts his wrist tape, calm and collected, the master of pacing and mind games in his element.

They circle again, the chants still raining down, and Owens looks as loose and confident as he did in his prime—while Jarvis Valentine's composure is already beginning to crack.

Jarvis and Owens circle once more, the dueling chants shaking the Garden. They lunge in, but this time Owens sidesteps smoothly, hooking Jarvis into a quick go-behind and rolling him into a schoolboy! The referee dives—

1... 2—Jarvis kicks out!

Jarvis scrambles to his feet in a fury, but Owens is already up, meeting him with a sharp knife-edge chop that echoes through Madison Square Garden. "WOOOO!" roars the crowd as Jarvis reels backward, clutching his chest. Owens follows up with another chop, and another, herding the champion into the corner. The fans are eating it up.

John Phillips: "Classic Michael Owens—sharp chops, quick pin attempts, making Jarvis burn energy and lose focus."

Mark Bravo: "That's the veteran instinct, John. Owens knows he can't outmuscle the champ, so he's gonna outthink him. Every trick in the book is coming out tonight."

Owens Irish whips Jarvis across the ring, but instead of following through, he hangs back. Jarvis rebounds—and Owens drops flat, making Jarvis leapfrog over him. On the return, Owens springs up and nails a crisp dropkick that floors the champion! The Garden explodes in cheers as Owens kips up, strutting across the ring with a cocky smirk, arms wide as if to say, "Still got it."

Jarvis slams his fists against the mat, rolling to the outside to regroup. The boos rain down as he paces ringside, clutching his jaw and glaring daggers back at Owens, who leans against the ropes with a playful shrug. The referee begins a count, and Owens steps back, letting the moment breathe as the fans chant "OW-ENS! OW-ENS!"

Jarvis finally slides back into the ring, but Owens is ready. He catches the champion with a quick side headlock takeover, grinding him down. Jarvis powers up to his feet, trying to shove him off, but Owens deftly switches behind into a backslide—

1... 2—Jarvis kicks out again!

The champion bolts up, red-faced, and swings wildly with a clothesline, but Owens ducks under, spins around, and hooks him into a lightning-quick neckbreaker! The veteran pops up, slapping the mat and pointing to the fans as the cheers grow louder. Jarvis rolls to the ropes once again, rattled and visibly frustrated, shouting at the referee about "slow counts."

John Phillips: "Michael Owens is dictating the pace, and Jarvis Valentine doesn't like it one bit!"

Mark Bravo: "Owens is turning back the clock tonight. He's got the champ second-guessing himself, and that is not where Jarvis wants to be."

Owens plays to the crowd, grinning ear to ear as the chants of "YOU STILL GOT IT!" fill Madison Square Garden. Jarvis, pacing the ropes, clenches his fists and shakes his head furiously. He mouths "ENOUGH" before storming back into the center of the ring. Owens meets him with another sharp chop to the chest—

—but Jarvis doesn't flinch. He snarls, grabs Owens by the throat, and hurls him backward into the corner with a violent shove. The Garden gasps as Owens' back smacks against the turnbuckles. Before he can breathe, Jarvis charges in, crushing him with a running clothesline that rattles the ring.

John Phillips: "And just like that, the champion explodes! Jarvis Valentine has had enough of the veteran's tricks!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the danger of Jarvis, John. You can frustrate him, you can embarrass him, but when he snaps—he's a bull in a china shop."

Owens stumbles out of the corner, clutching his ribs, but Jarvis scoops him up effortlessly into a sidewalk slam, planting him hard in the center of the ring. The champ rises quickly, his face twisted in fury, and drags Owens up by the hair before whipping him viciously into the ropes. On the rebound—Jarvis nearly decapitates him with a discus clothesline! Owens crumples to the mat, rolling onto his stomach as Jarvis stands over him, chest heaving, snarling at the fans who shower him with boos.

Jarvis stomps repeatedly on Owens' back, each stomp heavier than the last, before finally yanking him up and driving him down again with a brutal back suplex. Owens winces in pain, arching his back, while the champion kneels beside

him, glaring at the crowd with a sinister smirk.

John Phillips: "The tide has turned, and Michael Owens is in deep trouble. Jarvis Valentine is no longer playing games—he's imposing his will."

Mark Bravo: "And this is where Jarvis is at his best, John. Not when he's pandering, not when he's showboating—when he's mauling. Owens is about to find out what it means to step into the champion's yard."

Jarvis stands tall, spreading his arms as the Garden boos, then points down at Owens as if to declare: "This is MY ring." He drags the Hall of Famer up once again, ready to unleash more punishment as the match shifts fully into the champion's control.

Jarvis hauls Owens up by the wrist, smirking as he yells, "THIS IS MY HOUSE!" before whipping the Hall of Famer into the ropes. On the rebound, Jarvis lowers for a back body drop—but Owens plants his boot and kicks him square in the face! Jarvis snaps upright, stunned. The crowd erupts as Owens shakes the cobwebs, feeding off their energy.

Owens charges—flying forearm smash! Jarvis hits the mat, and Owens kips up to a thunderous ovation! The Garden comes alive, chanting "OW-ENS! OW-ENS!" as the veteran's eyes light up with fire.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! Owens is digging deep—turning back the clock right here in Madison Square Garden!"

Mark Bravo: "You can't kill experience, John! Owens has been through wars, he's survived decades in this business, and tonight he's proving he can still hang with the champ!"

Jarvis staggers to his feet, only to eat a sharp inverted atomic drop! The champion stumbles, and Owens follows up with a running clothesline that sends Jarvis crashing over the top rope to the floor! The crowd explodes as Owens pounds his chest and points to the rafters, rallying Madison Square Garden into a frenzy.

The referee begins his count, but Owens isn't about to let the champ breathe. He steps onto the apron, waits for Jarvis to rise, and leaps—diving axe handle to the skull that drops the champion back down at ringside! Fans at ringside pound the barricades as Owens slaps hands with them, feeding off the Garden's energy.

Owens rolls Jarvis back into the ring, climbing the turnbuckle as the crowd roars in anticipation. He balances, takes a breath, and launches—flying elbow drop straight to Jarvis's chest! He hooks the leg—

1... 2... NO! Jarvis kicks out at the last heartbeat!

The near-fall rattles the Garden, but Owens doesn't let frustration show. He pops to his feet, slapping his hands together, signaling he's ready to put the finishing touches on this storybook comeback. He stomps the mat rhythmically, the crowd clapping along, building to a fever pitch as Jarvis slowly stirs to his feet.

John Phillips: "Owens is calling for the end! Madison Square Garden is shaking—this legend might just have one more miracle in him!"

Michael Owens stomps the mat rhythmically, every stomp met with the Garden clapping along. Jarvis staggers upright, clutching his ribs, his eyes glazed. Owens sets his sights, lunges forward, hooking Jarvis for his old-school finisher—
—but Jarvis suddenly shifts his weight, powering Owens up and over with a desperate back body drop! Owens crashes to the mat with a thud, clutching his lower back as the momentum is ripped away in an instant. The fans groan in unison, the roar of the Garden turning into gasps of shock.

John Phillips: "Oh! Owens had him! He was a heartbeat away from connecting with the finisher—but Jarvis Valentine counters at the last possible second!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what makes Jarvis dangerous, John. You can't count him out, not for a second. Owens had the

crowd, the rhythm, the whole building in the palm of his hand—and Jarvis flipped the script with one move."

Jarvis drags himself to the ropes, sucking in air, his face twisted with fury and relief. He spots Owens trying to rise and pounces, hammering clubbing forearms across the back of the veteran's neck. The boos rain down as Jarvis hauls Owens upright and plants him with a brutal German suplex, folding him up on the canvas. Jarvis doesn't release—he rolls through, hauls Owens up again, and nails a second German! The crowd groans as Owens writhes in pain.

Jarvis sits up, chest heaving, glaring at the hard camera as he sneers, "THIS IS MY CHAMPIONSHIP!" before dragging Owens' limp body toward the center of the ring. He hooks both arms, preparing for more punishment as the atmosphere in Madison Square Garden grows tense once again.

Jarvis keeps his grip on Owens, muscling him up for a third straight German suplex. The veteran's body crashes down hard, the sound echoing through Madison Square Garden. Jarvis finally releases, rolling to his knees, his chest heaving as he smirks out at the booing crowd. He raises three fingers to the rafters, snarling, "COUNT 'EM!"

Owens lies motionless on the mat, gasping for air. Jarvis doesn't rush. He stalks his prey, dragging Owens up by the hair before planting a heavy forearm across his jaw. Owens collapses back to the mat, clutching his face, but Jarvis immediately stomps down on his chest, then his ribs, grinding his boot with deliberate cruelty. The boos cascade louder with each stomp.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is slowing this match down to his pace, suffocating Michael Owens. Every move is deliberate, every strike meant to take the air out of him."

Mark Bravo: "It's smart, John. Owens had that flurry, he had the crowd rocking—but Jarvis knows how to shut the lights out. This isn't about flash; it's about punishment."

Jarvis yanks Owens to his feet and hurls him into the corner. The champion charges and crushes him with a clothesline, then hooks Owens around the neck and bulldogs him into the mat. Jarvis rolls him over and hooks the leg—

1... 2... Owens kicks out!

The champ wastes no time, wrapping his massive hands around Owens' torso and muscling him up into a bearhug in the middle of the ring. The veteran winces, arms flailing as Jarvis wrenches tighter, shaking him like a ragdoll. The referee leans in, asking if Owens wants to quit, but he shakes his head furiously, teeth bared in defiance.

The crowd rallies, clapping and stomping, trying to will Owens back to life. Jarvis snarls at them, squeezing tighter, dragging Owens closer to collapse. He growls into the hard camera: "THIS is your hero? THIS is your legend?"

Owens' arm drops once... twice... The referee lifts it a third time—

—but Owens keeps it raised! The Garden erupts as the Hall of Famer begins shaking his fist, fighting through the pain, the chants of "OW-ENS! OW-ENS!" booming louder and louder.

The referee lifts Owens' arm for the third time, but the veteran clenches his fist and keeps it in the air. Madison Square Garden explodes. Owens starts pumping his arm, feeding off the chants—"OW-ENS! OW-ENS!" Jarvis snarls, tightening the bearhug, but Owens fires back with right hands to the side of the champion's head. One! Two! Three! Jarvis staggers, his grip loosening.

Owens finally pries himself free, dropping to his feet and lighting up Jarvis with knife-edge chops. "WOOOO!" echoes through the arena with every strike. Jarvis swings wildly—miss! Owens catches him with an inverted atomic drop, sending the champ hopping in pain. The crowd roars as Owens follows with a flying forearm smash that drops Jarvis to the canvas. Owens kips up again, chest heaving, eyes blazing like it's his prime all over again!

John Phillips: "Michael Owens is on fire! Madison Square Garden is shaking to its core—this Hall of Famer's got the

champion reeling!"

Mark Bravo: "This is vintage Owens, John! It's like he's turned back the clock twenty years—listen to this crowd!"

Owens points to the turnbuckles and the Garden comes unglued. He climbs high, steadying himself, arms wide. He launches—perfect diving elbow drop across Jarvis's heart! He covers—

1... 2... NO! Jarvis kicks out!

Owens slaps the mat in frustration, but he's not done. He rises, signaling for his finisher as the crowd rises with him. Jarvis stumbles to his feet, dazed. Owens hooks him, setting up the iconic move—

—but Jarvis twists at the last second, muscling Owens up into the air, and drops him down with a thunderous back suplex! The momentum dies instantly as Owens crashes hard, clutching the back of his neck. Jarvis sits up, chest heaving, then rolls to his knees with a snarl, glaring at the booing crowd.

John Phillips: "Oh no! Owens had him—he was a heartbeat away—but Jarvis Valentine counters with brute force, and now the champion smells blood!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the killer instinct, John. Jarvis let Owens have his rally, but he's not gonna let this fairy tale end tonight. He's setting up to finish the legend once and for all."

Jarvis pounds his fist into the mat, signaling the end. He drags Owens up, hooks him across the shoulders into the fireman's carry position, and the Garden erupts in boos, knowing what's coming. Jarvis snarls, shouting, "TRUTH ALWAYS WINS!" as he steadies for the Patriot Plunge.

Jarvis Valentine steadies Michael Owens across his shoulders, the boos raining down from Madison Square Garden. He snarls, then drops—driving Owens head-first into the mat with the devastating Patriot Plunge! The ring shakes on impact as Owens sprawls lifelessly across the canvas. Jarvis immediately hooks the leg, pressing his chest down with all his weight.

1... 2... 3!

The bell rings, and "American Flags" blasts through the Garden as the referee raises Jarvis's hand in victory. The UTA Championship is handed back to the champion, who clutches it tight against his chest before raising it high, sneering out at the crowd with a mix of defiance and triumph.

John Phillips: "It's over! Jarvis Valentine hits the Patriot Plunge clean in the center of the ring and retains the UTA Championship!"

Mark Bravo: "And he beat one of the very best to ever do it, John. No controversy, no shortcuts—just brute force, and Jarvis Valentine walks out still on top."

Jarvis stands over Owens for a long moment, chest heaving, eyes locked on the fallen Hall of Famer. The boos are loud, but the pockets of cheers rumble just as strong. Slowly, Jarvis kneels beside Owens, extends his hand, and waits. The Garden hushes. Owens, groggy and battered, lifts his head, stares at the champion, and finally takes the hand. The two shake firmly in the center of the ring, a symbolic passing of respect.

The fans erupt in applause at the rare show of sportsmanship. Jarvis nods, then releases the grip, pats Owens on the shoulder, and rolls out of the ring. He slings the championship over his shoulder, raising one fist to the sky as he backs up the ramp. The cameras capture his face—a mix of exhaustion and pride—before shifting back to the ring.

Inside, Michael Owens sits up slowly, clutching his ribs. The crowd breaks into a chant: "THANK YOU OWENS! THANK YOU OWENS!" Owens looks around Madison Square Garden, visibly moved, before pulling himself to his feet with the ropes. He raises one arm to the rafters, the Garden giving him a standing ovation. He mouths, "One more time," and the applause only grows louder.

John Phillips: "What a moment. Jarvis Valentine retains the championship, but Michael Owens leaves with the respect of the UTA fans, and the kind of ovation only legends get in this building."

Mark Bravo: "Owens proved tonight he still belongs on this stage. He didn't get the gold, but he damn sure reminded the world why his name is etched in UTA history."

The chants of "THANK YOU OWENS! THANK YOU OWENS!" echo through Madison Square Garden as Michael Owens leans against the ropes, sweat pouring down his face. He looks around slowly, visibly overwhelmed, mouthing "Thank you" back to the fans. The ovation grows louder, wave after wave of applause crashing down like thunder.

Owens takes a long breath, then bends down to untie his boots. The crowd notices immediately, and the noise swells into a deafening roar. He pulls off one boot, then the other, and sets them carefully in the center of the ring. Gasps ripple through the arena before the applause returns, even louder than before. Fans hold up their phones, capturing the moment as the realization sets in—this isn't just another match. This is the end.

John Phillips: "Wait... wait a minute. Michael Owens... Michael Owens is leaving his boots in the ring."

Mark Bravo: "Oh my God, John. We've seen this before in wrestling history. That's the universal sign. Michael Owens... is saying goodbye."

Owens stands tall one final time, raising his hand to the rafters as tears glisten in his eyes. The Garden explodes into chants of "YOU DESERVE IT!" and "THANK YOU OWENS!" He nods, swallowing hard, before stepping through the ropes. He lingers on the apron, looking back at the boots in the middle of the ring, then finally drops to the floor.

As Owens walks slowly up the ramp, the camera captures fans on their feet, clapping, crying, chanting. He stops halfway up, turning one last time to salute Madison Square Garden. The spotlight lingers on the empty boots in the center of the ring—the image of a career completed, a legacy sealed.

John Phillips: "Tonight, in Madison Square Garden, a Hall of Famer gave us one more show. Michael Owens has retired from professional wrestling."

Mark Bravo: "And what a way to go out, John. In the main event, against the champion, in front of a sold-out Garden. Michael Owens will never be forgotten."

The final broadcast shot isn't of Jarvis Valentine or the celebration—it's of Michael Owens' boots sitting quietly in the middle of the ring, bathed in a single spotlight, as the chants of "THANK YOU OWENS!" roll on.

Conclusion

Card Subject to Change.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite