

East Coast Invasion: Philadelphia, PA

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: October 10, 2025
Location: Liacouras Center — Philadelphia, PA

Preview

The Great Southern Trendkill has come and gone. Now it's time for the UTA supertsars to pack their bags and head east, as it's time for an EAST COAST INVASION.

Results

The Great Southern Trendkill

Segment

The screen is black. A single heartbeat thumps under a low, gritty guitar drone. White text flickers: "TWO WEEKS AGO — LAWTON, OKLAHOMA." Crowd noise swells from a distant roar to a living thunder.

Narrator: "On September 28th, inside the Great Plains Coliseum, the United Toughness Alliance turned chaos into history."

Rapid-fire montage: a sold-out arena, pyro screaming across the stage, hands slapping barricades. Smash cut to a ring-post close-up as sparks spit and hiss.

Highlights burst: Valkyrie Knox marching with the Women's Championship; Susanita Ybáñez wrenching back on a submission; Amy Harrison striking like a flash; Marie Van Claudio roaring into frame as the crowd erupts.

John Phillips (V.O.): "The Women's division didn't just headline the moment — it redefined it."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "Four apex predators, one prize... and zero room for doubt."

Clip: Valkyrie explodes with a lariat. Cut: Susanita flies with reckless speed. Cut: Amy pounces in a blindside shot that rocks the camera. Cut: Marie coils into a signature hold, eyes blazing.

Narrator: "Power met precision. Experience met audacity. And when the dust settled... the division was changed forever."

The music drops into a grinding riff. Ringside dissolves into concrete. Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr. detonate into each other — a blur of fists, steel, and bodies rattling barricades.

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "That wasn't a match — that was a street-level demolition derby!"

John Phillips (V.O.): "Blood, broken glass, and bad intentions — the Oklahoma Street Fight lived up to its name."

Ross hurls a chair. Dane Jr. snarls through a crimson mask. Security surges — and crumples. The crowd's chant drowns the room: "U-TA! U-TA!"

Narrator: "No rules. No mercy. No end in sight."

Beat change — staccato drums. The silhouette of Gunner Van Patton fills the entryway; a boot to the gut, lift, and a thunderclap powerbomb through splintering wood.

John Phillips (V.O.): "The soldier made landfall — and everyone felt the impact."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "But B.R. Ellis didn't fold. The workhorse kept swinging because that's what the workhorse does."

Ellis claws to the ropes, jaw set, refusing the stretcher. Gunner stares back — a promise, not a threat.

Strings rise under the riff. Angela Hall stands with the Women's United States Championship raised high; lights catch the plates like sunrise. Across the ring, Emily Hightower steadies her breath, eyes fire-lit.

Narrator: "Legacy isn't inherited. It's earned — one strike, one breath, one round at a time."

John Phillips (V.O.): "Champion's poise. Debutant's nerve. That ring became a proving ground."

Impact sequence: a crisp counter, a narrow kickout, a near fall that yanks the entire crowd out of their seats. Emily rises again. Angela answers with champion's precision.

The lights dip — a shadow ripples across the mat. Rich Young GrapplrZ preen with the Trust Fund Tag Titles... and then the frame fractures as chaos lashes in from the periphery.

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "Open challenges are funny things — you never know what's about to crawl out from under the ring lights."

John Phillips (V.O.): "Madness collided with money — and those belts suddenly looked very, very heavy."

Bodies tumble in a knot of limbs and leather. A belt spins across the canvas. A masked grin flashes, here and gone. The crowd surges like a wave breaking.

A steel clang cuts the music dead. The cage lowers, link by link, swallowing the ring in cold gray. Jarvis Valentine paces, tapping knuckles into steel. Brick Bronson glares through the lattice, blood already dotting his brow.

Narrator: "Inside steel, there are no exits. Only choices."

John Phillips (V.O.): "Every step echoed. Every shot left a mark. The cage remembers."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "Two tanks on a collision course — and no brakes."

Whiplash cuts: faces raked across mesh; boots finding ribs; a dive that skims the chains; fingers reaching, missing, reaching again. A final image: a blood-slick champion framed in iron, the title raised to the rafters as flashbulbs strobe.

Everything returns in a blinding stutter-montage: Valkyrie's roar, Amy's smirk, Susanita airborne, Marie tightening a hold; Ellis refusing to stay down; Angela's steady hands; a tag belt clattering; fists on steel, breath on fog.

Narrator: "Trendkill ended... but the war did not."

John Phillips (V.O.): "Scores are still unpaid."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "And business is still unfinished."

The UTA logo slams onto the screen — red and black static ripping across the frame. Pyro cracks in the audio bed as the music peaks and snaps to silence.

Narrator: "Tonight... the fight continues. Tonight... the invasion begins."

Hard cut to live arena: lights sweep, pyros scream, the crowd detonates as the cameras whip to the stage.

Introduction

Segment

The screen fades in from black, the roar of the Philadelphia faithful crashing through the speakers. The camera pans across the sold-out Liacouras Center, where a sea of fans wave homemade signs, pound on guardrails, and chant "U-T-A! U-T-A!" Red and gold lights sweep the crowd, bouncing off the steel set as pyrotechnics explode above the stage. The energy is fever-pitch — the Great Southern Trendkill is over, and the East Coast Invasion has begun.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania! We are LIVE at the Liacouras Center for

the start of something brand new — the UTA East Coast Invasion!"

The hard camera cuts to ringside where John Phillips and Mark Bravo sit at the announce desk. Both men are animated, the sound of the crowd washing over them as they hype the night ahead.

Mark Bravo: "Oh baby, John, you can FEEL it in the air tonight! The Great Southern Trendkill is over, and what a wild ride that was. Champions crowned, careers changed, chaos unleashed — but now? Now the UTA has marched east, and this invasion is gonna rock the foundation of professional wrestling!"

The production truck cues a sweeping shot of the set — the giant LED boards flashing the words "EAST COAST INVASION" in bold crimson letters. The fans erupt again as a graphic flashes across the screen, displaying the night's card.

John Phillips: "You're absolutely right, Mark. From Lawton, Oklahoma, all the way here to the City of Brotherly Love, UTA is ushering in a brand-new era. We've got a stacked card for you tonight as this invasion kicks off, and the eyes of the wrestling world are locked on Philadelphia!"

Mark Bravo: "Let's talk about it, John. The Rich Young Grapplerz are putting their Trust Fund Tag Team Championships on the line against Velocity Vanguard. Vanguard's been surging with momentum lately — could we be looking at new champs before the night's over?"

The video wall flashes clips of Velocity Vanguard in action, followed by the smug Rich Young Grapplerz posing with their belts. The crowd boos at their faces on the big screen.

John Phillips: "That's not all — making her UTA debut tonight, Klelia Orestis goes one-on-one with Athena Storm. Athena is looking to rebound after falling short at The Great Southern Trendkill, but Orestis is no slouch. This is going to be a statement match."

Mark Bravo: "And speaking of statements, how about Gunnar Van Patton? He wrecked B.R. Ellis in Oklahoma, and tonight he's got another debuting name across from him — Dante Rivera. Can Rivera survive the War Machine, or is he about to get broken in half like Ellis?"

A brief highlight reel shows Gunnar's devastation at Trendkill — spliced with shots of Dante Rivera training for his debut. The crowd buzzes in anticipation.

John Phillips: "That's a scary thought, Mark. And let's not forget Troy Lindz, who's set to make their debut tonight against former Women's United States Champion Angela Hall. Hall just lost her title to Emily Hightower in shocking fashion, and you have to wonder what kind of mindset she's bringing into the ring."

Mark Bravo: "John, that's what makes nights like this so dangerous — and so fun! Fresh blood, former champions looking to bounce back, titles on the line... it's the recipe for a classic UTA show, right here in Philly."

The camera cuts back to the crowd, fans on their feet, chanting loudly. A young girl holds up a glitter-covered sign that reads "HARRISON 4EVER," while another fan holds one that says "PHILLY RUNS ON UTA."

John Phillips: "But Mark, before any of that action gets underway, we have to talk about the biggest story coming out of The Great Southern Trendkill. In one of the most shocking moments in recent history, Amy Harrison left Lawton, Oklahoma as the NEW UTA Women's Champion."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, I still can't believe it, John! Amy Harrison — the outlaw, the renegade, the woman who just doesn't care — took out Valkyrie Knox, Susanita Ybáñez, and Marie Van Claudio all in one night. And not only did she win, she promised the entire world that her championship celebration would be like NOTHING we've ever seen before."

The lights dim slightly, and the camera zooms in tight on the entranceway. A low hum buzzes through the arena as the fans anticipate what's next. The words "AMY HARRISON CELEBRATION — NEXT" flash across the screen.

John Phillips: "And fans, you don't have to wait. That celebration? It's happening right now, to kick off the East Coast Invasion. Strap in — if you thought winning the championship was shocking, I can only imagine what Amy Harrison has in store for us tonight."

Celebration

Segment

The buzz in the Liacouras Center swells as the commentary table falls silent. A massive black curtain drops from the rafters, covering the entire entranceway. A hush falls over the crowd. Then, with a sudden rip of cords, the curtain falls flat to the stage — revealing a full orchestra seated in grand formation, instruments glistening under the spotlights.

The conductor raises his baton high. With a precise flick, the orchestra begins to play "Pomp and Circumstance." The familiar melody echoes through the arena, regal and triumphant. The big screen above the entrance lights up with slow-motion images of Amy Harrison: dressed elegantly, waving like a Miss America contestant, her smile radiant and smug. Every wave is perfectly timed, every camera angle designed to worship her image.

John Phillips: "Oh, for the love of— this is a championship celebration fit for royalty. Amy Harrison is treating herself like the Empress of UTA!"

Mark Bravo: "And why not, John? She EARNED this! She walked into Trendkill against three of the toughest women in this company and walked out with the gold. You don't just celebrate that with cake and balloons — you do it with an orchestra!"

As the music swells, shirtless, buff men dressed as Greek gods march from the entrance, golden sashes across their chests, sandals laced up their calves. They line the guardrails on either side, stoic and muscular, as if forming a corridor of worship.

Following them, jolly men in togas emerge, tossing rose petals into the air, scattering them across the aisle, spraying perfumes and oils from golden chalices. The ramp becomes a perfumed path of excess. The crowd, half booing and half in awe, cannot deny the sheer spectacle unfolding before them.

The orchestra continues, louder, stronger. Then more "Greek gods" emerge — but these carry a massive golden throne upon their shoulders. Seated high atop it, basking in the glow of purple and gold spotlights, is Amy Harrison. The UTA Women's Championship is fastened proudly around her waist, and a sparkling tiara sits upon her head. She waves down at the crowd as if they are peasants to her queen.

John Phillips: "There she is! Amy Harrison, the new UTA Women's Champion. She's promised us the greatest celebration we've ever seen... and I think she's living up to her word."

Mark Bravo: "Look at her, John! That's not just a champion, that's a goddess! That's the kind of presentation you give when you know you're untouchable."

Confetti rains down from the rafters, showering the arena. Streamers shoot from the ring posts, exploding into the air. The orchestra plays with thunderous force as the throne is carried slowly down the ramp. Halfway to the ring, the procession halts. The throne is lowered carefully to the ground. The Greek gods circle Amy, heads bowed, as the arena suddenly plunges into darkness.

The orchestra cuts off with a chilling silence. Darkness swallows the arena. Then—

Buzz. A low, distorted hum echoes through the PA system. The opening notes of "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment rattle the crowd. The first drumbeat crashes, and a single purple spotlight snaps onto Amy Harrison still seated on her throne. The crowd erupts in a mixture of boos and stunned cheers.

John Phillips: "What in the— the orchestra's gone! And now... oh my, is that— is that In This Moment?!"

The stage panels shift and slide away, revealing the actual band In This Moment set up live at the top of the ramp. Maria Brink grips the mic as the buzz continues, teasing the crowd with every breath. When the song finally kicks in with full force — BOOM! Purple pyro explodes around the stage, gold lights strobe across the ramp, and the Liacouras Center is drowning in light and sound.

Amy rises gracefully from her throne, lifted by her entourage of men as though she were ascending from a divine altar. She steps forward, every motion poised and precise, and hoists the UTA Women's Championship high into the air with one hand. The gold plate glimmers under the purple spotlights, catching the smoke and confetti in a way that makes it appear otherworldly. Amy doesn't just hold it — she wields it like a scepter, her command over the moment absolute.

Her eyes scan the sea of humanity before her. Thousands of fans scream, jeer, and boo, but Amy doesn't acknowledge them with so much as a twitch. Her glare is steady, piercing, as though daring every single one of them to deny her greatness. The message in her expression is clear: shut your mouths and bow before your queen.

As she parts the line of Greek gods, they all drop to one knee in reverence, their heads bowed. She strides between them, the belt still aloft, every step deliberate and unhurried. It is not a walk to the ring — it is a coronation march, a procession of dominance. Each thundering beat from the live band syncs with the rhythm of her descent, purple and gold lights strobing in harmony with her movements.

Reaching ringside, Amy begins a slow, deliberate circle around the squared circle. The crowd rains hostility, a tidal wave of venom, but she stands untouched, impervious. The title never lowers — her arm remains strong, the championship raised as if to blot out the fans themselves. Her chin is tilted upward, her smirk etched in smug perfection, the kind of grin that tells every doubter, every critic, every rival: you lost, I won, and now you exist only to look up at me.

Every camera in the building finds her face, and every shot tells the same story. The eyes of Amy Harrison blaze with self-adoration. The posture of her body radiates arrogance. She is not rushing, she is not pandering, she is not celebrating with the fans — she is demanding acknowledgment, commanding reverence. In this moment, Amy Harrison is not simply the UTA Women's Champion... she is its Empress, and this arena is her throne room.

Mark Bravo: "I have chills, John! Actual chills! This is what a champion looks like! This is what a revolution looks like!"

Amy climbs the steel steps with deliberate grace, never lowering the belt. On the apron, she struts across to the center, back against the ropes, her expression pure superiority as she gazes toward the stage. Sparks shower from every corner post, golden fountains lighting the ring. The Greek gods kneel in unison around the ringside, their heads bowed in total submission.

The stage erupts in flames. Fire bursts around the band, licking into the air as the song roars. The ramp itself belches fire in synchronized explosions, a wall of heat separating Amy from the rest of the world. Finally, Amy turns, slipping into the ring, her hand still thrusting the title overhead. She circles once more, showing the belt to every side of the arena before stopping dead center.

Slowly, Amy lays the Women's Championship down on the canvas before her. She throws her arms wide, chest heaving, then drops to her knees in dramatic worship of her own reflection. At that very moment, fire erupts again from all four corner posts. The band drives the song to its peak. Smoke billows, filling the venue as Amy bows to her own greatness, framed by flames and confetti.

The music fades, the lights slowly return to normal, and the smoke begins to clear. Amy stands tall, smirking at the chaos she has created. The Greek gods vanish back up the ramp, leaving her alone in the spotlight — champion, queen, empress of all she surveys.

John Phillips: "This... this is unreal. I have seen championship celebrations before, but I don't think I've ever seen one on this scale. Amy Harrison is making it very clear — this is HER world now."

Mark Bravo: "Bow down, John. Bow down, because the age of Amy Harrison has officially begun!"

The lights shimmer purple and gold as it returns to normal and Amy Harrison stands tall in the center of the ring, the championship belt still draped over her shoulder. The ring announcer, dressed sharply in a tuxedo, steps gingerly into the ring, microphone in hand. He swallows, looking up at Amy with a mix of reverence and fear.

Ring Announcer: "Announcing for the first time. From Belfast, Northern Ireland. After defeating not one... not two... but THREE other women—"

Amy suddenly turns her head, her smirk fading into a sharp glare. She leans in, whispering something venomous to the announcer. The man's eyes widen, and he quickly clears his throat, nodding nervously.

Ring Announcer: "Sorry... After defeating not one... not two... but THREE LOSERS... She is your NEW... U! T! A! WOMEN'S CHAMPION... THIS IS... AMY... HARRRRRRRIIIIIIISSSSSSOOOONNNNN!"

The fans erupt in a tidal wave of boos. A handful of scattered cheers are drowned beneath the venom of the Philly faithful. Amy stands motionless, chin high, eyes closed, as if soaking the sound into her very skin. She spreads her arms wide, drinking in the hate like it were her crown jewel.

John Phillips: "Listen to this place! They despise her, and she's just standing there like it's music to her ears!"

Mark Bravo: "Because it is, John! This is Amy Harrison's world, and the rest of us are just living in it. That's the face of a woman who knows she owns this division!"

Amy sharply motions to the announcer, demanding the microphone. He quickly hands it over, but she flicks her wrist impatiently, practically shooing him out of the ring. The poor man scrambles under the ropes as Amy eyes him the whole way, clearly annoyed it took him so long. Alone now, the empress has her stage.

She raises the microphone to her lips — but the boos are so loud she pauses, lowering it with a sly grin. She lets the noise cascade down upon her, closing her eyes and basking in it, before lifting the mic again.

Amy Harrison: "The time for First Ladies... is over."

The jeers intensify, a direct shot at Marie Van Claudio. Amy only grins wider.

Amy Harrison: "Nordic Queens rule no more..."

A roar of disapproval as the crowd understands it's aimed at Valkyrie Knox.

Amy Harrison: "And whatever that thing from Paraguay is... there was never room for it to begin with."

The heat reaches a fever pitch, fans booing and stomping as Amy openly mocks Susanita Ybáñez. Amy casually flips her hair, completely unfazed.

Amy Harrison: "No. The Belle from Belfast has done it again, and now Ireland will be represented as the new era begins."

She bends down gracefully, scooping up the Women's Championship and raising it high with one hand again. The spotlight hits the gold as her smirk hardens into an imperious sneer.

Amy Harrison: "The era of the Empress! The era of... Harrison begins now."

The crowd drowns her in boos, but Amy stands in the eye of the storm, unmoved. She paces slowly, then stops dead center, smirking once more as she raises the mic again.

Amy Harrison: "I told you, tonight we celebrate! And how does one who just conquered the world celebrate?"

The arena speakers suddenly blast alive with the unmistakable beat—

"Start with straight shots and then pop bottles (yeah) Flirt with the hood rats then pop models (uh-huh)"

The Philly crowd gasps, then reacts in disbelief as "Pop Bottles" by Birdman featuring Lil Wayne thunders through the Liacouras Center. From the back, twenty modelesque women stride out, each holding champagne bottles adorned with sparklers like a nightclub bottle service. They strut down the ramp in pairs, bathed in flashing strobes and golden sparks.

Mark Bravo: "Now THIS is how you party! Forget your streamers and balloons — this is UTA bottle service, baby!"

Sparklers ignite from the corner posts as a small pyro shower rains down from the ceiling. Amy dances a little "white girl dance" in the center of the ring, completely over the top, laughing as the women enter one by one. The models circle her, dancing, cheering, creating a living party atmosphere inside the squared circle.

Amy hands the championship briefly to one of the girls and grabs a champagne bottle of her own. She fiddles with the top until — POP! The cork flies into the air as champagne sprays everywhere, coating her entourage and the canvas. The crowd boos, but the visual is unmistakable: Amy Harrison, drenched in golden light, bathing in champagne, her belt at her side, dancing like a queen at her coronation party.

John Phillips: "This is a mockery! This is a disgrace to the UTA Women's Championship!"

Mark Bravo: "No, John, this is history. We're looking at the dawning of an empire, and the name on the banner is Amy Harrison!"

Champagne flows, music blares, and Amy Harrison throws her head back, laughing, the center of her self-made universe. The crowd may hate it, but there's no denying it: the Empress has arrived, and she intends to rule.

The party rages in the ring, champagne spraying, music thundering, sparklers still hissing from the bottles. Suddenly—
The speakers cut. Silence. Then a haunting violin pierces the quiet. The opening notes of "Forever & Ever" by Lacey Strum ft. Lindsey Stirling echo through the Liacouras Center. The fans ERUPT in cheers, stomping and screaming as the camera whips to the entrance stage.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute... WAIT A MINUTE! That's Marie Van Claudio's music! Marie Van Claudio is here in Philadelphia!"

Marie storms out onto the stage, her eyes blazing. She raises a hand, cutting across her throat as she bellows into the microphone.

Marie Van Claudio: "CUT MY MUSIC!"

The music halts abruptly, leaving the sound of the roaring Philly crowd to fill the void. Amy Harrison, still in the ring, eyes widen briefly before she breaks into a mocking smile. She saunters forward, draping herself lazily against the ropes, smirk plastered across her face as she leans toward the stage.

Marie Van Claudio: "AMY!"

Amy raises her mic slowly, her tone dripping with boredom.

Amy Harrison: "Yeah, Marie?"

Marie Van Claudio: "You know you don't deserve that title! You know you didn't earn it the right way!"

The crowd explodes with cheers, chanting "MVC! MVC!" Amy, still leaning against the ropes, tilts her head back and lets out an exaggerated yawn.

Amy Harrison: "You know... I figured there would be riff raff trying to slip into the party."

Suddenly, from the side of the stage, two women the UTA audience has never seen before hit the ramp at full speed, blindsiding Marie with brutal forearms to the back. The crowd gasps in shock as Marie crashes forward, overwhelmed immediately.

John Phillips: "Who the— WHO ARE THEY?! Who are these women?!"

Mark Bravo: "I don't know, John, but I like their style!"

Amy doesn't move from the ring. She simply watches, grinning ear to ear as the two attackers stomp Marie mercilessly at the top of the stage. She lifts her mic again, laughing as she delivers her command.

Amy Harrison: "That's right, girls... let's take the trash out and get back to popping these bottles!"

The attackers slam boots into Marie's ribs, driving her down as the fans boo furiously. Then, just as the assault escalates, Valkyrie Knoxx bursts through the curtain, charging down to defend her rival. Hot on her heels, Susanita Ybáñez storms out, fury in her eyes.

John Phillips: "Here comes Valkyrie Knoxx! Here comes Susanita Ybáñez! They're not gonna let this happen—"

Before either can reach Marie, the two unknown women pounce. A stiff clothesline levels Susanita on the ramp, while a vicious knee strike doubles Valkyrie over. In seconds, all three women are writhing in pain at the top of the stage as the mystery duo stands tall over them.

Mark Bravo: "Oh my God! They took out Marie, Valkyrie, AND Susanita! Whoever these women are, they just made the biggest impact of the night!"

Back in the ring, Amy Harrison is laughing hysterically. She twirls in circles, champagne bottle still in hand, as the Philly fans rain venom down on her. She points toward the stage, mocking the fallen women while addressing the arena once again.

Amy Harrison: "Sorry, girls... V.I.P.s only in this party!"

The crowd boos even louder as Amy spins, dancing in the center of the ring while her two enforcers begin marching down the ramp. Medical staff rush out to tend to Marie, Valkyrie, and Susanita, who stir weakly as the attackers stand guard at ringside. Amy raises her title once more, drenched in light and hate, as the empress of her own twisted celebration.

The champagne-soaked party in the ring comes to a screeching halt as the sound system suddenly blasts to life with "Hellraiser" by Motörhead featuring Ozzy Osbourne. The Philly crowd explodes in cheers. Amy Harrison immediately stops mid-dance, her face twisting from smug delight into instant rage.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute—wait a minute! That's Scott Stevens' music! The UTA General Manager is here!"

At the top of the ramp, Scott Stevens emerges in a sharp suit, microphone in hand. He pauses to check on Marie Van Claudio, Valkyrie Knoxx, and Susanita Ybáñez, who are all being tended to by medics. Stevens sighs heavily, shaking his head at the chaos before making his way down the ramp with purpose.

The camera cuts back inside the ring. Amy stomps her foot like a child, screaming that this is HER time, her party. The models and sparklers have all cleared, leaving Amy alone, title at her side, glaring daggers at the approaching GM.

On the ramp, the two mysterious women step forward, blocking Stevens' path. The Philly crowd boos, but Stevens doesn't blink. He stops dead in front of them, gives each a hard, stern look, and simply pushes past their shoulders as if they weren't even there. The arena roars in approval as Stevens storms on, circling the ring before climbing the steel steps.

Amy leans over the ropes, shouting, "Get out of my ring! This is MY moment!" Stevens ignores her, steps onto the apron, and walks directly into the ring. He raises his microphone and, without hesitation, cuts her off.

Scott Stevens: "You... shut up!"

The crowd detonates with thunderous cheers. Amy's jaw drops, eyes wide in disbelief that anyone would dare say such

a thing to her. Outside, her two enforcers tense up and move closer to the ring apron. Stevens spins, pointing directly at them.

Scott Stevens: "And you two... keep your asses right there where you are!"

The roof nearly blows off the Liacouras Center as the fans lose their minds. The two attackers freeze in place, glaring but not daring to move. Stevens turns back to Amy, who is stamping her foot furiously, clutching her title like a child with a toy.

Scott Stevens: "This... this little celebration? It's done!"

Amy stomps harder, shaking her head in protest as the crowd cheers wildly.

Scott Stevens: "Do you know how much money all of this is going to cost, Amy? Do you see the mess you've made of this ring?"

Amy raises her mic, starting to snap back, but Stevens cuts her off with a bark.

Scott Stevens: "That was rhetorical!"

The fans howl with laughter and cheers. Amy's face flushes red with rage, pacing in circles as Stevens steadies himself.

Scott Stevens: "I have had it up to here with all of these attacks, week after week. I'm about done with nobody understanding that there is a damn time and place for these things!"

He turns toward the stage, where Marie, Valkyrie, and Susanita are still recovering.

Scott Stevens: "And that means you three as well!"

The crowd gives a mixed reaction, but Stevens immediately pivots back to Amy, jabbing a finger toward her chest.

Scott Stevens: "I hope you enjoyed all of this, because party time is OVER. You better lace up those working boots, Amy, because tonight in the main event... it's going to be YOU and—"

He points to the two women standing at ringside.

Scott Stevens: "—these two goons of yours... versus Marie Van Claudio, Valkyrie Knoxx, and Susanita Ybáñez in a Trios Tag Match!"

The arena ERUPTS, fans on their feet, chanting and cheering. Amy screams in protest, waving her arms frantically, shouting "This isn't fair!" Stevens just smirks.

Scott Stevens: "Now... you get the hell out of MY ring!"

The crowd explodes again. Amy snatches her title from the canvas and stomps past Stevens, glaring at him as she slips between the ropes. Her two enforcers rush over to help her down, but she shoves them off, shrieking that she doesn't need help. She storms up the ramp, ranting about her ruined party, clutching her belt tight to her chest.

The camera cuts to Stevens, standing tall in the center of the ring as the fans cheer wildly. The shot then shifts to Amy on the floor, red-faced and fuming, screaming at the ring while the two enforcers flank her. Finally, the camera captures the stage, where Marie, Valkyrie, and Susanita stand side by side, still bruised but burning with resolve as they glare down at Amy Harrison and her allies. The visual is clear: tonight's main event is set.

John Phillips: "Oh my God, what a blockbuster! Amy Harrison's night of celebration just turned into a fight for survival!"

Mark Bravo: "Scott Stevens just ruined the greatest party I've ever seen, John, but I'll say this — tonight's main event is going to be absolute chaos!"

H.B.I.C

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands in front of the UTA logo backdrop, microphone in hand. Beside her is a focused but calm Angela Hall, the former Women's United States Champion. The Philly crowd can be heard buzzing faintly in the background.

Melissa Cartwright: "Angela, first I want to say I'm sorry for you losing your title at The Great Southern Trendkill."

Angela gives a small, composed smile, shaking her head.

Angela Hall: "No need to be sorry, Melissa. Emily Hightower was a great competitor, and she won fairly. I gave it everything I had, and on that night, she was better. I look forward to seeing how Emily's run goes. She deserves her moment."

The crowd inside the arena cheers audibly at the mention of Emily Hightower. Melissa nods and continues.

Melissa Cartwright: "Tonight, you step back into the ring against one of UTA's newest signees, Troy Lindz. How do you feel about that?"

Angela opens her mouth to answer, but suddenly a flamboyant figure struts into the frame, shimmering in bold colors and commanding attention with every movement. Troy Lindz smirks, sliding into place and physically nudging Angela aside.

Troy Lindz: "Look, honey. Little Ms. Former Champ here... she's a loser."

Troy shakes their head dramatically, snapping their fingers with attitude.

Troy Lindz: "And Troy don't have no time to be facing no losers. No. Is this the best we can do? Really?"

The crowd boos loudly in the arena as Melissa's eyes widen. Angela steps back into frame, glaring at Troy.

Angela Hall: "Listen here—"

Troy immediately cuts her off, flipping their wrist and leaning into the camera.

Troy Lindz: "No, YOU listen here... BITCH. Troy Lindz IS wrestling. Troy Lindz IS the mountaintop. And Troy Lindz IS the H! B! I! C! The Head Bitch In Charge!"

Troy twirls dramatically, soaking in the camera time as the fans react with a mix of gasps and boos. Angela clenches her fists, visibly seething, while Melissa looks stunned.

Troy Lindz: "Don't worry, suga. I'll give you your lil' match tonight, 'cause you already here and all. But don't get it twisted—if Troy Lindz was here first? You'd be gatekept all the way out to Utah, honey."

Troy puckers their lips and blows an exaggerated kiss toward Angela, who finally steps up nose-to-nose with them.

Angela Hall: "You've got a big mouth, Troy. Tonight, I shut it."

Troy throws their head back and cackles flamboyantly, fanning themselves with their hand as if Angela's words barely even mattered. Melissa tries to regain control of the interview, but the tension is boiling between the two wrestlers.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, that's coming up later tonight — Angela Hall versus Troy Lindz, right here on East Coast Invasion!"

The camera lingers on Angela's death stare locked onto Troy's smirking, preening face before cutting back to ringside.

Hometown Arrival

Segment

The cameras cut outside to the loading dock of the Liacouras Center. A black pickup truck pulls into frame, its headlights cutting through the evening air. The second the fans inside the arena see who steps out, a massive cheer erupts from the Philly faithful.

John Phillips: "Listen to this place! That's Harrisburg's own, Chris Ross, arriving here at East Coast Invasion!"

Chris Ross slams the driver's side door shut, his trademark scowl already on his face. He's in a leather jacket, duffel bag slung over his shoulder, and there's an intensity in his stride as he heads toward the entrance. The nearby fans who managed to gather behind the barricade scream his name, waving signs and reaching out for high fives. Ross pauses just long enough to slap a couple of hands before continuing forward.

Mark Bravo: "John, this guy is walking in with the fight still on his skin after that war with Eric Dane Jr. at The Great Southern Trendkill. But you can feel it, can't you? Being back in Pennsylvania — this is Ross Country tonight."

Ross stops briefly at the security checkpoint, looking directly into the camera. His jaw is tight, his eyes sharp, but when he hears the deafening chant of "ROSS! ROSS! ROSS!" from the arena, the corner of his mouth curls into the faintest grin.

He adjusts his bag, mutters something under his breath, and continues inside the building.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross has arrived, and you can bet he's got his eyes on unfinished business with Eric Dane Jr. — and maybe even more."

Mark Bravo: "I wouldn't want to be anyone standing in that man's way tonight, John. Not in Philadelphia. Not when he's this close to home."

Rich Young GRPLRZ vs. Velocity Vanguard

Match

The arena plunges into darkness. For a moment, only the buzz of the Philly crowd fills the air. Then—BOOM! A pulse of electric-blue light flashes across the stage, followed by a rapid strobe sync'd to a thumping EDM beat. Jets of CO2 blast upward, shaking the fans out of their seats.

John Phillips: "And here we go! Listen to this place! You know who's coming!"

Jet Lawson rockets through the smoke first, sprinting at full speed. The fans erupt as he leaps onto the barricade halfway down the ramp, running across it with perfect balance before flipping back to the floor, landing light on his feet. He throws both hands skyward, shouting along with the beat.

Mark Bravo: "That's the human highlight reel right there, John! Jet Lawson moving like gravity doesn't even apply to him!"

The lights switch to red and white strobes as Tyler Cruz bursts from the curtain. He shimmies and dances at the top of the ramp, soaking in the cheers, then cartwheels into a series of handsprings that take him nearly the entire way down the aisle. He lands with a smooth flourish, pointing to the crowd and yelling "¡Vamos!" The Liacouras Center responds with a deafening roar.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz — second-generation luchador, pure charisma, pure energy! This is the kind of flair that makes Velocity Vanguard so dangerous — because they can back it up inside that ring."

Mark Bravo: "And they've got the fans behind them, John! You hear this Philly crowd? Vanguard's got the building rocking!"

Jet and Cruz meet at ringside, exchange a nod, and then sprint in opposite directions around the ring. The camera catches fans leaping to their feet as both men hit the apron at the exact same time, vaulting to the top rope in perfect sync. Jet points to the sky while Cruz claps overhead, leading the crowd into a booming chant.

Crowd: "VAN-GUARD! VAN-GUARD! VAN-GUARD!"

John Phillips: "Philly is electric tonight! The challengers are soaking it in, and you can feel the momentum already shifting in this building."

Mark Bravo: "That's the thing, John — these two don't just wrestle matches, they turn them into spectacles. And when you're in there against the Rich Young Grapplerz, who thrive on swagger and ego? It's the perfect clash. Tonight, it's viral stunts against viral cash!"

Jet hops down into the ring and leans into the ropes, motioning a title belt around his waist. Cruz vaults the ropes into a spiral roll, popping to his feet with a bow. They slap hands mid-ring before Tyler crouches low, boosting Jet up onto his back. Jet springs into a graceful backflip, landing square on his feet as Cruz pumps a fist to the fans. The arena roars with approval.

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard look laser-focused. They've had the Grapplerz' number in recent weeks, and tonight could be the night they finally cash in with the biggest win of their careers."

Mark Bravo: "But don't forget, the Grapplerz are as slippery as they come. They'll turn an entrance, a TikTok, a selfie into a weapon. Vanguard's gotta be ready for the most obnoxious tag champs we've ever seen — and that's saying something."

As the music fades, Jet Lawson and Tyler Cruz lean against the ropes, staring up at the entrance with intensity. The fans continue their "VAN-GUARD" chants, shaking the Liacouras Center as they wait for the arrival of the champions.

The chants of "VAN-GUARD! VAN-GUARD!" continue to thunder through the Liacouras Center until, suddenly, the beat of Rich Gang's "Lifestyle" hits the speakers. The mood in the building shifts immediately — the cheers morphing into a tidal wave of boos.

John Phillips: "Oh, here we go. And here come the champions..."

A thick plume of smoke rolls out from the entrance curtain. A single golden spotlight shines down, glistening across the stage. Through the haze stroll the Trust Fund Tag Team Champions, Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington — the Rich Young Grapplerz. They're dressed like they just came straight from a reality show set, designer gear gleaming under the lights.

Jacoby Jacobs leads the way, oversized shades covering his eyes, a gaudy varsity jacket slung over one shoulder. Gum pops between his teeth as he casually holds his phone up, recording the moment for a livestream. Behind him, Darian Darrington struts shirtless under a silk bomber jacket, flexing his pecs and barking "We're up! We're up!" with every step. He dabs obnoxiously at the top of the ramp, sending the fans into even louder boos.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, don't be jealous, Philly! These two are living the dream! Look at 'em — money, power, style, and those tag team belts to prove it."

John Phillips: "Style? That's what you're calling this? Jacoby Jacobs is more worried about going viral than defending his championships, and Darian Darrington thinks he's some kind of financial genius because he knows how to download a crypto app!"

The Grapplerz pause at the top of the ramp. Jacoby smirks at his phone, panning across the sea of booing fans before tossing a lazy finger-gun salute. Darian cups his hand to his ear like he's being cheered, then screams, "Y'all could never!" The duo begins their synchronized strut down the ramp, every step exaggerated like they own the building.

Jacoby stops at the barricade, aiming his phone at a front-row fan holding a "Vanguard 4 Life" sign. He zooms in, shakes his head, then mouths, "Sad." Darian, meanwhile, mock-flexes in front of a group of kids wearing Vanguard shirts, shouting, "This is what a real champ looks like!" The fans boo mercilessly, but the Grapplerz bask in it like it's

adoration.

John Phillips: "Everywhere they go, they mock, they taunt, and they belittle the very people who pay to see them. But I'll say this — as much as I can't stand their attitude, their record speaks for itself. They've held onto those Trust Fund Tag Titles by hook or by crook."

Mark Bravo: "By talent, John. Pure talent. Don't be a hater — be a celebrator. These guys are champions for a reason!"

Jacoby slides into the ring and sprawls across the ropes like he's lounging poolside, still chewing gum, still filming himself. Darian charges inside, bouncing off the ropes twice before hitting a massive flex in the center of the ring. The boos rain down harder, but the champions eat it up. Jacoby lowers his phone just long enough to lean over the ropes, winking at the hard cam with a smirk.

The referee collects the belts from the Grapplerz, holding them high for the crowd to see. Jet Lawson and Tyler Cruz stand poised in their corner, eyes locked on the champs, while Jacoby and Darian strut arrogantly around the ring, flaunting their gold for the last time before the bell.

John Phillips: "The Trust Fund Tag Team Championships are on the line — Velocity Vanguard versus the Rich Young Grapplerz — and this one is about more than belts. It's about pride, it's about proving who the future of tag team wrestling really belongs to."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, it belongs to the Grapplerz, John. Tonight, we're about to see a masterclass in money, swagger, and championship dominance."

The crowd is split between deafening boos for the Grapplerz and thunderous chants for Velocity Vanguard as the referee calls both teams to their corners. The time for talk is over — the Trust Fund Tag Titles are about to be contested.

The referee holds the Trust Fund Tag Team Championship belts high overhead as the camera sweeps the packed Liacouras Center. The crowd roars with anticipation, split between boos for the Grapplerz and deafening chants of "VAN-GUARD!" for the challengers. The belts are handed off, the bell rings — DING! DING! DING! — and the match is officially underway.

John Phillips: "And here we go! The Trust Fund Tag Team Titles are on the line!"

Jacoby Jacobs steps forward first for the champions, twirling his gum between his teeth and lazily rolling his shoulders as if he couldn't care less. Across the ring, Jet Lawson paces like a coiled spring, motioning for Jacoby to bring it on. The Philly crowd chants "JET! JET! JET!" as Jet pounds the top turnbuckle pad with both fists.

Jacoby steps out of his corner slowly, smirking, and extends a hand for a lock-up. Jet crouches low, ready to explode. The crowd builds louder — but at the last second, Jacoby steps back and dramatically slides under the bottom rope, landing on the floor with a cocky shrug. The boos pour down instantly.

Mark Bravo: "Ha! Brilliant! Why fight on Jet's terms? Let him burn that energy while Jacoby stays fresh."

John Phillips: "Come on, Bravo! That's cowardice, plain and simple. The Grapplerz are already trying to stall this thing."

Jacoby struts around ringside, pulling his phone out of his jacket on the timekeeper's table, pretending to take a selfie while Jet leans over the ropes, yelling for him to get back inside. Tyler Cruz claps on the apron, rallying the fans to get louder. Darian Darrington, from the corner, shouts encouragement to Jacoby: "Play it smart, bro! Let him sweat!"

The referee begins the count — ONE... TWO... Jacoby waves him off, raising both hands innocently before hopping up to the apron. He teases stepping through the ropes, then grins and drops back to the floor again, sending the crowd into another frenzy of boos.

John Phillips: "This is exactly what drives people nuts about the Grapplerz! They're champions, they've got all the talent in the world, but instead of stepping up to prove it, they waste time like this!"

Jet Lawson suddenly sprints across the ring and SLIDES under the bottom rope, charging toward Jacoby on the floor. Jacoby's eyes widen — he bolts, sprinting around the ring as Jet gives chase. The crowd pops as Jet nearly catches him, but Jacoby dives back inside under the ropes. Jet follows, only to be met with a stiff stomp to the back from Darian Darrington, who's tagged in without warning!

Mark Bravo: "That's ring awareness, John! That's what champions do!"

John Phillips: "Ring awareness? That was a cheap shot by Darrington, and you know it!"

Darrington pulls Jet up by the hair, muscles bulging as he launches him into the corner with a thunderous Irish whip. Jet crashes hard into the buckles, staggering forward. Darian flexes his pecs to the crowd, shouting "That's attitude!" while the boos rain down.

Jet, however, uses the moment to rebound off the ropes with sudden speed, ducking under a clothesline attempt. He leaps, springboarding off the second rope — BAM! A flying knee strike catches Darian flush in the jaw! The crowd erupts as Darian stumbles backward, stunned. Jet kips up to his feet, pointing to the sky as the fans roar louder.

John Phillips: "What a strike from Jet Lawson! Darian's rocked early!"

Jet glances to his corner, where Tyler Cruz is clapping and reaching for the tag. The fans sense momentum as Jet moves toward his partner — but Jacoby hops down from the apron, storming around ringside again to distract the crowd and the referee. The boos return instantly as the Grapplerz' games continue.

Jet Lawson dives toward his corner, stretching for the tag — and the crowd comes unglued as he slaps hands with Tyler Cruz! Cruz vaults over the top rope with a smooth flip, landing on his feet and exploding into action.

John Phillips: "Here comes Tyler Cruz, fresh and fired up!"

Cruz sprints at Darian Darrington, who's still dazed, and launches into a Tilt-a-Whirl Headscissors that sends the big man flipping across the canvas. Darian stumbles to his feet, only to eat a lightning-fast back-flip dropkick square to the chest! The fans roar as Cruz kips up, pointing to the crowd, then charges to the ropes and leaps into a rope-walk arm drag that sends Darian tumbling head over heels once again.

Mark Bravo: "This is chaos, John! Tyler Cruz is flying all over the place!"

Cruz doesn't stop. He hits the ropes and twists into a Rocket Burst tornillo into the corner, smashing into Darian with a full-body attack. Darian staggers, stunned, as Cruz pops to his feet, clapping to the rhythm of the crowd. The fans clap with him — CLAP-CLAP-CLAP! — before he takes off again.

As Cruz hits the ropes for another springboard, Jacoby Jacobs suddenly yanks down the top rope, causing Cruz to flip awkwardly to the outside! The boos rain down instantly as Cruz crashes hard to the floor.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on! That was blatant! Jacoby Jacobs just pulled the rope right in front of the referee!"

Mark Bravo: "He was just steadying the rope, John! Cruz lost his balance — not Jacoby's fault!"

Jacoby struts along the apron with a smirk as Darian rolls out and immediately hurls Cruz into the steel barricade with a sickening thud. The Philly crowd boos louder, but Darian flexes to them, shouting, "That's attitude!" before dragging Cruz back into the ring.

The Grapplerz begin to cut the ring in half. Darian tags Jacoby, who enters with swagger, stomping Cruz down in the corner. Jacoby points at the hard cam and yells, "Watch this, TikTok!" before hitting a running Meteora to Cruz's chest. He then stands up and immediately films himself dabbing on his phone while Cruz writhes in pain.

John Phillips: "Jacoby Jacobs is more worried about going viral than winning this match!"

Mark Bravo: "He can do both, John. That's why they're champions!"

Jacoby tags Darian back in, and the big man crashes into Cruz with repeated shoulder thrusts in the corner — "Credit Check!" he yells after each one, as if cashing in on the punishment. He whips Cruz across the ring and follows with a huge football tackle that nearly flips him inside out. Darian covers — ONE! TWO! — Cruz kicks out to a massive pop from the crowd.

Darian slaps the mat in frustration, then yanks Cruz up by the mask strap, dragging him back to their corner. Another quick tag to Jacoby, who comes in and starts stomping on Cruz's hand, mocking him as he tries to reach for Jet Lawson. The crowd claps in unison, rallying behind Cruz as Jacoby struts around the ring, wagging his finger.

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard are in real trouble here, Mark. The Grapplerz are doing exactly what championship teams do — isolating one man and keeping him far away from his partner."

Mark Bravo: "Exactly! That's why they're the Trust Fund Tag Team Champions. It's not just money, John — it's strategy, it's psychology. Vanguard might fly high, but Grapplerz play smart."

Jacoby cinches Cruz into a chinlock, wrenching back while flashing a smirk to the camera. Cruz flails, trying to get the fans clapping again. Slowly, the chants build — "LET'S GO CRUZ! *CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!* LET'S GO CRUZ!" The energy begins to surge as Cruz fights up to his feet, elbowing his way out — but Jacoby yanks him back by the mask and slams him down hard to the mat, cutting him off cold.

John Phillips: "Just when you think Cruz is about to fight free, the Grapplerz find another way to pull him right back down."

Jacoby Jacobs struts around the ring, stomping on Cruz's hand once more for good measure before dragging him toward the Grapplerz corner. He tags Darian back in, and the big man lumbers through the ropes, already cracking his knuckles. The Philly crowd unleashes a wall of boos.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz is in no man's land right now, stuck on the wrong side of the ring, and the Grapplerz are showing why they've been champions this long."

Darian scoops Cruz up and slams him with a thunderous Oklahoma Slam, rattling the canvas. He stays down for a cover — ONE! TWO! Cruz kicks out, and the fans explode with relief. Darian shouts "Let's gooo!" like it's a touchdown celebration, flexing his pecs while the crowd rains hate.

Mark Bravo: "Don't be mad, Philly! That's called domination!"

Darian yanks Cruz up and whips him into the ropes. On the rebound, Darian hoists him high for a spinebuster — but instead of finishing, he tags Jacoby mid-move. As Darian slams Cruz down, Jacoby vaults over the ropes with a springboard elbow drop right across his chest. The champs pose together for the hard cam, soaking in the venom of the fans.

Jacoby covers — ONE! TWO! — Cruz kicks out again! Jacoby immediately slaps the mat, screaming "That was three!" before looking straight into the camera and mouthing, "Robbery."

Dragging Cruz up by the mask strap again, Jacoby sneers and shouts, "Gatekept, baby!" before slapping him across the face. The crowd gasps and boos as Cruz stumbles back into the corner. Jacoby taunts with a TikTok dance in front of him before rushing in for a Meteora — but Cruz ducks! Jacoby crashes hard into the turnbuckles, clutching his knees.

The crowd erupts as Cruz crawls across the mat, inching toward Jet Lawson's outstretched hand. The building shakes with claps and chants: "VAN-GUARD! VAN-GUARD!" Jacoby scrambles, grabbing Cruz's ankle at the last second,

yanking him back just shy of the tag. He drags Cruz by the leg to their corner and tags Darian again.

John Phillips: "So close! Tyler Cruz nearly had the tag, but Jacoby Jacobs with the save at the last second!"

Darian storms in and crushes Cruz with a running clothesline, flipping him inside out. He drags Cruz back up and plants him with a Bossman Slam — "Overdraft Protection!" he shouts as he hooks the leg — ONE! TWO! NO! Cruz kicks out again, the crowd roaring louder with every near fall.

Mark Bravo: "You see the look on Cruz's face, John? That's a man who's got nothing left. Darian Darrington is running through him like a freight train."

John Phillips: "Nothing left? Look at this crowd! They're begging Tyler to dig deep, and you know he will!"

Darian drags Cruz up again and hoists him onto his shoulder, but Cruz wriggles free, sliding down his back. He staggers forward, dives — and YES! He slaps Jet Lawson's hand! The arena explodes into a deafening roar as Jet vaults the ropes like a rocket.

John Phillips: "TAG MADE! HERE COMES JET LAWSON!"

Jet explodes into the ring, springboarding off the ropes with a flying clothesline that floors Darian. Jacoby rushes in, only to eat a rolling Savate Kick to the jaw. The champions scramble, but Jet is everywhere at once, feeding off the roaring Philly crowd.

Mark Bravo: "The arena's shaking! Lawson's moving like he's shot out of a cannon!"

Jet Lawson is on fire! Darian stumbles back to his feet and gets blasted with a running Sling Blade. Jacoby rushes in wild — Jet ducks, springs to the ropes, and comes back with a slingshot spear that cuts Jacoby in half! The Philly crowd erupts as Jet kips up, pointing to the sky with both hands.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson is a house of fire! He's hitting everything that moves!"

Darian lumbers up again, swinging heavy, but Jet ducks under and pops him into a fireman's carry. The crowd gasps as Jet pops him up — BAM! He plants the big man with the Meteor Lift, sitting out hard! Jet hooks the leg — ONE! TWO! Jacoby dives across and breaks it up just in time!

Mark Bravo: "That was almost it, John! Can you imagine the Grapplerz losing their belts right here in Philly?!"

Jacoby stomps Jet down, dragging Darian toward their corner before rolling out. The referee shouts warnings, but the damage is done. Jet shakes off the stomps, feeding off the crowd's energy, and scales the ropes. He steadies himself — then leaps into the Skyline Spiral corkscrew body press onto both Grapplerz! The building shakes with the roar of the fans.

John Phillips: "What elevation! What rotation! Jet Lawson just took out BOTH champions!"

Jet covers Darian again — ONE! TWO! Darian kicks out at the last second! The fans boo in frustration, chanting "THAT WAS THREE!" as Jet runs a hand through his hair, trying to steady himself. He tags in Tyler Cruz, who leaps to the top rope in one smooth motion. Jet scoops Darian into a snap rana, whipping him back just as Cruz launches — Spiral Tap! He connects perfectly across Darian's chest! Cruz hooks the leg — ONE! TWO! NO! Jacoby rips Cruz off the cover at the very last heartbeat.

Mark Bravo: "That's why they're the champs, John! They always find a way to survive!"

Jacoby drags Cruz to the ropes and chokes him over the middle strand, jawing at the fans as the referee counts. Jet charges in, but the ref intercepts, forcing him back to his corner. Behind the official's back, Darian hauls himself up and drives a knee into Cruz's spine while Jacoby adds a rope-hung snapmare. The boos rain down, but the Grapplerz are smirking, back in control.

John Phillips: "There it is again — every shortcut, every dirty trick in the book, the Grapplerz know how to turn the tide."

Darian tags in and storms Cruz with "Credit Check," ramming shoulder after shoulder into his ribs in the corner. Jacoby slaps his chest for a hot tag and vaults back in with the Stream Crash — a running Spanish Fly that plants Cruz hard in the center of the ring! Jacoby sprawls on top for the cover — ONE! TWO! Cruz just manages to roll a shoulder up! The crowd erupts, rallying behind the challengers again.

Mark Bravo: "You gotta be kidding me — how did he kick out of that?!"

John Phillips: "Because Tyler Cruz has the heart of a champion, and because these fans won't let Velocity Vanguard die in this match!"

Jacoby pounds the mat in frustration, tagging Darian once more. The Grapplerz lift Cruz up together for a double suplex, but Cruz twists mid-air and lands behind them. He stumbles, diving toward his corner, but Darian yanks him back at the last second into a crushing Bossman Slam. The air rushes out of the arena as Darian hooks the leg for another cover — ONE! TWO! Cruz kicks out again!

The Grapplerz stare at each other, disbelief painted across their faces as the Philly crowd rises to their feet, rallying harder than ever for Velocity Vanguard. The tension builds — the champions are in control, but they can't seem to put Cruz away.

Darian Darrington hauls Tyler Cruz back up, growling as he drags him into the Grapplerz corner. He tags Jacoby Jacobs, who vaults over the ropes and slaps Cruz across the face just to rub it in. The boos cascade as Jacoby yells "Washed! He's washed!" into the camera.

Jacoby hooks Cruz for the Jacoby Cutter — but Cruz twists free! He shoves Jacoby chest-first into Darian, knocking the big man off the apron! Jacoby staggers backward right into Cruz's waiting arms — SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX! The crowd explodes as Jacoby folds like an accordion. Cruz rolls, crawling desperately... and dives across the ring to tag Jet Lawson!

John Phillips: "Tag made! Jet Lawson's legal again!"

Jet rockets off the ropes, hitting a springboard knee strike on Jacoby as he rises. Darian tries to slide back in, but Jet hits a Comet Crash rope-walk dropkick that sends the big man tumbling through the ropes to the floor. The fans are on their feet, the Liacouras Center shaking with chants of "VAN-GUARD! VAN-GUARD!"

Jet signals for the end. He pops Jacoby into the fireman's carry, setting up for the Meteor Lift. The crowd rises as he hoists Jacoby high — but Jacoby rakes the eyes mid-rotation! Jet drops to a knee, clutching his face. The boos rain down as Jacoby staggers, gasping for breath.

John Phillips: "Oh come on! A blatant rake to the eyes! The referee didn't see it!"

Jacoby scrambles to his corner — blind tag to Darian. As Jet tries to steady himself, Jacoby charges and eats a Sling Blade for his troubles. The crowd explodes as Jet kips up again... only to turn straight into Darian's arms. BOOM! Platinum Plunge slam plants Jet Lawson dead center of the ring!

Darian covers — ONE! TWO! Cruz dives in with a double axe-handle to break it up at the last possible heartbeat! The building erupts, the crowd on fire.

Mark Bravo: "Are you kidding me? That was three!"

Cruz pounds the mat, rallying the fans again, but Jacoby yanks him by the ankle and drags him out of the ring. The two brawl at ringside, Cruz firing back with chops, but Jacoby drops him throat-first across the barricade, leaving him gasping for air.

Back inside, Jet fights to his knees, but Darian clubs him hard across the back. He motions for Jacoby, who slides back

in. The Grapplerz set Jet up for a double-team suplex — but wait! Jet flips through and lands behind them! The crowd erupts as he sprints to the ropes, springboards — and wipes them both out with a double crossbody! He hooks both legs — ONE! TWO! The Grapplerz kick out in unison!

John Phillips: "So close! Jet Lawson nearly stole the whole thing!"

Jet pounds the mat, firing himself up. He hoists Jacoby back onto his shoulders, signaling for the Ion Driver. The fans roar — but Jacoby thrashes, kicking his legs and distracting the referee as he shouts. Meanwhile, Darian slides into the ring with one of the title belts clutched in his hands.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute — he's got the belt!"

Jet spins just as Darian charges — WHAM! The title smashes across Jet's skull. He collapses like a puppet with its strings cut. The referee never sees it, still trying to wrestle Jacoby free. Darian tosses the belt out as Jacoby drops on top of Jet with a smug grin. The ref turns, drops to the mat — ONE! TWO! THREE!

DING DING DING!

The boos rain down from the rafters as "Lifestyle" blasts over the sound system once again. Jacoby and Darian scramble to their feet, snatching their Trust Fund Tag Team Championships from ringside. They hold the belts high, pointing to themselves and jeering at the crowd, basking in the sea of hatred.

John Phillips: "Damn it! Velocity Vanguard had them beat, but once again the Rich Young Grapplerz steal the victory with cheap tricks!"

Mark Bravo: "What are you talking about, John? That's championship savvy! Winners win — and tonight, the Grapplerz are still the kings of the Trust Fund Tag Team division!"

Tyler Cruz crawls back into the ring to check on Jet Lawson, who is clutching his head, barely moving. The Grapplerz strut up the ramp, belts over their shoulders, holding their phones out to film themselves as the Philly fans boo mercilessly. The last shot is of Cruz kneeling beside Jet, glaring up at the smug champions, the story far from over.

Foreshadowing

Segment

The cameras cut backstage to a quiet hallway. The door to Scott Stevens' office swings open, the brass nameplate gleaming under the fluorescent lights. Out steps Maxx Mayhem, a twisted grin plastered across his face. He adjusts the straps on his leather vest, running a hand through his messy hair as he glances left and right.

The Philly crowd inside the arena boos the moment his face hits the screen, but Maxx doesn't seem to notice — or care. He's grinning from ear to ear, practically vibrating with satisfaction. He pats the office door once, almost lovingly, then struts down the hallway with a swagger that screams mischief.

John Phillips: "What the hell was that about? Maxx Mayhem just walked out of Scott Stevens' office looking way too pleased with himself."

Mark Bravo: "John, when Maxx smiles like that, it usually means someone else's night is about to get a whole lot worse."

The camera lingers on the closed door to Stevens' office for a beat before cutting, leaving the questions hanging heavy in the air.

Arrogance

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands with microphone in hand. To her right, flanked closely, is

the UTA Women's Champion Amy Harrison. At either side of her stand the two women who earlier tonight made a shocking impact, their arms folded and expressions cold. The Philly crowd inside the arena rains boos as soon as Amy appears on screen.

Melissa Cartwright: "Amy, earlier tonight your celebration was cut short by Marie Van Claudio, which led to—well, these two women beside you attacking her..."

Amy snaps her head toward Melissa, glaring in disgust. She motions with the championship belt draped over her shoulder.

Amy Harrison: "Attacking her? Excuse me? Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex weren't attacking anyone. They were making sure nobody dared to attack me. And guess what? They did their jobs to perfection."

The camera pans slightly to Rosa and Selena, who remain stone-faced. Rosa clenches a fist, Selena smirks devilishly. Amy tilts her chin up with pride as the boos pour in.

Melissa Cartwright: "But Amy, after that, Susanita Ybáñez and Valkyrie Knox got involved and were also taken out, leading to Scott Stevens shutting your celebration down and making a trios tag team match for tonight's main event. How do you feel about that?"

Amy scoffs loudly, rolling her eyes. She taps her title belt with her free hand and shakes her head.

Amy Harrison: "How do I feel? I come to this dump of a city and I bring with me a celebration fit for an empress — fireworks, music, champagne, the works — and this is the thanks I get? Getting interrupted, cut off, and then punished by management? Typical UTA, isn't it? Not the first time I've held gold here only to be screwed over by the office."

She takes a deep breath, steadying herself, then flashes that sly Harrison smirk.

Amy Harrison: "But that's fine. You want to make this a trios tag? Great. Because now the whole world gets to see what I already know. Rosa Delgado — a blue-collar badass who'll break you down piece by piece. Selena Vex — a ruthless aggressor who doesn't give a damn what the fans think. And together? These two can handle Marie, Valkyrie, and Susanita all by themselves. In fact..."

Amy smirks wider, patting Rosa on the shoulder and then Selena.

Amy Harrison: "I don't even think I'll need to get involved tonight. My hands might stay clean. These two can easily handle business while I sit back and sip champagne."

The Philly fans boo furiously at the arrogance. Amy just laughs it off, holding her Women's Championship high while Rosa cracks her knuckles and Selena steps forward with a sly, venomous grin. Melissa Cartwright stands quietly, shaking her head as the segment fades out.

Klelia Orestis vs Athena Storm

Match

The lights in the Liacouras Center cut out suddenly, plunging the arena into darkness. The low rumble of distant thunder rolls through the speakers, sending a shiver across the Philly crowd. Then—CRACK! A burst of lightning strobos the stage, illuminating the entrance in electric blue.

John Phillips: "The storm is here..."

Blue strobos continue to flash in rhythm as Imagine Dragons' "Thunder" kicks in. From the curtain emerges Athena Storm, twirling a glowing staff above her head in perfect circles, its neon trails streaking light across the darkened stage. She stops at center stage, lifts the staff high overhead, and points it directly toward the ring. The fans erupt, chanting in unison: "LET IT RAIN! LET IT RAIN!"

Mark Bravo: "I'll give her this, John — that's one hell of a visual. A walking rave, a thunderstorm come to life. And this Philly crowd? They're buying into it hook, line, and sinker!"

Athena spins the staff once more before tossing it lightly to the stagehands. Then, with a burst of energy, she sprints down the ramp, slapping hands with fans leaning over the barricade. At the base of the ramp, she slides under the ropes in one fluid motion, popping to her feet with a bounce.

Once inside the ring, Athena scales the nearest turnbuckle, raising both arms high, fists clenched as the crowd continues their chant. She pulls her hands apart, mimicking the tearing open of a storm cloud, then slams her fists together and throws her arms wide, signaling the storm is about to hit. The lights flicker blue and white in sync with another thunderclap from the sound system.

John Phillips: "Listen to this ovation! Athena Storm has the entire Liacouras Center on its feet tonight!"

Athena hops down from the ropes and begins pacing, her energy relentless, her eyes locked forward. She claps her hands to the beat of her theme, leading the fans in one final "LET IT RAIN!" chant before the music fades and the lights return to normal.

The thunder fades, the lights return to normal — and then Britney Spears' "Gimme More" hits the speakers. The arena lights dim once again, this time with sharp white spotlights sweeping the stage. The unmistakable line echoes through the sound system: "It's Klelia, bitch!"

Out steps Klelia Orestis, moving slowly, almost lazily, onto the stage. She doesn't smile, doesn't acknowledge the fans. Instead, she rolls her eyes and lets out an exaggerated sigh, tilting her head back like she's already bored. The Philly crowd immediately boos.

John Phillips: "And here comes a brand-new face in UTA — Klelia Orestis, making her debut here tonight in Philadelphia. You can already hear what the fans think of her."

Mark Bravo: "Oh please, John. These fans couldn't even spell 'Orestis' if you spotted them half the letters. Klelia doesn't need their cheers. She comes from money, she comes from power, and she's got the skills to back it up. This crowd's just jealous."

Klelia walks down the ramp at a snail's pace, her chin tilted high as though the entire Liacouras Center is beneath her. A young fan leans over the barricade with a handmade "LET IT RAIN" sign, cheering for Athena. Klelia stops in front of them, glares, and scoffs. She flicks her fingers in a dismissive wave before turning her back on the crowd, walking the rest of the way without breaking stride.

John Phillips: "What a disgusting lack of respect for the fans here tonight. She hasn't even wrestled a single match in UTA and already she's acting like the world owes her something."

Mark Bravo: "Correction, John — the world does owe her something. She's an heiress, she's a trained martial artist, and she's about to prove you don't need these people chanting your name to win matches."

Klelia takes her time climbing the steel steps, glancing back at the crowd as if their boos are nothing more than background noise. She steps through the ropes, then deliberately drops to the mat, sliding under the bottom rope as if to taunt the fans. Once inside, she leans against the turnbuckle, one arm draped over the top rope, feigning a disinterested yawn while the Philly fans boo mercilessly.

The camera cuts to Athena Storm pacing on the opposite side of the ring, eyes locked on her opponent. The contrast is clear: one woman full of energy, lightning in her veins; the other acting as though she has somewhere better to be. The referee signals for both women to prepare as the fans buzz with anticipation.

John Phillips: "This is a clash of two worlds, Mark. Athena Storm, pure fire and lightning, beloved by the fans. And

Klelia Orestis, debuting here tonight with an ego that already rivals some of UTA's biggest names."

Mark Bravo: "And ego wins matches, John. Watch and learn."

DING DING DING!

The crowd buzzes as both women step out of their corners. Athena Storm bounces on the balls of her feet, fists raised in a striking stance, her eyes laser-focused. Klelia Orestis, meanwhile, casually stretches an arm over the top rope, smirking like this is a waste of her time. The boos grow louder as she slowly saunters toward the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "You can already see the difference in approach. Athena's fired up, she's ready to go. Klelia? She looks like she'd rather be shopping on South Street than competing in a wrestling ring."

Mark Bravo: "That's confidence, John. When you've lived a life like Klelia has, you don't need to break a sweat for someone like Athena Storm."

Athena extends her hand as if to lock up, but Klelia tilts her head, yawns dramatically, and steps forward. Just as the two touch, Klelia rakes Athena's eyes with her free hand! The Philly crowd erupts in boos as Athena staggers back, clutching her face.

John Phillips: "Come on! The first move of her UTA career is an eye rake?!"

Mark Bravo: "Smartest move in the book, John. Why waste time testing strength when you can take control right away?"

Klelia pounces, stomping Athena down to the mat before grinding the heel of her boot across her opponent's forehead. The referee counts, forcing her to back off, and Klelia throws her hands up innocently before sticking her tongue out at the booing crowd. She leans back against the ropes, acting as if she's already won.

But Athena surges back to her feet, shaking off the pain. The fans rally, chanting "LET IT RAIN! LET IT RAIN!" as she storms across the ring and blasts Klelia with a jumping knee strike right to the jaw! The heiress crumbles to the canvas, holding her mouth in shock.

John Phillips: "And there's the storm breaking through! Athena's not here to play games!"

Athena whips Klelia into the ropes and on the rebound nails a crisp Tilt-a-Whirl Headscissors that sends her tumbling across the mat. The crowd erupts as Athena pops up, arms stretched wide, motioning to the fans to keep it coming. The chants of "LET IT RAIN!" grow louder.

Klelia scrambles into the corner, her arrogance slipping as she waves her hands like she's had enough. Athena charges — but Klelia ducks down and yanks the top rope, sending Athena flipping to the apron. Before Athena can recover, Klelia snaps her heel into the middle rope, driving it up hard into Athena's midsection. The boos rain down as Athena drops to her knees on the apron, gasping for air.

Mark Bravo: "That's what I'm talking about! Every shortcut is a smart cut. Klelia doesn't need to outfight Athena — she just needs to outthink her."

John Phillips: "Outthink? That was cheap, Mark! And yet, it's exactly what we expected from Klelia Orestis."

Athena Storm clutches her ribs on the apron, trying to pull herself up. Klelia Orestis struts over with a smirk, grabs a handful of Athena's hair, and slings her neck-first across the middle rope. Athena snaps back onto the mat, gasping for air, as Klelia casually dusts her hands off like she just threw out the trash.

John Phillips: "That was a vicious landing, and Klelia looks like she couldn't care less!"

Mark Bravo: "She couldn't care less, John. That's the beauty of it. Athena's huffing and puffing, and Klelia's not even breathing heavy."

Klelia drags Athena back up, only to slap her across the face with a loud crack. The crowd gasps and boos as Klelia follows with another yawn, leaning theatrically against the ropes like she's bored. Athena stumbles forward, but Klelia boots her in the midsection and slams her face-first into the mat. She follows with repeated head smashes against the canvas, counting aloud — "One! Two! Three! Four! Five!" — before shoving Athena away with a shove of her foot.

The referee warns her, but Klelia smirks, holding her hands up innocently. She turns toward the hard cam and mouths, "I'm the future, get used to it." The Philly fans boo even louder, chanting "YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK!" as Klelia soaks it in.

John Phillips: "This is what she's all about, folks — humiliation, not competition."

Mark Bravo: "And guess what, John? It's working."

Klelia grabs Athena by the wrist, whips her into the corner, and follows with a running face stomp. Athena drops to her knees in the corner, clutching her head, as Klelia plants her heel right into her forehead, grinding it in for maximum humiliation. The referee counts — ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! Klelia breaks at the last second and struts away with her hands in the air.

Athena tries to rise, but Klelia saunters back and flicks her in the forehead — "Notification!" — then laughs as Athena winces in frustration. She slaps Athena again for good measure before dragging her up by the hair. With the crowd booing, Klelia hooks her for the stun gun — "Sugar Crash!" — and drops her throat-first across the top rope. Athena stumbles backward, coughing violently, as Klelia sprawls onto the mat in mock exhaustion, fanning herself dramatically.

John Phillips: "Klelia Orestis is just toying with Athena Storm now. It's not about pinfalls, it's about ego."

Mark Bravo: "Wrong again, John. This is strategy. She's grinding Athena down, making her waste energy. When you're this smart, you don't need to win fast — you just need to win."

Klelia drapes herself across Athena for a lazy cover, not even hooking the leg. ONE! TWO! Athena kicks out hard and Klelia shoots the referee a glare as if it's his fault. She stomps Athena once more, then leans against the ropes, striking a mock bored pose as the fans chant for Athena to fight back.

The boos are deafening, the tension building. Klelia has control, but Athena is still stirring, and the fans are waiting for the storm to break again.

Klelia Orestis saunters around the ring, blowing kisses to the booing Philly crowd, convinced she has things under control. Behind her, Athena Storm pushes up to one knee, fire flashing in her eyes. The fans spot it first and begin to rally, clapping and chanting: "LET IT RAIN! LET IT RAIN!"

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! Athena Storm is stirring, and this place can feel it!"

Klelia turns back, annoyed by the chants, and stomps at Athena's back. Athena absorbs it, rises to her feet, and suddenly explodes with a blistering roundhouse kick to the side of Klelia's head! The heiress drops like a stone, rolling to the ropes as the fans erupt.

Mark Bravo: "Whoa! Where did that come from?!"

Athena storms across the ring, dragging Klelia up and whipping her to the corner. She charges in and leaps, connecting with a flying knee strike to the jaw. Klelia stumbles forward, dazed, and Athena seizes the moment — SNAP German Suplex! Klelia folds in half on the mat as the Philly crowd roars to its feet.

John Phillips: "German Suplex! The storm is rolling through now!"

Klelia scrambles wildly, trying to escape, but Athena kips up and points to the sky. The fans respond with another thunderous "LET IT RAIN!" chant. Athena scales the ropes, balances herself, and leaps into a rope-walk enzuigiri that

smacks Klelia clean across the temple as she gets to her feet. The crowd explodes again.

Klelia collapses into the corner, glassy-eyed. Athena charges with lightning speed, crushing her with a running jumping knee strike. She pulls Klelia out, hooks her arms, and spins into the Tempest Driver — BAM! Klelia hits the canvas hard, clutching her back in agony.

Mark Bravo: "This is bad, John! Klelia's got nowhere to go!"

John Phillips: "She wanted to humiliate Athena Storm, but now the storm's about to wash her away!"

The crowd is molten hot now, Athena pacing in the center of the ring, firing herself up. She motions to the fans, circling her hands overhead like she's stirring up clouds — signaling for the Storm Front bicycle kick. The Philly crowd chants along louder and louder, waiting for the finishing blow.

Athena Storm stalks her opponent, the crowd thunderous as she signals for the Storm Front. Klelia Orestis wobbles in the corner, glassy-eyed, struggling to stand. Athena claps her hands overhead, the fans chanting in unison: "LET IT RAIN! LET IT RAIN!"

Klelia stumbles out of the corner and Athena launches forward, popping her into the air — but Klelia frantically grabs at the referee, pulling him into the line of fire! Athena is forced to stop mid-motion, nearly colliding with the official. The crowd boos furiously as Klelia smirks, dropping to her knees and pleading innocence.

John Phillips: "She just used the referee as a human shield!"

Mark Bravo: "Smart! That's ring awareness, John. Don't hate the player, hate the game!"

Athena shoves Klelia away and argues with the ref, but Klelia seizes the moment. She steps forward with a stiff slap — "Notification!" — that echoes through the arena. Athena staggers back, and Klelia quickly follows with a boot to the gut. She grabs Athena by the wrist, drags her toward the ropes, and drops her throat-first across the top strand with the "Sugar Crash" stun gun! Athena stumbles backward into Klelia's clutches — BAM! Klelia plants her with the "Bittersweet" facebuster!

Klelia scrambles into the cover, hooking the tights for extra leverage. The referee drops into position — ONE! TWO! THREE!

DING DING DING!

The boos in the Liacouras Center are deafening as "Gimme More" blasts over the sound system again. Klelia Orestis immediately rolls out of the ring, throwing her arms up in mock triumph as if she just conquered the world. She points back into the ring at Athena, who's clutching her throat, furious and heartbroken after the loss.

John Phillips: "Oh come on! Klelia Orestis steals one here in her debut, holding the tights and using every dirty trick in the book!"

Mark Bravo: "And she's 1-0 in UTA, John! That's all that matters! The heiress just cashed in her first victory, and I think we'll be seeing plenty more."

The camera lingers on Klelia at the base of the ramp, smirking and mocking the fans with a fake yawn before blowing a kiss. Inside the ring, Athena pulls herself up with the ropes, glaring daggers at Klelia as the Philly crowd chants "BULL—S***! BULL—S***!" loud enough to shake the building.

Cashing In on the Bounty

Segment

The camera cuts backstage, focused on the heavy wooden door marked "General Manager — Scott Stevens." It swings open and in walks Eric Dane Jr., the freshly crowned WrestleZone Champion. The title gleams over his

shoulder as he swaggers toward the desk. Scott Stevens leans back in his chair, smirking, and begins to clap slowly.

Scott Stevens: "Two weeks ago, you and Chris Ross beat the living hell out of each other — and anyone dumb enough to step in your way. A match so brutal it would've gone all night if I hadn't stopped it."

Stevens gestures at the belt on Eric's shoulder, leaning forward with a nod of approval.

Scott Stevens: "Then you went to Iron City and beat Graysie Parker to become the WrestleZone Champion. And now you sit here in front of me with it. Damn, Eric... this? This is exactly what I'm talking about."

Eric Dane Jr. smirks, leaning back in his chair, clearly soaking in the praise.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Love to hear it, boss. So... there was something about a reward for bringing this baby home?"

Stevens nods, stroking his chin.

Scott Stevens: "Yes. I did place a bounty on it."

Dane leans forward, eyebrow raised, half-grinning.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Alright then... what kinda skrilla we talking? Cash? Bitcoin? Just... please, no NFTs."

Stevens chuckles, shaking his head.

Scott Stevens: "No, no. Nothing like that."

Dane's grin falters slightly, his eyes narrowing. He's not vibing with that answer.

Eric Dane Jr.: "So... what's the deal then?"

Stevens sits forward, folding his hands on the desk.

Scott Stevens: "Since you brought the WrestleZone Championship back to UTA, here's your reward. Sometime in the future, when you're no longer WrestleZone Champion... you have a guaranteed title shot at any championship you want."

The words hang heavy. Dane looks down at the belt on his shoulder, then back at Stevens, his smirk slowly returning.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Any title, huh? ...Dane can dig that. But I want it in writing."

Stevens smirks, nodding with certainty.

Scott Stevens: "Of course. But remember — only after you're no longer WrestleZone Champion."

Dane leans back, tapping the faceplate of the belt with his finger as if considering the future. He grins again, eyes gleaming with opportunity.

Eric Dane Jr.: "So if somehow I lose this bad boy... all I gotta do is pull that little card and get whatever belt I want. Ok, Stevens... I like the way you do business."

Stevens smirks in satisfaction as Dane slings the WrestleZone Championship higher on his shoulder and struts out of the office, already scheming. The camera lingers on Stevens, leaning back in his chair with a knowing grin before fading out.

What's Next?

Segment

The arena lights dim, plunging the Liacouras Center into shadow. A low rumble builds from the crowd — some anticipating, others already booing. Suddenly, "Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow detonates over the sound system. Red and white strobes blaze across the stage like wildfire as Chris Ross emerges through the curtain.

His leather jacket hangs loose over one arm, his other shoulder heavily bandaged — a clear reminder of the brutal street fight against Eric Dane Jr. just two weeks ago. His jaw is tight, his eyes sharp, and every step down the ramp radiates menace. The reaction is immediate and loud: half the arena boos mercilessly, the other half chants “ROSS! ROSS! ROSS!”

John Phillips: "That bandage tells the story right there. Just two weeks ago in Lawton, Oklahoma, Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr. tore each other — and half the arena — apart in a violent street fight. Ross is still carrying the scars."

Mark Bravo: "Scars? Phillips, those are souvenirs! Chris Ross doesn't heal up, he stockpiles damage and dishes it back out. He might be bandaged up, but you and I both know he's dangerous as ever."

Ross slows halfway down the ramp, glaring at the crowd. Philly knows this man — Harrisburg isn't far, and the local connection makes the noise even more divided. Some fans throw up middle fingers, while others belt out his name like he's their guy. Ross smirks bitterly, then jabs a finger toward the ring, his body language daring anyone to stop him.

John Phillips: "And you can hear it in this building — Philly remembers Harrisburg's own Chris Ross. But love him or hate him, they know exactly who he is."

Mark Bravo: "They know he's The Boss. And Philly respects a man who'll fight you in the street, the ring, or the parking lot if he feels like it. Ross doesn't need your cheers — but he's got them anyway."

Ross pulls himself up onto the apron, his movements slower than usual thanks to the shoulder, but there's no hesitation. He steps between the ropes, pacing like a caged animal. His jacket comes off and is tossed to the mat, revealing the heavy tape job across his shoulder and upper arm. He leans against the ropes, soaking in the hostile, divided reaction as the camera zooms close on his face. The Liacouras Center doesn't quiet down — they get louder.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross has the spotlight, but the scars of that fight with Dane Jr. are written all over him. What kind of statement will The Boss make tonight?"

Chris Ross paces the ring with a microphone in hand, his leather jacket tossed aside, the heavy tape on his shoulder glaring under the lights. He brings the mic up to his lips, ready to speak—

But before a word comes out, the Liacouras Center erupts. A chant rolls down from the rafters, echoing through every section of the arena:

Fans: "ROSS! ROSS! ROSS! ROSS!"

Ross stops dead in his tracks, lowering the mic slightly. His eyes flick from side to side, scanning the Philly faithful. The boos are still there, but they're drowned out by the sudden wave of support. For a moment, his brow furrows — caught off guard by the reaction. He tilts his head, almost like he's making sure he heard it right.

John Phillips: "Listen to this! Philly is coming unglued, and it's not boos — they're chanting his name!"

Mark Bravo: "Of course they are! This is Philadelphia, John. They respect a guy who'll bleed for it, who'll fight tooth and nail and leave scars behind. Chris Ross did that with Eric Dane Jr., and they're showing him his due."

Ross finally cracks a small, humorless smirk, pacing slowly in a circle as the chant continues. He raises the mic again but lowers it once more, letting the crowd chant wash over him. The sound builds, wave after wave of “ROSS! ROSS! ROSS!” filling the arena.

He nods once, firmly, then finally raises the mic again — his jaw tight, his eyes flashing with that dangerous edge as the noise begins to simmer down.

The crowd dies down just enough for Chris Ross to finally speak. He paces once, breathing heavy into the mic, and then looks dead into the hard cam.

Chris Ross: "Two weeks ago... Eric Dane and I went through hell and back."

The Philly crowd pops huge, remembering the war from Trendkill. A chant of "HOLY SH*T!" even threatens to break out before Ross raises his voice over them.

Chris Ross: "Everyone said I didn't belong. They tried to blacklist me. Said I was too violent, too unpredictable, too much of a risk. And Dane? Hell, they said the only reason he was even here was 'cause of his daddy. Hell — even I said that!"

The fans let out a collective "ooooh," some cheering, some booing, the tension thick. Ross doesn't flinch, his eyes narrowing as he paces the ring.

John Phillips: "Ross isn't pulling any punches here..."

Mark Bravo: "Does he ever?"

Chris Ross: "But after that street fight? After what we did to each other in Lawton? You better put some respect on my damn name! I belong here — whether you like it or not!"

The Philly fans explode, half booing, half roaring their approval. The dueling chants — "ROSS! ROSS!" and "YOU STILL SUCK!" — overlap and shake the rafters. Ross stops, smirking at the chaos, feeding off it.

Chris Ross: "And Dane Jr... yeah. He put me through a fight like I've never been in before in my life. But now..."

Ross pauses, staring into the camera, his voice dropping into a growl.

Chris Ross: "Now that son of a bitch has earned his right to be here."

The crowd pops again, this time louder, a mixture of respect for Ross's admission and hype for the war they saw. Ross lowers the mic for a beat, pacing in a slow circle as the noise swells again.

John Phillips: "Wow. I don't think anyone expected that out of Chris Ross — giving respect to Eric Dane Jr. after their war."

Mark Bravo: "That's the thing about Ross, John. He may be a bastard, but he's a bastard who tells you exactly what he thinks. If he says Dane Jr. earned it, then Dane Jr. damn sure earned it."

Ross wipes the sweat from his brow with his taped shoulder, pacing slowly as the crowd simmers down. He lowers the mic, looks out at the fans, then lifts his free hand and makes a few dramatic gestures — tapping his chin, spreading his arms wide as if to say, "What's next?" The fans buzz louder, hanging on the moment.

Chris Ross: "No, I keep getting asked... what's next for ol' Chris Ross?"

The fans pop, some chanting "WHAT'S NEXT?!" in rhythm. Ross smirks, pretending to seriously consider it, even holding his fingers up like he's counting options.

Chris Ross: "Where do I go from here? Dane and I... that's settled. He went on and won the WrestleZone belt back from ICW. He's got new fish to fry."

Ross pauses mid-ring, shrugging his shoulders with mock exaggeration. The camera catches the bandage pulling tight as he rolls the joint with a wince, but he plays it off, leaning over the ropes toward the hard cam side.

Chris Ross: "So where does that leave me?"

The crowd reacts in split fashion — some booing, some chanting his name, the Philly noise filling every corner of the Liacouras Center. Ross leans against the ropes, smirk curling across his face as though he already has the answer but isn't ready to give it away just yet.

John Phillips: "You can see it — Ross is toying with the crowd here, but that's a real question. After the war he went

through, after settling it with Dane Jr., what is next for The Boss?"

Mark Bravo: "Whatever it is, John, it ain't gonna be pretty. You don't just ask 'what's next' when you're Chris Ross. You make your next move the ugliest one possible."

Ross steadies himself in the middle of the ring, resting the mic against his chin for a beat before speaking again. The Philly crowd quiets just enough to hear him.

Chris Ross: "I've never been one to look at numbers, or where I sit on the card. Just that I get what I deserve. But I've been hearing rumblings... about a certain number two spot on the power rankings."

The fans buzz, knowing exactly what he's hinting at. Ross smirks, tapping the mic against his taped shoulder.

Chris Ross: "And I've been hearing rumblings about the number one spot — the one that belongs to the UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine. Well... Jarvis doesn't have any new dance partners, I hear."

The crowd explodes, a loud mixture of cheers and boos. A small "JAR-VIS! JAR-VIS!" chant breaks out. Ross grins at the sound, shaking his head slightly.

John Phillips: "Wait a second! Is Chris Ross setting his sights on the UTA Championship?"

Mark Bravo: "It sure sounds that way, Phillips. And you know what? I love it. Ross versus Valentine one more time? That's box office."

Chris Ross: "A few weeks back, Jarvis and I... we had a match. And well, to no fault of my own, it just wasn't what it was supposed to be."

Ross pauses, pacing, as the commentary cuts in over the moment.

John Phillips: "Let's not forget — that match broke down when Maxx Mayhem and Eric Dane Jr. interfered, potentially costing Chris Ross the UTA Championship."

Chris Ross: "But it seems Jarvis needs someone new. And he even said himself... maybe we should run it back again. Maybe... just maybe—"

Before Ross can finish his thought, the speakers crackle and then explode with the opening chords of "Holiday" by Green Day. The Philly crowd roars — part excitement, part hatred — as the entrance lights turn green and gold, signaling the arrival of Maxx Mayhem.

John Phillips: "Oh boy! Chris Ross just called his shot at Jarvis Valentine, but here comes Maxx Mayhem!"

Mark Bravo: "Business just picked up, Phillips. And I don't think Mayhem's out here to sing kumbaya."

The camera cuts from Ross in the ring — his head snapping toward the stage, jaw tightening — to the entranceway where Maxx Mayhem storms through the curtain, grinning ear to ear. The tension ratchets up instantly as Philly comes unglued.

Maxx Mayhem stomps out onto the stage, microphone in hand, his trademark grin plastered across his face. The Philly crowd showers him with a mix of boos and cheers as he raises his free hand, signaling for Ross to stop.

Maxx Mayhem: "Wait, wait, wait... Chrissy-baby... don't finish that sentence."

The crowd reacts with an "ooh," eating up the tension instantly. In the ring, Chris Ross lowers his mic slowly, his face twisting into annoyance. He paces toward the ropes nearest the stage, glaring up the ramp as the fans buzz.

John Phillips: "Uh oh! Ross was about to stake his claim to the UTA Championship, but Maxx Mayhem just cut him off cold!"

Mark Bravo: "And these two have unfinished business, John. Remember what happened at The Great Southern

Trendkill? Chris Ross flat-out told Maxx Mayhem not to interfere in his match with Eric Dane Jr. — but Mayhem didn't listen."

John Phillips: "Exactly. And when the dust settled, we even saw Ross give Dane the nod to attack Maxx! There's no love lost here."

Ross leans on the ropes, jaw tight, muttering something under his breath as Mayhem saunters halfway down the ramp, mic still raised, clearly reveling in the moment. The tension in the Liacouras Center grows thicker with each step Mayhem takes toward the ring.

Maxx Mayhem struts down the ramp with that crooked grin, mic tight in hand. His voice booms over the crowd, dripping with manic glee.

Maxx Mayhem: "What you did at The Great Southern Trendkill... PURE ARTISTRY! The violence! The chaos! The spectacle!"

The fans react with a mix of boos and cheers as Maxx keeps walking, waving his arms like a conductor orchestrating the madness.

Maxx Mayhem: "I'm telling you, Chrissy — I couldn't have written a better story myself!"

He climbs the steel steps slowly, still talking.

Maxx Mayhem: "From you telling me to stay away..."

He paces across the apron, stopping at the middle and leaning over the ropes toward Ross, smirking ear to ear.

Maxx Mayhem: "...to me not listening and running over Dane with that car — it was so, so sweet!"

The Philly crowd pops big for the reference, half in horror, half in approval. In the ring, Ross's face twists tighter, clearly irritated, but he says nothing yet as Mayhem ducks between the ropes and enters, circling him like a shark.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is absolutely deranged. He's praising one of the most reckless acts we've ever seen like it was a work of art!"

Mark Bravo: "Because to him, it was! This man thrives on chaos, Phillips. And Ross? Ross knows it."

Mayhem steps right into Ross's space, grinning as he jabs a finger into Ross's chest with each word.

Maxx Mayhem: "And baby... you giving the nod for Junior Boy to take me out? I LOVED IT!"

The crowd reacts with an audible gasp. Ross tightens his grip on the mic, his jaw clenching. He looks seconds away from snapping, but Mayhem just throws his arms wide, laughing.

John Phillips: "He loved it?! Is this guy mad?"

Mark Bravo: "Of course he is, John. That's the point!"

Maxx Mayhem: "You did everything just as you should've, Chrissy-baby. Masterful! Couldn't believe how perfect it all worked out!"

Ross takes a step forward, nose-to-nose with Mayhem, but Maxx just points back and forth between them, eyes wild.

Maxx Mayhem: "You see? THIS is the kind of violence, the kind of chaos, that only WE can bring!"

The crowd rumbles, unsure whether they're watching two men about to kill each other... or shake hands. Mayhem laughs to himself, tossing out one more crude barb.

Maxx Mayhem: "Hell, you even got to pull a little pork during dinner!"

Maxx doubles over laughing at his own innuendo about the police attack, slapping Ross on the chest like they're old

friends. Ross doesn't laugh — his eyes stay locked, furious, his patience clearly razor-thin.

Chris Ross finally shoves Mayhem's hand off his chest and snarls into the mic, his voice sharp and cutting through the buzz of the crowd.

Chris Ross: "Enough of the games, Maxx! Get to the damn point!"

The Philly crowd pops, feeding off Ross's boiling anger. Maxx Mayhem takes a casual step back, both hands raised as if to calm the storm — but that crooked smile never leaves his face.

Maxx Mayhem: "Easy, easy, Chrissy-baby. I'm getting there, I promise. Don't blow a gasket on me just yet."

Ross glares, seething, as Mayhem lowers his hands and leans into the mic again, his voice almost sing-song.

Maxx Mayhem: "What I want to say is... you inspired me."

The crowd murmurs, confused. Ross tilts his head, eyes narrowing, clearly not buying a word of it.

John Phillips: "Inspired him? What in the world is Maxx Mayhem talking about?"

Mark Bravo: "This man's brain doesn't work like yours or mine, John. Don't even try to connect the dots — you'll get lost."

Mayhem starts to pace, eyes wide, gesturing wildly as though delivering a sermon.

Maxx Mayhem: "That's right — inspired! The chaos, the carnage, the sheer beauty of it all... I saw it, I felt it, and I knew, Maxx Mayhem had to go bigger, go badder, go crazier!"

The crowd boos and cheers at the same time, the tension ratcheting higher as Ross wipes his face with his taped shoulder, muttering off-mic, "What the hell is this fool on about?"

Maxx Mayhem: "And I want to thank you, Chrissy-baby!"

Ross lowers the mic, shaking his head, visibly confused and irritated now. He mouths, "What the hell are you talking about?" The crowd laughs at the absurdity, but the atmosphere is electric.

Maxx Mayhem: "That's right. To show my thanks... your pal Maxx has a gift fer ya!"

Maxx spreads his arms wide, grinning from ear to ear as the Philly fans erupt with noise, waiting for whatever insane stunt is about to unfold. Ross stands dead center of the ring, tense, glaring at him, not sure whether to brace for a fight or a trap.

John Phillips: "What kind of gift could Maxx Mayhem possibly have in mind?"

Mark Bravo: "Knowing Maxx, it could be anything — and I mean anything."

Chris Ross narrows his eyes, confused, tilting his head as Maxx keeps grinning like a kid with a secret.

Chris Ross: "A gift?"

Maxx Mayhem: "Yes! A gift!"

Ross shakes his head, pacing a step, still not buying it.

Chris Ross: "...Well?"

Maxx bounces on his heels, pointing at Ross with exaggerated enthusiasm.

Maxx Mayhem: "See? I knew you'd be interested! You wanna know what it is? Your pal Maxx went and had himself a little conversation with our buddy, Scott Stevens!"

The crowd buzzes, half laughing, half groaning. Ross mutters, "Oh boy," under his breath, clearly expecting the worst.

The camera zooms in on his incredulous expression as Mayhem struts in a circle, milking the moment.

John Phillips: "Here we go. This can't be good."

Mark Bravo: "When Maxx Mayhem says he's been talking to Scott Stevens, that's never just small talk, John. That's a warning siren."

Maxx Mayhem: "And next week, you and me... we get to create some art together!"

Ross actually freezes, blinking hard, the crowd erupting in shock.

John Phillips: "Wait a second... did Maxx just get himself a match with Chris Ross?!"

Maxx Mayhem: "That's right, baby! Next week... we answer the call. And we got ourselves... a TITLE match!"

The Philly fans gasp, some cheering wildly, others laughing at Ross's bewilderment. Ross mouths, "A title match?" into the mic, utterly confused.

Chris Ross: "A title match? Neither of us are champions — what the hell are you talking about?"

Maxx throws his head back, laughing like a madman, before leaning in close, nose-to-nose with Ross.

Maxx Mayhem: "You and me, baby... we're takin' on the Rich Young Grapplrz for those Trust Fund Tag Team belts they got!"

The arena erupts in shock. Ross stares at him like he's been blindsided with a steel chair. Maxx, meanwhile, is eating it up, spreading his arms wide as if the announcement was a gift to the entire world.

John Phillips: "What?! The Rich Young Grapplrz defending the Trust Fund Tag Team Titles against Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem next week?!"

Mark Bravo: "You heard the man, John! And if what Maxx says is true, Scott Stevens himself signed off on it!"

Maxx Mayhem: "And when we win 'em... Scott said we'll make them there the official UTA Tag Team Championship titles!"

The crowd reacts huge, some stunned, some booing, others chanting. Ross shakes his head in disbelief, mouthing "We?" while pointing at Maxx.

Maxx Mayhem: "Although — I did suggest we call 'em the Supreme Chaos Belts! But ol' Scotty didn't like that one."

Maxx laughs at his own joke while Ross looks ready to blow a gasket. The split screen tells the story: one man reveling in his own madness, the other trapped in it against his will.

Ross runs a hand over his bandaged shoulder, glaring at Maxx like he's out of his mind. He slowly lifts the mic back to his lips, his voice sharp and venomous.

Chris Ross: "You've gotta be kidding me. I didn't sign up for this, Maxx. I didn't ask for a damn partner. I sure as hell didn't ask to go skipping into a tag division with you!"

The crowd reacts with a loud mixed reaction, some booing, others cheering the blunt honesty. Mayhem just beams, completely unfazed.

Maxx Mayhem: "Ahh, there's that fire! That's why this is gonna work, Chrissy-baby. You're the fist... I'm the chaos. Together? We're unstoppable!"

He slaps Ross hard on the back, laughing like a maniac. Ross winces, almost doubling over from the jolt to his taped shoulder. His eyes flare wide and he steps in nose-to-nose with Mayhem.

Chris Ross: "Touch me again, and you won't make it to next week."

The crowd roars. Mayhem just raises both hands innocently, still smiling ear-to-ear.

Maxx Mayhem: "C'mon, Boss! This is fate, baby! Next week, you and me... UTA Tag Champs! It's already written in blood!"

Ross glares at him for a long moment, breathing hard, then turns his back on Mayhem, shaking his head in disgust. The Philly crowd buzzes with anticipation as Maxx throws his arms wide, strutting around the ring like he's already holding gold.

John Phillips: "Ross looks like he wants nothing to do with this... but it's official! Next week, Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem will challenge the Rich Young Grapplrz for the Trust Fund Tag Team Titles!"

Mark Bravo: "And if Mayhem's telling the truth, those belts become the official UTA Tag Team Championships. Like it or not, Ross is tied to this madness!"

The final shot lingers: Maxx Mayhem bouncing around the ring, pointing to the rafters and shouting "NEXT WEEK, BABY!" while Chris Ross leans on the ropes, scowling, muttering to himself as the segment fades out.

Payback

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands with a mic in hand. Beside her, Marie Van Claudio sits on a bench with her arm wrapped from earlier, Valkyrie Knox paces with intensity, and Susanita Ybáñez leans against the wall, arms crossed but eyes blazing.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies, earlier tonight you were blindsided by Amy Harrison and her two new accomplices, Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex. Now, Scott Stevens has made tonight's main event a Trios Tag Team Match. I have to ask — how are you feeling heading into this fight after what happened?"

Marie slowly rises from the bench, holding her shoulder, but her glare is firm.

Marie Van Claudio: "How am I feeling? I'm feeling pissed, Melissa. Amy Harrison thinks she's the queen of the world, parading around with her throne and her bottle service, but the second she feels threatened, she hides behind backup. She thinks Rosa and Selena make her untouchable? No. All she did was hand me, Valkyrie, and Susanita a reason to tear her little empire down."

The crowd inside the arena pops, reacting to Marie's passion. Valkyrie Knox steps up, her pacing sharper, her fists clenched at her sides.

Valkyrie Knox: "A reason? Try a damn war cry. Rosa Delgado, Selena Vex — you two don't even know what you stepped into. You wanna make a name for yourselves? Congratulations, you just painted targets on your backs. And Amy? You better pray those two are ready to bleed for you, because tonight, I'll rip through them to get to you."

The crowd in the arena roars at Valkyrie's fire. Susanita Ybáñez finally pushes off the wall, her voice calm but seething with conviction.

Susanita Ybáñez: "Melissa, here's the truth. Amy's not a champion — she's a coward in a crown. She brought muscle because deep down, she knows she can't do this on her own. But me? Valkyrie? Marie? We don't need thrones. We don't need confetti. We've got fight. We've got heart. And heart beats ego every time."

Melissa looks between the three women as they stand shoulder to shoulder, united despite their injuries. The camera zooms in on Marie as she takes the last word.

Marie Van Claudio: "Tonight, Amy Harrison finds out the hard way. She doesn't run this division. We do. And when that bell rings, it's not her party anymore... it's payback."

The trio stares into the camera with fierce determination, the crowd in the arena popping huge before the feed fades back toward ringside.

Gunnar Van Patton vs. Dante Rivera

Match

The lights in the Liacouras Center dim, a warm gold spotlight sweeping across the entrance stage as Alter Bridge's "Rise Today" kicks in. The Philly crowd comes alive instantly, a buzz of energy flooding the building. Through the curtain bursts Dante Rivera, bouncing on his toes with pure adrenaline, throwing his arms wide to the fans.

John Phillips: "There he is! Dante Rivera — making his UTA debut tonight! You can feel the electricity in this arena for this young man!"

Mark Bravo: "Electricity? Please. This kid's coming out here with smiles and high-fives, but in about five minutes he's gonna be scraping himself off the mat courtesy of Gunnar Van Patton."

Dante slaps hands with the fans along the barricade, his energy infectious. The chants start to build — "DAN-TE! DAN-TE!" — echoing through the building. Dante pounds his chest and points skyward, a nod to his family's legacy, before continuing down the ramp with urgency.

John Phillips: "You talk about legacy, Bravo — Dante Rivera is a second-generation wrestler, and he wears that pride on his sleeve. This debut means everything to him."

Mark Bravo: "And it's about to mean bruises, Phillips. You don't step into UTA and make a name by fighting Gunnar Van Patton. You do it by surviving him."

Dante stops halfway down the ramp, turns to face the crowd, and points both fingers to the sky. The fans erupt louder, stomping and clapping in rhythm. Dante grins, clearly fueled by their support, then sprints the rest of the way to ringside.

He leaps onto the apron in one fluid motion, spinning toward the fans with his arms stretched wide. He points skyward again, mouthing "For my family!" before springing over the ropes into the ring. Dante runs to the far corner, vaults up onto the second buckle, and throws his arms open as the Liacouras Center answers with a booming "DAN-TE! DAN-TE!" chant.

John Phillips: "Philly's giving this young man a hero's welcome!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, well, Philly loves an underdog. But this isn't a Rocky movie — this is UTA. And standing across from him is a man who doesn't care about family, doesn't care about chants, doesn't care about anything but breaking bodies."

Dante hops down from the turnbuckles, bouncing on his toes, eyes locked on the stage. He looks ready, determined, and fearless. The music fades, and for a moment the crowd simmers, waiting for the arrival of Gunnar Van Patton.

The crowd was loud a moment ago. Not anymore. Now, a ripple moves through the Liacouras Center. Not panic, not excitement — something deeper. A murmur crawling up the backs of necks, telling everyone to pay attention.

Then the music hits. ? "Boots and Blood" by Five Finger Death Punch ? doesn't just play, it detonates through the speakers. A sharp, ragged scream — then the drums kick in, heavy and fast. The lights die instantly, replaced by bursts of white strobe, each flash cutting the darkness like gunfire in a thunderstorm.

John Phillips: "And just like that, everything changes. Gunnar Van Patton is here."

Mark Bravo: "You feel that in your chest, John? That's not just music. That's a warning shot."

Through the curtain comes Gunnar Van Patton. No pose. No pandering. No wasted motion. He walks straight, head

low, eyes forward. Every step is measured, his frame coiled tight with quiet violence. The tattoos on his arms catch the light with each strobe, scarred skin telling its own war story. The audience doesn't know whether to cheer or boo — so they just react, a rumble of noise following him down the ramp.

John Phillips: "Gunnar Van Patton doesn't play to the audience. He doesn't care what you think of him. He lives for this walk. For what's waiting inside that ring."

Mark Bravo: "He's not here to wrestle. He's here to fight. Dante Rivera has no idea what he just signed up for."

At ringside, Gunnar drops one hand onto the apron and launches himself forward in one clean, fluid motion. He slides under the bottom rope like a soldier diving into cover, popping up to his feet instantly. A forward handspring follows — his body moving with frightening precision — before he lands crouched low in the corner, breathing steady, eyes locked dead center of the ring.

The crowd buzzes. The referee steps forward for the standard gear check. Gunnar doesn't say a word — just spreads his arms and lets the official do his job, his glare never leaving Dante Rivera on the opposite side.

John Phillips: "No ceremony. No pandering. Just ritual. He sheds the cap, the shirt — everything he doesn't need — and then he waits. That's all."

Gunnar strips off his black t-shirt, flinging it into the crowd. The backwards trucker cap follows, tossed carelessly aside. He adjusts his gloves, cinches the straps tight, tugs at his pads. Every motion deliberate, practiced, like muscle memory honed through years of combat. Then he goes still. Breathing slow. Head lowered. His stare locked forward.

Mark Bravo: "And now we wait, John. Because Gunnar Van Patton isn't listening to the crowd, isn't hearing this music. He's waiting for one thing and one thing only — the war to start."

The lights return to normal. The music fades, but the tension only grows. Gunnar Van Patton crouches in his corner, silent, his presence filling the arena. Across the ring, Dante Rivera bounces on his toes, ready but wary. The referee signals for the bell, and the crowd noise swells again — the storm is about to hit.

DING DING DING!

Dante Rivera bounces out of his corner, fists up, the crowd chanting his name again. He darts in quick, looking for a tie-up — but Gunnar Van Patton doesn't even move. He just slaps Dante's hands aside and drills him with a stiff Muay Thai-style kick to the ribs. The sound echoes, and Dante staggers back, gasping.

John Phillips: "Oh my! That kick landed flush, and you can see Dante immediately struggling for breath!"

Mark Bravo: "Welcome to UTA, kid. Gunnar Van Patton doesn't ease you in. He breaks you in."

Dante tries to circle, looking for another angle, but Gunnar stalks forward with cold precision. Dante charges, throwing a forearm smash — Gunnar absorbs it, sneers, and answers with a brutal headbutt that drops Rivera to one knee. Without hesitation, he drags Dante up and launches him overhead with a high-angle German suplex. Dante crashes hard, folding up on his neck and back. The crowd groans at the impact.

John Phillips: "Good lord! That German suplex nearly snapped Dante in half!"

Mark Bravo: "And Gunnar's just getting warmed up."

Gunnar doesn't go for a cover. He doesn't even acknowledge the referee hovering nearby. He pulls Dante up by the arm, spins to contort the arm, and then yanks on it violently. Van Patton snags him out of the air and dumps him on his head with a Saito suplex. Dante bounces off the mat like he's been shot out of a cannon, clutching the back of his head.

The referee leans in to check, but Gunnar waves him off. He stomps down on Dante's chest, then grinds the heel of his

boot across the man's jaw, holding it there until the official hits a four-count. Finally Gunnar steps off, raising his hands mockingly as if to say, "See? I'm playing by the rules."

John Phillips: "This is domination. Dante hasn't gotten out of the gate, and Gunnar Van Patton is dismantling him piece by piece."

Mark Bravo: "This is what happens when a bright-eyed rookie runs into a war machine. Gunnar doesn't care about your family name or your story. He cares about violence."

Dante stirs, fighting to push himself back up, but Gunnar cuts him off with a stiff knee to the face. He hauls Rivera up, hooks him, and drills him with a vicious Regal-plex, bridging for a lazy pin — ONE! TWO! Dante kicks out, drawing a gasp from the crowd.

John Phillips: "Rivera kicks out! He's still in this fight!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, for however much longer his body holds together. That kick-out didn't impress Gunnar, it annoyed him."

And Bravo's right — Gunnar sits up slowly, glaring at Dante like he just made a mistake. He stands, cracking his neck, and motions for Dante to get up, licking his chops as the Philly crowd starts to buzz nervously. Gunnar Van Patton is far from done.

Dante Rivera pulls himself up on the ropes, his chest heaving, his body already battered. The crowd claps and chants his name, urging him to fight back. Dante fires off a desperate right hand at Gunnar Van Patton, then another — but Gunnar absorbs both shots like they were nothing. He snarls, then smashes Dante across the face with a forearm that drops him flat on his back.

John Phillips: "Every time Dante tries to fire back, Van Patton shuts him down with ease!"

Mark Bravo: "Because this isn't a fight, John — it's an execution."

Gunnar doesn't waste time. He yanks Dante up, hooks him by the waist, and spikes him into the canvas with a rolling series of suplexes — one German, then a half-nelson, then a Tazmission suplex — chaining them together with frightening precision. Dante lies motionless on the mat, the crowd groaning after each impact.

The referee moves in, almost ready to check Dante's condition, but Gunnar isn't done. He drags Rivera back to his feet, growling something inaudible, then scoops him up. Without hesitation, he plants him headfirst into the canvas with the FUKSZ — his devastating brainbuster. Dante collapses in a heap, his body limp.

John Phillips: "FUKSZ! That's it! That's gotta be it!"

Gunnar drops down, presses a forearm hard into Dante's face, and the referee counts — ONE! TWO! THREE!

DING DING DING!

"Boots and Blood" roars back through the speakers as Gunnar Van Patton rises from Dante Rivera's body. He doesn't pose, he doesn't acknowledge the fans — he simply stares down at the wreckage he left behind. The referee moves to raise his hand, but Gunnar jerks his arm away, glaring at the official like he's beneath him.

John Phillips: "That was absolute destruction. Dante Rivera showed heart, but he was outgunned from the opening bell."

Mark Bravo: "This wasn't about winning a match, John. This was a message. Gunnar Van Patton is here to hurt people, and tonight Dante was just the first name on a very long list."

Gunnar steps through the ropes and makes his way up the ramp, stripping off his gloves, every movement calm and deliberate. He pauses at the top of the stage, turning back just once to glare at the ring. Inside, Dante pulls himself up

on the ropes with the referee's help, battered but still raising a defiant fist to the crowd. The Philly fans cheer loudly for his courage, giving him a standing ovation despite the loss.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd. Dante Rivera may not have won, but he earned respect tonight. That's the kind of heart you can't teach."

Mark Bravo: "Respect doesn't heal bruises, John. Dante better ice his neck and think long and hard about whether he wants to climb back in with somebody like Gunnar Van Patton ever again."

The camera captures the split-screen image: Gunnar Van Patton at the top of the ramp, cold and unflinching, and Dante Rivera in the ring, defiant but hurting. The tension lingers as the feed shifts toward the next segment.

WrestleZone

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to Eric Dane Jr.'s locker room. The WrestleZone Championship sits across his shoulder as he laces up his boots. Suddenly, the door bursts open and Aaron Shaffer storms in, face twisted with rage.

Aaron Shaffer: "You think this is funny, Dane? You think it's okay to walk around with my belt?!"

Dane Jr. doesn't even flinch. He sits back in his chair, smirking, slowly patting the championship resting on his shoulder.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Your belt? Let me remind you of somethin', Shaffer — you tapped out to lose this. And when you went crawling to ICW to try and get it back, you lost there too."

Shaffer steps in closer, practically nose-to-nose now, his fists balled at his sides.

Aaron Shaffer: "I don't care about the past — I want it back, and I want it now."

Dane Jr. smirks wider, leaning forward in his chair so the two are inches apart.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You want it? Come and get it. In the ring. Tonight."

The crowd inside the arena can be heard popping through the feed as Shaffer snarls, giving Dane a shove in the chest before storming out of the room. Dane Jr. watches him leave, then stands, rolling his shoulders, adjusting the WrestleZone Title with a cocky grin.

John Phillips: "Oh my! Eric Dane Jr. versus Aaron Shaffer for the WrestleZone Championship — tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the kind of business I love! No waiting, no politics, no committees — just two men throwing down for a championship. Philly's about to see a fight."

With Friends Like This...

Segment

The camera follows a trail of broken plates and overturned folding chairs through the catering area. A trashcan rolls across the floor. A folding table has been flipped; silver chafing dishes clatter. The PA hums. Fans and crew peek around corners, wide-eyed.

Chris Ross - bandaged shoulder, leather jacket half off — is in full meltdown mode. He's ripping catering napkins out of a stack and throwing them to the floor like confetti. He picks up a folding table leg and SLAMS it across a stack of catering boxes. His breathing is ragged, rage coiled.

Chris Ross: (yelling at the top of his lungs) "STEVENS!!! WHERE ARE YOU!!! WHERE ARE YOU, STEVENS!!!!"

He kicks a folding chair across the room. The chair smashes against the wall with a THUD. Someone in the back scrambles out of the way.

We cut to Scott Stevens' office. Stevens is on a phone, calm, suit jacket open, holding a conference call. The camera sees a portion of a stock video of an INVESTOR on the other end before the door EXPLODES inward.

Chris Ross (O.S.): (screaming) "YOU! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?!"

Ross barrels through the door — it swings off the hinges. Papers fly. The phone falls from Stevens' hand; Ross GRABS the handset and FLINGS the whole thing across the room so it smashes into a bookshelf.

Stevens freezes for a half-second, then recovers to manager mode, palms up.

Scott Stevens: "Chris. Chris—hey. Calm down. Let's talk about this."

Ross is a bundle of fury, pacing like a coiled animal. He points right in Stevens' face.

Chris Ross: "You think I'm calm?! You think I'm cool with any of this?! Where the hell did you get off booking me in some—some circus of a tag match without even asking me?! Who the hell even thought this up?!"

Scott raises both hands, trying to stay the adult.

SCOTT STEVENS: (placating, steadier) "Look — I thought you'd like it. It's a title match, Chris. A real opportunity. You and Maxx — you two are friends now, right? You wanted a spotlight. This is a spotlight."

That word — FRIENDS — hits Ross like a physical punch. His face changes. It's pure incredulity and fury.

Chris Ross "FRIENDS?! FRIENDS?! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR EVER LOVING MIND?! I CAN'T GET AWAY FROM THAT GUY!!!"

Ross stomps forward, grabs a nearby chair and SLAMS it against the wall. He hisses through clenched teeth.

Chris Ross: "Where do you get off booking me in a match like this without so much as a goddamn text?! I come out here tonight to address my fellow Keystone State brethren and declare what's next — a rematch for Jarvis Valentine — and you stick your nose in my business and find a way to screw everything up!"

Stevens holds his ground, voice even but firm.

Scott Stevens: "Chris — I thought you'd want the rub. Title match on the card. Bigger moment. You're a local guy in Philly. This gets you exposure. I didn't mean to step on you."

Ross laughs — a low, dangerous sound.

Chris Ross: "Exposure? You think a tag match with that muppet is exposure? You think I want to be tied to Maxx Mayhem's ???? show? Something stupid's gonna happen — like always — and you're gonna have another dumpster fire to deal with while I clean up your mess!"

He grabs the edge of a conference table and drags it, scraping, cutting a line across the carpet as he stalks.

Stevens tries to reason, already looking tired.

Scott Stevens: "I'm trying to build stories, Chris. I'm trying to build heat. This was supposed to be a win for you — a statement. You get in there, you dominate with Maxx, you show you're bigger than Jarvis' noise. I'm setting the table."

Chris Ross snaps, close enough for the camera to see the vein at his temple.

Chris Ross: "You don't set tables for me, Stevens. You don't decide what I do. You don't put me on a card with clowns and call it "art." I don't need partners. I don't need props. I don't want to be a walkon in some clown's highlight reel. I want what I earned! I want Jarvis! I want that rematch! Not a sideshow!"

He SLAMS his fist onto the desk. A framed photo of a past UTA event SMASHES into pieces.

Scott inhales sharply, then exhales, trying to defuse.

Scott Stevens: "Okay. Okay. Breathe, Chris. You want a shot at Jarvis — I hear you. I'll— I'll put him on notice. We'll get to it sometime down the line. But this tag match is happening — it's on the schedule."

Ross laughs darkly, the laugh of a man who's barely keeping it together.

Chris Ross: "Then you better be ready, Scott. Because when that muppet does something stupid — and he will — you'll be the one answering for it. And I don't want your help cleaning that up. I want him to pay. You understand?"

He leans in, voice low and cold.

Chris Ross: "If anything happens out there next week? Dumpster fire's on you. You want flames in your backyard? Keep playing games."

Stevens opens his mouth, but Ross is already turning to go. He grabs a spare mic from a table, tosses it back at Stevens like a parting shot.

Chris Ross: "You ever forget who you booked against who, Stevens — remember this: I don't forget. I don't forgive. And I don't share the ring with morons if I can help it."

Scott Stevens: "Look Chris. Just relax. Breathe. What's the worst that can happen? You guys have a match, the Rich Young Graplrz win, keep their titles and we move on.

Chris just stares at him blankly.

Scott Stevens: "But what if.. just what if you guys win? You'll be a champion. You'll hold gold!"

Chris Ross: "Yeah, with that fly who wont quit buzzing around me!"

Scott Stevens: "Maybe, but you're name... it'll be in the record books."

Chriss lets out an agravtion backed groan before he storms out. The door slams. The office is left in the aftermath — the phone in pieces, papers scattered, a framed memory cracked on the floor. The camera rest on Soctt Stevens who just can't believe the mess.

Scott Stevens: "Jesus."

The camera fades.

Troy Lindz vs. Angela Hall

Match

The lights in the Liacouras Center dim to a cool blue. A sudden CRACK of thunder echoes through the arena, and a streak of lightning flashes across the tron. The name "ANGELA HALL" explodes onto the screen in bold silver letters. The fans respond with a mix of cheers and chants as the opening guitar riff of her theme kicks in.

Angela Hall bursts through the curtain with determined focus, her eyes locked straight ahead. She doesn't play to the crowd — she doesn't need to. Every step down the ramp is purposeful, measured, the gait of a woman who's wrestled with champions and tasted gold. Blue strobes pulse with every beat, illuminating her in flashes of stormy light.

John Phillips: "Here comes the former United States Champion, Angela Hall — the pride of Omaha, Nebraska, and a woman who never, ever lets up once that bell rings!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but she's walking into a whole different kind of storm tonight, John. Troy Lindz is flamboyant, powerful, unpredictable — and let's be real, they've been talking a lot of trash about Angela Hall all week."

Angela makes her way up the steps, pausing just long enough to survey the crowd. Then, in one clean motion, she leaps onto the top rope, balancing there with perfect composure before springing down into the ring. She jogs to the far corner, stretching her arms along the top rope, eyes still locked ahead with laser focus.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall lost her United States Championship at The Great Southern Trendkill, but she took the loss with respect and dignity. Tonight, she's looking to bounce back in a big way against a debuting Troy Lindz."

Mark Bravo: "Respect and dignity don't win matches, John. Aggression and attitude do. And I think Troy Lindz might just have both in spades."

The fans clap along with Angela as she paces, ready for the fight, her jaw set. The thunderclap echoes again as her music fades, leaving the atmosphere charged and expectant.

The arena plunges into darkness, leaving only a single spotlight on the stage. A heartbeat-like thump echoes through the speakers, building anticipation. Then — the opening beats of "Born This Way" by Lady Gaga BLAST through the Liacouras Center. The crowd explodes, half cheering, half booing, all buzzing.

A shimmering curtain of red-and-black pyros cascades down, and through the sparks steps Troy Lindz. Curly red hair bouncing under the lights, they strike an immediate pose — chest out, arms wide, head tilted back as though they've just claimed Broadway's closing number. The smirk on their face says it all: this is their stage.

John Phillips: "Here comes Troy Lindz — flamboyant, powerful, unpredictable — making their official UTA debut tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "Debut? John, this isn't just a debut, this is a declaration! Look at Troy soaking it all in. This is what a STAR looks like."

Troy struts down the ramp, hips swaying with exaggerated flair. They stop every few steps — blowing a kiss to one section of fans, wagging a playful finger at another. A particularly loud pocket of cheers gets rewarded with Troy striking a vogue pose mid-ramp before spinning and pointing dramatically at Angela Hall in the ring.

Angela leans against the ropes, watching coldly, unimpressed. Troy, unfazed, laughs and shouts, "This is MY spotlight, honey!" before sashaying the rest of the way to ringside.

They slide gracefully onto the apron, flipping their hair back and leaning across the ropes as if daring the camera to catch every angle. Then, slowly, one leg at a time, Troy steps through the ropes and twirls to the center of the ring. Right on cue, the spotlight follows them, and red-and-black confetti begins to fall lightly from above.

Mark Bravo: "Angela Hall may be focused, but how do you prepare for someone like Troy Lindz? They're flamboyant, they're cocky, and they're just as dangerous as they are dramatic."

Troy drops to one knee in the middle of the ring, arms spread wide, shouting: "This is MY spotlight!" The Philly crowd roars with mixed reaction, showering them in boos and cheers alike. Then, in a flash, they leap to their feet, hitting the ropes with surprising intensity, bouncing back and forth as if showing they can go from theater to fight in the blink of an eye.

The music fades. The Philly crowd is roaring, half booing, half cheering, but fully engaged.

Angela Hall leans against the ropes, cold and focused, never taking her eyes off the flamboyant newcomer. Troy smirks, struts across the canvas, and suddenly stops inches from Angela. They raise a finger, pointing right at her face.

Troy Lindz: "I'm 'bout to cancel you, bitch."

The Liacouras Center erupts with a thunderous reaction — boos, gasps, and scattered cheers mixing into chaos. Angela's expression hardens, her jaw tightening as she straightens from the ropes, refusing to back down. Troy just laughs, tossing their curly red hair back and striking another pose, basking in the attention.

John Phillips: "Oh my! Did you hear that? Troy Lindz wasting no time throwing verbal bombs at Angela Hall!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the HBIC right there, John. Troy Lindz didn't come here to make friends — they came here to

make a statement."

The referee quickly steps between them, checking both competitors as the buzz in the arena reaches a fever pitch. Angela never breaks her stare. Troy never stops smirking. The anticipation for the opening bell is electric.

The referee calls for the bell — DING DING DING — and the Philly crowd comes alive. Angela Hall steps out of her corner with laser focus, her stance low and ready to engage. Across the ring, Troy Lindz struts forward slowly, hips swaying, lips curled in that infuriating smirk.

Troy extends one hand high, wagging their fingers, teasing a classic test of strength. Angela narrows her eyes and starts to raise her own hand... only for Troy to yank theirs away at the last second, twirling dramatically and flipping their curly red hair back with a flourish.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on! Troy Lindz is playing games already."

Mark Bravo: "That's not playing games, John — that's mind control! Troy knows how to get under someone's skin before they even lock up."

Angela clenches her jaw, stepping closer. Troy leans in, almost close enough to tie up — then pulls back again, wagging a playful finger at Angela before striking a pose toward the hard cam. The boos rain down, but Troy just grins wider.

This time Angela lunges forward, trying to force a lock-up, but Troy sidesteps with a graceful twirl, brushing a hand through their hair as if Angela were never there. Angela turns sharply, frustration growing, while Troy blows her a mocking kiss.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall has no time for this nonsense, but Troy Lindz is dragging this pace out just to aggravate her."

Mark Bravo: "And it's working! Look at Angela — she's already fuming. Troy's turning this ring into their personal runway."

Angela finally snaps, charging forward. This time she catches Troy by the wrist and yanks them into a stiff forearm to the chest, sending Troy staggering back into the corner. The crowd pops huge as Angela finally gets her hands on them.

Angela fires off a series of rapid strikes — forearm, knee, elbow — driving Troy against the turnbuckles. The referee steps in to warn her about the closed fists, but the crowd is on its feet as Angela unloads, sick of the games.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall said she wasn't going to play it safe tonight, and she's wasting no time showing Troy Lindz exactly what she's about!"

Troy stumbles out of the corner, clutching their chest, but still manages a defiant smirk, mouthing off at Angela even as the early momentum slips from their hands.

Angela continues hammering Troy with sharp forearms, driving them back against the ropes. The crowd is roaring as she goes to whip Troy across the ring, but the referee steps in, trying to separate them and give Troy a chance to breathe.

Angela protests, pushing forward to get at Troy again — and that's when it happens. Over the referee's shoulder, Troy suddenly jabs two fingers right into Angela's eye! Angela recoils instantly, clutching her face, as the crowd erupts in boos.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on! Did you see that? Troy Lindz just poked Angela right in the eye — using the referee as a shield!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what I call innovation, John. You gotta give 'em credit — Troy found the opening and took it. That's called HBIC tactics, baby!"

Angela stumbles blindly, and Troy immediately pounces, raking her back with their nails before yanking her down by the hair. The referee admonishes them, but Troy just raises their hands innocently, mouthing, "What? Me?" to the hard cam while the fans boo louder.

Troy drags Angela up and slams her head against the turnbuckle once, twice, three times, then struts away, twirling a hand through their hair like it was all effortless. Angela sags against the corner as Troy blows a mocking kiss her way before charging back in with a big boot right to the jaw.

John Phillips: "That boot nearly took Angela's head off!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at the flair! That's not just power — that's style. Troy Lindz knows how to make a statement."

Troy hooks Angela into a snap suplex, holding the bridge with exaggerated theatrics. The referee drops to count — ONE! TWO! — but Angela kicks out. Troy pops up and immediately does a flamboyant curtsy to the jeering fans, clearly enjoying every second of the spotlight.

Angela pushes herself up, still wincing from the eye poke, but Troy stays on her, stomping her down and then grinding a boot across her throat against the bottom rope. The referee counts, shouting for the break. Troy pulls away at the count of four, throwing their arms up in mock innocence, smirking wide as the boos rain down.

John Phillips: "This is disgraceful. Troy Lindz is bending every rule they can to stay in control."

Mark Bravo: "No, no — they're not bending the rules, John, they're redefining the game. That's what stars do."

Troy Lindz struts across the ring with their arms wide, soaking in the boos. Angela crawls up on one knee, blinking away the effects of the eye poke, but Troy saunters back over and mockingly pats her on the head. The crowd erupts in jeers as Troy poses toward the hard cam, smirking.

John Phillips: "That's just blatant disrespect right there. Angela Hall is a decorated champion — and Troy Lindz is treating her like a prop."

Mark Bravo: "Props can still steal the scene, John. And right now, Troy's stealing every second of this match!"

Angela swings upward with a wild forearm, but Troy sidesteps, grabs a fistful of her hair, and yanks her down hard to the mat. The referee warns them again, but Troy throws their free hand up innocently, mouthing "Oops!" before striking a pose and blowing a kiss toward the crowd.

Dragging Angela up, Troy whips her into the corner and follows with a hard clothesline — then spins theatrically after impact, twirling on their heel before wagging a finger toward the fans. Angela stumbles out, and Troy snaps her down with a running crossbody splash. Instead of covering, Troy rolls off, strikes a vogue pose on the mat, and then slowly drapes themselves across Angela for the most arrogant pin imaginable.

ONE! TWO! — Angela kicks out with authority, shoving Troy off. The fans cheer the resilience, but Troy just laughs, rolling back to their feet and wagging a finger at Angela as if scolding a child.

John Phillips: "Angela's not going down easy! You can see the fire still burning in her eyes."

Mark Bravo: "And that's fine, John — because the longer she fights back, the more Troy gets to showcase their artistry. Look at this — it's a performance!"

Troy drags Angela to the ropes, pressing her throat across the middle rope while leaning their full weight onto her back. The referee counts, and Troy breaks at four again — this time stepping back with their arms wide, strutting in a full circle around Angela as she coughs for breath. With the ref turned to warn them again, Troy suddenly delivers a quick

kick to Angela's ribs, drawing another loud boo from the Philly crowd.

They haul Angela up and deliver a series of knife-edge chops, each one punctuated by Troy pausing to blow a kiss into the air before striking again. Angela slumps against the ropes, chest stinging red, as Troy backs up, claps their hands dramatically, and charges in for a running big boot. The impact nearly flips Angela over the top rope!

John Phillips: "Troy Lindz is just dissecting Angela Hall right now — and rubbing salt in every wound with this showboating."

Mark Bravo: "It's called adding flair, John. You wouldn't understand — but the people watching at home? They'll never forget this."

Troy pulls Angela to center ring and hooks her up for a snap suplex, but instead of executing immediately, they take a moment to wink at the hard cam, mouthing, "Watch this!" before snapping Angela over with authority. They bridge the suplex, holding it with exaggerated flair, but Angela again powers out at two. Troy rolls away, slaps the mat once, then fans themselves dramatically with their hand as if Angela's effort is exhausting them.

The boos cascade louder as Troy mock-stomps a little dance step over Angela's body, then steps back to the ropes, striking one more pose. Angela starts pulling herself up again, battered but seething, as Troy grins, clearly convinced the match is theirs to finish whenever they please.

Troy Lindz struts toward Angela, reaching down with one hand as if to "help her up." Angela swats it away, fire suddenly sparking in her eyes. The Philly crowd rises, sensing the shift.

John Phillips: "Ohhh, look out! Angela Hall's had enough!"

Troy grabs Angela by the hair again, but this time Angela fires a stiff forearm into their ribs! The crowd pops huge. Another forearm! Then another! Troy staggers back, shocked, as Angela gets to her feet and unloads a rapid flurry of forearms and elbows, driving them across the ring.

The fans clap along as Angela whips Troy into the ropes — and when they rebound, she LEAPS with a Gale Force Knee straight to Troy's jaw! The impact sends Troy sprawling to the mat as the Liacouras Center erupts in cheers.

Mark Bravo: "No, no, no! This isn't in the script, John! Troy was in total control!"

Troy scrambles up, but Angela is on fire. She scoops them and DRIVES them down with a Cyclone DDT, bouncing their head off the canvas. The cover! ONE! TWO! — Troy just kicks out, rolling to their side. Angela pounds the mat, rallying the crowd even louder.

Angela yanks Troy back up and lifts them into position — DOUBLE POWERBOMB setup! The fans explode, knowing what's next. She slams Troy once, then hoists them back up for a second, shaking the ring with impact. Troy is reeling, the crowd chanting, "LET'S GO ANGELA!"

John Phillips: "Angela Hall is turning this whole match around! The former U.S. Champion is reminding everyone just why she held that gold!"

Angela signals to the crowd, storm clouds in her eyes, then bounces off the ropes and SPEARS Troy in half with a Thunderclap Spear! The fans go wild as Troy writhes on the mat, clutching their ribs. Angela rises, fists pumping, the Philly crowd firmly behind her comeback.

Troy Lindz staggers to their feet, clearly rattled after Angela's spear. Desperation creeps in as Angela moves back in for more. Troy suddenly reaches out and tries to rake the eyes again — but this time the referee catches their wrist mid-swipe and immediately steps in front of Angela!

John Phillips: "Finally! The referee saw it that time — Troy Lindz was trying to steal another shortcut!"

Mark Bravo: "Shortcut? That's just... uh... creative self-defense, John! Totally legal... okay, maybe not legal, but hey, you can't blame Troy for trying!"

The ref points directly at Troy, wagging a finger and threatening disqualification. Troy throws up both hands innocently, pacing in a slow circle, mouthing "Okay, okay! I promise!" before dramatically placing a hand over their heart. The crowd rains down boos, not buying a word.

Angela, however, doesn't wait. As Troy turns their back slightly, gesturing wildly to "calm the fans down," Angela BLASTS them from behind with a running forearm that knocks them flat into the corner! The Philly crowd erupts in cheers as Troy stumbles out, dazed, only to be met with another Gale Force Knee right under the chin!

John Phillips: "Angela Hall took advantage of the opening — and you can't blame her! Troy's been cheating all match long!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, now it's okay to bend the rules when Angela does it? Double standards, John!"

Troy flops to the mat, clutching their jaw, while Angela paces the ring, the energy in the Liacouras Center swelling. The crowd claps along, sensing that the end might be near.

The Philly crowd is on its feet as Angela signals to the fans — it's time to end this. She drags Troy up by the arm, muscles them into position, and hoists them high into the air.

John Phillips: "Here we go! Angela's looking for the Hurricane Hammer!"

With a roar, Angela spins and DRIVES Troy down with the Hurricane Hammer, planting them in the middle of the ring! The arena explodes in cheers as she hooks the leg tight.

Referee: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

The bell rings — DING DING DING — and Angela rolls to her knees, pumping her fist in relief as the fans erupt. The referee raises her arm as Troy rolls away, clutching their head, disbelief all over their face.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner... ANGELA HALL!"

Angela climbs the turnbuckle, raising her arms high as the fans chant her name. Blue strobes flicker in rhythm as she pounds her chest, pointing to the crowd and shouting, "This is for you!" Her determination burns as brightly as ever — a clear message that she isn't going anywhere despite losing her championship.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall needed this one. After losing the Women's United States Championship at The Great Southern Trendkill, she came into Philly tonight with something to prove — and she proved it in spades!"

Mark Bravo: "But let's not pretend Troy Lindz didn't look impressive too, John. They brought the flash, they brought the heat... they just got caught at the wrong moment. You can bet they'll have something to say about this."

Angela continues celebrating with the fans, while the camera cuts briefly to Troy at ringside, sitting against the barricade, glaring up at the ring in disbelief as confetti from earlier still clings to their hair.

Angela Hall continues her celebration up the ramp, slapping hands with fans, while inside the ring Troy Lindz slowly pulls themselves up. The referee tries to check on them, but Troy swats his hand away and suddenly SCREAMS, their voice echoing over the boos.

Troy Lindz: "THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN!"

The fans in the front row immediately shout back in unison — "YES IT DID!" Troy stomps a foot like a child denied candy and waves their arms wildly.

Troy Lindz: "NO! That didn't happen!"

"YES IT DID!" the crowd fires back, louder this time. Troy paces in a circle, pulling at their hair, then shrieks again.

Troy Lindz: "THAT! DIDN'T! HAPPEN!"

"YES IT DID!" The chant spreads now, rolling across the Liacouras Center as fans clap and laugh along, heckling Troy's meltdown. Red-faced, they finally slap both hands over their ears and stomp around the ring in a full tantrum, kicking the bottom rope.

John Phillips: "Troy Lindz is absolutely throwing a fit! That's about as childish a reaction as I've ever seen in a wrestling ring!"

Mark Bravo: "Hey, John, don't laugh. That's raw passion! That's somebody who just can't accept injustice — even if everybody else calls it reality."

Troy finally drops to their knees in frustration, still covering their ears as the "YES IT DID!" chant thunders through Philly. With a final stomp, Troy rolls out of the ring in a huff, storming up the ramp while the fans jeer and mock them all the way.

Legacy and Legends

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Melissa Cartwright is standing beside the UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine. The title gleams proudly over his shoulder as the Philly crowd pops at the sight of him.

Melissa Cartwright: "Jarvis, first of all, congratulations on your victory over Brick Bronson at The Great Southern Trendkill."

Jarvis gives a small nod, patting the championship on his shoulder.

Jarvis Valentine: "Thank you, Melissa. Brick Bronson brought a hell of a fight in that steel cage, but at the end of the night? This title stayed right where it belongs. With me."

Melissa Cartwright: "Now, the question on everyone's mind... what's next for Jarvis Valentine?"

Jarvis smirks, shifting the belt forward in his hands.

Jarvis Valentine: "What's next? Whoever Scott Stevens puts in front of me. I was excited at the idea of running it back with Chris Ross, but of course... Maxx Mayhem had other plans, didn't he? Doesn't matter. It's a new era in the UTA, but look who's still on top? Me."

Before Melissa can respond, the crowd suddenly comes alive as UTA Hall of Famer turned producer, Michael Owens, steps into frame. Older, grayer, but with that same spark in his eyes, he gets a huge ovation as fans recognize him on-screen for the first time in years.

Michael Owens: "Jarvis Valentine. Congratulations, son. What you've done with that championship, night after night... it's been incredible to watch. You've proven yourself against every challenge they've put in front of you."

Jarvis smiles, shaking Owens' hand.

Jarvis Valentine: "Coming from a Hall of Famer like you? That means the world, Michael. Thank you."

Michael Owens: "And I mean that. But... there's just one little thing I'd like to ask of you."

Jarvis Valentine: "Sure. What's that?"

Owens takes a breath, looking Jarvis dead in the eyes as the crowd noise builds.

Michael Owens: "See... I may be a Hall of Famer, but in my career? I never really got a shot at gold."

The Philly crowd erupts in cheers. Jarvis' eyebrows shoot up, surprised but amused by the boldness.

Jarvis Valentine: "Wait... are you serious right now? You'd like a match?"

Owens nods firmly, no hesitation in his voice.

Michael Owens: "Serious as a heart attack, champ."

Jarvis takes a moment, running a hand along the face of the title belt, then nods with a grin.

Jarvis Valentine: "You know what? It'd be an honor, sir. How about next week — you and me, for this championship right here?"

The fans roar as Owens nods with a proud smile, extending his hand once again. Jarvis accepts it, the two men shaking with respect as Melissa beams between them.

Michael Owens: "I like the sound of that, champ. Thank you. I'm looking forward to it."

Melissa Cartwright: "What a moment! Next week — a champion at his peak versus a Hall of Fame legend chasing the one accolade that escaped him. Legacy versus legends — right here in UTA!"

The shot lingers on Jarvis holding his title high with one hand while Owens stands proudly beside him, soaking in the ovation.

That Didn't Happen

Segment

The camera cuts backstage, where Troy Lindz storms through the hallway, still red-faced from their loss. Red-and-black confetti from their entrance is still stuck in their curly hair, and they stomp with exaggerated fury. Crew members scramble out of the way as Troy mutters to themselves, throwing their arms up.

They pass by UTA General Manager Scott Stevens, who pauses, then turns to watch Troy march past.

Scott Stevens: "Lindz... say... Troy... wait."

Troy stops with a loud huff, spins on their heel, and puts their hands on their hips.

Troy Lindz: "What?"

Stevens walks up, arms folded, voice calm but firm.

Scott Stevens: "I just wanted to say — that was an impressive debut. You might not have won, but you definitely showed why we hired you."

Troy shakes their head furiously, eyes wide with disbelief.

Troy Lindz: "Look here. Troy Lindz IS the business. I don't lose, honey — 'cause that didn't happen."

From the arena in the background, faint but growing louder, the fans can be heard chanting in unison: "YES IT DID! YES IT DID!" Troy slaps their hands over their ears, stomping once in frustration.

Troy Lindz: "I say who is and ain't. I make the rules. And I say Angela Hall cheated tonight!"

Stevens just sighs, rubbing his temples in frustration.

Scott Stevens: "You know what? Never mind. Forget it."

He shakes his head and walks off down the hall, defeated. Troy huffs again, tossing their hair back dramatically, then continues stomping down the corridor as the fans in the arena keep chanting, "YES IT DID!"

The Walk

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Marie Van Claudio strides down the corridor, fire in her eyes and determination in

her step. The fans watching on the tron cheer loudly as she adjusts her wrist tape, focused on the task ahead: tonight's main event trios tag match.

The shot switches to another hallway. Susanita Ybanez moves quickly toward gorilla position, rolling her shoulders, her expression intense. As she turns a corner, she's suddenly joined by Valkyrie Knox stepping out of a locker room. The two women stop for just a moment, exchanging a brief glance. There's no words — just tension, the kind that comes from both respect and rivalry. After a second, they nod subtly and continue walking side by side.

John Phillips: "You can feel that, Mark. Marie, Susanita, Valkyrie... all strong personalities, all incredible competitors. Tonight they'll have to coexist, whether they like it or not."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, I don't know about you, John, but that little glance between Susanita and Valkyrie? That wasn't exactly friendly. This team is a powder keg just waiting to blow."

The shot cuts again, this time to Amy Harrison — the UTA Women's Champion — walking confidently with Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex flanking her on each side. The trio look every bit the cohesive unit, moving in sync, Amy smirking wide as she carries her title proudly.

Rosa cracks her knuckles. Selena sneers at the camera. The fans erupt in boos as the screen splits briefly, showing both teams on the march toward battle.

John Phillips: "There they are — Amy Harrison and her new enforcers, Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex. That's a unit right there, Mark. Amy's got numbers, she's got muscle, and she's got momentum."

Mark Bravo: "Meanwhile, Marie, Susanita, and Valkyrie? They've got history. And history doesn't always make for good teamwork. This is going to get nasty, John."

The screen fades back to the arena as the commentators hype up the upcoming main event trios tag match.

Special Guest

Segment

The camera cuts back to ringside where the Philly crowd suddenly comes alive with cheers. The lens zooms in on the front row, where sitting with a beaming smile is none other than newly minted UTA Hall of Fame member, Hardcore Sandy. She gives a wave to the fans, the applause building into a chant of "SAN-DY! SAN-DY!"

John Phillips: "There she is, Mark — Hardcore Sandy! One of the toughest competitors to ever step into a UTA ring. A former Hardcore Champion and, let's not forget, the very first female UTA Champion in history!"

Mark Bravo: "And inducted into the Hall of Fame by none other than Marie Van Claudio herself. It's poetic, John — the legend who opened the door for the women's division sitting front row to watch the new generation tear it up tonight."

Sandy claps as the fans around her chant, holding up her Hall of Fame ring with a proud grin. The camera lingers a beat longer, catching her nodding toward the ring with respect, before panning back to the commentary desk.

John Phillips: "She paved the way, and now she gets a front-row seat for what promises to be an explosive main event."

Black Horizon 2025

Segment

The screen suddenly cuts to black. A slow, deep heartbeat echoes through the arena sound system. With each pulse, flashes of history burst across the screen — grainy footage of the very first UTA Pay Per View, fists flying, chairs crashing, and bloodied faces etched in legacy. The Spectre, Mr. Fantastic, Matt "The Hitman" Fury.

Narrator (voice-over): "It was the beginning. The very first Pay Per View. The night the world took notice. The night that

history was written in blood and glory..."

The heartbeat grows louder, faster. Clips flash: titles being raised, legends standing tall, rivalries exploding. Then, in bold white letters across a black screen —

The logo slams onto the screen, shaking the frame with an echoing boom. Purple and black smoke swirl around it as the heartbeat drops into a thundering bassline.

Narrator (voice-over): "Now... it returns."

The video cuts to modern highlights — Jarvis Valentine raising the UTA Championship, Valkyrie Knox and Marie Van Claudio facing off, Chris Ross brawling in the street fight with Eric Dane Jr., Amy Harrison's extravagant celebration, Maxx Mayhem's chaos, Gunnar Van Patton's destruction. The clips are rapid-fire, each bigger than the last.

Narrator (voice-over): "December 13th, 2025. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The world-famous 2300 Arena. The battleground where legends are born, where careers are defined, where chaos reigns supreme."

Fans are shown storming the barricades at past events, holding up signs, screaming in unison. Then, over a black screen with the *Black Horizon* logo pulsing in the center—

Narrator (voice-over): "Already SOLD OUT. And when the smoke clears... only those who survive the horizon will stand."

The video ends with a dramatic boom, the logo glowing bright white against the void before fading out completely. The Philly crowd erupts in anticipation.

John Phillips: "Black Horizon is BACK, Mark! December 13th, right here in Philadelphia at the 2300 Arena — and the place is already sold out!"

Mark Bravo: "You couldn't pay me to miss this one, John. The very first UTA Pay Per View was Black Horizon... and in 2025, history's about to be written all over again."

Conclusion

Card Subject to Change

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite