

# East Coast Invasion: Norfolk, VA

---

**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** November 28, 2025  
**Location:** Chartway Arena — Norfolk, VA

## Preview

For the first time ever, the UTA comes to Norfolk for another stop on the East Coast Invasion tour.

## Results

### Introduction

Segment

The screen is black for a heartbeat... then explodes to life with the East Coast Invasion graphic slamming onto the screen. A fast-cut montage rips by — Jarvis Valentine hoisting the UTA Championship under a storm of confetti, Emily Hightower raising the Women's U.S. Title with fire in her eyes, Silas Grimm and Malachi Cross standing back-to-back with the Tag belts, the haunting mask of El Fantasma Oscuro, The Empire glaring down at the camera, and the logo for Norfolk's own Chartway Arena screaming across the frame.

We smash cut inside the building where a roaring Norfolk crowd is already on its feet. Blue and white spotlights dance across the sea of fans as pyro detonates along the stage and across the top of the entrance truss, painting the air with smoke and sparks. Cameras sweep the lower bowl, catching handmade signs — "EAST COAST ERUPTION," "EMILY 4 EVER," "EMPIRE RUNS THIS," "SUSANITA SAID SO," and "WHOSE TAGS? GRIMM & CROSS!" — before settling down at ringside.

John Phillips: "Norfolk, Virginia... welcome to the East Coast Invasion!"

The crowd pops again as the hard cam pulls back to show the full arena, then zooms in on the commentary desk where John Phillips, in a sharp navy suit, and Mark Bravo, in a bold gold-trimmed blazer, are grinning ear to ear with the noise of the crowd humming around them.

John Phillips: "We are live from the sold-out Chartway Arena on the campus of Old Dominion University, and for the very first time ever, the United Toughness Alliance has rolled into Norfolk! I'm John Phillips, he's Mark Bravo, and this is another stop on a tour that just won't quit tearing up the Eastern seaboard."

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, the UTA keeps hittin' cities like my cheat day hits the buffet — no breaks, no mercy, and by the end of the night somebody's cryin' and somebody's unbuttoning their pants. This Norfolk crowd is LOUD, they're rowdy, and they've been waitin' all week to see who's gettin' punched in the mouth first."

The camera cuts to the entranceway, where the East Coast Invasion branding glows on the LED walls, then to the ring where the referee for the opening contest leans on the ropes, soaking in the atmosphere.

John Phillips: "We are fresh off Survivor in Washington, D.C., where rivalries got uglier, alliances got tested, and the whole landscape of the UTA shifted yet again. No rest for anybody on this roster — a week later, we are right back at it here in Norfolk, and we've got a stacked card tonight."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and if Survivor was a warning shot? Tonight feels like the full-on bombardment. You've got new grudges, old scores, and a whole lotta people who woke up this morning realizing their spot on the ladder might not be as safe as they thought."

The camera runs down the front row — kids in replica masks, teens in Emily Hightower and Amy Harrison shirts, a group holding up a massive “FEEL THE YBANEZ HEAT” banner — before returning to the desk as a lower-third graphic displays the night’s lineup.

John Phillips: "Let’s talk about what’s on tap. We open tonight with first-time-ever singles action: Susanita Ybanez versus Kaida Shizuka. Two women with very different paths to this ring, two very different styles... and both of them are absolutely desperate to climb into title contention in a division that has never been hotter."

Mark Bravo: "You’ve got Susanita — speed, heart, and a right hand that’ll knock the consonants out of your last name — going up against Kaida Shizuka, who is just... cold. Precise. Mean. Kaida’s the kind of woman who smiles when she hears the bell and smiles again when she hears cartilage pop. Somebody’s leavin’ Norfolk with a statement win tonight, and somebody else is gonna be real familiar with the trainer’s room."

The graphic shifts to show Gunnar Van Patton and Mr. Juan Calderon on opposite sides of the screen, intensity in both sets of eyes.

John Phillips: "Also tonight, singles action with big-time implications: Gunnar Van Patton takes on Mr. Juan Calderon. Gunnar has been quietly stacking up performances all year long, but Mr. Calderon is the kind of veteran who can slam the brakes on anybody’s momentum at any time."

Mark Bravo: "Gunnar’s been trying to prove he’s not just a ‘nice surprise’ on these cards — he wants his name in that permanent ink conversation, the kind of guy you build posters around. But Mr. Juan Calderon? That dude is a career grenade. You pull the pin by signing the contract, and then you just hope you’re still standing when the smoke clears."

The arena lights tilt toward a darker hue as the Tag Team Championship graphic fills the screen: Silas Grimm and Malachi Cross, Tag Team title plates shining, facing off against the shadowed, eerie visage of El Fantasma Oscuro — and the hint of a second silhouette behind him.

John Phillips: "And how about this for a flashpoint — the UTA Tag Team Championships on the line as Silas Grimm and Malachi Cross defend against El Fantasma. After the chaos we saw when they crossed paths at Survivor, things have only gotten stranger... and more dangerous."

Mark Bravo: "I don’t even know how many El Fantasmas we’re dealin’ with anymore, Johnny. One? Two? Three? An army? I’m seein’ masks in my dreams at this point. What I DO know is that Silas Grimm and Malachi Cross are walkin’ into Norfolk with targets the size of this arena on their backs, and if one miscommunication happens between those two... we could be talkin’ about brand new Tag Team Champions by the end of the night."

The graphic flips to Kaine and Dante Rivera, the newcomer and the merciless technician side by side.

John Phillips: "We’ve also got a singles debut tonight — Kaine steps into a UTA ring one-on-one with Dante Rivera. We don’t know a lot yet about Kaine inside these ropes when he’s by himself, but we know exactly what Dante brings to the fight... and it’s not good news for somebody trying to make a first impression."

Mark Bravo: "Dante Rivera is like a human pop quiz you didn’t study for — you think you’re ready, then you’re on the mat clutching your neck, wondering what the license plate was on the truck that hit you. Kaine’s gonna find out real quick whether he belongs in this yard or not."

Finally, the Women’s United States Championship graphic hits the screen, showing Emily Hightower with the title on her shoulder opposite Dahlia Cross looming in the shadows, flanked in the background by the ghostly imagery of The Empire.

John Phillips: "And in our featured championship match of the night, Emily Hightower defends the UTA Women’s United States Championship against Dahlia Cross. This isn’t just a rematch. This isn’t just about a title. This is about The Empire trying to wrap another piece of gold around its waist... and Emily Hightower fighting like hell to stop that

from happening."

Mark Bravo: "Dahlia Cross is one of the nastiest, most calculated technicians in the game. She takes limbs like trophies, and she does it with a smile. Add in the fact she's got Amy Harrison and The Empire whispering in her ear, and suddenly Emily's not just fightin' for a belt — she's fighting to keep the whole women's division from being run like Amy's personal fiefdom."

John Phillips: "The East Coast Invasion rolls on, the stakes keep getting higher, and tonight, Norfolk gets to write its own chapter in UTA history. Susanita Ybanez, Kaida Shizuka, Gunnar Van Patton, Mr. Juan Calderon, Kaine, Dante Rivera, Silas Grimm, Malachi Cross, El Fantasma, Emily Hightower, Dahlia Cross — they're all here, they're all ready, and so are we."

The crowd swells as the camera cuts to the ring, where the referee signals to the timekeeper. The lights subtly shift toward the entranceway, the first theme of the night ready to hit.

Mark Bravo: "Norfolk, you wanted the UTA? You got the UTA. Let's find out whose night this is."

John Phillips: "East Coast Invasion: Norfolk starts... right now."

The crowd roars as the opening entrance music hits and the camera whips toward the stage.

## **Susanita Ybanez vs. Kaida Shizuka**

Match

The roar in Chartway Arena dips into a tense buzz as the lights lower to a cool indigo. A slow, rolling taiko drum echoes through the sound system, each beat like a distant thunderclap. The first notes of "kusa (?-ikusa-)" by WagakkiBand slide in over the percussion, strings and shamisen weaving a warlike melody as the stage fills with drifting cherry blossom petals on the LED wall.

A soft flurry of actual petals rains down from above the entrance as Kaida Shizuka steps through the curtain, head bowed slightly, expression unreadable. In her hands, a faux katana gleams under the arena lights. She pauses at the top of the ramp, lifts the blade in both hands, and makes a precise, practiced cut through the air — a silent declaration of intent.

John Phillips: "And listen to Norfolk right now — that's respect. That's recognition. Kaida Shizuka made a lot of people sit up and pay attention at Survivor, and tonight she gets the first shot at setting the tone here in Norfolk."

Mark Bravo: "You know how they say still waters run deep? In Kaida's case, the water's probably hiding a couple of sharks. She might not say much, Johnny, but everything that woman does hurts. Arms, neck, joints — if it bends, Kaida's got a way to twist it 'til you regret waking up this morning."

Kaida strides down the ramp with measured steps, the faux katana held low at her side. She doesn't slap hands, doesn't acknowledge the cameras — her eyes stay locked on the ring. At ringside, she walks to the steel steps, rests the katana carefully against the post, then turns to face the apron.

She bows deeply toward the ring, then climbs onto the apron and, true to ritual, wipes the soles of her boots against the edge before slipping between the ropes. Inside, Kaida moves to the center, drops to one knee, and touches the canvas with her fingertips, whispering something under her breath before standing and backing into her corner.

John Phillips: "Kaida's whole world shrinks down to that rectangle of canvas. Stoic, methodical, but don't mistake that for mercy. She respects the fight... but she'll go as far as she thinks she has to in order to win."

Mark Bravo: "And if 'as far as she has to' means an extra four-and-a-half-count on the ropes or an elbow in the blind spot of the referee? Well... war is war, John."

The house lights tilt from indigo to a dark crimson as the taiko fades. A new pulse hits the speakers — the pounding

drums of "Ignite" by Dead Legacy crash through Chartway Arena. Red lights strobe across the stage. On the screen, sparks and ember effects swirl, building toward an eruption.

As the violin line cuts in, a ribbon of flame rises at the top of the ramp, small at first, then flaring higher as piano accents hit. On the growl, a loud explosion punches the air, sending a plume of pyro bursting up from the stage. When the smoke clears, Susanita Ybanez stands silhouetted in front of the flame graphics, head lifted slightly, taking in the roar of Norfolk.

John Phillips: "And here comes history in motion — the first woman from South America to sign with the United Toughness Alliance, 'La reina silenciosa' herself, Susanita Ybanez!"

Mark Bravo: "From the streets of Lambaré to the bright lights of Norfolk, Johnny. She doesn't have a silver spoon background, she's got a 'fix-the-spoon-yourself-'cause-nobody-else-is-gonna' background. And the way she fought at Survivor? That's the kind of performance that turns believers into fanatics."

The flames on the stage lick up along the sides of the ramp as Susanita starts her walk, eyes scanning the crowd. Fans point and cheer; a cluster in the front row wave a Paraguayan flag. Susanita slows near them for a moment, pressing her palm to the crest on the flag before continuing on, the fire graphics flaring with each step like the city of Lambaré is following her into battle.

She circles the ring once, hand brushing the apron, then climbs up onto it. Standing on the edge, she looks straight ahead, the arena lights glinting off her eyes. She leans back, arms spread wide, then snaps them down as pyro erupts from all four turnbuckles in a vertical blast. The crowd pops huge as the strobes chase around the ring.

John Phillips: "That's a moment right there. You can feel it — this crowd respects Kaida, they LOVE Susanita, and they know they're about to see something special."

Mark Bravo: "You grow up sprinting those hills in Lambaré, improvising workouts with scrap metal and busted tires, you don't come to Norfolk to have an off-night. She's not just tryin' to win, she's tryin' to prove she belongs in the title picture sooner rather than later."

Susanita steps through the ropes and moves to the center of the ring, letting the lights whirl around her one last time before backing into her corner. The music fades as the referee steps between the two women, giving final instructions.

Kaida pushes off the turnbuckles and walks toward the middle without hesitation. Susanita meets her there. For a moment, it's just the two of them, the buzz of the crowd rising like static. Kaida bows at the waist — precise, respectful. Susanita watches her for a beat, then dips her own head in a shorter bow before extending a hand.

After a heartbeat of tension, Kaida accepts the handshake. There's pressure in the grip, quiet intensity behind the eyes... but no ambush. When they separate, both women take a step back and raise their hands, circling as the referee signals for the bell.

The bell rings.

John Phillips: "Here we go — Susanita Ybanez versus Kaida Shizuka, first-time-ever collision, and both of these women are coming off strong outings at Survivor. Momentum is everything right now in the women's division."

Mark Bravo: "Respectful handshake, respectful bows... that's all nice. But give it two, three minutes and somebody's gonna get kicked in the teeth. That's the kind of respect these two understand best."

They close into a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Kaida leans into it, using her slight height and leverage to push Susanita back a half-step. Susanita digs her boots into the canvas, plants, and pivots, slipping an arm under Kaida's and rolling into a quick arm wringer. She snaps down on the wrist once, twice, testing the joint.

Kaida's face doesn't change. She drops to one knee, rolls forward, and untwists the pressure, coming up behind

Susanita with a smooth transition into a waistlock. In the same motion, she shifts her grip, hands climbing from the waist up toward the shoulder and neck, looking to clamp on a standing head-and-arm control.

John Phillips: "Early chain wrestling here, both women feeling each other out. Kaida already zeroing in on the neck and shoulder — that's her bread and butter."

Mark Bravo: "You give Kaida a limb, she's gonna send you the bill later. Interest included."

Susanita fires a sharp back elbow into Kaida's ribs to break the grip, then another, forcing Kaida to release and take a step back. Susanita hits the ropes, rebounds, and ducks under a wild rolling elbow, sliding behind Kaida and snapping her over with a crisp snapmare. Kaida hits seated and instantly gets rocked by a low running dropkick between the shoulder blades.

Kaida clutches her back and rolls toward the ropes, but Susanita stays on her, dragging her up by the wrist and whipping her across the ring. On the return, Susanita leapfrogs Kaida, hits the opposite ropes herself, and comes back with a flying headscissors — Kaida bases, but Susanita whips her through, sending her rolling toward the corner.

John Phillips: "Acceleration from Susanita! That speed, that agility — those are the tools that carried her from improvised rings in Paraguay to the UTA canvas."

Mark Bravo: "And if you're Kaida, you're filing that away right now. Every time you get thrown, every time your head snaps around, that's a note for later — 'remember to kick her legs out from under her.'"

Kaida grabs the middle rope and pulls herself up, one hand on the back of her neck. The referee steps in for a moment, checking on her. Susanita keeps her distance, bouncing lightly on her toes in the center of the ring, motioning for Kaida to come back in. The Norfolk crowd claps rhythmically, urging the fight on.

Kaida straightens, rolls her shoulders once, and then steps away from the ropes. They circle again, this time a touch faster. Kaida feints high with a right hand — Susanita bites, bringing her guard up — and Kaida cracks a low shoot kick into the lead thigh. The impact echoes, drawing a wince from the front row.

John Phillips: "Oof! Classic shoot kick from Kaida right into the thigh, and you can see Susanita immediately adjust her stance."

Mark Bravo: "That's the problem with speed — you need legs for that. Kaida's out here repossessin' them."

Another low kick, this one landing on the opposite leg. Susanita tries to step into a clinch, but Kaida peppers her with a quick trio of forearms to the side of the head, then snaps her down into a side headlock. Susanita pushes them both into the ropes, shoots Kaida off — but Kaida holds the hair for just a moment longer than she should, yanking Susanita back into a short, stiff forearm across the jaw.

The crowd gasps as Susanita drops to a knee, eyes flashing more in surprise than pain. The referee immediately admonishes Kaida, pointing to his hair and wagging a finger. Kaida's expression barely shifts; she offers the smallest of shrugs and a shallow bow, but doesn't look particularly repentant.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on now — that was a handful of hair. No question about it."

Mark Bravo: "Hey, the ref's got 'til four, Johnny. She let go, didn't she? Might not be pretty, but it is effective."

Kaida doesn't give Susanita time to stew. She snatches her by the wrist again and yanks her up, chaining straight into a rolling elbow that cracks against Susanita's cheek. Susanita staggers back into the ropes, and Kaida follows, trapping Susanita's arm over the top cable and wrenching back, driving a boot into the side of her neck while the referee starts a count.

Referee: "One! Two! Three! Four!"

Kaida releases at four exactly, hands up, stepping away as Susanita slumps forward, grabbing at her neck and shoulder. Again the ref warns her, and again Kaida gives a small, almost disinterested bow, eyes never leaving her opponent.

John Phillips: "And there it is — that edge we talked about. Kaida respects the fight, she respects the ring... but she's not above bending the rules right up to the breaking point if it means softening that neck for the Sakura Clutch later."

Mark Bravo: "Bushido with a little extra smudge on the code of conduct, Johnny. She's here to win matches, not win Miss Congeniality."

Susanita pulls herself off the ropes, rolling her neck, jaw set. Kaida steps in, looking for another clinch — but Susanita fires a sharp right forearm of her own, then another, sending Kaida back a step. The crowd rallies behind her as she strings together a quick combination: forearm, low kick to the calf, and then a snapping European uppercut that sends Kaida reeling toward the corner.

Susanita charges in — Kaida sidesteps, trying to spin out. Susanita plants a foot on the middle turnbuckle, adjusts mid-stride, and springs backwards into a twisting crossbody that catches Kaida flush, taking both women down into the center of the ring. Susanita hooks the leg for the first cover of the match.

John Phillips: "Beautiful adjustment from Susanita off the turnbuckles, crossbody hits clean! Cover!"

The referee slides in.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Kaida kicks out at two, rolling to her side. Susanita doesn't argue the count; instead she grabs a wrist, hauls Kaida up, and whips her toward the ropes. Kaida reverses, sending Susanita instead — but Susanita ducks the clothesline on the rebound, hits the far ropes at full speed, and launches herself through the middle strand with a suicide dive feint. At the last second, Kaida bails to the apron, expecting the dive.

Instead, Susanita catches herself on the ropes, landing on the apron as well. The two women are suddenly face-to-face, balanced on the narrow edge, the crowd roaring at the sudden standoff.

John Phillips: "Look at this! Both women on the apron, dangerous territory here in Norfolk!"

Mark Bravo: "That apron is the hardest part of the ring — and I don't just say that 'cause everybody else does. Somebody's about to find out the hard way whose night this really is."

Kaida cocks her leg for a Silent Flash spinning back-kick, and Susanita shifts her weight, fingers gripping the top rope as the tension spikes, the Norfolk crowd on its feet as the battle on the edge of the ring begins to escalate...

Kaida spins, heel slicing toward Susanita's jaw with Silent Flash. Susanita ducks by inches, feeling the air split over her head as she drops low, one hand slapping the apron for balance. She fires a short, desperate shot into Kaida's midsection, doubling her over just enough to hook her around the waist.

John Phillips: "Susanita saw that kick coming at the last possible second and now she's thinking suplex out here on the apron—"

Susanita tries to muscle Kaida up for a snap suplex onto the apron, but Kaida widens her base, grabbing the top rope with one hand and dropping her weight. She answers with a clubbing forearm to Susanita's shoulder, then another, loosening the grip. With a sharp twist, Kaida slips behind her and latches on, waistlock cinched tight.

Mark Bravo: "Uh-oh. If you're standin' on the edge and Kaida gets behind you like that? That's the worst kind of bad news."

The Norfolk crowd rises, a collective gasp as Kaida bends her knees, teasing the Apron German Suplex. Susanita's

eyes go wide; she frantically grabs at the top rope, knuckles turning white as she clings for dear life. Kaida yanks once, twice, each tug threatening to hurl Susanita backward onto the hardest part of the ring.

John Phillips: "Kaida looking for that Apron German Suplex—if she hits that, this match might be over before it even really starts!"

On the third pull, Susanita stomps down hard on Kaida's foot. Kaida hisses, grip loosening just enough for Susanita to throw a back elbow that clips her in the side of the head. Another elbow, and Kaida releases fully, staggering a step to the side on the apron.

Mark Bravo: "That's the Lambaré survival kit right there. When in doubt, introduce somebody's foot to the floor and their skull to your elbow."

Susanita uses the moment to vault back into the ring between the ropes, leaving Kaida still on the apron. Kaida turns—just in time for Susanita to sprint across the ring, rebound, and come charging in with a running forearm that blasts Kaida in the chest. The impact knocks Kaida off the apron; she crashes down hard to the floor below, landing on her side and shoulder.

John Phillips: "Huge knockdown shot by Susanita, and Kaida just bounced off the floor here in Norfolk!"

The referee leans over the ropes to check on Kaida, then starts a count as the crowd buzzes.

Referee: "One! Two!"

Kaida pushes herself up to all fours, teeth clenched. Susanita looks out at the crowd, then to the ropes, that familiar calculated risk flashing in her eyes.

John Phillips: "You can see the wheels turning, Mark. This is where Susanita starts askin' herself, 'Is a high-risk move worth it this early?'"

Mark Bravo: "In her case, the answer's usually 'si' before she even finishes the question."

Susanita hits the far ropes, building speed. The crowd rises with her. She charges back, launches herself through the ropes with a Suicide Dive—

—and Kaida, in pure survival instinct, sidesteps at the last heartbeat. Susanita's body clips Kaida's shoulder but she mostly eats barricade, her ribs slamming hard into the padded wall as the front row recoils. Kaida stumbles into the rail from the glancing blow, then drops to one knee, clutching the side of her head.

John Phillips: "Oh no! Susanita went all-in and came up short—right into the barricade!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the gamble. If she hits that clean, we're talkin' highlight reels. Instead, we're talkin' ice packs and maybe a chiropractor on speed dial."

The referee restarts the count with both women down.

Referee: "One! Two! Three!"

Kaida is the first to stir, shaking the cobwebs loose. She glances at Susanita, who's on her side, arms wrapped around her ribs, sucking in short breaths. Kaida's face remains stoic, but her eyes narrow just a bit as she sees an opening.

She pulls Susanita up by the hair—drawing a sharp warning from the referee inside the ring—but only uses it long enough to scoop Susanita and drive her back-first into the edge of the apron with a dull thud. Susanita cries out, knees buckling, before slumping to the floor again.

John Phillips: "Right into the apron with the lower back and ribs, targeting that midsection after the crash into the barricade."

Mark Bravo: "She's drawing a map on Susanita's body, Johnny, and everything's pointing to 'please twist here.'"

Kaida rolls Susanita into the ring under the bottom rope and follows, breaking the count. She immediately drapes herself across Susanita's midsection and hooks both legs deep.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Susanita kicks out just after two, wincing as she turns to her side and clutches her ribs.

John Phillips: "Early cover and a very close two-count, but Susanita's not ready to stay down just yet."

Mark Bravo: "Stubbornness is a heck of a performance enhancer."

Kaida doesn't argue the count. She slides around behind Susanita, threads her arms under Susanita's and laces her fingers behind the head, transitioning into a seated full nelson with her knee driven between Susanita's shoulder blades. She leans back, putting torque on the neck and shoulders while simultaneously forcing pressure into the spine.

John Phillips: "Look at the angle on that hold—Kaida is punishing the neck, the shoulders, and the back all at once."

Mark Bravo: "And every muscle that hurts now is a muscle that's not helpin' you get a moonsault rotation later. That's long-game wrestling, right there."

Susanita grits her teeth, boots scrambling until she finds enough leverage to start scooting them both toward the ropes. The crowd claps in rhythm, willing her on. Kaida tries to wrench her back to center, but Susanita throws her body weight sideways, managing to roll them enough to hook a boot over the bottom rope.

Referee: "Break! Break the hold, she's in the ropes!"

Kaida holds on for a heartbeat longer than necessary, eyes distant, then finally releases at the count of four. She raises her hands in a small, perfunctory gesture that could almost pass for innocence if the ref hadn't just warned her twice already.

John Phillips: "Again right up against that five-count. Kaida is walking that line tonight."

Mark Bravo: "She's not walkin' it, she's dancin' on it in those little invisible shoes only she can see."

Susanita uses the ropes to pull herself upright, breathing hard. Kaida steps in to capitalize with another low kick—but this time Susanita checks it with her shin, absorbing the impact and firing a quick palm strike to Kaida's chest, followed by a sharp elbow to the jaw. Kaida stumbles back a step.

John Phillips: "There's that streak of defiance again. Susanita's hurt, but she's answering back with strikes of her own."

Susanita latches onto Kaida's wrist, yanks her in, and snaps her down with a sudden Snap DDT, planting Kaida's head into the canvas. The crowd pops as Kaida bounces and rolls to her back, dazed.

John Phillips: "Snap DDT! Out of nowhere!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the kind of move that'll make you forget your PIN number."

Susanita crawls across Kaida's body, draping an arm over her chest. The referee slides in to count.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Kaida jerks a shoulder up at two and a half, drawing a collective groan from the crowd. Susanita rolls onto her back, one arm still hugging her ribs, staring up at the lights as she tries to gather herself.

John Phillips: "Another close call! Susanita turning the tide with that Snap DDT, but Kaida just refuses to stay down."

Mark Bravo: "We talked about this being evenly matched, and you're seein' it in real time. Every time one of 'em gets a little daylight, the other one slams the door right back in their face."

Slowly, both women make their way to opposite corners, using the ropes to stand. The crowd noise swells as they lock eyes across the ring—Kaida rubbing the side of her head, Susanita clutching her ribs. They step forward, almost in unison, and meet center-ring again, this time trading forearms back and forth.

Forearm from Susanita. Forearm from Kaida. Another from Susanita, crowd cheering each one. Kaida answers with a blistering rolling elbow that nearly spins Susanita around—but Susanita rebounds off the ropes, answers with a Rip Cord Knee Smash that cracks against Kaida's jaw and drops her to one knee.

John Phillips: "Rip Cord Knee! Susanita caught her flush!"

Kaida is on one knee, eyes glassy. Susanita stumbles to the ropes, clearly running on adrenaline and grit now, and glances toward the corner, the crowd already sensing what she might be thinking.

Mark Bravo: "I know that look, Johnny. Susanita's lookin' up top... but with those ribs? That's a big-time decision right there."

Susanita starts to climb the turnbuckles, each step up the ropes a test of how much pain she can tolerate as the Norfolk crowd gets louder, waiting to see if she can hit something big enough to keep Kaida down...

Susanita steps onto the second rope, then the top, one hand wrapped around the turnbuckle to steady herself. She pauses, one arm still pressed to her ribs, chest heaving as the Norfolk crowd swells in volume.

John Phillips: "You can see it in her face — every breath hurts, every move up that ladder of ropes is a decision... but when has that ever stopped Susanita Ybanez?"

Mark Bravo: "She didn't come all the way from Lambaré to start makin' safe choices now."

Kaida, still on one knee, blinks herself back to awareness and glances up. Instinct takes over. She surges forward, throwing a sharp shoot kick into Susanita's planted ankle. The impact buckles her balance; Susanita wobbles, grabbing the top rope with both hands as the crowd gasps.

John Phillips: "Kaida with that low kick—Susanita's in big trouble up there!"

Kaida climbs to the middle rope, hammering short forearms into Susanita's ribs, each one echoing in the corners of the arena. Susanita tries to fire back with a headbutt, glancing blow catching Kaida on the cheek. Kaida absorbs it, then answers with a brutal chopping forearm across the jaw that leaves Susanita sagging against the post.

Mark Bravo: "That's not a forearm, that's a kendo stick with skin on it."

With Susanita slumped, Kaida steps up to join her on the top rope, both women now dangerously high, balanced on the thin steel cables. Kaida hooks Susanita's head under her arm, teasing a superplex. The crowd shifts from loud to anxious, a wave of "No!" and nervous cheers washing around the arena.

John Phillips: "Kaida looking for something huge off the top—this could be catastrophic for Susanita's ribs and back if she hits it."

Susanita digs deep. She wedges an arm between Kaida's and drives three short punches into the ribs, then another, finally breaking the grip. She shoves Kaida in the chest; Kaida drops back to the mat but lands on her feet, stumbling only a step.

Kaida looks up just as Susanita, still perched on the top, turns and launches. She twists into a breathtaking Corkscrew Moonsault—

—and Kaida dives sideways at the last second. Susanita crashes ribs-first into the canvas, the impact driving the air out of her lungs in a harsh gasp. She bounces and rolls to her side, arms wrapped around her midsection.

John Phillips: "Corkscrew Moonsault... nobody home!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the whole mortgage on one spin, Johnny, and she just missed the payment."

Kaida doesn't waste a heartbeat. She grabs Susanita's injured arm, yanks her to her knees and then to her feet with a grim efficiency. A stiff shoot kick to the ribs doubles Susanita over; a rolling elbow to the back of the neck sends her stumbling forward into the ropes.

Kaida charges, driving a rope-hung double stomp into Susanita's spine while she's draped over the middle rope. The crowd groans as Susanita's body whiplashes back to the mat.

John Phillips: "Rope-hung double stomp! All of Kaida's body weight driven right into the spine and ribs!"

Mark Bravo: "That's a chiropractor's favorite replay right there."

Kaida drags Susanita away from the ropes, rolls her to her back, and drops into a lateral press, hooking the far leg and pressing an elbow into the jaw for extra leverage.

Referee: "One! Two!—"

Susanita jerks a shoulder up at two and three-quarters, the crowd exploding in relief. Kaida's eyes flick to the referee for a moment, but there's no argument — just a silent recalculation.

John Phillips: "So close! Kaida almost put Susanita away after that brutal flurry."

Mark Bravo: "You gotta admire the stubbornness. Might not be good for her long-term health, but it sure makes for good television."

Kaida slides behind Susanita as she tries to sit up, snaking her arms around the neck and one arm, rolling through into position for the Sakura Clutch. The crowd buzzes in alarm as Kaida arches back, trying to lock in the submission in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Kaida's looking for it—she's looking for the Sakura Clutch! If she cinches this in, Susanita might have no choice but to tap out!"

Susanita thrashes, fighting the grip with whatever she's got left. Kaida manages to trap one of her arms, bending it awkwardly while cranking back on the neck, but Susanita kicks frantically, managing to inch them both toward the ropes in a desperate scramble.

Kaida adjusts, rolling them away from the side ropes toward the corner instead. The two of them spin on the canvas like a tightly wound knot. Just as Kaida looks to finally sink the hold fully, Susanita stretches one leg out and hooks her boot around the bottom turnbuckle.

Referee: "Ropes! She's got the ropes — break the hold, break it!"

Another four-count. Another delay. Kaida's eyes close briefly, as if centering herself, before she finally releases just before the referee hits five. She sits up, breathing harder now, sweat dripping from her brow as the crowd makes a mix of boos for the extended hold and cheers for Susanita's escape.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez survives the Sakura Clutch — but at what cost? Neck, shoulder, back, ribs... they're all screaming right now."

Mark Bravo: "She's basically one big walking pain chart at this point."

Kaida pulls herself up using the ropes and stalks Susanita, who's dragging herself up in the corner. Kaida steps in with a hard knife-edge chop that echoes through Chartway Arena; another follows, leaving red handprints blooming across Susanita's chest. The crowd "WOO!"s with each impact.

John Phillips: "Those chops from Kaida will rearrange your internal organs."

Kaida grabs Susanita's wrist, whips her across the ring. Susanita reverses at the last moment, sending Kaida into the opposite corner instead. Kaida hits the buckles chest-first, but pushes off immediately, turning back into the ring—  
—and runs straight into a sudden Belly-to-Belly Suplex from Susanita, who uses every ounce of her lower body strength to hurl Kaida overhead. The crowd erupts as both women stay down from the impact.

John Phillips: "Belly-to-Belly Suplex! Susanita pulls it out of nowhere again!"

Mark Bravo: "She's runnin' on fumes and spite, and sometimes that's the best fuel you can get."

The referee starts a double count as both women lie on the mat, chests heaving.

Referee: "One! Two! Three! Four!"

Susanita rolls to her side, pushing herself toward the ropes. Kaida plants a hand and shoves herself up to her knees, eyes glassy but focused. By six, both are on a knee. By eight, they've pulled themselves up using opposite ropes, the crowd roaring encouragement.

John Phillips: "This Norfolk crowd is on its feet for both of these athletes. You can feel the respect building with every exchange."

They step toward each other again, slower now. Kaida swings a rolling elbow—Susanita ducks, fires a forearm. Kaida answers with a stiff body shot to the ribs that nearly drops Susanita. Susanita winces, snarls through the pain, and answers with a flurry: forearm, forearm, low kick to the inner thigh, then a quick snap kick to the side of the head that sends Kaida staggering toward the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "That's the street, right there. That's every improvised fight she ever had in Lambaré, comin' out all at once."

Kaida drapes over the middle rope, dazed. The crowd senses what's coming and begins to rise, a rumble of anticipation rolling through Chartway Arena.

John Phillips: "Kaida draped on that middle rope... and Susanita just spotted it!"

Susanita, clutching her ribs with one arm, sprints to the opposite ropes. She rebounds, lines up her shot, and hurls herself into a tight arc—

—619! Her legs whip around the ropes, catching Kaida clean across the face. Kaida snaps back to the mat, arms flung out.

John Phillips: "619! Susanita hits the setup!"

Mark Bravo: "Norfolk just blew the roof off this place!"

Susanita lands on the apron, grabbing the top rope to steady herself. She takes a breath that clearly hurts, then climbs the turnbuckles one more time, the crowd roaring in support.

John Phillips: "She tried to go high-risk earlier and paid dearly for it—"

Mark Bravo: "And she's goin' back to the well anyway. That's either bravery or insanity, and tonight the line between 'em is pretty thin."

Perched on the top rope, Susanita looks down at Kaida lying in the center of the ring. She closes her eyes for half a beat, then launches, twisting through the air in a smooth arc before crashing down across Kaida with *La estrella negra* — all her weight driving into Kaida's torso.

The impact rattles the ring. Susanita bounces, clutches her ribs, but forces herself to crawl back, draping herself across Kaida and hooking the far leg deep.

John Phillips: "La estrella negra! Susanita got all of it! Cover!"

The referee slides into position.

Referee: "One! Two! Three!"

The bell rings as the crowd erupts, a huge cheer pouring down from the stands. Susanita rolls off, lying on her back, one arm thrown over her face as she tries to catch her breath. Kaida lies on her side, hand to her jaw, chest rising and falling sharply.

John Phillips: "What a battle to kick things off in Norfolk! Susanita Ybanez guts out a hard-fought victory over Kaida Shizuka!"

Mark Bravo: "That was a war. Not a massacre, not a squash — a straight-up war. Kaida came within inches of tappin' her out, rearranged her spine, and somehow Susanita still had enough left to land La estrella negra. If that's the opener, I'm almost afraid of what the rest of the night looks like."

Susanita slowly sits up as her music, "Ignite," hits again. The referee helps her to her feet, then raises her hand. She winces, one arm clamped protectively around her ribs, but manages a pained smile as the crowd applauds.

Across the ring, Kaida has pulled herself to a seated position in the corner. She looks at Susanita, breathing heavily. After a moment, she pushes herself up and walks toward the center, still stoic but clearly feeling the effects of the match.

John Phillips: "And now we see — after all that punishment, after the near-falls, what does Kaida do?"

Susanita turns, expecting another fight for just a moment, but Kaida simply stops in front of her. There's a long pause. Then Kaida bows — full, formal, respecting the victor of the battle. When she straightens, she extends a hand.

Susanita looks at the hand, then back at Kaida. The crowd begins to cheer again, sensing the moment. After a beat, Susanita takes it, and they shake. Kaida gives the slightest of nods, then releases the grip and exits the ring, leaving Susanita alone to soak in the ovation.

John Phillips: "Respect earned and respect given. Kaida Shizuka may not have gotten the win tonight, but she absolutely showed why she's a threat to anybody in this division."

Mark Bravo: "And Susanita Ybanez just put another line on a résumé that's starting to look real dangerous for whoever's holdin' gold right now."

Susanita climbs the second rope, raising one arm despite the pain. The Norfolk crowd responds with another roar as the camera pulls back, capturing her silhouetted against the East Coast Invasion graphics before we fade to a shot of the commentary desk, ready to pivot to the next chapter of the night.

## **Ghost Versus Mortals**

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to a dim stretch of hallway somewhere deep in Chartway Arena. The fluorescents overhead flicker like a nervous pulse, throwing stuttering shadows across a concrete wall covered in old event posters and fresh East Coast Invasion signage.

In the center of the frame stands Madman Szalinski — weathered suit hanging just a little too loose, tie pulled down, classic red-and-blue mask worn and frayed around the edges from a lifetime of fights and bad decisions. He leans on a rolling equipment case, one foot propped against it, hands steepled, that familiar wild focus burning behind the eyeholes.

On either side of him, like mirrored phantoms, are El Fantasma Oscuro I and El Fantasma Oscuro II. Identical gear.

Identical masks. Identical posture. Their heads tilt at slightly different angles, but the effect is the same: three figures, one intent.

Madman Szalinski: "You hear that, boys?"

He lifts his head, the faint roar of the Norfolk crowd bleeding in from somewhere down the hall, muted but relentless.

Madman Szalinski: "That's the sound of a city that don't know what's about to hit it yet. They've seen the graphics. They've read the card. Tag Team Championship, El Fantasma Oscuro versus Silas Grimm and Malachi Cross... but they don't understand what those words really mean."

El Fantasma Oscuro I turns his masked face toward Szalinski, shoulders rolling like a coil loosening.

El Fantasma Oscuro I: "At Survivor... they began to learn."

Quick cut to a mental flash — clips from Survivor: Grimm's snarling face, Malachi wrenched in violence, twin masks appearing like a jump scare. We're back to the hallway, where Fantasma II's gloved fingers tap an impatient rhythm against the side of the case.

El Fantasma Oscuro II: "Silas Grimm. Malachi Cross. Strong. Mean. They did not break when we pulled the curtain back. That is why they are here again."

Szalinski nods slowly, pushing off the case and pacing a half-step in front of the pair, like a conductor in front of an orchestra made of ghosts.

Madman Szalinski: "No, they didn't break. I'll give 'em that. At Survivor they swung like they belonged in our nightmares. They hit hard. They took hard hits. They kept comin'. Norfolk's gotta understand, those two are dangerous men..."

He stops, cocks his head, and a crooked grin cracks beneath the mask.

Madman Szalinski: "...but they're not a team."

Fantasma I and II both tilt their heads in unison, like vultures in a tree.

Madman Szalinski: "They're two wolves that figured out they hate the same forest. That's not the same thing as blood. That's not the same thing as this."

He gestures between the two masked men, hand cutting through the thin air between them like a seam ripper.

El Fantasma Oscuro I: "They fight beside each other."

El Fantasma Oscuro II: "We were born inside each other's shadows."

The pair turn to face the camera fully now, shoulder to shoulder. The identical masks stare down the lens, the effect unsettling — like a single image doubled in a cracked mirror.

El Fantasma Oscuro I: "They met in chaos."

El Fantasma Oscuro II: "We came from it."

Madman Szalinski: "At Survivor, Grimm and Cross showed heart. They showed violence. They showed that, when the lights go red and the rules get... flexible... they're willing to do what it takes. That's why they're dangerous tonight. That's why I respect 'em."

He taps the side of his mask — once, twice — like he's knocking on a door only he can hear behind his own forehead.

Madman Szalinski: "But respect don't make you champions. Respect doesn't make you brothers. It doesn't put the same heartbeat in two different bodies. It doesn't make one soul wear two masks."

Fantasma I raises his hands, palms up, as if weighing something invisible.

El Fantasma Oscuro I: "They share a moment."

El Fantasma Oscuro II: "We share a legacy."

El Fantasma Oscuro II: "They can train together."

El Fantasma Oscuro I: "We were raised together. We bled on the same floors. We haunted the same halls."

Szalinski steps between them again, one hand on each shoulder, pulling them slightly in like a pastor drawing his flock close before a sermon turns sharp.

Madman Szalinski: "Silas, Malachi... you're gonna walk into that ring tonight rememberin' how it felt at Survivor. The way the air changed when the lights dropped. The way the crowd got quiet when they realized there wasn't just one El Fantasma Oscuro."

His voice lowers, taking on a rasping intensity.

Madman Szalinski: "You're gonna tell yourselves, 'We're ready this time. We know the tricks now. We know the angles. We've seen the masks.'"

Szalinski leans in toward the camera, the scuffed fabric of his mask filling more of the shot.

Madman Szalinski: "But you still don't know which one is which... and you still don't know how many shadows we've got left to pull from."

Fantasma I and II share a silent glance, an almost imperceptible nod passing between them.

El Fantasma Oscuro I: "They are two men."

El Fantasma Oscuro II: "We are one ghost."

El Fantasma Oscuro I: "Two bodies."

El Fantasma Oscuro II: "One curse."

Szalinski spreads his arms, framing the two like a living painting of something unholy and inevitable.

Madman Szalinski: "You can beat a man on any given night. You can out-brawl him, out-wrestle him, out-ugly him. But to take those Tag Team Championships?"

He taps one of the plates on the belts slung over the Fantasmas' shoulders — the metallic thunk sharp in the quiet hallway.

Madman Szalinski: "You'd have to beat a brotherhood. You'd have to beat a haunting. You'd have to walk into the dark and walk back out again without the dark followin' you home."

He lowers his arms, voice dropping to a near-whisper.

Madman Szalinski: "Grimm. Cross. You're strong. No one denies that. But you are not a team. Not like this."

Fantasma I steps closer to the lens, the mask now filling most of the frame.

El Fantasma Oscuro I: "Tonight..."

El Fantasma Oscuro II (off to the side): "...you don't challenge two men."

El Fantasma Oscuro I: "You challenge a legend mothers whisper about to keep their children inside after dark."

El Fantasma Oscuro II: "You challenge the story that never dies."

The twins' voices overlap slightly, a disorienting echo.

El Fantasma Oscuro I & II: "You challenge El Fantasma."

Szalinski snaps his fingers once, sharply. Both Fantasmas turn on their heels at the same time, walking off into the shadows of the hallway, tag belts glinting in the flicker of the lights.

Madman lingers for just a moment, glancing back toward the camera.

Madman Szalinski: "Brothers versus... acquaintances. Ghosts versus mortals. Tag Team Championships on the line. Let's see who survives the haunting."

He chuckles low, then follows his masked monsters into the dark as the shot fades.

## **A Boss Arrival**

Segment

The shot fades in on the loading dock of Chartway Arena — concrete, cables, and the low rumble of trucks still being unloaded. A black SUV eases into frame, headlights sweeping across the cinderblock wall before cutting off. The rear door pops open.

Chris Ross steps out into the Norfolk night — duffel bag over one shoulder, hoodie zipped halfway, that familiar mix of confidence and simmering tension in his eyes. There's still faint tape marks on his knuckles from Survivor, like he didn't give himself time to fully heal before getting back on the road.

A couple of crew members pause what they're doing, watching as Ross takes a long look at the arena door, the muffled roar of the crowd bleeding through even out here.

Crew Member #1: "Big night, Chris."

Ross gives a small, lopsided smirk, rolling his shoulder like he's lining up for another fight already.

Chris Ross: "They all are."

He adjusts the strap on his bag and starts walking down the hallway after stepping inside, the camera tracking him from the side. On the walls, East Coast Invasion posters share space with early Black Horizon promotional art — one in particular showing his face opposite the silhouette of Maxx Mayhem. Ross pauses just long enough to glance at it.

Chris Ross: "Hope he's watchin'."

He taps the corner of the poster with two fingers and moves on, disappearing around a turn as the shot transitions back to ringside.

We cut to the commentary desk where the Norfolk crowd is still buzzing from the opening match, some fans now on their feet reacting to the sight of Chris Ross on the big screen.

John Phillips: "Moments ago, we saw it — Chris Ross has arrived here in Norfolk. And, Mark, you can feel it in the air. Survivor may be in the rear-view mirror, but what happened there is still shaping everything that's coming."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, you don't just walk away from a war like that and forget it by Tuesday. Team Ross... beat Team Mayhem. Clean. Definitive. They survived the storm, and Chris Ross walked out with the one thing Maxx Mayhem wanted to keep off his plate — the right to pick how their final dance goes down at Black Horizon."

John Phillips: "That main event at Survivor was absolute chaos. Team Ross versus Team Mayhem, bodies everywhere, and in the end it was Ross who stood tall. Tonight, here in Norfolk, we finally find out what kind of match he's hand-picked for Maxx Mayhem when Black Horizon rolls around."

Mark Bravo: "And that's the scary part, Johnny. Chris Ross isn't the kind of guy who just spins a wheel and sees what comes up. He's had a week to stew on this. A week to replay every shot he took, every shot Maxx put on him. Whatever stipulation he names tonight? It's gonna be designed specifically to hurt Maxx Mayhem... and maybe to

prove something to himself, too."

John Phillips: "We'll hear from Chris Ross later tonight about exactly what he has in mind for Black Horizon. But Maxx Mayhem can't ignore it. Wherever he is, you know he's watching. You know he heard the fans react when Chris walked into this building."

Mark Bravo: "Team Ross got the win at Survivor. Tonight, we find out what kind of battlefield Ross is building for Black Horizon... and whether Maxx is walking into a fight or a trap."

The camera pulls back to the ring as the ring announcer steps in for the next bout, the crowd still buzzing with the added anticipation of what's coming later in the night.

## **Gunnar Van Patton vs Mr. Juan Calderon**

Match

The crowd in Norfolk hums with anticipation as the ring is cleared. The house lights dim just enough for the big screen to pop, flickering to life with a flurry of sparks and stylized explosions. The words "MR. JUAN CALDERON" flash across the tron in bold action-movie font.

A crackle of static hits the speakers, then "Catalyst Chronicles" rips in with a driving riff. Streaks of digital electricity dance across the screen as real sparks shower from the entrance truss.

Mr. Juan Calderon strides out through the curtain with a confident grin, arms spread like he's stepping onto a red carpet. He pauses at the top of the ramp, turning his back to the ring and miming pulling an invisible stunt rig line over his shoulder before spinning back around, firing finger-gun "pyro" at the crowd.

John Phillips: "And here comes Mr. Juan Calderon, making Chartway Arena feel like a Hollywood backlot! From stunt rigs to wrestling rings, this man is used to falling from high places and walking away like nothing happened."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but tonight, he's got a different kind of stunt coordinator, Johnny - a one-eyed war machine named Gunnar Van Patton. This might be the night Mr. Calderon finds out what it feels like when the stunt goes wrong and they yell 'cut' ... but you don't get back up."

Calderon makes his way down the ramp, slapping hands and playing to the camera, throwing quick taunts as if calling his own shots.

John Phillips: "To his credit, Calderon isn't backing down from a fight. Volatile, unpredictable, he likes to create chaos and capitalize on whatever mistake you make while you're trying to follow the script."

Mark Bravo: "Buddy, tonight the script says 'don't get punched in the face by Gunnar,' and I don't like his odds of improv'ing a way around that."

Calderon hits the apron, grabs the top rope, and slingshots himself in with a smooth Combustion-style leap, landing in the ring and dropping into a low stance before popping up and throwing his arms wide. A few timed corner pyro pops go off behind him as he climbs the turnbuckle and points to the hard cam like he's delivering a movie poster pose.

He hops down, loosening up in the corner as his music fades.

The lights in Chartway Arena fall away like someone hit a master switch. A murmur ripples through the crowd - not panic, not excitement ... something heavier.

Then -

"Boots and Blood" by Five Finger Death Punch detonates out of the speakers, the opening scream ripping through the darkness. Strobe lights burst to life in erratic, gunshot flashes, slicing the shadows into harsh frames.

Gunnar Van Patton steps through the curtain.

No pandering. No pause. Black t-shirt, trucker cap, eye patch, shoulders squared. He walks straight down the ramp, every step sharp, coiled - a man built for violence who just happens to be walking into a wrestling ring.

John Phillips: "When that music hits, the mood in this building just ... changes. The 'Fallen Soldier' Gunnar Van Patton making his way to the ring, and if you watched Survivor, you know exactly how dangerous he is right now."

Mark Bravo: "Troy Lindz knows. Troy Lindz knows personally. One Fist of Defiance in the middle of that chaos, and the lights went out. No controversy, no question. Just a punch that turned off the power."

John Phillips: "That right hand is maybe the most dangerous single shot in the company right now, and in a few weeks at Black Horizon, Gunnar Van Patton enters the WrestleZone Rumble. Ten men total, one winner, and the prize? A shot at the WrestleZone Championship."

Mark Bravo: "And if you're in that Rumble, you better hope you're not on the wrong end of that Fist of Defiance or you're gonna be lookin' up at the lights, wonderin' what license plate was on the truck that hit you."

Gunnar hits the apron low, one hand on the mat, and slides under the bottom rope in a fluid motion. He pops up to his feet with minimal effort, front handspring sharp and controlled, then heads straight for his corner. No theatrics, only ritual.

He strips off the shirt and cap, launching them out into the audience without looking, making the night for a pair of fans. He offers his arms out for the referee to check. Once cleared, he backs into the buckles, tightening his gloves and checking his pads. Then he just ... goes still, one eye locked dead center on the ring as "Boots and Blood" fades.

John Phillips: "You can see it - the switch flips. He's not out here to entertain. He's out here to tune up for Black Horizon on somebody's body."

Mark Bravo: "And tonight, that body's named Mr. Juan Calderon."

The referee calls both men to the center of the ring. Calderon bounces on his toes, smirking, talking animatedly. Gunnar says nothing, just stares, jaw set, shoulders loose but loaded.

The ref gives final instructions, then backs away.

The bell rings.

DING DING DING.

John Phillips: "Here we go - Mr. Juan Calderon versus Gunnar Van Patton!"

Calderon immediately circles wide, hands up, talking trash and playing to the cameras.

Mr. Juan Calderon: "You ready for your close-up, tough guy?"

Gunnar doesn't bite. He takes one slow step forward.

Calderon darts in, feinting a lock-up, only to slip past Van Patton. A quick Spark Plug Elbow connects with the side of Gunnar's jaw. On target, but Gunnar barely flinches - his head turns with the impact and then slowly comes back to center, eye fixed on Calderon.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, that was a bad life choice."

Calderon's grin flickers, but he keeps talking, rushing in with a second elbow. Gunnar snatches his arm mid-swing and delivers one of his own, instantly turning Calderon's legs to wet spaghetti. Juan crumbles to one knee.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Not smilin' now are ya, superstar?"

He transitions instantly, locking one arm around Juan's neck and the other around his thigh, then snaps Calderon over with a tight, exploder suplex. Calderon lands high on his shoulders and neck, rolling onto his stomach.

John Phillips: "Despite Calderon's low center of gravity, Van Patton just launched the 270+ pounder across the ring."

Calderon tries to push up, but Gunnar is already on him. He hauls him up by the waist, resets, and hits a textbook German. No bridging, just pure impact, releasing Calderon to tumble across the ring like a ragdoll.

Mark Bravo: "With technique like that, that suplex is like getting launched out of a moving car."

Calderon rolls to the ropes, clutching his neck. The referee warns Gunnar to back up, but the Fallen Soldier only paces a half-step, eyes cold, waiting for Calderon to stand.

John Phillips: "You mentioned it earlier - Gunnar Van Patton's training is global. Strong-style in Japan, technical wrestling in Europe, hardcore in Russia, Muay Thai striking. He's like a greatest hits compilation of people you never want to owe money to."

Calderon uses the ropes to pull himself upright. Gunnar rocks his head back with another forearm. In firm control, Van Patton Irish whips Calderon to the far corner. Juan shows surprising agility by ricocheting off the middle ropes and into the air for a Combustion Crossbody, making sure to grab a soundbite on the way.

Mr. Juan Calderon: "Boom, baby-"

Gunnar just steps aside.

Calderon crashes chest-first onto the canvas, bouncing and clutching his ribs.

Mark Bravo: "He just ... nope'd the crossbody. Didn't even raise an arm. Just watched him fly by."

Van Patton sighs with annoyance and looks down at his opponent, who is gasping for air.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Goddamn Ah hate clowns."

He grabs Calderon by the hair and positions him on his knees. The entire arena groans, as Van Patton's roundhouse collides violently with Calderon's chest.

Mark Bravo: "He just tried to kick Juan's lungs out his back."

Not satisfied, he winds up and delivers a second, just as brutal.

John Phillips: "The sound of those kicks are like mortar going off."

Van Patton slams his fists into the mat and winds up for the killshot. Just as third roundhouse was about to connect, he stops dead in his tracks just so he can slap the taste out of Calderon's mouth.

Mark Bravo: "It's like watching a predator play with its food."

Gunnar covers, pressing his forearm across Calderon's face.

Referee: "One! Two-"

Calderon kicks out at two, more on instinct than anything. Gunnar's expression doesn't change.

John Phillips: "Calderon's not completely out of this yet, but this has been almost all Gunnar Van Patton so far."

Mark Bravo: "He wanted an action scene, he got cast in a horror movie."

Gunnar drags Calderon up again, this time whipping him into the corner successfully. Calderon hits hard, slumps for a second - then Gunnar charges in with a running knee strike to the bridge of his nose, scrambling his brain.

Calderon can't stop himself from falling to his bottom on the mat, as Van Patton darts to the ropes. Gunnar comes stampeding back towards him and delivers a vicious running boot to his jaw.

John Phillips: "The Devil's Rejects!"

With a rough grab of the hair, he pulls nearly unconscious Calderon out of the corner. Surprising everyone with his strength, he hoists Juan onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry.

John Phillips: "Uh-oh. We've seen this before - that fireman's carry can only mean one thing!"

Mark Bravo: "Go 2 Sleep, and then somebody else doesn't wake up."

Calderon flails, throwing desperate elbows into Gunnar's head. One catches near the eye patch; Gunnar grimaces, momentarily off-balance. Calderon slides down behind him, shoving Gunnar chest-first into the turnbuckles.

Calderon staggers back, then explodes forward with a Corner Lariat that smashes into Gunnar's jaw and chest. The crowd pops at the sudden shift.

John Phillips: "Calderon with the Corner Lariat! That's his setup - this might be his opening!"

Gunnar stumbles out of the corner, shaking his head. Calderon scrambles up to the middle rope, measuring him as he turns.

Mark Bravo: "If he hits something big here, maybe that action movie gets a surprise twist ending!"

Calderon launches off with a flying Ember Cutter attempt - but Gunnar surges forward, catching him out of the air with a high impact double knee strike.

John Phillips: "What a counter! Ong Bak Knees of Death ~!! Just took Calderon out of the air like a Patriot Missile!"

Van Patton pulls his battered foe up and gets right in his face.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Remember this, clown: Talk sh\*t, get hit."

Gunnar stands the wobbly-legged Calderon up. A left hand to the body, left hand to the jaw, right hand to the other side, left roundhouse to the outside of the thigh, and a right hook all find their mark. Van Patton explodes towards the ropes.

John Phillips: "And now ... now you can feel the mood shift again. Gunnar is lining something up, and if it's what I think it is, Norfolk's about to see a very familiar knockout."

Mark Bravo: "Ask Troy Lindz how this feels - if they even remember it."

Calderon, groggy and glassy-eyed, is a waiting victim for what's to come. He sways, trying to stay vertical. The crowd buzzes, a mix of anticipation and dread. Gunnar silences Calderon once and for all with a vicious, perfectly-timed Superman punch.

FIST OF DEFIANCE.

The punch lands flush on Calderon's jaw with a sickening crack. His body goes limp immediately, dropping straight down like the strings got cut.

John Phillips: "Fist of Defiance! Right on the button!"

Mark Bravo: "Lights. Out."

Gunnar doesn't bother with theatrics. He kneels, places one hand flat on Calderon's chest, and stares straight into the camera as the referee counts.

One!

Two!

Three!

DING DING DING

The bell rings. The crowd lets out a collective reaction - a mix of awe and sympathetic wincing at the sheer finality of the shot.

John Phillips: "Dominant. Absolutely dominant. Gunnar Van Patton puts Mr. Juan Calderon down in decisive fashion with that same Fist of Defiance that took out Troy Lindz at Survivor."

Mark Bravo: "Two shows in a row that somebody's night ended with that punch, and we're still weeks away from the WrestleZone Rumble. If I'm one of the other nine poor souls in that match at Black Horizon? I am rethinking every decision that led me to signing that contract."

"Boots and Blood" hits again as Gunnar rises to his feet. The referee starts to lift his hand - Gunnar yanks it away mid-raise, not interested in the formality, and just paces a slow circle around the fallen Calderon, eye never leaving him.

John Phillips: "Look at the message being sent here. No celebration. No posing. Just a man who sees this as another rep on the road to Black Horizon and the WrestleZone Rumble."

Mark Bravo: "That two in a row that he didn't even need the FUKSZ to get the pin."

Gunnar finally steps to the ropes, leaning on them and staring straight into the hard cam.

Gunnar Van Patton: "1 enemy or 9, yer all gonna be prey. May the good lord have mercy on yer souls, as Ah sure as hell won't."

He drops his head, then steps through the ropes and hops to the floor, walking back up the ramp without looking back. In the ring, the referee checks on Calderon as the medical staff hustles down.

Mark Bravo: "Everybody loves a good underdog story, Johnny ... but sometimes the dog just gets run over."

John Phillips: "Gunnar Van Patton builds momentum on the road to Black Horizon, and that right hand ... might be the difference-maker when it comes time to decide who gets a shot at the WrestleZone Championship."

The camera lingers on Calderon being helped to a seated position, dazed but conscious, before cutting away to a graphic hyping the Tag Team Championship match coming up later in the night.

## **One Thing at a Time**

Segment

Backstage, the shot opens on a wall of gold and bad intentions.

The UTA Women's Champion Amy Harrison stands front and center, the title draped over her shoulder, the plate catching every bit of light the camera will give it. To her right, Selena Vex leans against a crate, arms folded, smirk razor-thin. To her left, Rosa Delgado paces lazily, jaw flexing. Just behind Amy's shoulder, Dahlia Cross stands stone-still, eyes dark, tape being wound slowly around her wrists.

Amy Harrison: "You feel that, Dahlia?"

Dahlia doesn't answer, but her jaw clenches. Amy tilts her head, lips curling into a slow smile.

Amy Harrison: "That little vibration in the air? That's not excitement. That's fear. That's Emily Hightower feelin' the walls close in on her and realizin' she walked straight into the lion's den... and the lion brought friends."

Rosa snorts, rolling her shoulders.

Rosa Delgado: "She should've stayed in her little happy-ending story. Now she's in ours."

Amy shifts the belt on her shoulder, fingers drumming on the center plate.

Amy Harrison: "Emily wants to play hero. Survivor, Norfolk, Black Horizon — she keeps puttin' herself in front of The

Empire like she's gonna change something. And tonight? She's made the single worst decision of her career."

Amy turns slightly, looking back at Dahlia.

Amy Harrison: "Because tonight, she's got to stand across from you... with a championship on the line."

Dahlia's lips twitch into the faintest hint of a smile. Selena leans forward off the crate, eyes bright.

Amy Harrison: "Dahlia, I don't want a good match. I don't want a moral victory. I don't want her walkin' out of Norfolk sayin', 'I took the fight to The Empire.'"

Amy steps closer to Dahlia, their faces inches apart now.

Amy Harrison: "I want you to end Emily Hightower tonight. I want you to take that United States Championship and rip it out of her story like it was never there. I want her walkin' into Black Horizon... if she even makes it there... knowin' that everything she thought she was buildin' got taken apart by the woman standin' behind me."

Dahlia nods once, slow and deliberate.

Dahlia Cross: "She wanted a division she could lead..."

Dahlia Cross: "...instead, she gets one that bleeds."

Amy chuckles, turning back to the camera, eyes sharp.

Amy Harrison: "And since we're talkin' about Black Horizon... Emily, I know you're listenin'. You wanted your shot at the big one. You wanted the UTA Women's Championship. You wanted me."

She reaches up and taps the belt.

Amy Harrison: "Congratulations. You got it. Dog. Collar. Match."

The words hang heavy. Selena's smile widens; Rosa stops pacing and looks into the lens like she can see Hightower on the other side.

Amy Harrison: "No running. No 'fighting from underneath.' No miracle comebacks because the people clap loud enough. Just eight feet of chain, one steel collar on you, one steel collar on me, and nowhere to go when I decide I've heard enough of your little speeches."

Selena steps in closer, her voice cutting through the tension.

Selena Vex: "What about Sandy?"

Amy's body goes rigid. The mention of Hardcore Sandy's name shifts the air; Rosa glances away for a heartbeat. Dahlia's eyes flick to Amy's face, watching.

Selena Vex: "She's the one who blindsided you at Survivor. She's the one who walked out. She's the one who made her choice. So what about her?"

Amy's jaw tightens, nostrils flaring. She looks off to the side, pulling in a breath through her teeth. When she looks back at Selena, the frustration is barely contained.

Amy Harrison: "Do you think I forgot?"

Her voice is a little lower now, a little rougher.

Amy Harrison: "You think I don't replay it in my head every time I close my eyes? Hardcore Sandy putting her hands on the champion. On the woman who made her relevant. The woman who dragged her into the spotlight and showed her what it meant to belong to something real."

She shakes her head sharply, eyes flashing.

Amy Harrison: "Sandy made her choice. She wants to bite the hand that fed her? Good. I still owe her for Survivor. I still owe her for every second I had to hear people ask if Amy Harrison still runs this division."

Amy glances back at the belt and then straight into the camera.

Amy Harrison: "I do."

She takes a half-step forward, cutting off everything else in the frame.

Amy Harrison: "But one thing at a time."

She turns slightly, gesturing toward Dahlia without taking her eyes off the lens.

Amy Harrison: "Tonight... Dahlia ends Hightower. She takes that United States Championship, she takes Emily's air out of the room, and she makes sure this little dog collar fantasy doesn't even happen."

Dahlia's eyes glint; Rosa nods, approving.

Amy Harrison: "No gold around her waist, no momentum, no hero's welcome, no story to tell when the cameras roll into Black Horizon. Just another body The Empire stepped over on the way to owning every inch of this division."

Selena leans in, that razor smile back in place.

Selena Vex: "And Sandy?"

Amy finally allows herself a small, dangerous smile.

Amy Harrison: "Sandy gets hers. Don't worry about that."

She reaches back, placing a hand on Dahlia's shoulder.

Amy Harrison: "But tonight? All that matters is that when this show goes off the air... The Empire holds the UTA Women's Championship..."

She lifts her own title slightly.

Amy Harrison: "...and the UTA Women's United States Championship."

Dahlia stares dead into the camera, no smile now, no emotion — just purpose.

Dahlia Cross: "Emily Hightower doesn't walk out the same way she walked in."

Amy nods once, sharply.

Amy Harrison: "Long live The Empire."

Selena and Rosa echo with a low murmur of approval as the group turns and walks out of frame together, the camera lingering on the fading image of Amy's title plate before we cut.

## **Stipulation**

Segment

Backstage, the camera fades in on a familiar interview backdrop emblazoned with the East Coast Invasion logo. Melissa Cartwright stands at the center, mic in hand, blond hair perfectly styled, expression composed but buzzing with the energy of the night.

Beside her, in all his chaotic glory, stands Maxx Mayhem — leather jacket half-zipped, hair wild, eyes too bright, a crooked grin carved across his face. He bounces on the balls of his feet like a man who hasn't slept in three days and liked it.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, Melissa Cartwright backstage here in Norfolk, and joining me at this time is

Maxx Mayhem. Maxx, at Survivor, we watched Team Ross defeat Team Mayhem. That gave Chris Ross the right to choose the stipulation for your match at Black Horizon. Everyone's wondering — what do you think that stipulation is going to be?"

Maxx tilts his head back and lets out a low, delighted laugh that never quite reaches his eyes.

Maxx Mayhem: "What do I think, Melissa? I don't think about it. That's Chris's little homework assignment, his term paper. 'How do I hurt Maxx Mayhem 101.'"

He leans closer to the mic, eyes locked on the lens.

Maxx Mayhem: "He can make it a cage. He can make it no disqualification. He can set the ring on fire, hang light tubes from the ceiling, throw us in a junkyard and let us swing mufflers at each other. I don't care. I don't care, Melissa."

He taps his temple with two fingers, that manic grin spreading.

Maxx Mayhem: "I don't run from chaos. I am the chaos. You lock the door? I'm the one takin' the hinges off. You stack the deck? I'm the joker in the deck. Chris Ross can spend all week, all month, drawing little diagrams and imagining how he's gonna put me through tables, through walls, through his own sanity—"

Maxx chuckles, licking his teeth.

Maxx Mayhem: "—and I'm just standin' there, hands in my pockets, thinkin' how good it's gonna feel when he realizes he invited a hurricane to his house and left the windows open."

Melissa Cartwright: "So there's nothing he can pick that scares you?"

Maxx steps in so close that Melissa instinctively leans back a fraction.

Maxx Mayhem: "You can't scare a man who doesn't mind breakin'. You don't get it, Melissa. Chris wants to 'beat my ass up and down the streets of Philadelphia?'"

He throws his head back, laughing.

Maxx Mayhem: "Baby, I'll give him the tour. I'll hold his hand when we hit South Street. I'll smile when he throws me through a bar window and I'll buy the first round when I stand back up. He wants to bring me pain? He's speakin' my love language."

Before Melissa can answer, the crowd in the arena suddenly reacts audibly — a rising cheer picked up faintly by the backstage audio. The camera pans just enough to reveal Chris Ross stepping into frame.

Ross is in street gear — jeans, t-shirt, jacket still half-zipped from his arrival — but the way he carries himself says he's one wrong word away from swinging. He stops just off Maxx's shoulder, staring holes through him.

Melissa Cartwright: "Chris Ross."

Maxx's grin stretches even wider. He spreads his arms as if welcoming an old friend.

Maxx Mayhem: "Speak of the devil and he walks into catering. C'mon, Chris. Tell the nice lady what kind of playground you picked out for us at Black Horizon."

Ross doesn't look at Melissa. He doesn't even glance at the mic. His eyes are locked on Maxx, jaw clenched, voice low and controlled — the kind of calm that means something nasty is under the surface.

Chris Ross: "Maxx..."

He takes a half step closer.

Chris Ross: "As tempting as it is to beat your ass up and down the entire streets of Philadelphia... I know that's what you want."

Maxx's eyes light up like someone flipped a switch.

Chris Ross: "You want me to bring the pain. You want me to cause as much destruction as possible. You wanna wake up the next day and say, 'Look what I survived. Look how much blood I lost and I'm still standin'.'"

Ross shakes his head slowly.

Chris Ross: "You feed off that, don't you?"

Maxx shrugs, no argument there.

Maxx Mayhem: "You know me so well."

Ross finally glances toward the camera, then back to Maxx.

Chris Ross: "This won't be an ordinary match."

He points down, as if he can see the map beneath their feet.

Chris Ross: "This is going to be in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. My Keystone State brethren watching from every seat, in every bar, on every screen in the city."

He jabs a thumb into his own chest.

Chris Ross: "Those are my people. They watched me climb, they watched me fall, they watched me bleed. And as much as it would pleasure me to drag you to Tony Luke's Cheesesteaks and smash your face into the grill..."

Maxx cackles at the visual, nodding enthusiastically.

Chris Ross: "No."

His tone goes even colder.

Chris Ross: "I don't want to kill you, Maxx."

He leans in, their foreheads nearly touching, Melissa clutching the mic between them like it might explode.

Chris Ross: "I want to make you wish you were dead."

The words hang in the air. Maxx's grin falters for just a fraction of a second — not out of fear, but because he recognizes the sincerity.

Chris Ross: "That's why this is going to be an I Quit Match."

The crowd reaction in the arena punches through the backstage noise — a huge roar at the announcement.

Chris Ross: "No pins. No flukes. No 'I slipped, I tripped, you got lucky.' Just you, me, and a microphone. The only way this ends is when one of us says the words 'I quit.'"

Ross pauses, then extends a hand toward the floor, as if laying something out at Maxx's feet.

Chris Ross: "And furthermore... in front of my people, in front of my Keystone State brethren... if you make me say the words 'I quit'..."

He takes a breath. Melissa's eyes widen. Maxx just stares, fascinated.

Chris Ross: "I will walk out of the UTA and from this entire sport in general."

The sound from the arena spikes again, a mix of shocked gasps and shouts.

Chris Ross: "You beat me bad enough to make me quit, Maxx? You don't just win a match. You end a career."

Maxx slowly claps, the grin returning full force.

Maxx Mayhem: "Oh, that's beautiful, Chris. That's... that's art. You just gift-wrapped your whole life's work and dropped it in my lap."

He steps up chest-to-chest with Ross, voice dropping to a hiss.

Maxx Mayhem: "You know what I'm gonna do when I break you in Philly? When I make you say those words, when that mic shakes in your hand and you finally spit 'em out?"

He jabs a finger into Ross's chest.

Maxx Mayhem: "I'm gonna make sure you never work anywhere again. I'm gonna have you blacklisted permanently. Every promoter, every booker, every two-bit indie with a ring and a tarp — I'm gonna tell 'em Chris Ross is damaged goods. He quit. He broke."

Maxx laughs, leaning closer.

Maxx Mayhem: "When I'm done, you're not just out of the UTA. You're out of everything."

Ross stares at him, unblinking, jaw flexing. For a heartbeat, everything goes very still.

Then Ross's boot lashes out in a brutal, direct line — straight between Maxx's legs.

Maxx's face goes from triumphant to shocked in an instant. He crumples, dropping to his knees with a strangled wheeze, clutching himself as the crowd in the arena roars in sympathetic agony and wild approval.

Melissa Cartwright: "Oh my—"

Ross doesn't say another word. He just looms over Maxx for a second, breathing hard, that cold fury etched across his face. Then he turns and walks out of frame, leaving Maxx Mayhem writhing on the concrete.

Melissa backs away as officials and a trainer hurry into the shot, checking on Maxx, who's half-laughing, half-grimacing through the pain.

The feed cuts abruptly back to ringside.

At the desk, the Norfolk crowd is still buzzing, some fans standing, chanting, others just holding their heads at what they just saw.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross just dropped a bombshell backstage — at Black Horizon, it will be Chris Ross versus Maxx Mayhem in an I Quit Match!"

Mark Bravo: "And not just that, Johnny! If Maxx Mayhem somehow gets Chris Ross to say those words, if he makes him quit in front of his own people in Philadelphia — Chris Ross walks out of the UTA and this entire sport! That is a man putting his whole life on the line just to shut Maxx up!"

John Phillips: "Career on the line, pride on the line, and two men who clearly want to tear each other apart. Black Horizon just got a whole lot more dangerous."

Mark Bravo: "We just saw Ross kick Maxx Mayhem in the... ah... legacy backstage, and honestly? That might be the least painful thing that happens between now and Philadelphia."

The camera lingers on the commentators as they shake their heads, the stakes now firmly set, before transitioning to the next match graphic.

## **Silas Grimm/Malachi Cross vs. El Fantasma**

Match

The Tag Team Championship graphic flashes across the screen — twin masked silhouettes on one side, two New Orleans shadows on the other, the UTA Tag Team Titles glinting between them. The Norfolk crowd rises in

anticipation.

John Phillips: "It's time for Tag Team Championship action here in Norfolk! The haunting champions, El Fantasma Oscuro, defend against the uneasy alliance of Silas Grimm and Malachi Cross!"

Mark Bravo: "These four tried to tear each other apart at Survivor. Tonight, the ghosts bring the gold, and Grimm and Cross are here to find out if teamwork can be summoned... or if the whole thing just collapses under its own darkness."

The arena lights dim to a murky amber, a low hum rolling through the speakers before the first sharp notes of "Judith" by A Perfect Circle cut through. A single spotlight finds Silas Grimm at the top of the ramp — hooded mask in place, shoulders loose, head slightly bowed.

He moves slow. Deliberate. Every footfall feels like a ritual. Halfway down the ramp he stops, lifting his head with that unnerving, bird-like tilt. The camera zooms tight as his fingers rise to the mask and peel it away bit by bit, revealing scarred features and an expression caught somewhere between boredom and contempt.

John Phillips: "There is something about Silas Grimm that just makes the air feel heavier when he walks in. He doesn't play to the crowd, he doesn't acknowledge the noise — he walks like a man heading to an altar, not a wrestling ring."

Mark Bravo: "Every match is a ritual for Grimm. Pain is the offering, and he's real generous with it."

Silas slips into the ring under the bottom rope, immediately moving to a neutral corner. He rests his forearms on the top rope, staring out into the crowd, expression unreadable.

"Judith" fades, replaced by the ominous orchestral swell of "Arise" by E.S. Posthumus. Lights flicker between deep blue and stark white as Malachi Cross steps through the curtain — tall, broad-shouldered, eyes like granite.

He stops at the top of the ramp, lowers his head, and slowly crosses his arms over his chest like a dark benediction. When he lifts his gaze, the camera catches the emptiness there — no hype, no anger, just a cold, relentless purpose.

John Phillips: "And there's the other half of this equation — Malachi Cross. A priest of violence from New Orleans. You put him and Silas Grimm together, and you've got the kind of tag team that looks more like a bad omen than a partnership."

Mark Bravo: "They're not brothers, they're not lifelong partners... they're two different kinds of storm sharing the same sky. If they sync up, that's a disaster for El Fantasma. If they don't? That's a disaster for themselves."

Malachi walks down the ramp without breaking eye contact with the ring, steps up onto the apron, and ducks inside. He and Silas don't shake hands, don't talk, don't even look at each other — they just occupy opposite corners, both focused dead ahead.

The lights in the arena drain out to near black. For a moment, all we hear is the murmur of the crowd and the faint hiss of the sound system.

Then a single, haunting guitar note rings out, followed by the opening of "Cemetery Gates" by Pantera. A sickly green and cold blue wash over the stage. Fog begins to roll out across the ramp, thick enough to cling around the fans in the front row.

Madman Szalinski steps onto the stage first, that weathered suit hanging off his frame, classic red-and-blue mask frayed at the edges. He stands in the middle of the ramp, arms slightly spread, soaking in the unease.

John Phillips: "And here comes trouble guided by madness — Madman Szalinski leading his champions to battle."

On either side of him, like they simply grew out of the fog, stand El Fantasma Oscuro I and II. Identical height, identical masked faces, identical eerie stillness. They don't bounce or strut — they just are, heads tilted ever so slightly as they look toward the ring.

Mark Bravo: "Pick one, Johnny. Go on. Tell me which one's which."

John Phillips: "I wouldn't dare. That's the problem. Grimm and Cross can't game-plan for one man — they have to game-plan for a shared mask, a shared style, and a manager who thrives on confusion."

Madman says something low, unheard under the music, and the twins start down the ramp in perfect sync. Every few steps, one of them will flicker into motion — a sudden turn of the head toward a fan, a quick reach of a gloved hand toward the ropes — then both go still again, like something out of a looping nightmare.

At ringside, one Fantasma climbs to the apron while the other slips around the back of the ring, vanishing briefly into the fog near the timekeeper's area. Madman paces at ringside, eyes sharp, fingers tapping the apron like he's checking the heartbeat of the ring.

John Phillips: "Remember — at Survivor, these four men gave us chaos. Tonight, the Tag Team Championships are on the line, and El Fantasma Oscuro are walking in not just as champions, but as brothers in every way that counts."

Mark Bravo: "Meanwhile, Silas and Malachi are... roommates in a haunted house. They're dangerous, but they're not family. That's the difference Madman's been preachin' all night."

One Fantasma slides under the bottom rope in a smooth, predatory glide, coming up to a stand in the center of the ring. He never takes his eyes off Silas Grimm. The other appears on the apron across from Malachi, hand gripping the tag rope, body weight balanced like a coiled spring.

The referee presents the UTA Tag Team Championships to all four corners, then holds them high as the crowd roars. He hands them out to the timekeeper and calls for the bell.

The bell rings.

John Phillips: "Tag Team Titles on the line — El Fantasma Oscuro defending against Silas Grimm and Malachi Cross!"

Silas steps out from his corner first, that slight head tilt preceding him as always. In the opposite corner, Fantasma I — or II — slips between the ropes, gliding into the center with arms slightly spread, never breaking eye contact.

They approach each other slowly, the crowd's noise lowering into a tense buzz.

Mark Bravo: "You're not gonna see a nice, clean collar-and-elbow from this guy, Johnny. Fantasma doesn't do 'traditional.'"

Silas raises his hands like he's willing to test that theory with a lock-up. Fantasma steps forward... and at the last possible second, drops flat to the mat and rolls between Silas's legs, popping up behind him and landing a quick, stinging low dropkick to the back of the knee.

John Phillips: "And there it is — low dropkick to the knees, chop-block style, taking Grimm's base out early."

Silas stumbles a half-step, turning — Fantasma is already in motion, hitting the ropes and returning with a sharp slingshot dropkick to the chest that sends Silas back into the ropes. The ghostly champion lands light on his feet and stalks forward, arms outstretched like a specter closing in.

Mark Bravo: "Strike and vanish. Hit, move, hit again. It's like wrestling a bad dream."

Silas absorbs the next attempted headscissors, planting his feet and refusing to be whipped over. He buries his hands on Fantasma's hips, muscles tightening, and shoves him off mid-rotation. Fantasma lands on his feet, turns — and eats a sudden palm strike straight to the jaw.

John Phillips: "There's that palm strike barrage style from Silas coming out early!"

Silas follows with a flurry — palm strike, elbow, another palm strike — backing Fantasma into the ropes. With a snap, he seizes the leg and yanks Fantasma down into a Dragon Screw Leg Whip, twisting the knee at an ugly angle.

Mark Bravo: "That's how you deal with rope-runners, Johnny. You take the ropes away by takin' the legs away."

Silas doesn't play to the crowd; he simply stands, shakes out his shoulders, and drives a boot into the hamstring. Another stomp. Then he grabs the damaged leg, threads his own around it, and drops a quick elbow into the ankle before twisting into a short hold, wrenching the joint.

John Phillips: "Grimm immediately dissecting that leg, trying to slow down that high-octane, rope-based style."

Fantasma writhes, reaches out — and the moment Silas adjusts his grip, Fantasma twists his body, rolls, and uses the momentum to slip free, sending Silas into the ropes. Silas rebounds — right into a sudden Black Veil running corner knee as Fantasma pops up out of nowhere and collides with his jaw.

Silas hits the mat, stunned. Fantasma doesn't cover. Instead, he scuttles backward and gives a quick, sharp clap in the direction of his corner.

On the apron, the other El Fantasma Oscuro is already mid-motion — somewhere between a tag and a switch, the ghostly twin slips into the ring while the first rolls under the bottom rope and vanishes into the fog curtain near Madman.

John Phillips: "Quick tag... I think...?"

Mark Bravo: "Double vision and double trouble. You tell me which one's legal right now, I'll buy you dinner."

The referee signals that the tag was made — he saw contact — and the fresh Fantasma springs into action. He hits the ropes, then leaps into a rope-walk along the top strand, balancing with eerie precision before flipping into a rope-walk hurricanrana on the recovering Grimm, whipping him across the ring.

John Phillips: "Rope-walk hurricanrana! These champions are living up to every bit of their reputation tonight!"

Silas tumbles into his own corner. Malachi Cross leans down, hand already extended. Silas doesn't hesitate — he slaps the hand, and the mood in the arena shifts as Malachi steps through the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "Business just picked up. The priest of violence is clocked in."

Fantasma darts forward with another low dropkick, but Malachi barely budes. He looks down at the ghostly figure, then drives a cold, surgical Muay Thai kick straight into Fantasma's ribs. The impact thuds through the arena like a hammer on wet wood.

John Phillips: "Oh! That kick to the body — Malachi Cross doesn't need to be flashy when he can just erase your lungs."

Fantasma staggers, clutching his side. Malachi seizes him in a Muay Thai clinch, yanking him into a series of knees to the midsection, each one lifting him off his feet. After the third, he lets Fantasma drop, then hoists him with almost casual strength into position for a stalling spinebuster.

He holds him there for a long three seconds, letting the blood rush, then drives him down hard into the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "That's not just impact, that's statement. 'You don't float above me. I drag you down.'"

Malachi covers, forearm pressed across the face.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Fantasma kicks out at two. Malachi doesn't flinch. He simply grabs the arm, rolls Fantasma onto his stomach, and starts driving short, grinding knees into the back and ribs, targeting the breathing.

John Phillips: "Classic Malachi Cross strategy — ruin your breathing, ruin your night."

On the floor, Madman Szalinski slaps the apron, shouting up at his champions, his words drowned by the crowd but the

intensity clear. He reaches into his coat, fingers brushing something, then thinks better of it — for now.

Malachi stands, dragging Fantasma with him by the wrist, then whips him into the challengers' corner. Silas tags himself back in with a firm slap to the shoulder as Malachi drills a Yakuza Kick into Fantasma's face, snapping his head back.

Silas slips through the ropes, and together they hit a quick combination — Malachi lifts Fantasma into a falling gutwrench slam, and as Fantasma hits, Silas follows with a sliding Dead Air basement knee to the jaw.

John Phillips: "Listen to the impact! Tag team continuity from two men who, on paper, aren't supposed to get along."

Mark Bravo: "Pain is a universal language, Johnny. Grimm and Cross are fluent."

Silas hooks the leg.

Referee: "One! Two—"

The pin is broken up at the last instant by the other El Fantasma sliding in and landing a sharp low dropkick to Silas's head, then rolling back out as quickly as he appeared. The ref admonishes, but the damage is done — the count is broken.

John Phillips: "Quick save by the other Fantasma, and again — which one is which? The challengers are gonna have to keep that straight if they want to walk out with the gold."

Silas, annoyed but still composed, grabs Fantasma by the mask and drags him toward the challengers' corner, but the ghostly champion suddenly comes alive, twisting and rolling under Silas's arm, using his momentum to throw him chest-first into the middle turnbuckle.

Silas staggers backward — Fantasma pops up onto the second rope behind him, hooks his head, and snaps him down with Whispers of Death, the inverted snap DDT drilling Silas into the mat.

John Phillips: "Whispers of Death! Silas Grimm's skull just got spiked into the canvas!"

Fantasma sprawls across him for the cover.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Malachi steps through the ropes and simply punts Fantasma in the side of the ribs, breaking the pin with a vicious kick. The referee immediately hustles him back to the corner, warning him about staying out of the ring without a tag.

Mark Bravo: "That's the only kind of mercy Malachi knows — the mercy of not lettin' the match end on somebody else's terms."

Both Silas and Fantasma lie on the mat for a moment, dazed. The Norfolk crowd starts to clap, rhythm building as both men begin to crawl toward their respective corners.

John Phillips: "We're at a critical point, folks. Whoever makes the tag first could change the entire momentum of this Tag Team Championship match."

Fantasma reaches out, fingers brushing the outstretched glove of his brother on the apron. Silas, blinking through the cobwebs, digs his fingertips into the canvas and starts toward Malachi.

Both sides stretch. Both sides lunge.

Hands slap.

Fresh El Fantasma and Malachi Cross explode into the ring at the same time, sprinting toward one another as Chartway Arena comes unglued for the inevitable collision...

Malachi and El Fantasma hit center-ring like two different elements colliding — one cold stone, one wild shadow.

Fantasma darts low first, sliding between Malachi's legs and springing up behind him. He fires a quick kick to the back of the knee — but Malachi plants his stance and turns, barely rocked.

John Phillips: "Fantasma trying to use that speed advantage from the jump, but Malachi Cross is not easy to knock off his base."

Fantasma hits the ropes, springboards off the middle for a moonsault crossbody — Malachi steps in and simply catches him across his chest, the impact barely moving him back a step.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, that's a bad sign when you bounce and the other guy doesn't."

Malachi adjusts his grip, then drops Fantasma across his knee with Dark Harvest, the side slam onto his knee driving the wind out of the ghostly champion. Fantasma crumples, clutching his back.

John Phillips: "Dark Harvest connects! Malachi Cross just planted El Fantasma with that knee-breaking slam."

Malachi doesn't cover. He kneels beside Fantasma, forearm pressed across his face, and starts grinding short shots into the ribs, making every breath hurt. Then he yanks Fantasma up, shoving him chest-first into the corner and slamming a series of Muay Thai knees into the lower spine.

John Phillips: "Cross, as always, targeting the breathing, the spine, the joints — pain as a game plan."

Silas reaches in from the apron with one hand, and Malachi tags him with a simple slap, no eye contact, just a transition of violence.

Silas slips through the ropes, immediately hooking Fantasma in a cravate and wrenching his neck sideways, his body positioned between Fantasma and the champions' corner. He cranks the hold, then snaps into a Cravate Suplex, dumping the masked man high on his neck.

Mark Bravo: "Every move from Grimm looks like he's trying to unscrew your head."

Grimm floats over into a grounded neck crank, elbow grinding into the back of the masked skull, his face calm, almost bored.

John Phillips: "You can feel the story of this match — Silas and Malachi trying to drag the champions down into their pace, their style, forcing the ghosts to live on the mat."

Madman Szalinski paces on the floor, slapping the apron, shouting up at Fantasma in jagged bursts, gesturing toward the ropes like he's conducting an exorcism.

Fantasma twists, planting a boot on the mat and rolling his hips. He manages to spin out just enough to slip free, driving a short elbow into Silas's ribs. Another. Grimm tightens and tries to re-apply — Fantasma suddenly drops to his back, double-kicks Grimm off and kips up in one fluid movement.

The crowd pops as Fantasma sprints for the ropes, vaults up, and hits a springboard moonsault — but instead of crashing down on Silas, he lands just behind him as Grimm ducks on instinct. Fantasma snatches his head on the way through and snaps him down with a Somersault Cutter.

John Phillips: "Somersault Cutter! El Fantasma Oscuro turning defense into instant offense!"

Both men lie on the mat. Fantasma clutches his ribs and back, Silas blinking away the impact.

Fantasma rolls toward his corner. The other El Fantasma is already reaching, gloved fingers stretching over the top rope. The crowd builds with each inch.

Tag.

The fresh Fantasma slingshots over the top rope, landing in a run. Silas pushes up — and eats a rope-assisted

tilt-a-whirl headscissors that sends him skidding into the challengers' corner.

Malachi slaps Silas's shoulder as he stumbles back, tagging himself in with a hard smack. Silas gives him a sideways glare but steps through the ropes, leaving Malachi to step in and meet the charging ghost.

Mark Bravo: "And here comes the other half of the New Orleans nightmare again. They might not smile about it, but they are tagging like a team tonight."

Fantasma slides low for another dropkick — Malachi hops over it, hits the ropes, and comes back with a brutal running boot. Fantasma ducks under at the last second, hits the opposite ropes, and rebounds with a low dropkick to the shins that finally takes Cross down to a knee.

In one swift motion, Fantasma springboards off the middle rope into Phantom Spiral, the corkscrew plancha turning Malachi's kneeling posture into a target as he crashes onto him, driving him flat to the mat.

John Phillips: "Phantom Spiral connects! El Fantasma burying that corkscrew plancha right into the chest of Malachi Cross!"

Fantasma hooks the far leg.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Malachi powers out, shoving Fantasma off with authority.

Mark Bravo: "It's gonna take more than one ghost landing on him to keep that man down."

Fantasma scrambles up, runs to the corner, and leaps to the top rope in one springy motion. He walks along the top rope with unsettling ease, then launches for another rope-walk hurricanrana —

—but Malachi plants his feet this time, catching him mid-air and swinging him down into a modified sit-out powerbomb.

John Phillips: "What a counter by Malachi Cross! He just turned that hurricanrana into a powerbomb on the fly!"

Malachi doesn't even go for the cover. Instead, he slides an arm under Fantasma's neck, threads the other around his trapped arm, and locks in Purgatory Clutch, the sit-out arm triangle cinched tight. He leans his weight in, squeezing the air and life out of the champion in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Purgatory Clutch! Right in the middle! Malachi's got that arm triangle cinched in, and El Fantasma is in serious trouble!"

Fantasma's legs kick, boots scraping for anything to push off of. Madman slaps the apron, barking at the referee about something on the mats, trying to throw off his concentration even as his champion's arm begins to weaken.

From the apron, the other El Fantasma Oscuro suddenly vanishes down the steps, disappearing into the fog along the floor.

Mark Bravo: "Uh-oh. When one of the ghosts disappears, it's never good news."

The ref leans in, checking the arm. He raises Fantasma's wrist once — it drops. He raises it again — it drops.

Referee: "If he can't defend himself, I'll stop—"

Before he can finish, the missing Fantasma appears on the opposite side of the ring, springboarding in and drilling Malachi in the face with a perfectly-placed dropkick. The impact breaks the Purgatory Clutch just enough for the legal Fantasma to roll aside, gasping for air.

John Phillips: "Illegal man makes the save! The twins are playing fast and loose with the rules tonight!"

The referee shouts at the ghostly interloper and forces him back to the apron, pointing a warning finger. Madman throws up his hands in an exaggerated gesture of innocence.

Mark Bravo: "You ever try to keep ghosts in a box, Johnny? Doesn't work."

Both Malachi and the legal Fantasma crawl toward their corners. Malachi tags in Silas with a heavy slap to the chest, then stays on the bottom rope a second longer than necessary, watching the champions with cold intent.

Fantasma reaches his own corner and dives — tag. The other masked twin vaults over the top rope, barging into the ring with a burst of speed.

Silas charges; Fantasma slides under, pops up, and snaps a low dropkick into Grimm's bad knee from earlier, buckling him. He hits the ropes again, coming back with a Black Veil running knee that catches Silas square in the jaw and sends him sprawling.

John Phillips: "Black Veil, right on the button! Silas Grimm might be out on his feet!"

Fantasma senses the moment. He glances toward Madman, who taps two fingers to the side of his mask and points at the corner.

Fantasma nods, drags Silas toward the ropes, and starts to climb. He steps to the second rope, measuring, then hooks Silas's head under his arm, setting up for Whispers of Death again.

Before he can drop, Silas comes to life, driving fists into the champion's ribs. He slips free, drops to his feet, and catches Fantasma's ankle, yanking his leg. Fantasma's face smacks the turnbuckle; he teeters on the ropes.

Silas uses the opening to swing underneath, trapping the leg and dragging Fantasma down into a Dragon Screw that nearly tears the joint, planting him in the center of the ring.

Mark Bravo: "There's that Black Ritual fake-out style — everything Grimm does feels like it's setting up something worse for your joints."

Silas doesn't go for the Funeral Lock yet. Instead, he yanks Fantasma up by the mask, twines an arm around his neck, and sets him up for Witchhook.

John Phillips: "Silas Grimm could be looking for Witchhook! If he lands this, we might have new Tag Team Champions!"

Grimm hooks the arm, twists —

—and at the last possible second, Fantasma pushes off the mat, rolls through, and shoves Silas toward the ropes. Silas rebounds — and runs straight into a waiting Somersault Cutter from the other Fantasma, who has just tagged in with a blind slap behind the referee's back.

Mark Bravo: "They tagged, they switched, they... whatever that was, it was nasty!"

Silas is sprawled. The fresh, legal Fantasma doesn't waste a moment. He hauls himself to the top rope, glancing down once to confirm position.

He launches — a high, arcing dive that comes down with devastating precision as he drills Silas with the Veil Breaker, crashing all his weight across Grimm's chest.

John Phillips: "Veil Breaker! He got all of it!"

Fantasma hooks the far leg, folding Silas up.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Malachi enters like a bullet, stomping down hard on Fantasma's back to break the pin.

Mark Bravo: "Cross with the save! He was in there like a demon on fast-forward."

The referee forces Malachi back to the apron, frustration finally bubbling in his eyes as he warns him about

interference. Malachi's face doesn't change, but his fists clench on the tag rope.

Inside, Fantasma and Silas are both slow to move, damage accumulating. The legal ghost rolls to his corner and tags in his brother again — this time clearly, with the ref watching. The second Fantasma steps in, shaking out his arms, ready to press the advantage.

Silas crawls, teeth grit, toward Malachi. Cross extends his hand... and Silas stops halfway, pushing himself up on shaky legs instead of tagging.

John Phillips: "Wait a second — Silas could tag right now, but he... isn't."

Mark Bravo: "That's ego. That's pride. That's 'I want the belts, I want the glory'... and against these two, that might get him killed."

Malachi's eyes narrow slightly, but he doesn't say a word. He just watches.

Silas turns, staggering, to face Fantasma. The ghostly champion glides in, peppering Silas with short kicks to the thigh and ribs, then spinning into a snapping back kick to the gut that doubles him over.

Fantasma hits the ropes — but Silas snatches him mid-run, traps the arm, and whips him down with Last Rites, the hammerlock backdrop driver spiking Fantasma brutally on the back of his head and neck.

John Phillips: "Last Rites! Silas Grimm just planted the champion!"

He sprawls across Fantasma for the cover.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Madman Szalinski yanks the other Fantasma's boot, pulling him off the apron and sending him crashing to the floor — and in the same motion, hurls a small burst of chalky fog from his hand toward the ring, the cloud blooming near the referee's line of sight. The official instinctively recoils, coughing, and misses his own three-count rhythm.

Mark Bravo: "Madman just threw some kind of... powder, fog, whatever that was! The ref lost the count!"

John Phillips: "We talked about it — El Fantasma using fog, powder, whatever tricks they can, and Madman Szalinski just bailed his team out right there!"

Silas rolls off, furious, grabbing at the referee's shirt, mouthing barely-contained rage. The ref protests, eyes watering, insisting he couldn't see the shoulders clearly.

Behind them, Fantasma stirs. Malachi stands on the apron, one hand extended, the other clenched so tight his knuckles whiten.

John Phillips: "Silas Grimm had this match in his hands, and it slipped away in a cloud of fog."

Silas finally turns and looks at Malachi. The crowd starts to buzz, sensing the tension. Grimms's chest heaves.

Malachi extends his hand again. No words. Just that cold expectation.

Silas hesitates — then turns away, reaching instead for the staggering Fantasma, desperate to finish what he started himself.

Mark Bravo: "He just blew off the tag again. That's twice."

Silas hauls Fantasma up, hooking his arms, setting for Witchhook one more time.

He twists —

—and in that split-second, the other Fantasma, recovered on the apron, slaps his partner's back for a blind tag and slips through the ropes behind Grimm. The ref sees the tag, signals it.

Silas drills the Witchhook on the original Fantasma, spiking him into the mat. He scrambles for the cover, hooking the leg deep.

Referee: "He's not legal! He's not legal!"

John Phillips: "The ref is waving it off! Silas hit Witchhook on the wrong man!"

Silas slams his hand on the mat in fury, spinning toward the official — and walks right into the waiting arms of the fresh, legal Fantasma, who's already perched on the second rope.

In one fluid motion, Fantasma leaps, hooks Silas's head, and drills him with Whispers of Death off the second rope, the inverted snap DDT planting him square in the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "Whispers of Death again! Grimm got dropped on the back of his head!"

Silas' body bounces once, then lies still. Fantasma scrambles to the top rope with predatory speed, the crowd roaring even as Malachi finally steps one foot through the ropes.

The ghost launches — high, perfect, crashing down with the Veil Breaker across Silas Grimm's chest.

John Phillips: "Veil Breaker a second time! Center of the ring!"

Fantasma hooks both legs, leaning all his weight over Silas' shoulders.

Referee: "One! Two! Three!"

The bell rings as Malachi steps fully into the ring — just a half-second too late. He stops dead, eyes flicking from Silas to the victorious champions.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro retain the UTA Tag Team Championships!"

Mark Bravo: "They said it earlier, Johnny — Silas Grimm and Malachi Cross are strong, but they're not brothers. That just showed up on the scoreboard."

"Cemetery Gates" hits again as the ghosts roll off their fallen challenger. One Fantasma slips to the floor, snatching the Tag Titles from the timekeeper, then slides one into the ring for his brother. Madman Szalinski jumps to the apron, slapping the turnbuckle with manic glee.

The Fantasmas stand side by side in the center of the ring, each with a title raised high, their masks angled just so toward Malachi.

John Phillips: "You have to give it up — Silas Grimm and Malachi Cross took the champions to the brink, but quick tags, twin magic, and just enough chaos from Madman Szalinski keep the gold with El Fantasma."

Malachi stands over Silas, who's just beginning to stir, hand going to the back of his neck. For a long moment, Malachi just looks down at his partner, the crowd buzzing.

Mark Bravo: "You can feel that tension. Silas didn't tag when he could've. He tried to finish this alone. It cost them the match... and maybe cost them more than that."

Malachi slowly extends a hand down to Silas. The crowd hums loudly now, waiting. Silas glares at the mat, then up at Malachi... and instead of taking the hand, he rolls under the bottom rope by himself, dropping to the floor.

Malachi's hand stays extended in the empty air for just a beat too long before he lowers it, expression unreadable.

John Phillips: "Questions for another night between Grimm and Cross... but tonight, the story is that El Fantasma Oscuro's haunting reign as UTA Tag Team Champions continues."

In the background, the twin ghosts and their mad shepherd stand on the ropes, titles held high as the arena lights flicker, the image freezing on their shadowed silhouettes before we cut away to a hype graphic for the next match on

East Coast Invasion.

## **The Lesson of Lindz**

Segment

Black screen. A slow, echoing replay starts to fade in.

We see it in crisp slow motion — footage from Survivor:

Gunnar Van Patton's fist, cocked and loaded.

The impact cracking across Troy Lindz's jaw.

Troy collapsing to the mat.

The referee's hand hitting: one... two... three.

The clip stutters, rewinds, and plays again. Once. Twice. A third time. Each pass a little slower, a little more suffocating.

Commentary Audio (from Survivor, faint under the replay): "One punch—are you kidding me? Troy's out!"

Cut to now.

Backstage at the next UTA event, one week later. The arena hums in the distance — music tests, crowd murmur, the occasional thump of someone hitting a ring in the dark during warm-ups.

Troy Lindz sits alone on a road case, still in their ring gear from earlier in the night's show agenda. They haven't wrestled yet. They're just... sitting. Curly red hair pulled back, ring jacket draped across their lap, fingers anxiously tracing the sequins.

On a nearby monitor, that knockout punch from Survivor loops again. A producer walks past and quietly switches the monitor off, uncomfortable with Troy's stare.

Troy keeps looking in that direction anyway.

Troy Lindz (softly, to themselves): "Three seconds... after everything I've done... three seconds."

A shape leans into the frame, just barely. We see a white cuff. A calm hand. Then the camera tilts up to reveal Eli Creed, leaning against a nearby wall, watching Troy with that same patient, unsettling calm.

Eli Creed: "Funny thing about time..."

Troy doesn't look at him yet. Their jaw flexes.

Eli Creed: "You can give years to something. Your heart. Your body. Your identity. You pour it all in like it's endless..."

He snaps his fingers once — just a tiny sound in the big, hollow hallway.

Eli Creed: "...and then in three seconds, it tells you the truth."

Troy exhales hard through their nose.

Troy Lindz: "If you came here to crack jokes about my loss, get in line."

Eli shakes his head slowly.

Eli Creed: "No. The people making jokes aren't worth your time. I'm talking to the part of you that's still replaying it when you close your eyes."

Troy finally turns to look at him — guarded, exhausted, but still Troy: proud, defiant.

Eli Creed: "Last week at Survivor, you walked out there like the whole world was your stage. Every look, every

movement, every color... curated. Controlled.”

He glances briefly at Troy’s gear — the sequins, the bold design — not mocking, but clearly judging more than just fabric.

Eli Creed: “But when Gunnar’s fist landed, all of that... fell away.”

He taps the side of his head.

Eli Creed: “And for a moment, it wasn’t about the show. It was about what was left underneath.”

Troy’s eyes narrow.

Troy Lindz: “You think this—”

They gesture to themselves — the hair, the gear, the swagger that usually comes with it.

Troy Lindz: “—isn’t real? You think I’m pretending?”

Eli doesn’t flinch.

Eli Creed: “I think you’ve spent a long time building something the world has to look at... so you never have to look at what’s hurting in here.”

He taps two fingers gently against his own chest.

The words aren’t loud. They aren’t cruel. But they carry an implication that lands heavier than Gunnar’s punch.

Troy Lindz: “You don’t know a thing about me, Morningstar.”

Eli steps forward, just close enough to make it uncomfortable. His voice stays low, almost compassionate.

Eli Creed: “I know what denial looks like. I used to sell it from a stage.”

He lets that hang there.

Eli Creed: “Self-expression can be beautiful. But sometimes, Troy...”

His gaze quietly scans them — not leering, not hateful, just that invasive “evaluation” look.

Eli Creed: “...it becomes armor. And eventually, armor gets too heavy to carry into a fight.”

Troy looks away, swallowing hard, anger mixing with something uncomfortably close to doubt.

Troy Lindz: “So what, you wanna strip it all away? Turn me into one of your little blank-slate disciples?”

Eli’s smile is small, serene, chilling.

Eli Creed: “I don’t want to erase you, Troy.”

He places a hand on their shoulder — firm but deceptively gentle.

Eli Creed: “I want to see who you are once you stop performing for them...”

He nods toward the direction of the arena.

Eli Creed: “...and start telling the truth to yourself.”

Troy shrugs his hand off, standing up now, eye-to-eye. The fire is coming back, but there’s a crack in the foundation.

Troy Lindz: “The truth is I got caught. It happens. I’ll bounce back. I don’t need a sermon to do that.”

Eli studies them for a long beat, then nods — as if he’s just been given confirmation of a diagnosis.

Eli Creed: “You’re right. You don’t need a sermon.”

He takes a step back into the half-shadow of the hallway.

Eli Creed: "You need a session."

He starts to walk away, his voice drifting back without turning around.

Eli Creed: "Break. Bend. Build. Last week was the break, Troy Lindz."

He glances over his shoulder.

Eli Creed: "The rest... is coming."

The camera closes on Troy's face — defiant, but shaken. Their eyes flick once in the direction Eli left, then toward the entranceway that leads to the ring.

Slow fade to black.

TEXT ON SCREEN: "THE MORNINGSTAR DOESN'T FORGET."

End.

## **A True Legend**

Segment

The screen cuts from the buzzing Norfolk crowd to a cold, static image: black. For a moment, there's nothing but the low hum of the arena.

Then a familiar drum pattern creeps in — muted, distant — the opening of "In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins. Not at full volume, just enough to prickle the skin.

The black fades into a shot of Sean Jackson, seated in a high-backed chair in a dimly lit room. No arena, no fans, no interviewer. Just Sean in a tailored dark suit, tie loosened, UTA logo faint on a monitor behind him. The light catches the hard lines in his face. His eyes do most of the talking before his mouth ever opens.

Sean Jackson: "You miss me?"

A beat. The music under him fades to a low throb.

Sean Jackson: "After WrestleUTA: 25... after Jeremiah Wood tried to lay my career down nice and neat for the history books... everyone thought they knew the ending."

We cut to a flash of WrestleUTA: 25 — Sean and The Spectre face-to-face, then back to Sean now, smirking.

Sean Jackson: "They called it my swan song. The last chapter. 'Thank you, Sean.'"

He scoffs quietly, eyes narrowing.

Sean Jackson: "No. That wasn't the end. That was just the beginning of the end."

He leans forward slightly, elbows on his knees, voice lowering.

Sean Jackson: "See, people have short memories. They see the Hall of Fame speeches, the video packages, the handshakes... and they start to believe that's who I am now. Some polished, softened, 'respectable' version of Sean Jackson."

He shakes his head slowly.

Sean Jackson: "They forget why I got here in the first place. They forget why the name 'Sean Jackson' still makes main eventers look over their shoulder."

He lets the silence hang for a moment.

Sean Jackson: "I am the Mental Rapist."

The words land cold. No grin. No wink to the camera. Just certainty.

Sean Jackson: "I don't just beat you. I invade you. I live rent-free in the soft parts of your brain you don't admit exist. I take your biggest moments and I stain them so you can never think about them again without seeing my face."

He sits back, one hand steepled under his chin.

Sean Jackson: "So when Survivor rolled around... and I watched Jarvis Valentine parade around with his UTA Championship, talking about all the legends he's stood across from during this reign... I saw opportunity."

Cut to a quick highlight reel: Jarvis lifting the title, intense stare-downs, then a freeze on him mid-motion in the middle of Team Ross vs. Team Mayhem.

Sean Jackson (voice-over): "He bragged like he'd climbed some impossible mountain. Like this run of his was carved in stone."

We jump to the Survivor clip — Sean Jackson stepping out onto the stage in the midst of the chaos, crowd going insane, Jarvis turning in shock. We see the moment Sean's appearance changes Jarvis' focus.

Sean Jackson (voice-over): "So I did what I do best."

Back to Sean in the chair, a faint, cruel smile touching his lips.

Sean Jackson: "I walked into the middle of someone else's war... and I made it about me."

He lifts a hand, ticking off the points with his fingers.

Sean Jackson: "I didn't wait until after the bell. I didn't wait for a press conference. I didn't stand in the back and ask for my turn like a good little soldier."

His eyes harden.

Sean Jackson: "I walked out in the middle of Team Ross versus Team Mayhem and I looked the big, brave champion in the eye... and I challenged him. Right then. Right there. In front of a world that thought they were watching one story... and suddenly realized they'd been watching the prologue to mine."

He taps two fingers lightly against his temple.

Sean Jackson: "That's what the Mental Rapist does. I don't just hit you. I remove you. I made sure that while Jarvis was busy staring up the ramp at the ghost of his future... his present slipped away. Elimination. Just like that."

We see a fast-cut replay from Survivor: Jarvis distracted by Sean's presence, the tide turning, Jarvis getting taken out of the match. The image freezes on Jarvis looking furious and stunned.

Sean Jackson (voice-over): "He'll tell you it was bad luck. Wrong place, wrong time. He'll say the match was chaos, that anyone could've gone down."

Back to Sean, shaking his head.

Sean Jackson: "No, Jarvis. You went down because I arrived."

He straightens his tie absentmindedly, settling back in the chair with the ease of a man who's headlined everything worth headlining.

Sean Jackson: "You like to say you've battled 'legends' during your time as champion. You throw that word around like it's confetti. But let's talk about that, shall we?"

His tone shifts, colder, dissecting.

Sean Jackson: "Who, exactly, have you faced that qualifies? Who among your dance partners would be mentioned in the same breath as Dynasty? As the men I've shared locker rooms and main events with? As the names I've ended?"

Quick flashes of Jarvis' various challengers — strong, talented, but framed here as in over their heads. Then back to Sean.

Sean Jackson: "You've fought has-beens living off what they did ten years ago. You've fought never-was prospects dressed up like they were destined to be somebody, just so the fans would clap a little louder."

He sneers.

Sean Jackson: "Paper champions. Manufactured threats. People slotted into that spot not because they belonged there... but because somebody in the back wanted a reaction out of the crowd."

He leans forward again, eyes boring into the lens.

Sean Jackson: "You haven't been defending your title against legends, Jarvis. You've been defending it against props."

He lets that linger, then softens his tone just a fraction — not kind, just deliberate.

Sean Jackson: "But now?"

He points at the camera, slow and precise.

Sean Jackson: "Now you have the opportunity you keep pretending you've already had."

Sean Jackson: "Now you get to find out what it's like to step into the ring with a true legend. A true challenge."

He lists his accolades calmly, like reciting a resume he knows you've already read.

Sean Jackson: "Three-time UTA World Champion. Two-time SCW World Champion. Three-time NeWA World Heavyweight Champion. Dynasty. Main events on three different continents. People still waking up in the middle of the night thinking about the sound of my knee cracking into the back of their skull."

A brief visual of the Mental Breakdown high knee, frozen on impact.

Sean Jackson: "I am not a nostalgia act, Jarvis. I am not a greatest hits package rolled out for cheap applause. I am the man you call when you want to see if your champion is real... or if he folds when the lights get too bright."

He smiles now — small, cruel, assured.

Sean Jackson: "You've been living a nice little fairy tale. The journalist who made good. The truth-seeker hoisting the biggest prize in UTA. It's cute. It sells t-shirts."

He tilts his head.

Sean Jackson: "But fairy tales end, Jarvis. And not everyone gets a happily ever after."

He clasps his hands together, fingers interlocking.

Sean Jackson: "When I'm done with you, they won't look at your reign and talk about how you 'defied the odds.' They'll talk about how it ended. Violently. Inevitably."

Sean Jackson: "They'll talk about how you walked into the ring thinking you were a made man... and walked out knowing you were just the last victim in a long line."

He leans in close enough that the camera catches every line in his face.

Sean Jackson: "I don't want your spotlight, Jarvis. I don't need your validation. I've already carved my name into the foundation of this company."

Sean Jackson: "What I want... is to end your little experiment as UTA Champion."

He pauses, letting that final promise sink in.

Sean Jackson: "You wanted to battle legends?"

Sean Jackson: "Congratulations."

Sean Jackson: "You just picked the one who will end your reign."

He sits back, the faint swell of "In The Air Tonight" creeping back in underneath his final words.

Sean Jackson: "Sleep on it, Jarvis. Replay Survivor in your head. See the moment I stepped out, feel the match slipping through your fingers all over again."

Sean Jackson: "Because when that bell rings... I'm not just coming to take your title."

The camera pushes in one last time on his eyes.

Sean Jackson: "I'm coming to shatter your reality."

The screen dips to black. For just a heartbeat, we hear the iconic drum fill from "In The Air Tonight" hit in full — then it cuts hard back to the live crowd in Norfolk, buzzing from what they've just seen.

## **Right Now**

Segment

Backstage, we come up on Melissa Cartwright standing beside Jarvis Valentine. Behind them, the monitor that just aired Sean Jackson's message still shows a frozen image of Sean in that dark room — a reminder hanging over the scene.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, Melissa Cartwright here with the UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine. Jarvis, we just heard from Sean Jackson, and he had a lot to say about you, your title reign, and your opponents. I have to ask... what do you think?"

Jarvis glances back at the screen for a moment, jaw tight, then turns back to Melissa and the camera. He takes a steady breath, the belt resting firm on his shoulder.

Jarvis Valentine: "You know, Melissa... there's two parts of me watching that."

He raises two fingers.

Jarvis Valentine: "There's the journalist, and there's the champion."

He nods toward the monitor.

Jarvis Valentine: "The journalist in me? He looks at Sean Jackson's resume and says, 'Yeah... the man's not lying.' Three-time UTA World Champion. World titles in other companies. Dynasty. Big matches, big moments. That's all factual. That's all on record."

He taps the side of the belt with one hand.

Jarvis Valentine: "But then there's the champion... and he's listening to Sean spin that truth into a story where I've never stood across from anybody that mattered."

Jarvis' eyes harden just a touch.

Jarvis Valentine: "'Has-beens.' 'Never-was.' 'Paper champions.' That's cute. That's a great soundbite for a guy sitting in a fancy chair, safe, nowhere near Norfolk tonight."

He leans a little closer to the mic, voice steady but edged.

Jarvis Valentine: "I've stood across from people who clawed their way onto this roster. People who bled for this company when the lights weren't bright, when nobody was sure if UTA was even gonna make it back. I've gone to war with people who didn't have a Dynasty, didn't have a legacy to fall back on, so they had to build one in real time."

He glances sideways, a small, humorless smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

Jarvis Valentine: "Just because Sean Jackson doesn't recognize the names doesn't mean they weren't worth fighting."

Melissa nods, lifting the mic slightly.

Melissa Cartwright: "Sean also said you haven't really faced a 'true legend' during this reign... and that he's the man who's going to end it."

Jarvis exhales through his nose, rolling his shoulders once under the weight of the title.

Jarvis Valentine: "I'm not gonna stand here and pretend Sean Jackson isn't a legend. That would be dishonest, and that's not who I am."

He looks straight into the camera.

Jarvis Valentine: "But there's a difference between being a legend... and thinking the world stopped spinning when you walked out the door."

The crowd reaction can be faintly heard in the distance as he continues.

Jarvis Valentine: "He walked out at Survivor, right in the middle of Team Ross versus Team Mayhem, looked at me, and did what he does best — made it about him. Distracted me, shook the snow globe, and smiled when I hit the floor."

He nods slowly, almost conceding the point.

Jarvis Valentine: "Congratulations, Sean. You proved the Mental Rapist can still pull focus. You proved you can still get inside somebody's head from a hundred feet away."

Jarvis shifts the title higher on his shoulder, posture straightening.

Jarvis Valentine: "Here's the problem: I don't live in those three seconds you keep replaying. I live in the next bell."

He taps his temple with one finger.

Jarvis Valentine: "You want to talk about truth? The truth is, Survivor was chaos. You picked your moment. You exploited an opening. That's what predators do. But the moment you made that challenge, the moment you pointed at this—"

He pats the center plate of the UTA Championship.

Jarvis Valentine: "—you stopped hunting... and you put a target on yourself."

Melissa watches him, expression intent.

Melissa Cartwright: "Sean said he's not interested in your spotlight... that he just wants to end your 'little experiment' as UTA Champion. Do you feel like you have something to prove stepping into the ring with him?"

Jarvis allows himself a small, tight smile.

Jarvis Valentine: "I always have something to prove. That doesn't change with the name on the other side of the graphic."

He shrugs lightly.

Jarvis Valentine: "But if Sean Jackson wants to frame this like I've just been keeping his seat warm? Fine. Then when he comes back to cash that story in, he's going to find out what the scene looks like now."

He points at the camera.

Jarvis Valentine: "He's gonna find out this isn't the same UTA he walked through as the centerpiece of Dynasty. These aren't the same crowds. And I'm not the type of champion who folds the first time a Hall of Famer looks my way."

His voice drops, more personal now.

Jarvis Valentine: "You call yourself the Mental Rapist, Sean. You make a career out of getting inside people's heads."

He tilts his head slightly.

Jarvis Valentine: "I spent my life getting inside people's lies."

Jarvis Valentine: "I dug into corruption, cover-ups, stories people prayed would never see daylight. I know what it looks like when a man starts believing his own myth and stops checking the facts."

He leans in just a bit, the intensity sharpening.

Jarvis Valentine: "Here's a fact for you, Sean: you're a legend... and you're also just another challenger."

Jarvis Valentine: "You want to shatter my reality? First you've got to step in the ring with it."

Jarvis re-adjusts the belt one more time, almost like punctuation.

Jarvis Valentine: "I heard every word you said. I respect what you've done. But I'm not a paper champion. I'm not a prop. I'm the UTA Champion right now."

He gives the camera a steady, unblinking stare.

Jarvis Valentine: "And when we finally stand across from each other, Sean... you're gonna find out that your 'beginning of the end'?"

Jarvis Valentine: "That doesn't belong to you."

Jarvis Valentine: "It belongs to whoever's left holding this title when the story's over. And I'm planning on that still being me."

Melissa nods, turning slightly back toward the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "Strong words from the UTA Champion as Sean Jackson looms on the horizon. Jarvis, thank you for your time."

Jarvis gives a brief nod and steps out of frame, leaving the monitor behind him to fade to the UTA logo as we cut back toward the arena.

## **Kaine vs. Dante Rivera**

Match

The camera pans over the Norfolk crowd as the graphic for our next bout flashes on the screen: Kaine vs. Dante Rivera.

John Phillips: "We are back here at East Coast Invasion in Norfolk, and up next, a very intriguing singles contest — Dante Rivera going one-on-one with the 'Revenant' himself, Kaine."

Mark Bravo: "And for the first time, Johnny, Kaine is out here without Maxx Mayhem anywhere in sight. No Team Mayhem, no chaos entourage... just the skeleton demon cult favorite all by his lonesome. That might be good news for Dante... or it might be worse."

"Rise Today" by Alter Bridge hits the speakers and the Norfolk crowd comes alive, a wave of cheers swelling as Dante Rivera bursts through the curtain.

Dante slaps the UTA logo on the stage, then immediately veers to his right, slapping hands with fans along the ramp. He heads to the other side, making sure to hit both rails, the camera catching a young fan in a homemade "RIVERA LEGACY" sign that Dante stops to point at with a grin.

John Phillips: "There he is — Dante Rivera, second-generation competitor, all heart and all fire. Every time this man steps into the ring, he's thinking about his family in El Paso, thinking about the legacy he's carrying on."

Mark Bravo: "And he's gonna need every ounce of that tonight. Look, I love Dante's heart, but Kaine isn't exactly a 'feel-good moment' kind of guy."

Dante reaches the ringside area and takes a moment to look around Chartway Arena, soaking in the energy. He hops up onto the apron in one fluid motion, grabs the top rope, and slingshots himself over, landing on his feet in the middle of the ring.

He climbs the nearest turnbuckle and points to the sky, lips moving quietly in tribute, before firing up the crowd with a raised fist. The fans respond with a loud "DAN-TAY! DAN-TAY!" chant.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera, feeding off this Norfolk crowd. He thrives on adversity, he thrives when the odds are against him. And tonight, standing across from Kaine, they absolutely are."

The lights dim, plunging the arena into a sickly, flickering red. A distorted laugh echoes over the sound system, followed by the eerie opening of "House of 1000 Corpses" by Rob Zombie.

For a few seconds, nothing happens... then a spotlight snaps on at the top of the ramp.

Kaine stands there, alone.

His face is painted like a skeletal demon — hollowed black eyes, grinning bone jaw, streaks of neon and dried "blood" tracing down his neck. His gear looks torn from some cult horror flick, and his whole body is in motion: twitching shoulders, head rolling from side to side, fingers flexing like he's feeling static in the air.

John Phillips: "There he is — Kaine, 'The Revenant' of the East Coast indies, and this is the first time we've seen him on UTA programming without Maxx Mayhem anywhere nearby."

Mark Bravo: "I don't know if that makes me feel safer or more concerned, Johnny. When he's with Maxx, it feels like a riot. When he's alone... it feels like an invocation."

Kaine takes a few slow steps forward, then suddenly sprints the rest of the ramp, sliding the last few feet on his knees and screaming something guttural toward the ring. He slams both fists onto the apron and looks up at Dante, tongue out, eyes wide.

The hard cam catches his mouth as he roars.

Kaine: "DEAD BUT ALIVE!"

He leaps to his feet, climbs onto the apron, and springboards over the top rope into a rolling tumble, popping up in Dante's face. He doesn't touch him — just stares, chest heaving, that skeletal grin unmoving.

John Phillips: "That is the energy Kaine is bringing into this match. No Maxx Mayhem at his side, no safety net — just his own brand of chaos."

Mark Bravo: "And look at Dante — he's not backing down for a second, but I promise you he can feel that cold breeze right between his shoulder blades."

The referee edges between them, urging them back to neutral corners. Kaine slowly backs up, never breaking eye contact, arms outstretched as he leans into the top rope, hanging there like a demon on a hook. Dante bounces in place, shaking his arms out, ready to go.

The bell rings.

John Phillips: "Here we go — Kaine versus Dante Rivera!"

They circle, Dante moving sharp and light, Kaine stalking with an almost playful sway. Dante goes in first, offering a quick test of strength feint before slipping around behind into a waistlock. Kaine rolls his shoulders, then just throws his hips back, breaking Dante's grip with sheer sudden power.

Dante lands on a knee, pops up, and fires a quick forearm to Kaine's jaw. It lands with a solid crack.

Kaine's head snaps to the side... then slowly rolls back, a grin spreading wider across that skeletal paint.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no. Nope. That's not the reaction you want."

Dante hits him with another forearm. Then another. The crowd rallies — "LET'S GO DAN-TAY!"— as he strings together a flurry of shots, finally hitting the ropes and snapping off a running enzuigiri that lands right on the side of Kaine's head.

Kaine stumbles a half-step... then plants his feet, straightens up, and beats his chest with both fists, .

Kaine: "MORE!"

John Phillips: "Kaine just ate that enzuigiri and is asking for more!"

Dante doesn't hesitate; he sprints back to the ropes, rebounds, and dives into a flying forearm smash that catches Kaine flush. This time, Kaine rocks back into the ropes — but instead of dropping, he rebounds forward with a wild pump kick that nearly takes Dante's head off.

Mark Bravo: "That's what happens when the ghost kicks back!"

Dante hits the mat hard, clutching his jaw. Kaine stands over him, head tilted at that unsettling angle, then drops into a sudden running senton, crushing Dante's midsection.

John Phillips: "Running senton from Kaine, all two hundred and ten pounds driving straight into the ribs of Dante Rivera."

Kaine pops up immediately, bouncing on his toes like he didn't feel the impact at all. He sprints to the corner, explodes up the ropes, and whips himself into a diving cannonball into the same corner Dante's just rolled into, smashing him between Kaine's body and the buckles.

Mark Bravo: "That cannonball just folded Dante up like a lawn chair. Kaine is not pacing himself — this is all impact, all violence, all at once."

Kaine hooks Dante's leg for the first pin.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Dante kicks out at two, clutching his ribs, sucking in air.

John Phillips: "Rivera still in this, but you can already see the toll that Kaine's style is taking on him."

Kaine grabs a fistful of Dante's hair — the ref warns him, he lets go just enough to turn it into a wrist control instead. He yanks Dante to his feet and blasts him with a stinging chop that echoes through Chartway Arena. The crowd "WOO!"s on instinct.

Dante drops to a knee, grimacing. Kaine leans down, yelling something unintelligible in his face, then drags him back up.

Whip into the ropes — Dante reverses! On the rebound, Dante pops Kaine up and drops him with a sharp tilt-a-whirl backbreaker, driving Kaine's spine across his knee. The crowd roars at the sudden shift.

John Phillips: "Beautiful tilt-a-whirl backbreaker from Dante Rivera! That caught Kaine clean!"

Kaine rolls off Dante's knee and onto the mat, arching his back in pain... then he snaps up into a seated position, eyes wide, breathing heavy like someone just poured kerosene on him instead of hurting him.

Mark Bravo: "Of course he sits up like a horror movie villain. Why wouldn't he?"

Dante doesn't give him time to fully rise; he hits the ropes and comes back with a snap powerslam out of nowhere, catching Kaine's rising body and driving him down. He floats over, hooks the leg.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Kaine kicks out hard at two, almost bench-pressing Dante off of him.

Dante pops up, adrenaline surging, and heads straight to the apron. He waits for Kaine to stand, then slingshots in with a crisp crossbody that takes Kaine down again. The crowd is fully behind him now.

John Phillips: "Slingshot crossbody! Dante Rivera stringing it together, trying to keep the Revenant on the ground!"

Dante doesn't cover this time. He steps over Kaine, takes a breath, and hits the ropes to spring into a standing moonsault — his knees come down across Kaine's chest before he splashes him fully. He hooks the leg deep.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Kaine powers out again at two-and-a-half, this time roaring as he does it.

Mark Bravo: "That was close! Even the undead feel gravity, Johnny. Dante almost stole it."

Dante slaps the mat once, then looks out to the crowd, rallying them with a wave of his arms. They respond, stomping and clapping as he calls for Kaine to get back to his feet.

Kaine climbs up slowly, using the ropes, head hanging. Dante steps in, grabs his wrist, and whips him toward the corner — Kaine reverses, hurling Dante into the buckles instead.

Dante crashes back-first, stumbles forward... straight into a brutal flying knee strike from Kaine that nearly takes his head off. Dante spins through the air and hits the mat hard.

John Phillips: "What a knee from Kaine! Dante Rivera just got shut down mid-rally!"

Kaine drops to one knee beside Dante, panting, then starts slapping himself across the face, psyching himself up. He stands, grabs Dante by the waist, and snaps him over with a vicious snap dragon suplex that spikes him high on the back of his head and neck.

Mark Bravo: "Snap dragon suplex! Kaine is throwing Dante around like an offering!"

Dante crumples, rolling toward the ropes on instinct. He pulls himself up on the middle rope, dazed. Kaine backs into the opposite ropes, points at Dante with a skeletal grin, and charges—

—running apron knee strike, blasting Dante off the apron and down to the floor in a heap.

John Phillips: "Running apron knee strike right to the side of the head! Dante Rivera might be out on the floor!"

The referee slides out to check on Dante as the crowd buzzes with concern. Kaine leans over the ropes, staring down at him, head tilted again, chest heaving like he's deciding whether to follow him out or wait for the count.

Mark Bravo: "This is where Kaine lives, Johnny. On the edge. He thrives on this violence, he thrives on testing how much someone can take before they don't get back up."

Dante starts to move, clutching his head, pushing himself up on the barricade. The ref's count hits four... five... six...

Dante rolls under the bottom rope at seven, refusing to stay down. The crowd rallies again, chanting his name.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera back in the ring, but he might not know where he is right now."

Kaine stalks him, grabbing his wrist and whipping him hard into the corner. Dante hits the buckles chest-first and staggers back, coughing.

Kaine spreads his arms, back to the hard cam, and lets out a guttural scream that sends a chill through the arena.

Kaine: "DEAD... BUT ALIVE!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the call, Johnny! When Kaine yells that, you know what comes next!"

He charges the corner, steps up the buckles in a fluid motion, and perches on the top rope, staring down at the barely-steadied Dante.

He's lining up the Grave Digger double stomp.

But as Kaine leaps—

Dante dives out of the way at the last split-second, collapsing to the side. Kaine lands on his feet, absorbing the impact, but the brief miss gives Dante just enough of an opening.

John Phillips: "Rivera moved! Kaine didn't get all of that, and this might be Dante's last chance!"

Dante uses the ropes to pull himself up, then, on pure instinct and adrenaline, whips around and catches Kaine with a sudden running enzuigiri to the back of the head. Kaine drops to his knees.

The crowd explodes.

Mark Bravo: "He got him again! Enzuigiri to the back of the skull!"

Dante stumbles to the ropes, grabs the top strand, and slingshots himself onto the apron. He takes a deep breath, shakes out the cobwebs, and waits for Kaine to rise.

Kaine pushes to his feet, swaying.

Dante leaps — springboard cutter, looking for the Borderline Breaker setup—

Kaine twists mid-air, shoving Dante off and sending him crashing to the mat instead. Dante scrambles up, dazed—  
—and runs straight into a brutal pump kick that caves in his chest and drops him flat on his back.

John Phillips: "Kaine just shut the lights off again with that pump kick!"

The skeletal demon stands over Dante's prone body, chest heaving, eyes wild. He glances at the corner... then at the hard cam.

He slowly drags Dante by the arm back toward the turnbuckles, positioning him perfectly.

Mark Bravo: "We know what he wants now. He missed once. I don't think he's gonna miss again."

Kaine climbs the ropes once more, each step deliberate. He perches on the top, crouched low, looking down at Dante like a predator about to pounce.

He throws his head back and screams into the rafters.

Kaine: "DEAD BUT ALIVE!"

The Norfolk crowd buzzes, half in awe, half in dread.

Kaine launches —

—Grave Digger, the double stomp landing flush across Dante Rivera's chest, driving the wind and fight straight out of him.

John Phillips: "Grave Digger! He crushed him with it!"

Kaine collapses into the cover, hooking both legs, his face inches from Dante's, tongue out in a final, ghastly grin.

Referee: "One! Two! Three!"

The bell rings.

John Phillips: "Kaine picks up his first UTA singles victory, and he does it in brutal fashion!"

Mark Bravo: "Dante Rivera fought like his family name was on the line — and it always is — but against someone who lives off pain like Kaine? Sometimes heart just isn't enough."

"House of 1000 Corpses" blares back through Chartway Arena as Kaine rolls off Dante and lies on his back for a moment, laughing up at the lights. He then kips up, almost inhumanly, and stomps around the ring, arms outstretched, soaking in the mixed reaction — some cheers, some uneasy silence.

The referee checks on Dante, who's clutching his ribs but beginning to stir. Kaine leans over him, head tilted, then slaps his own chest three times and screams "DEAD BUT ALIVE!" one more time before rolling out of the ring.

John Phillips: "Tonight in Norfolk, Kaine proves he can stand on his own two feet without Maxx Mayhem by his side, and that is a terrifying thought for the rest of this roster."

Mark Bravo: "You beat him, you gotta kill him, Johnny — and even then, I'm not convinced he'd stay down."

The shot lingers on Dante being helped to a seated position, the crowd giving him a respectful round of applause for his effort, before we fade out toward the next segment of East Coast Invasion.

## **Prove Him Wrong**

Segment

Backstage in Norfolk, the camera tracks along a dim hallway bathed in UTA-blue light. The Empire moves as a unit — Amy Harrison at the front with the UTA Women's Championship draped over her shoulder, Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex flanking her, and Dahlia Cross just a half-step behind, taping her wrists with sharp, deliberate pulls.

Amy is mid-rant, gesturing with the title plate as they walk.

Amy Harrison: "Tonight we end Emily Hightower, and then at Black Horizon—"

Before she can finish, a figure steps into frame from a side corridor, forcing them to stop. It's Scott Stevens, arms folded, expression stone-serious.

Amy Harrison: "Oh, what now?"

Scott Stevens: "Ladies."

He nods to each of them — Selena, Rosa, Dahlia — before his eyes land squarely on Amy and the belt on her shoulder.

Scott Stevens: "You four are heading to the ring for Dahlia's match, right?"

Amy Harrison: "You got eyes, don't you? We're going out there to do what we always do — handle business."

Stevens uncrosses his arms and steps just close enough to make them all pause.

Scott Stevens: "Not tonight."

The entire group stiffens. Selena tilts her head with a cold smile. Rosa crosses her arms. Dahlia stops taping, eyes narrowing.

Selena Vex: "Excuse me?"

Scott Stevens: "Tonight, Dahlia Cross goes out there alone."

He looks each of them in the eye, one by one.

Scott Stevens: "The Empire is banned from ringside for the UTA Women's United States Championship match."

Amy's jaw drops, then snaps shut as her entire body goes rigid.

Amy Harrison: "You've got to be kidding me. After what Emily pulled? After everything we've done for this brand, for this division, for this company—"

She jabs the faceplate of her championship with her finger.

Amy Harrison: "You don't tell me where I can and can't be when this is on my shoulder."

Stevens doesn't flinch.

Scott Stevens: "I just did."

The hallway goes quiet for a half-second, tension thick.

Scott Stevens: "Dahlia wants to 'end' Emily Hightower? She wants to bring another title into The Empire? Fine. She can do it. But she's going to do it without the rest of you circling the ring like vultures."

Amy steps up into his space.

Amy Harrison: "You can't punish us because we're better at this than everyone else."

Scott Stevens: "This isn't punishment. This is prevention."

He raises a hand, cutting her off before she can fire back.

Scott Stevens: "Because I want to be perfectly clear, Amy... if any of you — and I mean any of you."

He points, counting: Selena, Rosa, Amy.

Scott Stevens: "Set one foot down that ramp during Dahlia's match..."

He jabs a thumb back toward the arena.

Scott Stevens: "You're all suspended."

Amy's eyes flare wide, but he's not done.

Scott Stevens: "And Amy Harrison... that UTA Women's Championship you're so proud of?"

He taps the center plate with two fingers.

Scott Stevens: "It will be vacated."

Amy explodes.

Amy Harrison: "You can't DO THAT! You can't just strip me because you don't like how The Empire operates! Do you know who I am? I am the standard of this division! I AM THE UTA WOMEN'S CHAMPION!"

She lifts the belt up, almost shoving it into his chest. Selena puts a hand on her arm, half to steady her, half to keep her from taking a swing. Rosa mutters something in Spanish under her breath, eyes burning into Stevens.

Scott Stevens: "And you'll stay the champion... as long as you follow the rules."

He keeps his voice level, unshaken by the outburst.

Scott Stevens: "No Empire at ringside. No run-ins. No distractions. Emily Hightower versus Dahlia Cross. One-on-one. If any of you decide you're above that?"

He steps around them, turning back just enough to finish.

Scott Stevens: "You'll all be watching from home. And that title will be looking for a new home too."

He walks off, leaving the four women seething in the hallway.

Amy turns, practically vibrating with fury, pacing a tight circle as she grips the title with white knuckles.

Amy Harrison: "He thinks he can threaten me? Vacate my title? Suspend us? This is a joke. This entire thing is a damn joke."

Selena folds her arms, watching her.

Selena Vex: "Let him talk. Let him posture. Dahlia doesn't need us out there to break Emily in half."

Rosa nods sharply, eyes cutting over to Dahlia, who's been silent, breathing calm in the storm.

Rosa Delgado: "We knew it would come to this. They're scared. They're tying our hands because they know what we can do together."

Finally, Dahlia finishes wrapping her wrist tape, biting the end off and smoothing it down. She looks at Amy first, then the others, then square into the camera's lens.

Dahlia Cross: "Let them ban you."

Amy stops pacing, staring at her.

Dahlia Cross: "Let them stack the deck, close the doors, pretend they've made it fair."

Her voice is low, even, deadly calm.

Dahlia Cross: "I don't need any of you out there to end Emily Hightower."

She steps closer to Amy, close enough to tap the faceplate of the Women's Championship with a taped fingertip.

Dahlia Cross: "You have your dog collar with her at Black Horizon. Stevens wants to make sure she even makes it there?"

She shakes her head slowly.

Dahlia Cross: "I have a different plan."

She turns her head slightly, addressing all three of them now.

Dahlia Cross: "Tonight, I walk out there alone. No Empire at my back. No distractions. No excuses."

Dahlia Cross: "I don't just hurt Emily. I don't just beat her."

A cold smile creeps across her face.

Dahlia Cross: "I end her... and when it's over, I'm the new UTA Women's United States Champion."

She taps her own chest once.

Dahlia Cross: "And I bring that belt home to The Empire."

Amy's fury fades into something sharper — pride and malice blended together. She nods, once, gripping Dahlia's shoulder.

Amy Harrison: "Then go prove him wrong. Prove all of them wrong."

Amy Harrison: "Make sure when Emily wakes up tomorrow... the only thing she remembers about tonight is your name."

Dahlia nods, rolling her neck, ready. Selena and Rosa step aside, opening the path to the curtain.

As Dahlia walks toward gorilla, the camera lingers on Amy Harrison, clutching her championship with a venomous stare in the direction Scott Stevens went, before cutting away..

## **Black Horizon**

Segment

Black screen. The sound of a crowd — not just noise, but that old, gritty, echoing roar of a famous building breathing in and out.

Thunder rolls once... twice... then blends into the opening riff of something dark and industrial.

Graphic on screen: EAST COAST INVASION

Clips flash by:

- Jarvis Valentine dropping to a knee, UTA Championship raised over his head.
- Emily Hightower with the Women's United States Title clutched to her chest.
- Maxx Mayhem laughing through the blood. Chris Ross standing over him, jaw clenched.
- Amy Harrison sneering over the ropes. Eric Dane Jr. hoisting the WrestleZone Championship in the glare of the lights.

John Phillips (voice-over): "From Washington D.C. to Norfolk... the East Coast has felt the shockwaves."

The logo slams away, replaced by a stark, grungy shot of the outside of the 2300 Arena. The old brick. The steel. The history.

Text on screen: BLACK HORIZON  
2300 ARENA – PHILADELPHIA, PA  
December 13, 2025

Narrator (voice-over): "The Premium Live Event that started it all... returns home."

Quick cut: A flurry of WrestleZone Championship footage.

Eric Dane Jr. in slow motion, sweat flying as he drives a knee into B.R. Ellis. The final three-count. The ref raising his arm. The WrestleZone Championship gleaming against his chest.

Eric Dane Jr. (clip): "This is my generation now."

We smash-cut to Tyger II's mask in close-up, neon-gold eyes fixed dead ahead. Then: his entrance — smoke, lights, the silhouette on the ramp. A high-impact sequence of his kicks and slams.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Eric Dane Jr. survived the hunt and kept the WrestleZone Championship around his waist."

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "But the son of the 'Only Star' now faces another son of a legend..."

Clip of Tyger II standing on the turnbuckle, arms spread wide, the crowd in Orlando roaring beneath him.

Narrator (voice-over): "At Black Horizon... second-generation legacies collide."

Text on screen:  
WRESTLEZONE CHAMPIONSHIP  
ERIC DANE JR vs. TYGER II

We cut to grainy footage of Survivor.

Hardcore Sandy slamming Amy Harrison. The crowd's shocked roar. Sandy standing over Amy, jaw clenched, breathing hard.

John Phillips (clip): "Hardcore Sandy just turned on The Empire!"

Then: a still of Marie Van Claudio, eyes blazing, microphone in hand.

Marie Van Claudio (clip): "You want one last match, Sandy? You get it. One last dance... hardcore."

Spots of blood spatter across the screen as old highlights of Hardcore Sandy's past wars roll by — tables, chairs, the unforgiving steel of the barricade. Cut with MVC hoisting the old Women's Championship, soaking in divided reactions.

Narrator (voice-over): "One Hall of Famer, out of patience. One First Lady, out for legacy. No rules. No safety net."

Text on screen:

HARDCORE MATCH

MARIE VAN CLAUDIO vs. HARDCORE SANDY

We hard-cut to a shot of ten faces, one after the other — Aaron Shaffer, B.R. Ellis, Brandon Henderson, Brick Bronson, Carter Durant, Dante Rivera, Graham Keel, Gunnar Van Patton, Malachi Cross, Silas Grimm.

Each name flashes across the bottom of the screen in quick succession as we see highlights:

- Brick Bronson staring up at the lights after losing his title.
- B.R. Ellis slugging it out in the trenches.
- Gunnar Van Patton's Fist of Defiance collapsing Troy Lindz at Survivor.
- Silas Grimm and Malachi Cross standing in the shadows, bodies draped in pain and contempt.
- Aaron Shaffer holding the WrestleZone Title in his past glory. Dante Rivera fired up, rallying the crowd. Graham Keel brawling on the floor. Carter Durant in a heavy striking exchange. Brandon Henderson flying through the air.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Aaron Shaffer. B.R. Ellis. Brandon Henderson. Brick Bronson. Carter Durant. Dante Rivera. Graham Keel. Gunnar Van Patton. Malachi Cross. Silas Grimm."

The ten faces stack together in a rough collage over the WrestleZone Championship graphic.

Narrator (voice-over): "Ten warriors. One ring. One chance to rewrite their fate."

Text on screen (flashing):

WRESTLEZONE RUMBLE

OVER-THE-TOP BATTLE ROYAL

WINNER RECEIVES A FUTURE WRESTLEZONE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "For some of 'em, this isn't just another match. It's the last shot to matter."

The screen dips to black, and then we hear it — Maxx Mayhem's chaotic cackle, echoing.

Flash: Maxx Mayhem standing over broken bodies, corners of his mouth smeared in someone else's blood. Chairs. Tables. Violence.

Then: Chris Ross, fist taped, breathing hard, standing tall at Survivor as Team Ross outlasts Team Mayhem.

John Phillips (clip): "Chris Ross just pinned Maxx Mayhem! Team Ross stands tall at Survivor!"

Cut to the hallway confrontation from Norfolk — Melissa, Maxx grinning, Chris stepping in. We hear Ross' words over a slow-motion replay of his stare-down with Mayhem.

Chris Ross (voice-over from earlier): "I don't want to kill you, Maxx... I want to make you wish you were dead. That's why this is going to be an I Quit match."

White letters slam onto the screen:

TEXT: I QUIT.

We see Maxx Mayhem laughing as he takes punishment. We see Chris Ross roaring in defiance through chairs and chaos. Clips cut faster and faster, violence piling on violence.

Narrator (voice-over): "Their war has painted every stop of the East Coast Invasion in blood."

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "And in Philadelphia, one of them has to break."

Text on screen:

I QUIT MATCH

CHRIS ROSS vs. MAXX MAYHEM

SCOTT STEVENS HAS DECLARED: FINAL ENCOUNTER

Narrator (voice-over): "In the shadow of 2300 Arena... one man's career, one man's madness, and one rivalry reach their Black Horizon."

The tone shifts — chains rattling in the dark.

We see Emily Hightower in close-up, chain wrapped around her fist, the Women's United States Championship visible over her shoulder. Then Amy Harrison, the UTA Women's Championship on hers, smirking with the rest of The Empire behind her.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Emily Hightower survived Survivor... and punched her ticket to Black Horizon."

Replay: Emily's hand raised at Survivor. Amy screaming from ringside. The stare-down.

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "And what did she ask for? Not a cage. Not a ladder."

We see a shot of a DOG COLLAR — thick leather, heavy steel chain coiled like a snake between two collars on a table.

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "She asked to be chained to the Empire's Queen."

Text on screen:

DOG COLLAR MATCH

UTA WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

AMY HARRISON (c) vs. EMILY HIGHTOWER

The music drops out for a heartbeat, replaced by raw crowd noise.

Narrator (voice-over): "No running. No escaping. No Empire at ringside. Just two champions in waiting... tied to each other in front of Philadelphia."

We see Emily yanking Amy toward her with the chain, Amy firing back, blood and sweat imagined in the flashes.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Will Amy Harrison walk out with her reign intact... or will Emily Hightower walk into Season's Beatings holding two titles?"

The screen dips to black again. We hear a single drum, slow and ominous.

Then: the faint echo of "In The Air Tonight."

Sean Jackson appears on screen — that same cold room from his earlier promo. He leans forward in his chair, eyes like knives.

Sean Jackson (clip): "You haven't been defending your title against legends, Jarvis. You've been defending it against props."

We cut to Jarvis Valentine, UTA Championship on his shoulder, staring back at a monitor. Then Jarvis in-ring, firing elbows, defending, surviving. Elimination at Survivor. The moment Sean appeared on the stage.

John Phillips (voice-over): "At Survivor, Jarvis Valentine's focus... was shattered."

Sean Jackson (clip): "You wanted to battle legends? Congratulations. You just picked the one who will end your reign."

The UTA Championship fills the screen, slowly turning in the light.

Narrator (voice-over): "On one side... the journalist turned standard-bearer, clinging to the truth that he belongs."

Jarvis stands on the turnbuckle, title raised high, the crowd roaring.

Jarvis Valentine (clip): "I'm not a prop. I am the UTA Champion... and I don't fold just because a Hall of Famer looks my way."

Narrator (voice-over): "On the other... a Hall of Famer who refuses to fade. A man who doesn't just beat you... he rewrites your story."

Quick flashes: Mental Breakdown knee, Houston Hangover buckle bomb, the Hook 'Em Horns driver — Sean's greatest hits chained together in rapid fire.

Text on screen:

UTA CHAMPIONSHIP

JARVIS VALENTINE (c) vs. SEAN JACKSON

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "If Jarvis survives Black Horizon, he walks into Season's Beatings as the face of this company."

John Phillips (voice-over): "If he doesn't... Chris Ross might find himself staring across the ring at the Mental Rapist instead."

The music swells — all the previous clips now layering over each other: Tyger II and Eric Dane Jr, Marie and Sandy, the ten men in the WrestleZone Rumble, Ross and Mayhem, Amy and Emily chained, Jarvis and Sean nose-to-nose from split-screen footage.

Narrator (voice-over): "On December 13th... the East Coast Invasion reaches its final battleground."

Text on screen (huge):

BLACK HORIZON

2300 ARENA – PHILADELPHIA, PA

LIVE • DECEMBER 13 • 2025

Narrator (voice-over): "Old ghosts. New legends. Final chapters... and first shots."

Narrator (voice-over): "At 2300 Arena... one night will change the horizon of the United Toughness Alliance."

Final shot: The UTA logo burns in over the silhouette of 2300 Arena, the words fading in one by one.

TEXT ON SCREEN: BLACK HORIZON

THE PAST. THE PRESENT. THE PRICE.

Fade to black.

## **Emily Hightower vs. Dahlia Cross**

Match

The camera swings back to ringside as the Black Horizon hype video fades out, the Norfolk crowd still buzzing. The graphic for our main event of the evening flashes across the tron: UTA Women's United States Championship – Emily Hightower (c) vs. Dahlia Cross.

John Phillips: "It is time for our main event here at East Coast Invasion: Norfolk, and what a high-stakes bout this is."

The United States Championship on the line as Emily Hightower defends against Dahlia Cross."

Mark Bravo: "And remember, Johnny — orders straight from Scott Stevens earlier tonight. The Empire is banned from ringside. No Amy Harrison, no Selena Vex, no Rosa Delgado. If any of them show up out here, they're suspended, and Amy's Women's Championship gets vacated. So this? This is Dahlia Cross on an island."

The lights dim to a venomous purple and white strobe as "Venom" by Little Simz hits the speakers. The tron flashes DAHLIA in jagged violet lettering, then glitches into CROSS as the camera catches her stepping through the curtain.

Dahlia Cross walks slowly onto the stage, violet hair tied back, eyes cold. No Empire at her back. Just her and the aisle in front of her.

She pauses at the top of the ramp, rolling her taped wrist, tilting her head as she surveys the crowd. A faint smirk pulls at the corner of her mouth — she's amused by the hostility raining down from the Norfolk fans.

John Phillips: "There she is, Dahlia Cross — violet-haired mat technician, cruel as they come, and tonight, she's got a golden opportunity. Beat Emily Hightower, and not only does she become the new United States Champion, she brings more gold back to The Empire."

Mark Bravo: "And let's not forget the subtext here. Amy Harrison has a dog collar date with Emily at Black Horizon for the Women's Championship. Dahlia's mission tonight? End Hightower before she ever makes it to Philly wearing that extra gold."

Dahlia starts down the ramp with a predator's gait, unhurried, every step deliberate. She keeps her eyes on the ring, only occasionally sparing a glance to smirk at a particularly vocal fan on the rail.

At ringside, she hops up onto the apron, wiping her boots on the edge with insulting slowness. She leans back against the ropes and stares straight into the hard cam, smile widening as she mimes snapping an invisible neck with her hands.

Sliding through the ropes, Dahlia occupies a corner, testing them, flexing her fingers like she's already feeling Emily's joints in her grip.

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross is one of the nastiest joint manipulators we've seen. She will go after a limb, a tendon, a neck, and she will not stop until something gives."

Mark Bravo: "And she'll smile while she's doing it. That's the part that really gets me."

The arena lights shift again, this time to a deep Americana blue and white as "The Outsiders" by Eric Church hits. The crowd pops loud, a proud Southern roar as Emily Hightower steps through the curtain with the UTA Women's United States Championship strapped around her waist.

Emily pauses at the top of the ramp, jaw set, eyes locked on Dahlia in the ring. She slaps the center plate of her title once, then throws a fist into the air as the fans in Norfolk rally behind her.

John Phillips: "And here comes the champion — Emily Hightower! The Junkyard Bitch herself, fighting for more than just a belt. She's fighting for the Hightower name, for every scar in those scrap yards back in West Memphis."

Mark Bravo: "And let's just remember the stakes beyond tonight. Emily punched her ticket to Black Horizon by winning Survivor. She's got Amy Harrison in a Dog Collar Match for the UTA Women's Championship in Philly. If she holds onto this United States Title tonight? She walks into 2300 Arena with one belt and a chance to walk out with two."

Emily heads down the ramp with that mix of rugged swagger and focused intensity. She veers toward the right side of the aisle, letting a few fans pat the title, then doubles back toward the left side, jawing with a camera that catches her words.

Emily Hightower: "She wants my neck? She's gotta get through the rest of me first."

At ringside, Emily hops up onto the apron in one smooth motion, grabs the top rope, and leans back, looking out over the Norfolk crowd as they chant her name. She steps through the ropes and unstraps the title, holding it high for all four sides to see.

The referee moves between them as Dahlia steps out of her corner, eyes never leaving the championship. The official takes the belt from Emily and raises it high, turning to each side of the arena as the noise builds.

John Phillips: "That is what it's all about — the UTA Women's United States Championship on the line, The Empire barred from ringside. No tricks, no backup. Just Emily Hightower and Dahlia Cross."

Mark Bravo: "And I'll say this — if Dahlia pulls this off without The Empire? That's gonna be a message Amy Harrison likes a lot. If she doesn't... you know Amy is not going to take failure in the family very well."

The referee hands the title to the timekeeper, checks both women, then calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Emily and Dahlia move out of their corners slowly, closing the distance with cautious steps. Dahlia's smile is small and cruel, Emily's expression all business.

They circle once, twice, then lock up in a collar-and-elbow tie. Emily immediately starts to bully Dahlia backward, using that extra size and raw power to drive her toward the ropes.

Dahlia pivots at the last second, slipping to the side and rolling Emily's arm into a quick wristlock, cranking down on the joint with practiced ease. She twists, torques, and steps under, snapping Emily's arm down at an ugly angle.

John Phillips: "And there it is immediately — Dahlia Cross going right to joint manipulation, isolating the arm of Emily Hightower."

Emily grimaces and drops to one knee, reaching up with her free hand to try and relieve some pressure. Dahlia leans in, almost resting her cheek on Emily's shoulder as she cranks the wrist, whispering something we can't hear but we can see Emily's jaw tighten in response.

Mark Bravo: "She doesn't just twist your body, Johnny, she twists your mood. You can see it — Dahlia talking right in her ear, enjoying every second of that discomfort."

Emily plants a boot, pushes up, and fires a hard forearm into Dahlia's ribs with her free arm. Dahlia absorbs it, then another — on the third, she loses her grip just enough for Emily to roll through, cartwheeling to relieve the pressure and reversing into a hammerlock of her own.

The crowd pops as Emily wrenches Dahlia's arm up behind her back, leaning forward to add pressure.

John Phillips: "Nice reversal by the champion! Emily Hightower's not just a brawler — she trained properly, she knows how to wrestle, and she's showing that here."

Dahlia tries to step toward the ropes, but Emily drives her forward instead, chest-first into the buckles. She keeps the hammerlock hooked as she backs off, then yanks Dahlia out of the corner and snaps her over with a hammerlock slam, dropping her right onto that same arm.

Dahlia lets out a sharp hiss, rolling to her side and cradling the limb. Emily doesn't waste time — she drops a knee across Dahlia's back, grabs the wounded arm, and cranks it into a tight Fujiwara-style position, leaning her weight into it.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, I like that. That is just a little bit of Dahlia's own poison fed right back to her."

Dahlia's face contorts, but then that unnerving calm flickers back in. She starts inching her way toward the ropes, using

her legs to drag both herself and Emily across the canvas.

She manages to hook a boot on the bottom rope. The referee calls for the break.

Referee: "Break! One! Two! Three!"

Emily lets go at three-point-five, hands up, complying. Dahlia rolls under the bottom rope to the apron, shaking out her arm, a small, cold smile creeping back onto her lips.

John Phillips: "The champion started hot there, testing Dahlia on the mat and getting the better of her. That's not something a lot of people can say."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but look at Dahlia. She's not rattled. She's offended."

Emily steps toward the ropes, reaching out to grab Dahlia by the hair — but Dahlia snaps to life, grabbing Emily's arm and dropping off the apron, yanking the limb down violently across the top rope.

Emily recoils, clutching her shoulder, stumbling back into the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "And there's that apron arm yank! Dahlia Cross just tried to tear the champion's shoulder out of the socket!"

Dahlia slides back in under the bottom rope, eyes locked on that arm now like a shark that's smelled blood. She rushes Emily, sweeping the legs out from under her before she can reset, and as Emily drops to a knee, Dahlia fires a stiff palm thrust right to the throat.

Emily gags, hands instinctively flying to her neck as she staggers back into the corner.

Mark Bravo: "That palm thrust is nasty. Legal enough if the ref's angle is wrong, illegal enough to do real damage."

Dahlia closes in, threading Emily's wounded arm through the ropes and twisting, using the cable as a third hand. The referee starts counting, but Dahlia leans her body weight into it, savoring the wince on Emily's face.

Referee: "One! Two! Three! Four—"

Dahlia pulls away at four-point-nine, hands up, stepping back with that infuriating little smirk. Emily stumbles out of the corner, shaking her arm, trying to get feeling back in the limb.

John Phillips: "You heard the ref — Dahlia Cross using every fraction of that five count. The Empire may be barred from the building, but Dahlia herself is still bending every rule she can."

Dahlia doesn't give Emily time to recover. She rushes back into the corner, this time driving a knee into Emily's throat while using the middle rope for extra leverage, choking her out.

Emily's boots kick against the mat as the ref dives in with another count.

Referee: "One! Two! Three! Four!"

Dahlia pulls away again at four, backing out with her hands behind her back, smiling like she's posing for a mugshot.

Mark Bravo: "Tell me that is not one of the most unsettling sights on this tour — Dahlia Cross smiling while she's cutting off the air to your lungs."

Emily drops to a knee, coughing, one hand gripping her throat, the other still clutching that battered arm. Dahlia stalks behind her, then snaps a single-leg dropkick into the back of Emily's shoulder, sending her face-first to the mat.

Dahlia instantly floats over, traps Emily's arm, and starts to lace her legs around it, angling for the Violet Vice.

John Phillips: "She's trying to lock in the Violet Vice! If Dahlia gets that cinched in, we might be looking at a new champion!"

Emily fights it, rolling her body toward the hold instead of away from it, keeping Dahlia from fully locking the arm. She manages to tuck and roll, forcing both of them into the ropes in a tangled pile.

The referee steps in, calling for the separation, and Dahlia lets go with exaggerated innocence, hands in the air as if to say, Who, me?

Mark Bravo: "That's the only thing saving Emily right now — ring awareness and desperation. Dahlia is dissecting that arm every chance she gets."

Dahlia backs off just enough for Emily to get to all fours, then pounces with a sharp leg sweep, dropping her flat to the canvas again. She drops a knee into Emily's ribs, then snakes around to grab the arm one more time, this time driving the point of her elbow down into the shoulder joint.

Emily cries out, rolling to her back, and Dahlia immediately hooks the injured arm up for a quick cover, her forearm grinding against Emily's jaw.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Emily kicks out at two, rolling to her side, breathing hard, face flushed with pain and a growing anger.

John Phillips: "First pinfall attempt of the match, and the champion kicks out at two — but John, that arm is in serious trouble."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and don't forget the big picture. Every wrench, every stomp, every twist Dahlia puts on that shoulder tonight? That's damage Amy Harrison is going to love in a few weeks when Emily gets chained to her at Black Horizon."

Dahlia sits up, brushes her violet hair back behind her ear, and looks down at Emily with a cruel little chuckle. She reaches out and flicks Emily on the forehead, just to be spiteful, before getting to her feet.

Emily pushes herself up to her knees, clutching her arm — and Dahlia steps in, grabbing her by the wrist, clearly looking to transition straight into more joint punishment as the Norfolk crowd tries to will the champion back into this fight.

Dahlia yanks Emily up by the damaged arm, twisting the wrist as she goes. Emily's face contorts, but the champion snarls through the pain and suddenly lashes out — snapping those Hightower fingers around Dahlia's.

Finger crank.

Emily twists Dahlia's fingers back at a grotesque angle, forcing the Brit to yelp and loosen her grip.

John Phillips: "There it is! Emily Hightower going back to the Hightower playbook — that ugly finger crank, just trying to turn pain into momentum!"

Dahlia jerks her hand away, shaking it out, and rushes Emily with a wild swing. Emily ducks, hits the ropes with her good shoulder, and comes back with a big shoulder tackle that knocks Dahlia flat.

The crowd roars as Emily pops up, shaking out her bad arm, eyes blazing.

Mark Bravo: "That arm is screaming, but so is the Junkyard Bitch, Johnny!"

Dahlia scrambles up; Emily steps in and fires a heavy forearm to the jaw with her good arm. Another. Another. She backs Dahlia into the ropes, then whips her across the ring. Dahlia reverses, but Emily plants her feet on the rebound and catches Dahlia with a sharp snap powerslam, landing mostly on her own good side to protect the shoulder.

John Phillips: "Snap powerslam from Emily Hightower! Cover!"

Emily hooks the leg, wincing as she uses the sore arm for just a moment.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Dahlia kicks out at two, rolling to her side.

Emily sits up, breathing hard, then bares her teeth and leans over Dahlia — and bites down across Dahlia's forearm.

Dahlia shrieks, kicking the mat as the ref jumps in.

Referee: "Hey! Off! One! Two! Three! Four!"

Emily lets go at four, hands up, a wicked half-grin on her face.

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh, she got a mouthful of Manchester right there!"

John Phillips: "She may be a champion now, but that scrap yard is still in her blood!"

Dahlia clutches her arm, outraged, but Emily doesn't give her time to complain. She yanks Dahlia up with her good hand, whips her into the corner, and follows in fast.

Hit And Run — Emily crushes Dahlia with a running corner splash, then hits the ropes again and absolutely clocks her with a big boot on the rebound, nearly tearing Dahlia out of the corner.

John Phillips: "Hit And Run! Dahlia Cross just got cut down in the corner!"

Dahlia tumbles forward onto her knees, glassy-eyed. Emily staggers back to the near corner, clutching her shoulder for a second, then climbs to the middle rope, looking out at the roaring Norfolk crowd.

Mark Bravo: "You can see it — that arm is not okay, but Emily's thinking big here."

She measures, then launches — a flipping rebound moonsault, the Crash Landing, crashing down across Dahlia's torso. Emily bounces off on impact, clutching her shoulder again, but forces herself back into a cover, hooking the far leg with her good arm.

Referee: "One! Two! Thr—"

Dahlia jerks a shoulder up at two-point-nine, the crowd groaning in disbelief.

John Phillips: "So close! Crash Landing almost retained the title for Emily Hightower!"

Mark Bravo: "That was about half a second away from sending Dahlia back to The Empire empty-handed and very, very sore."

Emily sits back on her knees, sucking wind, sweat dripping down her face. She glances down at her shoulder, rotates it gingerly, then slowly pushes to her feet. She backs into the corner, eyes locked on Dahlia's wobbly rise.

John Phillips: "You know what this is, Bravo. If she can push through the pain—"

Mark Bravo: "Ode To My Father... locked and loaded."

Dahlia gets to one knee, then both feet, swaying. Emily stomps her boot, the Norfolk crowd rising with her. She charges out of the corner, swinging the Bull Hammer elbow—

—Dahlia ducks at the last second.

Emily's momentum carries her forward; she turns, and Dahlia is already there, snatching her by the head and arm and snapping her down with a vicious fisherman's neckbreaker, her knees coming up to spike Emily's skull and neck on the way down.

John Phillips: "Black Dahlia! She hit it out of nowhere!"

Both women crash to the mat, Emily clutching her head and shoulder, Dahlia lying next to her, chest heaving. After a

beat, Dahlia rolls over and drapes an arm across Emily's chest.

Referee: "One! Two! Th—"

Emily kicks out, twisting onto her side just before three. The crowd erupts in relief.

Mark Bravo: "I thought we had a new champion! Emily Hightower just survived the Black Dahlia by a heartbeat!"

Dahlia sits up slowly, the smirk replaced by a cold, simmering fury. She stares at the referee for a long second, then turns that gaze back down to Emily's arm and neck like a surgeon eyeing a patient.

She stands, grabs Emily's wrist, and starts to weave her legs around the arm and shoulder, transitioning into the Violet Vice.

John Phillips: "Dahlia's going right back to that arm — she's trying to cinch in the Violet Vice again!"

This time she gets more of it. She threads her legs over Emily's chest and shoulder, hyperextending the arm, twisting the wrist, her hips angled cruelly into the joint. Emily cries out, face contorted, boots drumming the mat.

Mark Bravo: "This is bad, Johnny. This is very, very bad. We might see Emily Hightower either tap or risk walking into Black Horizon half-broken."

The referee drops beside them.

Referee: "Emily, you wanna give it up?"

Emily shakes her head violently, teeth bared.

Emily Hightower: "No! No!"

Dahlia just cranks harder, smiling now, her teeth bared in an ugly grin as she leans back, trying to tear the shoulder apart.

John Phillips: "Listen to Hightower scream — that Violet Vice is tearing her apart!"

Emily kicks her legs, searching for something. Anything. The ropes are too far. The crowd claps, stomps, chants her name. She plants one boot, rolls her hips, and manages to shift both of their bodies just enough to get Dahlia's shoulders leaning back more than she wants.

On pure instinct, Emily throws her weight backward, rolling Dahlia into a pinning predicament while still stuck in the hold.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Dahlia has to release the Violet Vice to kick out, the hold breaking as both women roll in opposite directions.

Mark Bravo: "Smart! Desperate, but smart! She didn't break the hold with power, she broke it with leverage."

Emily clutches her arm, clearly in agony, using the ropes to pull herself to her feet. Dahlia is up a moment later, shaking out her own elbow and fingers from the earlier finger crank and bite, fury etched across her face.

Dahlia charges; Emily sidesteps and drives a knee into Dahlia's midsection, doubling her over. With her good arm, Emily grabs Dahlia in a front facelock, looking perhaps for the Burn Out — but the bad arm refuses to fully cooperate, and she winces, losing a bit of control.

Dahlia takes advantage, slipping out and shoving Emily toward the ropes. Emily hits chest-first and stumbles back into a brutal back elbow from Dahlia, catching her on the jaw.

John Phillips: "That back elbow rocked the champion!"

Emily staggers but doesn't fall. Dahlia hits the ropes to build momentum —

—and Emily, out of nowhere, spins and absolutely BLASTS her with Ode To My Father, the Bull Hammer elbow from her good arm, connecting flush with Dahlia's jaw.

Dahlia drops like she's been shot, collapsing in a heap.

Mark Bravo: "Bull Hammer! Ode To Her Father, and Dahlia just folded!"

Emily falls to one knee after the impact, cradling her bad shoulder, breathing like she's inhaling fire. She looks at Dahlia, then at the crowd, then forces herself back to her feet with a roar.

John Phillips: "She nailed it with the good arm, but can she follow up? Can she finish?"

Emily drags Dahlia up by the waistband and hair with her good hand, gritting her teeth against the pain screaming through her other arm. She pulls Dahlia in, hooking her for her impact finisher.

Total Loss.

In one vicious motion, Emily hoists Dahlia up and drives her down with a high-impact slam (your preferred visual version), rattling the ring. Emily lands hard, rolling through onto Dahlia for the cover, using her body weight more than her arms to keep Dahlia's shoulders down.

Referee: "One! Two! Three!"

DING DING DING

The crowd erupts as "The Outsiders" blasts back to life. Emily rolls off Dahlia and lies on her back for a second, clutching her shoulder, eyes squeezed shut in pain and relief.

John Phillips: "She did it! Emily Hightower survives Dahlia Cross and retains the UTA Women's United States Championship!"

Mark Bravo: "Dahlia came so close to ripping that arm out of the socket, but the Junkyard Bitch refused to stay down. That Bull Hammer, that Total Loss... that was all grit and stubborn Hightower DNA."

The referee kneels beside Emily, checking on her shoulder. Emily nods through the pain, insisting she's okay, and the ref helps her to her feet. The US Title is handed back to the official, who then presents it to Emily.

Emily takes the belt with her good arm, hugging it to her chest for a moment before raising it high with a primal yell. The Norfolk crowd responds in kind, chanting her name.

Ring Announcer: "Ladies and gentlemen, your winner... and STILL UTA Women's United States Champion... EMILY HIGHTOWER!"

Emily stumbles to the ropes, leaning on them for support, the title resting on her shoulder. She looks straight into the hard cam, breathing hard, then reaches up with her good hand and mimes pulling a chain around her neck, yanking it tight.

John Phillips: "You see that message, folks? Emily Hightower just told Amy Harrison, loud and clear — she's still the United States Champion, and she's coming to Black Horizon ready to be chained to the Women's Champion in that Dog Collar Match."

Mark Bravo: "The Empire tried to get it done tonight through Dahlia Cross. It didn't happen. But look at Emily — that shoulder is a bullseye now. Amy Harrison is somewhere watching this, and I promise you, she's smiling."

The camera cuts briefly backstage: Amy Harrison in a locker room, title over her shoulder, staring at the monitor with a tight, seething expression as Emily's celebration plays. Rosa and Selena flank her; Dahlia is still noticeably absent.

Amy's eyes narrow, her fingers tightening on her own belt, before we cut back to the arena.

Emily Hightower climbs the second rope carefully, holding the United States Championship high one more time for the Norfolk crowd, battered but unbroken, as East Coast Invasion: Norfolk fades toward its closing image — a wounded champion staring down a very dangerous horizon in Philadelphia.

## **Conclusion**

Card Subject to Change.

## **Show Credits**

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite