

East Coast Invasion: Raleigh, NC

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: December 5, 2025
Location: PNC Arena — Raleigh, North Carolina

Preview

The final stop before Black Horizon. To celebrate, Chance Von Crank returns to the UTA for one night only to host a very special WHEEL OF CHANCE episode of the United Toughness Alliance.

Tune in to see the Shock-N-Rolla himself select, 100% at random, competitors and their match types moments before they have to go out.

There is nothing like the WHEEL OF CHANCE, and Raleigh gets to experience it on December 5th.

Results

Disclaimer

Segment

This show was written in the spirit of fun. Keeping with the "Wheel of Chance" theme, both stipulations and match participants were chosen using online randomizers immediately prior to producing the matches. For the most part, AI was allowed to choose the winners as well, to allow for a completely random experience. We hope you enjoy.

WHEEL USED: <https://spinthewheel.app/nyveBh1Enj>

RANDOMIZER USED: random.org

Introduction

Segment

The screen fades in from black to a roar. The camera whips around the packed PNC Arena in Raleigh, North Carolina as thousands of fans clap, stomp, and wave handmade signs. A thunderous barrage of pyro erupts from the stage, painting the arena in golds, reds, and electric blues as the East Coast Invasion logo pulses on the giant screen.

The hard cam settles on the entrance stage, where a massive, spotlight-bathed WHEEL OF CHANCE stands beside the ramp, its multi-colored wedges gleaming under the lights. In the center of the wheel, bold letters spell out "WHEEL OF CHANCE" as the crowd lets out a fresh pop just seeing it in person.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to East Coast Invasion from the PNC Arena in Raleigh, North Carolina! It is December 5th, 2025, and you are looking live at the final stop before Black Horizon!"

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, listen to that noise! Raleigh showed up, the East Coast Invasion train is pulling into its last station, and somebody went and parked the most dangerous office supply in pro wrestling history right on our stage!"

The camera pushes in on the WHEEL OF CHANCE as it slowly spins on its axis, each colored wedge showing different match types. A roaming camera catches signs in the crowd: "SPIN THE WHEEL, FACE YOUR FATE," "RALEIGH LOVES CHAOS," and "PLEASE NO FIRST HUG MATCH."

John Phillips: "That right there is what tonight is all about. The WHEEL OF CHANCE. For the first time in years, the United Toughness Alliance is putting fate in the hands of a spin. Match types, opponents, careers, momentum heading into Black Horizon... all of it can change with a flick of the wrist."

Mark Bravo: "And what a wrist, John. The man doing the spinning tonight is a one-night-only special kind of lunatic. The Shock-N-Rolla himself. Chance. Von. Crank."

The crowd reaction swells at the mention of his name, a mix of nostalgia, excitement, and a little bit of dread. The big screen flashes old highlights of Chance Von Crank: wild brawls, unhinged promos, reckless dives, and that manic grin under flickering arena lights.

John Phillips: "Chance Von Crank returns to the UTA for one night only to host this special WHEEL OF CHANCE edition of East Coast Invasion. One of the most unpredictable, controversial figures in UTA history is in the house, and tonight, he's in charge of the wheel."

Mark Bravo: "Let me translate that for everybody at home: nobody is safe. You can lace your boots, you can warm up in the back, you can stare at the monitor and try to game-plan, but until that maniac spins that wheel, you have no idea what kind of nightmare you're walking into."

The camera cuts to a quick shot backstage: wrestlers watching the show open on a monitor, some pacing, some shaking their heads, others arguing about potential match types. A graphic slides onto the screen reading "MATCHES AND STIPULATIONS TO BE DETERMINED LIVE BY THE WHEEL."

John Phillips: "We've got a locker room full of competitors who have spent weeks fighting their way through this East Coast Invasion. Black Horizon is right around the corner, careers will be made and broken, and tonight is the last chance to build momentum before we get there."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, except usually you know what you're preparing for! Tonight? You might be thinking about a nice, simple wrestling match, and five minutes later you're in a Lumberjack Match, or a Tables Match, or whatever insanity they've crammed onto that wheel."

John Phillips: "Hardcore rules, No Disqualification, Falls Count Anywhere, maybe something as ridiculous as a Dance Off or Rock, Paper, Scissors... the point is, it's all on there, and it's all fair game. The Shock-N-Rolla calls your name, he spins that wheel, and Raleigh finds out right along with the rest of the world what you're about to walk into."

Mark Bravo: "And you know Chance Von Crank, John. He's not just gonna spin that thing and politely announce the results. He's gonna stir the pot, poke the bear, throw gasoline on every fire he can find. If you've got enemies, tonight is a bad night. If you don't? You'll probably make some before we go off the air."

The camera returns to the announce desk, where John Phillips and Mark Bravo sit in front of the roaring crowd. Behind them, the wheel looms in the distance, lit by a halo of white and gold spotlights.

John Phillips: "The road to Black Horizon runs straight through Raleigh, and every spin of that wheel could rewrite the card, reshape the rankings, and change who walks into Philadelphia with the edge."

Mark Bravo: "Tonight is not about comfort zones. It's about chaos, opportunity, and whether you can adapt when the universe throws something insane at you. Some careers will be made tonight, some reputations might get shattered, and if you're not ready when your name gets called, you're going to find out exactly why there's nothing like the WHEEL OF CHANCE."

The camera zooms in one more time on the WHEEL OF CHANCE as it gives a slow, ominous turn on its own. The crowd buzzes, sensing history. A lower-third graphic flashes across the screen: "TONIGHT: MATCHES AND STIPULATIONS DECIDED LIVE."

John Phillips: "Raleigh, North Carolina is on its feet, the wheel is ready, Chance Von Crank is in the building, and East Coast Invasion is officially underway!"

Mark Bravo: "Buckle up, folks. Spin the wheel... face your fate."

The shot lingers on the vibrating crowd and that gleaming, waiting wheel as the music swells and the show prepares to roll into its first segment of the night.

Spin the Wheel #1

Segment

The camera cuts from the roaring arena to the backstage area, where the massive WHEEL OF CHANCE stands even more intimidating up close. Beside it, a clear bingo-style tumbler sits on a waist-high podium, packed with white plastic balls, each one marked with a name. Production crew mill around the edges, giving the wheel a respectful distance.

A sudden pop from the live crowd bleeds into the audio as Chance Von Crank steps into the frame, swaggering in his own brand of chaos-chic: boots scuffed, grin wide, eyes wild. He pauses in front of the wheel, soaking in the distant roar, then pats the tumbler with a fond kind of menace.

Chance Von Crank: "Well I'll be... it is good to be back."

The crowd in the arena gets even louder at just the sound of his voice, the reaction echoing faintly through the concrete walls. Chance tilts his head, listening to the noise, then laughs under his breath.

Chance Von Crank: "Raleigh, North Carolina... East Coast Invasion... and the Shock-N-Rolla's been trusted with the keys to the whole damn funhouse. Tonight... is gonna be like you've never seen before."

He sweeps his arm between the wheel and the tumbling cage, presenting them like game show prizes from a particularly deranged late-night special.

Chance Von Crank: "The rules are real simple, darlin's. I spin the wheel..."

He slaps the wooden rim of the WHEEL OF CHANCE with a hollow thud.

Chance Von Crank: "That picks your match. Then I come over here..."

Chance saunters to the bingo roller, giving it a sharp rattle that sends the name-balls clacking around inside.

Chance Von Crank: "...and I draw two lucky souls outta this beautiful little tumbler right here. Two names. One match. No warning. No mercy."

He leans in toward the camera, eyes bright, that crooked smile never leaving his face.

Chance Von Crank: "So let's stop talkin' about it... and let's get this kicked off."

He straightens up and plants both hands on the wheel, taking a breath like he's about to pull the trigger on something irreversible.

Chance Von Crank: "First spin of the night. First taste of fate. Let's see what Raleigh's gettin'!"

Chance yanks the wheel into motion. It spins fast, colored wedges blurring together under the harsh backstage lights. The soft rat-a-tat-tat of the pegs clicking past each divider fills the air as the camera tightens on the motion, then slows, and slows...

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

The wheel finally drags to a stop, the pointer landing squarely on a bold wedge: "TABLES MATCH."

Chance Von Crank: "Ohohohh... there we go. First match stipulation from the wheel..."

Chance Von Crank: "...is a Tables Match."

A huge reaction erupts from the arena, the pop rumbling through the walls as if the building itself approves.

Chance Von Crank: "Somebody's goin' through lumber tonight, baby. Now... let's see who gets to fly."

He steps to the tumbler, grabs the handle, and gives it a long, theatrical spin. The balls churn and clatter inside until he stops it with a flourish. Chance opens the latch, reaches in, and rummages around with exaggerated care.

He pulls out the first ball, holds it up to his face, and squints, then grins wickedly.

Chance Von Crank: "First competitor... the WrestleZone Champion himself..."

Chance Von Crank: "Eric Dane Jr..."

The arena's distant reaction spikes again, a blend of cheers and heated noise for the champion being tossed straight into the fire.

Chance Von Crank: "Champ, hope you packed a spare spine. Now... who's ridin' that table trip with ya?"

He reaches back into the tumbler, stirring the remaining balls around. The camera zooms closer on his hand as he finally plucks another one out. He rolls it between his fingers, then lifts it toward his eyes.

Chance's smile falters for just a second, surprise flashing across his face. His eyebrows shoot up, and he barks out a quick, disbelieving laugh.

Chance Von Crank: "Oh... oh, that's good."

He turns the ball toward the camera, the name just visible.

Chance Von Crank: "The second..."

He looks back at the ball to make sure he's seeing it right, then back to the lens, grin returning twice as wide.

Chance Von Crank: "Susanita Ybanez!"

The reaction from the arena hits another level, a roar of shock and excitement. Chance laughs, delighted at the chaos he's just unleashed, and taps the ball against the side of the tumbler.

Chance Von Crank: "WrestleZone Champion Eric Dane Jr... Susanita Ybanez... Tables Match. First spin of the night, and we're already tryin' to break bodies in half."

He leans into the camera one more time, eyes shining with mischief.

Chance Von Crank: "Welcome back to the WHEEL OF CHANCE, sugar. And we are just gettin' started."

The camera lingers on the wheel and the rattling tumbler as the segment fades, the distant roar of the Raleigh crowd swelling under the ominous image of two names that never expected to collide like this tonight.

First Reactions

Segment

The feed cuts to the back, just steps away from where the WHEEL OF CHANCE looms. Eric Dane Jr is pacing in front of a concrete wall emblazoned with the East Coast Invasion logo, the WrestleZone Championship slung over his shoulder. Melissa Cartwright stands nearby with a microphone, trying to keep up with his restless movement.

Melissa Cartwright: "Eric, you just heard it like the rest of us. Chance Von Crank spins the wheel, and you are officially in the first WHEEL OF CHANCE match tonight. A Tables Match against Susanita Ybanez. What's your reaction?"

Dane Jr stops, running a hand through his hair before gripping the face of the belt, his jaw tight but eyes burning with intensity.

Eric Dane Jr: "What's my reaction? You're lookin' at it, Melissa. This right here is what happens when you put my name in a roller like it's bingo night and hope luck does the booking."

He taps the main plate of the WrestleZone Championship with his knuckles, the metallic clink echoing.

Eric Dane Jr: "I didn't ask for a Tables Match. I didn't ask for Chance Von Crank to come waltzin' back in and turn my night into a carnival act. But that's the job. I'm the WrestleZone Champion. When my name comes out of that tumbler, I don't pout, I don't hide, and I damn sure don't turn it down."

He smirks, but there's an edge to it—too much on the line with Black Horizon looming.

Eric Dane Jr: "Susanita Ybanez is tough. I've seen her fight, I know what kind of heart she's got. But tonight? Tonight she got drawn against the wrong name on the wrong night in the wrong kind of match. Because a Tables Match doesn't end with a roll-up or a flash pin. It ends when somebody's spine bounces off splinters."

Dane Jr steps closer to the camera, the belt sliding down into the crook of his arm.

Eric Dane Jr: "So Susanita, if you're watchin' this, understand something: I respect that you're fearless. I respect that you'll step up. But I am not walkin' into Black Horizon with momentum snapped in half because this wheel decided it needed a viral moment. I'll put you through that table if I have to... and if that's what it takes to make sure everyone remembers why I'm the one holding this."

He hoists the WrestleZone Championship higher, then nods sharply toward Melissa before pushing out of frame, leaving her to stare after him.

The shot shifts down the hallway. Further backstage, Susanita Ybanez stands near a road case, already in gear, taping her wrists. A few crew members glance up at a nearby monitor replaying the announcement. Susanita's eyes are wide but focused as another interviewer approaches with a mic.

Interviewer: "Susanita, you just found out along with everyone else—you've been randomly selected by Chance Von Crank. Tonight, you face the WrestleZone Champion Eric Dane Jr in a Tables Match. What's going through your mind right now?"

Susanita exhales, a short, disbelieving laugh slipping out as she finishes tearing the tape and smoothing it around her wrist.

Susanita Ybanez: "What's goin' through my mind? First thing... that wheel is loco."

She gestures back toward the general direction of the wheel with a small shake of her head, then cracks a smile that doesn't quite hide the nerves.

Susanita Ybanez: "I came to Raleigh ready for a fight. I didn't know who, I didn't know how, but I knew it was the last stop before Black Horizon and I wanted to make noise. What I didn't expect... was my name coming out after his."

She nods knowingly, acknowledging the gravity of the matchup.

Susanita Ybanez: "Eric Dane Jr is the WrestleZone Champion for a reason. He's strong, he's smart, he's clutch when it counts. A normal match against him? That's already a mountain. But a Tables Match? That means if I make one mistake, if I take one bad fall in the wrong place, my night is over."

Her expression hardens, shoulders squaring as she looks directly into the camera now.

Susanita Ybanez: "But that also means if he makes one mistake... I can put the champion through wood and show the whole world that Susanita Ybanez isn't just happy to be here. I didn't come from Paraguay to play it safe. I didn't come to UTA to be background noise while everybody else lines up for Black Horizon."

She slaps her taped fists together once, the sharp crack echoing off the hallway walls.

Susanita Ybanez: "Tonight, the wheel picked me. It picked him. So I'm gonna take this fear..."

She taps her chest once.

Susanita Ybanez: "...turn it into fire... and if I have to go through a table to prove I belong, then I'm dragging Eric Dane

Jr there with me. One way or another, Raleigh is going to remember my name."

She gives the camera one last determined look, then turns back toward the direction of the gorilla position, rolling her shoulders out as the shot fades back toward ringside.

Spin the Wheel #2

Segment

The camera cuts backstage again, right back to the shrine of insanity: the towering WHEEL OF CHANCE and the bingo-style tumbler full of names. Chance Von Crank stands in front of both, still buzzing from what he just watched, a crooked grin on his face as he listens to the distant roar of the crowd after the first match.

Chance Von Crank: "Now that is how you start a party. One spin. One crash. One champion picking splinters out his backside. Raleigh, y'all are welcome."

He pats the side of the wheel affectionately, as if it's a living thing. Before he can say more, a low, unsettling chuckle seeps into the frame from off-screen. The camera pans just a bit as Maxx Mayhem steps into view, shoulders shaking with amusement, eyes bright with that familiar brand of barely-contained violence.

Maxx Mayhem: "Chaos, brother..."

He looks up at the wheel like it's a religious icon, tracing an invisible line over one of the wedges with his eyes.

Maxx Mayhem: "Now that... that first match? That was art. Pure, unfiltered, spine-snappin' artwork. This wheel..."

He taps the wooden rim with two fingers, then presses his palm flat against it.

Maxx Mayhem: "This is pure, unadulterated chaos. This is exactly what the UTA needed."

Chance nods along, delighted, eyes twinkling at a kindred spirit appreciating his favorite toy.

Chance Von Crank: "You know what, big man? I knew you had taste. If you love chaos so much..."

He gives Maxx an exaggerated once-over, then jerks a thumb at the wheel.

Chance Von Crank: "...why don't you go ahead and spin it for the next match stipulation?"

Maxx's face splits into a wide, demented grin. He lets out a low cackle that climbs in pitch as he steps closer to the wheel, flexing his fingers like he's about to put hands on something sacred.

Maxx Mayhem: "You're gonna let me spin it?"

He looks straight into the camera, eyes wild.

Maxx Mayhem: "Oh, we are so cooked tonight."

Chance spreads his arms, inviting the chaos.

Chance Von Crank: "Have at it, darlin'. Show Raleigh what fate looks like when Mayhem puts his hands on it."

Maxx grabs the side of the wheel, takes a breath like he's savoring the moment, then yanks it into motion with a big, theatrical spin. The wedges blur together, the familiar rhythmic clicking echoing down the hallway as the pointer bounces over each divider.

Click. Click. Click. Slower. Slower. The wheel crawls to a stop on a wedge that pops clear on the camera: "TUXEDO MATCH."

Mark Bravo (voiceover from commentary): "Oh, you have got to be kidding me."

John Phillips (voiceover): "We just went from tables and splinters to... this."

Back at the wheel, Maxx leans in, reading the wedge, then throws his head back and laughs. Loud. Unhinged.

Maxx Mayhem: "Tuxedo Match."

He practically spits the words out, delighted.

Maxx Mayhem: "Chaos."

He barks out another jagged laugh, eyes glittering as he imagines the possibilities.

Maxx Mayhem: "You know what you can do with a tuxedo, Chance? You can class somebody up, dress 'em like a penguin, make 'em feel real important... and then you can rip it all off piece by piece in front of the world."

He runs a hand over his beard, almost salivating at the thought.

Maxx Mayhem: "Who's gonna be in it, huh? Who we gonna humiliate tonight?"

Chance gestures grandly toward the tumbler, that ever-present grin creeping back.

Chance Von Crank: "Good question. Let's find out."

He steps to the bingo-style roller and gives it a sharp spin. The plastic balls clatter around inside, white blurs bouncing off each other until he stops the handle and pops open the hatch.

Chance reaches in, rummages around with exaggerated care, then plucks out a ball and holds it up to his face, squinting for show.

Chance Von Crank: "First person in the Tuxedo Match is gonna be..."

He looks at the ball. His mouth curls into a slow, wicked smile. He turns his head slightly toward Maxx.

Chance Von Crank: "...why, it is you."

He flips the ball around to the camera.

Chance Von Crank: "Maxx Mayhem is the first person in the Tuxedo Match."

Maxx's laughter stops on a dime. His eyebrows shoot up. He looks from the ball to Chance, then down at his own gear.

Maxx Mayhem: "I do not even own a tuxedo, gov."

Chance can barely contain himself.

Chance Von Crank: "I'm sure the UTA will be more than happy to provide one. Maybe something with tails. Maybe somethin' with a little bow tie. Real classy. Real tear-away."

Maxx lets the idea settle in, then the grin returns, darker this time.

Maxx Mayhem: "You're gonna put this face in a tuxedo and then tell somebody to try and strip it off? Oh, that's cruel. I like it."

He leans in closer to Chance, eyes narrowed in anticipation.

Maxx Mayhem: "So who's the lucky soul that's gonna dance with me?"

Chance just laughs and reaches back into the tumbler, shaking the remaining balls around with a rattling clack. He pulls another one free, rolls it between his fingers, and then checks the name.

His eyebrows jump, impressed.

Chance Von Crank: "Oh, that is lovely."

He looks at the camera, then at Maxx, milking the beat of suspense.

Chance Von Crank: "Your opponent..."

He lifts the ball up between them.

Chance Von Crank: "...Rosa Delgado. From The Empire."

Maxx's tongue runs over his teeth as he processes it. A slow, pleased smile spreads across his face.

Maxx Mayhem: "Rosa Delgado in a tuxedo match with me."

He chuckles, low and dangerous.

Maxx Mayhem: "Why ain't that just lovely."

He turns his head slightly toward the imaginary direction of the women's locker room, as if she can hear him through the walls.

Maxx Mayhem: "Rosa, Empire, whoever wants to hold your little jacket for you... you just got invited to the strangest dance of the night."

Maxx looks back to Chance, cackling again.

Maxx Mayhem: "Guess I need to go get me a tuxedo on."

He claps Chance on the shoulder a little too hard, then strides out of frame, still laughing to himself at the thought of the chaos to come. Chance watches him go, then turns back to the wheel with a satisfied nod as the camera slowly pulls out on the image of the WHEEL OF CHANCE and the rattling tumbler, both still hungry for more names.

Ringside

Segment

The camera fades back to ringside, the roar of the Raleigh crowd still humming after the chaos we've already seen. Broken table debris is gone, but the energy it left behind hangs like static in the air.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to East Coast Invasion here at the PNC Arena in Raleigh, North Carolina. If you're just joining us, you missed one of the wildest opening matches we've seen in a long, long time. The WHEEL OF CHANCE picked a Tables Match... and then the WrestleZone Champion, Eric Dane Jr, put himself through a table."

Mark Bravo: "He didn't just lose, John, he turned himself into modern art. Shooting Star, empty table, straight through the wood. Susanita Ybanez didn't just survive, she watched the champ blow himself up and walked out of here with the biggest win of her UTA career."

John Phillips: "That is a statement heading into Black Horizon. The WrestleZone Champion lying in splinters on the very last stop before Philadelphia, and Susanita Ybanez standing tall because she had the awareness to move when it mattered most. That's the kind of moment that changes how the entire locker room looks at you."

Mark Bravo: "And that's the point of tonight, right? You sign up for a WHEEL OF CHANCE show, you sign up for complete loss of control. Eric rolled the dice on a highlight, and the wheel made sure he paid for it."

The camera cuts briefly to a replay: Eric crashing through the table in slow motion, the crowd exploding, Susanita rolling away in shock. Back at the desk, both commentators look amped and slightly incredulous.

John Phillips: "And if you thought that was unpredictable, take a look at what's next. We head backstage, Maxx Mayhem walks up to Chance Von Crank, tells him he loves chaos, spins that wheel himself... and what does the WHEEL OF CHANCE land on?"

A graphic appears on the screen: "UP NEXT: TUXEDO MATCH – MAXX MAYHEM VS ROSA DELGADO." A little bow

tie icon spins in the corner.

Mark Bravo: "A Tuxedo Match. You heard that right. In Raleigh, on the final stop before Black Horizon, Maxx Mayhem is about to be stuffed into a tux and thrown into a match where the whole idea is to strip your opponent out of theirs until they are not exactly ring-ready anymore."

John Phillips: "The WHEEL OF CHANCE picked the stipulation. Then Chance Von Crank reaches into that tumbler, pulls a name, and the first person he draws for this Tuxedo Match is... Maxx himself. And if that weren't enough, name number two is Rosa Delgado of The Empire."

Mark Bravo: "You want whiplash? We just went from splintered tables and near-broken ribs to Maxx Mayhem and Rosa Delgado trying to tear each other out of tuxedos. That is the kind of tonal swerve only this wheel can give you."

John Phillips: "And do not let the comedy of the stipulation fool you. For Maxx, this is another excuse to hurt somebody and humiliate them. For Rosa Delgado, this is a chance to represent The Empire on a night where everyone is watching, and embarrassment is just as dangerous as any pinfall."

Mark Bravo: "Plus, you dress a monster like Maxx Mayhem up in a tuxedo and tell somebody to try to peel it off? That is a horror movie waiting to happen. Rosa's gutsy, she's ruthless when she needs to be, but she is stepping into a very weird kind of storm tonight."

John Phillips: "You never know what is going to happen when the WHEEL OF CHANCE is involved, and we are proving that in real time tonight. First match, the champion sacrifices himself to the tables. Next up, a Tuxedo Match between Maxx Mayhem and Rosa Delgado that nobody in this building could have predicted an hour ago."

Mark Bravo: "Chaos is running the show, John. Chance Von Crank is smiling, the wheel is spinning, and Raleigh, North Carolina is about to watch Maxx Mayhem try to redefine what 'formal wear' means in the United Toughness Alliance."

The camera pulls back for a wide shot of the buzzing crowd as the graphic for the upcoming Tuxedo Match lingers on-screen, setting the stage for the next bizarre turn of the night.

No Doubt

Segment

Backstage, the UTA logo glows on a monitor behind Melissa Cartwright as she stands in a crowded hallway, microphone in hand. Medical staff wheel a crate of supplies past, and just off her shoulder, Eric Dane Jr leans against a road case, one arm wrapped around his ribs, his face still flushed and marked from his Tables Match earlier in the night.

Melissa Cartwright: "Eric, earlier tonight the WHEEL OF CHANCE put you in a Tables Match with Susanita Ybanez, and it ended with you driving yourself through a table. How does a loss like that affect you heading into Black Horizon?"

Eric stares off for a second, jaw working, clearly not thrilled to even be having this conversation on camera. He adjusts the strap of an ice pack taped around his midsection, then looks at Melissa with a tight, forced half-smile.

Eric Dane Jr: "You know, Melissa, it is really somethin' when the first question anybody has for you isn't about being the WrestleZone Champion, it's about one bad landing on a bad night."

He shakes his head, eyes flicking briefly toward the camera before he continues.

Eric Dane Jr: "I am not gonna stand here and pretend that didn't hurt. You go full rotation into a table and it feels like your lungs are trying to escape your body. My back hurts, my ribs hurt, my pride hurts. All of it."

He straightens a little, pushing off the road case, stubbornness overriding the pain for a moment.

Eric Dane Jr: "But let's get something straight. That was not Susanita Ybanez suddenly figuring me out. That was not some big moral victory where the whole world finally sees 'who I really am.' I made a call. I saw the opening, I wanted the exclamation point, and I misjudged it by about half a second. She moved. I crashed. That is the rule in a Tables Match. You go through it, you lose."

He points to his own chest with two fingers, owning it even as his tone gets sharper.

Eric Dane Jr: "That is on me. Nobody else. Not the wheel, not the referee, not Black Horizon, not my last name. Me."

Melissa nods, clearly surprised by the small moment of accountability.

Melissa Cartwright: "So if it is on you, does that change anything about your mindset going into Black Horizon? Does this plant any doubt, physically or mentally, about what you can do on that stage?"

Eric laughs once, short and humorless, then winces as the movement jars his ribs.

Eric Dane Jr: "You really wanna ask the Dane kid about doubt on the last stop before the big show."

He paces a small circle, collecting his thoughts, then comes back into frame, eyes a little harder now.

Eric Dane Jr: "Look, Black Horizon was never gonna be easy. You do not walk into a show like that at one hundred percent, no matter what your name is. Everybody is nursing something. Everybody is taped up somewhere the camera cannot see. So, yeah, now I am going into Philly with sore ribs and a back that feels like it got hit by a bus. That is real."

He holds up a hand before she can follow up.

Eric Dane Jr: "But doubt? No. What it does is sharpen things. Tonight was a reminder that this is not a video package, it is not a highlight reel you can just rewind and fix. I tried to make a moment out of Susanita and the only moment I made was me putting myself through a table on national television."

He leans in a bit, talking more directly to the camera now.

Eric Dane Jr: "So at Black Horizon, I am not walking in there trying to impress anybody. I am not out to prove to the internet that I can spin in the air more times than the next guy. I am walking in there to win. Period. If that means leaving the pretty stuff at home for one night and grinding somebody into the mat with the basics, then that is what I will do."

Melissa studies him for a moment, then presses on.

Melissa Cartwright: "And what about Susanita? You mentioned this loss being on you, but she still walks out with the win over the WrestleZone Champion. Do you feel like she earned a little more of your respect tonight?"

Eric exhales through his nose, a reluctant smile pulling at the corner of his mouth.

Eric Dane Jr: "Look... I am not blind. She is tough. She took a lot of shots tonight and kept coming. She did not get scared by the tables, she did not back down from the moment. The wheel pulled her name right next to mine, and she did not blink."

He nods once, grudging but honest.

Eric Dane Jr: "So yeah, she earned something. She earned being on that replay loop, and she earned every conversation people are gonna have about her on the way to Philly."

The nod turns into a smirk, the edge creeping back into his voice.

Eric Dane Jr: "But do not get it twisted. One night of the WHEEL OF CHANCE does not rewrite the whole story. I am still the WrestleZone Champion. I am still walking into Black Horizon with that title. And if Susanita ever finds herself

across from me again without tables involved, she is gonna find out that I do not make the same mistake twice."

Melissa turns slightly back toward the camera as Eric adjusts the ice pack and starts to step out of frame.

Melissa Cartwright: "So a painful reminder, but a focused one. Eric Dane Jr, sore, maybe bruised, but more locked in than ever heading into Black Horizon."

Eric pauses at the edge of the shot, looking back over his shoulder.

Eric Dane Jr: "Black Horizon is where I prove I am more than my last name, Melissa. Tonight hurt... but it just made sure I do not forget that."

He limps down the hallway, trainers falling in step beside him as Melissa watches him go, the WHEEL OF CHANCE logo flickering faintly on the monitor behind her as the scene fades out.

Spin the Wheel #3

Segment

The cameras cut back backstage, and once again we find ourselves at the altar of chaos: the towering WHEEL OF CHANCE and the rattling tumbler of names. Chance Von Crank is front and center, head tilted back as he finishes chugging a bottle of PRIME, neon label catching the light.

He lowers the empty bottle, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, and lets out a loud, unapologetic belch that echoes off the concrete walls.

Chance Von Crank: "'Scuse me. Had to refuel. This much entertainment don't run on air, baby."

He casually tosses the empty bottle off to the side, where it clatters across the floor out of frame. Then he turns back to the wheel, rolling his shoulders like a man warming up for one more bad idea.

Chance Von Crank: "All right, Raleigh. We've put somebody through a table, we've ruined a tux rental... let's see what kinda nonsense the universe has got for us next."

He grabs the edge of the wheel with both hands, gives the camera a wink, and yanks it into a hard spin. The wedges blur into a kaleidoscope of colors as the familiar clicking starts up again, the pointer rattling over each divider.

Click. Click. Click. The wheel slows. The wedges begin to separate again. The pointer skips, hesitates, and then finally settles on a brightly colored slice labeled: "FIRST HUG MATCH."

Chance just stares at it for a second. Even for him, this is a lot.

Chance Von Crank: "...huh."

He leans in, squinting, then taps the wording with one finger.

Chance Von Crank: "So, it would appear, for this one... the first person to hug their opponent... wins."

He raises an eyebrow at the camera, half amused, half exhausted by his own creation.

Chance Von Crank: "Look, I told y'all at the top of the night this thing did whatever it wanted. I did not say it was always gonna be violent. Sometimes it's just weird."

He lets out a long sigh, shoulders dropping for a moment before he smirks again.

Chance Von Crank: "All right. First Hug Match it is. You two wanna win, you better get real friendly, real fast."

He steps over to the tumbler and grabs the handle, giving it a vigorous spin. The white balls clatter and bounce inside, the sound almost comically dramatic given the stipulation on the board.

When it slows, Chance stops the drum, pops open the hatch, and reaches inside with a flourish, rooting around like

he's elbow-deep in destiny.

Chance Von Crank: "Let's see who's gonna get sentimental tonight."

He pulls out a ball, rolls it between his fingers, then lifts it up to read the name. A slow grin crawls across his face.

Chance Von Crank: "First competitor in the First Hug Match..."

He turns to the camera.

Chance Von Crank: "...Valentina Blaze."

The crowd reaction in the arena can almost be heard in the distance, a muffled pop as her name hits the screen graphic.

Chance Von Crank: "Oh, that is a good one. Valentina Blaze. Fire, attitude, not exactly Miss Cuddle."

He looks back at the tumbler and rubs his hands together, eyes glinting with mischief.

Chance Von Crank: "Now... I am gonna be honest with you. For purely professional reasons, I am kinda hopin' this next one is another lady. What's hotter than two women havin' to hug it out to win, huh?"

He winks shamelessly at the camera, then reaches back into the tumbler, digging around with exaggerated care.

He pulls out the second ball, lifts it to his face, and the grin dies on his lips, replaced by a look that is equal parts surprise and delight.

Chance Von Crank: "Oh... boy."

He bites back a laugh, then slowly turns the ball toward the camera.

Chance Von Crank: "Your second competitor in the First Hug Match..."

Chance Von Crank: "...CHRIS ROSS."

The moment hangs for a second, as if even the air is processing the combination. First Hug Match. Valentina Blaze. Chris Ross.

Chance Von Crank: "Well. That is not what I had on my bingo card tonight."

He chuckles, shaking his head.

Chance Von Crank: "Valentina Blaze, who would probably rather set you on fire than hug you... and Chris Ross, who might just try to suplex his way out of affection."

He slaps the side of the wheel affectionately, once more resigned to the madness.

Chance Von Crank: "First one to hug the other wins, kids. You heard the wheel. I don't make the rules..."

He pauses, then smirks.

Chance Von Crank: "All right, I do make the rules, but I wrote this one on a dare."

He looks dead into the camera, the grin widening.

Chance Von Crank: "Raleigh, you wanted a weird night? You got it. First Hug Match. Valentina Blaze versus Chris Ross. Somebody's about to get real uncomfortable on national television."

The camera slowly pulls back on Chance standing between the wheel and the tumbler, still chuckling to himself, as the graphic for the upcoming First Hug Match fades in over the shot.

Let the Spotlight Rest

Segment

We open in a quiet UTA trainer's room. Not the chaotic post-show rush — this is later in the night, when most of the bodies have cleared out and the buzz has faded to a low, distant hum.

A TV in the corner is on mute, running a highlight package from Survivor and the last couple of shows. Quick cuts: big moments, big spots, big reactions...

And then, there it is again:

Gunnar Van Patton's fist, thrown like a missile.

Troy Lindz taking the shot and crumpling.

The referee's hand hitting three.

The timestamp graphic in the corner reads from weeks ago, but the image still feels fresh.

On the exam table sits Troy Lindz. No bruise now — the jaw looks fine. The damage is older, healed on the outside. They're in partial gear: boots still on, tights, a simple black tank top instead of their usual full spectacle. Their ring jacket, all sequins and drama, hangs over the back of a nearby chair like a shed skin.

Troy is hunched slightly forward, forearms on their thighs, fingers laced together. Their eyes keep flicking up to the TV every time that punch sneaks into the montage. It's been weeks, but production still loves that clip.

Trainer (off-camera): "You're good. Looseness in the neck's gone, reflexes are clear. Whatever you took at Survivor, you've bounced back from it physically."

Troy forces a small smile and nods.

Troy Lindz: "Physically. Yeah."

The trainer pats their shoulder and exits. The door shuts with a soft click, leaving Troy alone with the muted TV and their thoughts.

The highlight package rolls again. There's Troy a week after Survivor — working a match, hitting Center Stage a half-beat slower than usual. Another show — a near-loss they barely pull out. Commentary captions scroll silently along the bottom: "IS TROY OFF THEIR GAME?" "SURVIVOR STILL IN THEIR HEAD?"

Troy exhales slowly, eyes narrowing at the words more than the punch.

Voice (soft): "You know... you can turn that off."

Troy doesn't jump. It's like they expected it. They close their eyes briefly, then look toward the doorway.

Eli Creed stands there, one hand on the frame, dressed in his usual white shirt, sleeves rolled up. Calm. Measured. The hum of the arena sits behind him like white noise.

Troy Lindz: "You ever use a door like a normal person, or do you just materialize whenever doubt shows up?"

Eli steps inside, letting the door close behind him.

Eli Creed: "If you want me gone, say the word."

Troy considers it, really considers it, then shakes their head once.

Troy Lindz: "If I wanted you gone, I wouldn't be sitting in the same room as your greatest hits reel."

They nod at the TV — another shot of their own near-loss from last week flickers by.

Eli Creed: "How many times do you think you've watched that punch in the last three weeks?"

Troy leans back a bit, resting their hands on the table edge.

Troy Lindz: "Enough that I can feel it without seeing it."

They tap their jaw lightly.

Troy Lindz: "But the docs keep telling me I'm fine."

Eli Creed: "Physically."

He says it the same way they did a moment ago. It lands heavier.

Eli walks over to the TV, studies it for a beat, then looks back at Troy.

Eli Creed: "First week after Survivor, you were still loud. Still bright. 'It happens, baby, I'll bounce back.'"

He mimics the cadence, not mockingly, but precisely.

Eli Creed: "Second week? You hesitated. Just for a second. I saw it. They saw it."

He gestures toward the invisible crowd.

Eli Creed: "This week? You're in here. With the jacket off. Watching it alone."

Troy's jaw tightens. They look at the jacket without meaning to.

Troy Lindz: "I can't keep pretending it didn't rattle me."

There it is: the admission. Not a big speech. Just a sentence spoken like it hurts.

Eli nods once, like he's been waiting to hear exactly that.

Eli Creed: "Good."

Troy snorts.

Troy Lindz: "You're the only one who thinks 'rattled' is good."

Eli Creed: "It means the surface cracked. And once the surface cracks, there's finally room for something real to come through."

Troy's eyes harden slightly.

Troy Lindz: "You keep saying 'real' like everything I've built is fake. My look. My entrance. The way I move. The way I live."

They gesture to themselves again — less flamboyant, more defensive now.

Troy Lindz: "This isn't a costume I take off when I clock out. This is me."

Eli's gaze takes them in — head to toe — but his voice stays soft.

Eli Creed: "I never said it wasn't you. I said it isn't all of you."

That sits there like a loaded statement.

Troy Lindz: "And you think you're the one who's gonna dig out the rest?"

Eli Creed: "I think you're tired of carrying the show twenty-four hours a day."

He nods at the jacket again.

Eli Creed: "When's the last time you walked down a hallway and didn't feel like you had to perform just to prove you belong in it?"

Troy opens their mouth to fire back... and nothing comes out. A beat. Another.

Troy Lindz (quieter): “That’s the deal, Eli. I stop performing, I fade into the background. I’ve been fighting that my whole life.”

Eli doesn’t smirk. He doesn’t pounce. He just nods with a hint of sad understanding.

Eli Creed: “And how’s that fight going... these last three weeks?”

Troy looks down at their hands. The silence answers for them.

Eli Creed: “Close your eyes.”

Troy scoffs automatically.

Troy Lindz: “We did this bit already.”

Eli Creed: “Last time, you did it to prove you weren’t scared. This time, do it because you’re tired of pretending you’re not.”

The line hits harder now that weeks have passed. Troy hesitates... then, slowly, closes their eyes.

The sound of the muted TV keeps flickering—bright images with no audio, just light on their eyelids.

Eli Creed (soft): “Imagine the music cuts. The pyro dies. The crowd forgets the catchphrases.”

His voice is steady, guiding, almost hypnotic.

Eli Creed: “They strip your name off the poster. The hashtag stops trending. No cameras. No jacket. No spotlight.”

The camera pushes in tight on Troy’s face — eyes closed, jaw clenched, breathing a little quicker.

Eli Creed: “What’s left?”

A long pause. It feels like the whole arena is holding its breath, even though they’re not here to see this.

Troy Lindz (barely above a whisper): “I... don’t know.”

The honesty hangs in the air. No bravado. No tagline. Just that.

Eli lets it sit, then reaches over and clicks the TV off. The room falls into a deeper quiet without the flickering images.

Eli Creed: “That’s what I’m offering.”

Troy opens their eyes, blinking into the stillness.

Troy Lindz: “You’re offering... me not knowing who I am?”

Eli’s lips curl into a faint, almost kind smile.

Eli Creed: “I’m offering you the chance to find out who you are when nobody’s watching. When you’re not fighting to stay seen every second of every day.”

He takes a step back, deliberately giving Troy space instead of closing in.

Eli Creed: “You’ve spent your entire career making sure the world can’t look away from you. But in three seconds... Gunnar made sure you couldn’t look away from yourself.”

Troy swallows hard. The truth of that stings more than the punch ever did.

Troy Lindz: “And if I let you... ‘help’...”

The word tastes strange in their mouth.

Troy Lindz: “What happens to everything I’ve built? Everything I am out there?”

Eli glances briefly at the jacket, then back to Troy.

Eli Creed: "Maybe it changes. Maybe it doesn't. I'm not here to erase you, Troy. I'm here to make sure the person underneath all of that"—

He nods at the gear, the persona, the invisible spotlight.

Eli Creed: "—is strong enough to survive when it flickers."

Another long beat. Troy looks at their jacket... then at the door Eli came through... then back at Eli himself.

Troy Lindz (quiet, conflicted): "I've been trying to drown this out for three weeks."

They gesture vaguely to their own head.

Troy Lindz: "The replays. The whispers. The second-guessing. And somehow, you're making it louder... and clearer at the same time."

Eli doesn't deny it.

Eli Creed: "That's what the bend feels like."

Troy lets that sit. Then, finally:

Troy Lindz: "If I... if I walked into one of your rooms... one of your 'sessions'..."

They can't quite look at him when they say it.

Troy Lindz: "I'd be doing it on my terms. Not because I got dropped. Not because I lost. Because I decided to."

Eli nods slowly, respectfully.

Eli Creed: "Exactly."

A beat.

Troy Lindz: "Then maybe... I'm closer to that door than I thought."

They don't smile. They don't posture. They just sit with the admission, breathing a little easier and a little heavier at the same time.

Eli steps toward the door, hand on the knob, but pauses to look back at them.

Eli Creed: "When you're ready to see who's left when the spotlight rests... you'll know where to find me."

He exits. The click of the door closing sounds louder than it should.

The camera lingers on Troy. Alone. Jacket glittering on the chair, TV dark, no noise left except their own breathing.

They glance at the door Eli left through... and for the first time, they don't look away quickly.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

"BREAK. BEND..."

Fade out before "BUILD" appears.

Spin the Wheel #4

Segment

We cut backstage once more to the ever-spinning heart of tonight's madness: the WHEEL OF CHANCE and the rattling tumbler of names. Chance Von Crank is back in frame, one hand resting on the wheel like it's an old friend he's already gotten into too much trouble with.

Chance Von Crank: "Raleigh, y'all holdin' up out there? We've had tables, tuxedos, hugs... I dunno about you, but I'm gettin' a little thirsty."

He gives the camera a conspiratorial grin, then slaps the rim of the wheel.

Chance Von Crank: "Let's see what else this beautiful mistake has got in it tonight."

He hauls the wheel into another big spin. The wedges blur, pointer clacking as it races around and around. The sound echoes down the hallway — click-click-click — before it starts to slow. The colors separate, the pointer bounces... and finally lands on a wedge labeled in bold letters:

"ALL BEERS COUNT MATCH."

Chance leans in, then bursts into laughter.

Chance Von Crank: "Oh, now this is my kind of stipulation."

He turns toward the camera, eyes bright.

Chance Von Crank: "For those of y'all playin' along at home, an All Beers Count Match means the two competitors start out by downin' a nice cold one, and they gotta keep drinkin' throughout the match. Beers at ringside, beers on the apron, beers in the corners... you wanna win, you better be able to fight and drink without fallin' on your face."

He pats his own chest proudly.

Chance Von Crank: "So basically, it's my version of cardio."

Chance steps to the tumbler and gives it a hard spin. The plastic balls rattle around inside, white blur bouncing against the glass. He stops it with a flourish, pops open the hatch, and fishes around for the first name.

Chance Von Crank: "Let's see who's takin' this little beer run with us."

He pulls a ball out, rolls it in his palm, then looks up with a satisfied grin.

Chance Von Crank: "First competitor in the All Beers Count Match... Gunnar Van Patton."

There's a distant pop from the arena as the lower-third graphic flashes Gunnar's name on-screen.

Chance Von Crank: "Big ol' Gunnar, tough as leather, hits like a truck. I have seen that man throw hands and I have seen that man throw back a cold one. This is gonna be interestin'."

He reaches back into the tumbler without wasting time, stirring the remaining balls around.

Chance Von Crank: "And his dance partner tonight..."

He pulls another ball, flicks a thumb over the number, and starts chuckling even before he says it.

Chance Von Crank: "B. R. Ellis."

He points dead at the camera, delighted.

Chance Von Crank: "Oh, that's perfect. Gunnar Van Patton and B. R. Ellis in an All Beers Count Match. Punches, power, and pilsners, baby."

Chance looks back at the wheel, then at the camera again. You can almost see the idea form in real time.

Chance Von Crank: "You know what..."

He taps a finger thoughtfully against his chin, then shrugs in that shameless CVC way.

Chance Von Crank: "Ol' CVC could use a drink."

He thumbs toward the arena, smirk widening.

Chance Von Crank: "Tell you what. I'm not just bookin' this thing... I'm gonna ref it. That's right. Special guest referee, Chance Von Crank, right in the middle of Gunnar Van Patton and B. R. Ellis in an All Beers Count Match."

He spreads his arms wide, like he's blessing the madness.

Chance Von Crank: "I'll make sure the beers are cold, the shots are stiff, and every last sip counts. Raleigh, get ready. We're about to find out who can hold their liquor and their balance at the same time."

The camera zooms out slowly: the WHEEL OF CHANCE behind him, the tumbler of names at his side, and Chance Von Crank already picturing himself with a referee shirt and a beer in hand as the scene fades.

Unpleasant

Segment

Backstage, the glow of a monitor flickers against cold concrete. On the screen, Chance Von Crank's voice echoes: "All Beers Count Match: Gunnar Van Patton vs. B.R. Ellis — with CVC as special referee." The crowd's roar bleeds faintly through the corridor, a reminder of the circus outside.

Gunnar Van Patton stands rigid before the monitor, arms folded, jaw locked. His single exposed left eye doesn't waver as his name flashes in bold letters over frosty beer graphics. The black leather patch conceals the other, making his stare all the more severe.

At his side, Avril Selene Kinkade leans against a road case, posture immaculate, gaze split between Gunnar and the screen. Her expression is cool, aristocratic, every word sharpened to command attention.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Sergeant, I must impress upon you the gravity of this stipulation. Alcohol has never been your ally. When you drink, you do not become the disciplined soldier who earned the Medal of Honour — you become volatile, reckless, and dangerously self-destructive. And every reckless swing, every needless injury, leaves me buried beneath mountains of paperwork, drafting appeals to keep you from suspension or worse. I am not inclined to spend my nights salvaging your reputation from the wreckage of a barroom parody."

Gunnar's jaw tightens, his left eye narrowing as the monitor shifts to clinking bottles and CVC's frozen grin.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Save it. Ah know what yer gonna say."

Avril steps forward, voice precise, elegant, cutting through the noise.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You are not a prop in Chance Von Crank's tawdry spectacle. You are a decorated man, a soldier, a destroyer of reputations. To reduce yourself to a stumbling drunkard would be beneath you, Sergeant. Let them have their cans and their laughter. You must remind them why your name is spoken with reverence — not pity. And if I may be perfectly candid, that is the most charitable way I can phrase it."

Gunnar exhales a humorless puff of air, turning fully to her, shoulders squared, his single eye hard and unflinching.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Stop beatin' 'round the bush. Ah'm an asshole when Ah drink. Ain't worth two cents if Ah start playin' clown for their laughs."

Avril's gaze remains steady, her tone softening only enough to sharpen the sting.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Precisely. You are the man who folded Troy Lindz in half with a single punch. You are the one they whisper about when they speak of true danger in this company. Do not let tonight be remembered as the evening you stumbled through an All Beers Count Match and became the worst version of yourself on live television. Show them the soldier, not the drunkard. Show them the man who breaks bodies, not contracts."

The arena audio swells — Gunnar's name flashing over fists, chaos, destruction.

Gunnar Van Patton: "No. Ah've done enough of that off camera. Don't need to give 'em a highlight reel too. Good Lord willin' and the creek don't rise, Ah'll keep mah head straight."

He scrubs a hand over his face, stripping away any trace of amusement.

Gunnar Van Patton: "So Ah go out there. Ah touch the can, play along just enough to keep the office off mah back... then Ah treat Ellis like any other fight. Beer or no beer."

Avril's lips curl into a small, satisfied smile, her voice cool and resolute.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Now you are thinking clearly, Sergeant. Let Chance have his spectacle. Let the crowd have their laughter. You? You ensure that when the bell rings, no one speaks of how much you drank. They speak only of how hard you hit."

The decision settles into Gunnar's shoulders, into his stance. His left eye glints under the corridor light, the patch making the stare sharper, heavier.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Yeah. Fun and games are over tonight. Ellis is fixin' to go 0 for 3, and when Ah'm done, he'll be hurtin' so bad they'll be wheelin' him straight to the hospital."

He turns, stride heavy, measured, storm leashed. Avril falls into step besideinto step beside him, the composed counterbalance to his menace.

The camera lingers on the empty space they leave behind — the monitor still glowing with beer cans and bright logos, a party veneer over something darker waiting to walk through the curtain.

That's the Job

Segment

Backstage, in one of the locker rooms claimed entirely by The Empire, Rosa Delgado sits on a bench, still in her ring gear, a discarded tuxedo jacket draped over her knee. The sleeves are wrinkled, one shoulder seam nearly blown out from earlier. A duffel bag sits open at her feet. The faint sound of the crowd seeps through the walls.

Amy Harrison, UTA Women's Champion, leans against a row of lockers with the title over her shoulder, idly scrolling on her phone. Selena Vex is perched on a nearby equipment crate, legs crossed, while Dahlia Cross stretches out one shoulder, rolling her neck, eyes sharp as ever.

Selena Vex: "You know, for a tuxedo match, that looked a lot more like you trying to pull his arm out of the socket than anything else."

Rosa smirks, turning the ruined jacket in her hands.

Rosa Delgado: "They said first one to strip the tux wins. They did not say I couldn't make him regret signing the contract on the way there."

Dahlia lets out a low, amused hum.

Dahlia Cross: "You made Maxx Mayhem look... manageable. That's something. Most people just try to survive him."

Rosa shrugs one shoulder, downplaying it.

Rosa Delgado: "He wanted chaos. He got it. He just forgot the part where I still know how to wrestle..."

Amy snorts without looking up from her phone, thumbs still tapping.

Amy Harrison: "Please. A tuxedo match."

She finally looks up, eyes rolling, belt glinting under the fluorescent lights.

Amy Harrison: "If I was drawn and had something as ridiculous as that... I have no idea how I'd take it."

She scoffs, shaking her head.

Amy Harrison: "'Congratulations, Amy, you're the champion of unbuttoning people on television.' Yeah, no thanks."

Selena chuckles, waving a hand.

Selena Vex: "You'd still win, though."

Amy Harrison: "Obviously I'd win. That's not the point."

She nods toward Rosa with her chin.

Amy Harrison: "The point is they put one of mine in a clown stip and she didn't blink. Went out there, treated it like work, took apart Maxx Mayhem in a bow tie, and walked back here with her head up. That's why you're in this room."

Rosa glances at her, the faintest hint of pride flickering under the cool exterior.

Rosa Delgado: "The crowd could laugh if they wanted. He could make jokes. At the end, it was still Maxx on his back and me taking his pants off like it was nothing."

Dahlia snickers darkly.

Dahlia Cross: "Trust me, he's going to remember that longer than anyone else. Men like that don't take humiliation well."

Amy pushes off the lockers, stepping closer, the Women's Championship hanging easily from her shoulder.

Amy Harrison: "Good. Let him stew. Let him beat somebody half to death at Black Horizon trying to get that feeling off him. While he's doing that, The Empire keeps stacking wins. Tuxedos, submissions, knockouts, I don't care what they call it. It all goes on the same column."

Selena tilts her head at Rosa.

Selena Vex: "So, how'd it feel? You're not exactly a... comedy match type."

Rosa thinks for a beat, then folds the tux jacket neatly, dropping it into her bag like she's closing a file.

Rosa Delgado: "Felt like any other match once the bell rang. He swung, I countered. I found the arm, I stayed on it. The only difference was when I was done... there were more clothes on the floor."

Amy cracks a genuine, quick laugh at that, then fixes Rosa with a measuring look.

Amy Harrison: "Good answer. Remember it. Because this is what they do when they don't know how to handle us. They get cute. They get 'creative.' They give us tuxedos and hugs and wheels to spin, hoping somebody in The Empire slips on the banana peel."

She taps the faceplate of her title.

Amy Harrison: "We don't slip. We adapt. You proved that tonight."

Rosa nods once, firm.

Rosa Delgado: "Next time, they want to get cute, they can put a limb on the line instead of a jacket."

Dahlia's eyes glint with approval.

Dahlia Cross: "I'd quite like that, actually."

Amy shifts the belt on her shoulder, turning toward the door.

Amy Harrison: "Enjoy the tuxedo highlight reel while it lasts. After tonight, it's back to business. Black Horizon is coming, and I'm not stepping into Philadelphia with a single Empire loss hanging over us if I can help it."

She looks back over her shoulder at Rosa.

Amy Harrison: "You did your part. Keep doing it. Let the rest of them laugh at the stipulations. We'll be the ones holding

gold when the wheel stops spinning."

Rosa meets her gaze, calm and steady.

Rosa Delgado: "Sí, jefa. Tuxedo or not, they tap, they break, or they fold. That's the job."

Amy smirks, satisfied, and pushes the door open. The rest of The Empire fall in behind her, a confident, dangerous unit moving back toward the heartbeat of the arena, leaving the crumpled tux in Rosa's bag as just another reminder that even on the strangest night, they still walked out winners.

Spin the Wheel #5

Segment

Backstage, the hallway is quieter now — just the low hum of the arena and the distant rumble of the crowd. The WHEEL OF CHANCE stands alone, still, the tumbler of names beside it. No host. No cameras pointed at it yet. Just a gaudy, glittering monument to bad ideas and stranger fortunes.

Madman Szalinski strolls into frame, whistling some tuneless little melody, hands shoved deep into the pockets of his weathered suit pants. His tie is crooked, his hair is a little wild, and he looks like he's wandering more than walking.

He ambles right past the wheel... then slows. Stops. Turns his head, eyeing it sidelong. He turns fully, looking up and down the hallway.

No one. No Chance. No crew. Just him and the temptation.

Madman Szalinski: "Well well well... seems like we don't have a spinner."

A smirk tugs at the corner of his mouth. He shrugs once, like the decision is already made, and steps up to the wheel. His fingers curl around the edge.

He gives it a casual, almost lazy spin. The wheel comes to life, wedges blurring, the clack-clack-clack of the pegs echoing down the corridor.

Madman leans in, head tilting with each click as it begins to slow. Every peg, his head ticks. Clack. Clack. Clack.

The pointer bounces... slows... and finally clicks into place on a wedge labeled in bold, unforgiving letters:

IRON MAN MATCH.

Madman Szalinski: "God. Damn. Son."

He chuckles low, savoring it for a half-second—

And that's when Chance Von Crank stumbles into the scene from the far end of the hall, shirt half-untucked, referee stripes soaked in beer, hair damp and sticking up in random directions. He's breathing a little hard, eyes a little glassy.

Chance Von Crank: "Hey... hey... this ain't the Wheel of Szalinski..."

Madman just shrugs like he's been caught peeking at a test answer and doesn't particularly care.

Madman Szalinski: "You left it lyin' around, kid."

He pats the side of the wheel once, gives Chance the faintest madman grin, and then wanders off down the hallway, whistling again like nothing at all just happened.

Chance watches him go, then turns to look up at the wheel. The camera follows his gaze to the wedge where the pointer rests: **IRON MAN MATCH.**

Chance Von Crank: "Iron Man match, huh?"

He wipes a streak of beer from his cheek with the palm of his hand, grins wide.

Chance Von Crank: "I can dig it."

We cut back to ringside, where the commentary team has the graphic on the monitor in front of them: "IRON MAN MATCH" filling the screen.

John Phillips: "An Iron Man Match? With about thirty minutes left in our broadcast window, that can mean only one thing, folks — we are about to find out our main event."

Mark Bravo: "You spin the wheel, you take your life in your hands. Thirty minutes of punishment coming up."

Backstage again, Chance is already in motion, standing next to the tumbler of names, the wheel locked on its new fate. He shakes out his shoulders, then grabs the handle on the tumbler and gives it a big spin. The balls inside rattle and whirl.

He waits a moment, then pops the hatch and reaches in, fingers fishing around before they close on one.

He pulls it out, squints at the number, then looks up with a grin that says he can't wait to say this out loud.

Chance Von Crank: "First man in our thirty-minute Iron Man Match... the UTA Champion himself... Jarvis Valentine."

The crowd reaction filters faintly through the hallway — a big pop at the champion's name.

John Phillips (voice-over): "The UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine, drawn into an Iron Man Match on WHEEL OF CHANCE night! That is massive!"

Chance drops the first ball into a tray, then thrusts his hand back into the tumbler with relish.

He digs around, making a meal of it, then pulls out the second ball. He looks down at it, reads the name, and starts to laugh — a low, disbelieving cackle.

Chance Von Crank: "Well... ain't it funny how life is..."

He looks straight into the camera now, eyes bright.

Chance Von Crank: "Jarvis Valentine's opponent in a thirty-minute Iron Man Match... David... Hightower."

The arena ERUPTS. The commentary audio punches in over the roar.

John Phillips: "You have got to be kidding me! Emily Hightower's father, the legend himself, a certified future Hall of Famer, David Hightower, back in action — and it's against Jarvis Valentine in a thirty-minute Iron Man Match!"

Mark Bravo: "The WHEEL OF CHANCE just stole the show, John. Champion versus legend. Jarvis Valentine versus David Hightower. Thirty minutes. Iron Man. That's your main event, Raleigh!"

Backstage, Chance spreads his arms wide between the wheel and the tumbler, grinning like the devil who just dealt the last hand of the night, as the WHEEL OF CHANCE locks in the fate of the UTA Champion and a returning icon.

Deal

Segment

Backstage, away from the noise of the PNC Arena, Susanita Ybanez is in a small locker room, back in her street clothes — fitted jeans, sneakers, a simple hoodie in her colors. Her hair is still slightly damp from the earlier match as she zips up her gear bag, tucking her knee pads and boots in neatly. The echo of the crowd is just a low, distant hum through the walls.

The door opens with a soft click. Susanita glances up — and there in the doorway stands Marie Van Claudio. Casual clothes, but still carrying herself like she's on a poster: confident posture, that unmistakable air of history and expectation around her.

Marie Van Claudio: "Hey."

Susanita straightens a bit, surprised but pleased.

Susanita Ybanez: "Marie. Hola. You okay?"

Marie steps inside, letting the door swing shut behind her. She nods once, a little smile forming.

Marie Van Claudio: "I'm good. Better after watching you put Eric Dane Jr. through a table tonight."

Susanita's eyes flicker with a mix of pride and modesty at the reminder. She shrugs a shoulder.

Marie Van Claudio: "Congratulations, Susanita. That was a big win. Tables match, the WrestleZone Champion, on a night like this? You earned every second of that crowd tonight."

Susanita dips her head, appreciative.

Susanita Ybanez: "Gracias. He thought he was too good for me. The table... it disagreed."

They share a brief, knowing smile. The moment hangs comfortably for a beat.

Marie Van Claudio: "I also... wanted to say thank you. For Survivor."

Susanita's expression softens. She shifts her bag off the bench, giving Marie her full attention.

Marie Van Claudio: "You didn't have to be there. You didn't have to stand by me, watch my back, any of it. But you did. When everything felt like it was tilting, you were right there in my corner. I don't forget that."

Susanita nods slowly, emotions flickering behind her eyes.

Susanita Ybanez: "You are Marie Van Claudio. The first lady of this place. But that night, you were also just... someone fighting alone. I know how that feels. I wasn't going to let you be alone out there."

Marie's smile widens, more genuine now, a hint of warmth cracking through the veteran steel.

Marie Van Claudio: "Ten years ago, I probably would've tried to do it all by myself. These days... I'm smart enough to know who's worth having at my side."

She gestures toward Susanita's bag with a nod.

Marie Van Claudio: "And speaking of big nights... Seasons Beatings. Ten-woman battle royal for the United States Championship."

Susanita straightens just a little more, that competitive fire glowing behind her calm exterior.

Marie Van Claudio: "You're in that match, Susanita. And I have a feeling... you're walking out of Seasons Beatings as a champion."

Susanita lets out a small, disbelieving laugh, but there's hope in it.

Susanita Ybanez: "That is the dream. Ten women, one title. I know it will be a fight."

She glances down at her taped-up gear bag, then back at Marie, more certain now.

Susanita Ybanez: "But I didn't come here to just be 'good.' I came here to change what people think when they hear Paraguay. If I have to throw nine people out to do it... I will."

Marie nods, clearly approving of the edge underneath the humility.

Marie Van Claudio: "That's exactly what I wanted to hear."

Susanita steps a little closer, her expression turning sincere, almost protective in its own way.

Susanita Ybanez: "And... while I won't be at Black Horizon..."

She winces just a bit at that, like it stings to say she won't be there for a show that big.

Susanita Ybanez: "I want you to know I am still in your corner. Watching. Hoping. Hardcore Sandy is no joke. But neither are you. I wish you all the luck against her."

Marie's face hardens just a touch at the name "Hardcore Sandy," then eases again as she looks back at Susanita.

Marie Van Claudio: "She's going to bring every ounce of violence she has. I've been in that kind of storm before. But it helps, knowing there are people out there who want to see me come out the other side with my hand raised."

She extends a hand toward Susanita — not just a handshake, but a small, respectful offering between peers.

Marie Van Claudio: "You handle Seasons Beatings. I'll handle Black Horizon. And when the dust settles... maybe we'll both be standing as champions in this company."

Susanita looks at the hand, then clasps it firmly, a rare, broad smile breaking through.

Susanita Ybanez: "Deal."

They hold the shake for a moment, then release. Marie gives Susanita's shoulder a gentle squeeze before turning toward the door.

Marie Van Claudio: "Get some rest, reina silenciosa. The next time you walk through that curtain... make sure they're ready to meet their new United States Champion."

Susanita watches her go, determination settling in like armor. As the door closes behind Marie Van Claudio, she looks down at her bag, then up toward some unseen point beyond the ceiling — Seasons Beatings, Black Horizon, and everything that waits on the other side.

The Right Tool Needed for the Job

Segment

We cut away from the noise of the arena to the cold concrete of the PNC Arena parking lot. Sodium lights buzz overhead, casting a yellow haze over rows of cars and production trucks.

Parked crooked across two faded lines is an old, beat-up Chevy dually tow truck from the late '80s or early '90s — weathered red paint, surface rust along the doors, a cracked windshield banner with "HIGHTOWER TOWING" barely readable anymore. The hazard light on top clicks lazily, one bulb flickering.

At the open side box of the truck, David Hightower leans in, digging through a battered metal toolbox. He's in dirty jeans, work boots, and what was once a white shirt, now stained with oil, grease, and time. His hands move through wrenches, sockets, rags — the tools of a man who fixes everything with his own two hands.

Footsteps slap against the concrete.

Emily Hightower rushes into frame, gear already on, hair pulled back, face flushed with urgency.

Emily Hightower: "Dad! You've gotta hurry, they're calling for you. Your match is next."

David doesn't look up at first. He grunts, still rummaging, eyes narrowed on the mess of steel and chain links buried in the box.

David Hightower: "One minute, Em. I'm lookin' for somethin'."

Emily hovers at his shoulder, bouncing on the balls of her feet.

Emily Hightower: "You can look after the match, c'mon—"

There's a rattling clank as his hand closes around something buried deep. He pauses... then straightens up slowly, dragging it into the light.

It's a heavy tow chain, thick, scarred links coiling down from his fist, ending in a brutal-looking tow hitch, solid metal dulled and scarred from years of use.

David turns it in his hand, the weight familiar, the hitch clinking against the side of the truck.

David Hightower: "...Found it."

Emily looks at the chain, then up at him, jaw tight. She doesn't say anything, but the history between that weapon and David Hightower doesn't need words.

He slings the chain over one shoulder like it belongs there, gives the side of the toolbox a quick slam to shut it, and finally looks his daughter in the eye.

David Hightower: "Now I'm ready."

Emily swallows, nods once, then turns to lead the way back inside. David follows, boots echoing on the concrete, the chain swaying and clinking with every step as the tow truck sits behind them like a ghost from another era.

Back at ringside, the camera finds the commentary desk as a graphic flashes: "30-MINUTE IRON MAN MATCH – JARVIS VALENTINE vs. DAVID HIGHTOWER."

John Phillips: "We just saw it, folks. David Hightower digging through that old tow truck and coming up with that chain and tow hitch. If that comes into play, Jarvis Valentine is in more danger than he's ever been as UTA Champion."

Mark Bravo: "Iron Man rules, thirty minutes on the clock, and a man who's made a career out of turning hardware into hurt just pulled out his favorite accessory. Jarvis better wrestle the match of his life tonight."

John Phillips: "Up next... champion versus legend. Jarvis Valentine. David Hightower. Thirty-minute Iron Man Match — our main event is coming your way."

Teddy bear... With teeth

Segment

Backstage, the camera fades in on Melissa Cartwright standing between Chris Ross and Valentina Blaze. Chris has his arms folded across his chest, that ever-present scowl softened just a touch. Valentina is pressed in against his side, one arm looped around his bicep, looking entirely too pleased with herself.

Melissa Cartwright: "Chris, Valentina... earlier tonight you two were put in what has to be a first in the UTA... a First Hug Match. Needless to say, while you both got hugs, a win over Chris Ross is a big momentum move for Valentina."

Valentina grins and gives Chris a little side-hug squeeze, resting her head briefly against his shoulder.

Valentina Blaze: "You know, I've had a great night getting to know Chris a lot better, Melissa. For how rough and tough he comes across, he really is just a big ol' teddy bear."

Chris snorts, smirking despite himself, eyes flicking away from the camera.

Chris Ross: "Ah, it ain't like that."

Melissa Cartwright: "So... you two have been back here getting to know each other after your match earlier?"

Chris stays tight-lipped, jaw working, but Valentina squeezes his arm again and jumps in before he can cut it off.

Valentina Blaze: "Sure have. There's way more to Chris here than meets the eyes, Melissa. I mean it, he really is a sweetheart."

Melissa's eyebrows lift, clearly surprised by the assessment.

Melissa Cartwright: "Any comment on Valentina, Chris? Could we be seeing something blooming here tonight?"

Chris looks almost embarrassed for half a second, rubbing his jaw, then waves the notion off with a small shake of his head.

Chris Ross: "Not at all. Blaze here, she's a good cookie. But I got two of the most important matches of my life coming up and I gotta be focused."

He glances down the lens, the softness gone, that dangerous edge sliding back into his expression.

Chris Ross: "First it's Maxx Mayhem in an I Quit Match at Black Horizon. Then two weeks later, UTA Championship Match. That's where my head's at."

Melissa Cartwright: "Chris, with that title match in mind, what happens if Sea Jackson beats Jarvis Valentine at Black Horizon?"

Chris pauses, considering it for only a moment before the answer comes out flat and certain.

Chris Ross: "Then I guess I'll just have to beat his ass instead, Melissa."

Valentina's eyes light up at the bluntness. She squeezes his arm again, a little harder this time, clearly stirred by the conviction in his voice.

Valentina Blaze: "See? Told you. Teddy bear... with teeth."

Melissa turns back to camera, that bright broadcast smile back in place.

Melissa Cartwright: "There you have it, folks. Chris Ross is ready."

The camera lingers a moment longer on Chris and Valentina — her still hanging off his arm, him staring dead ahead with that cold, focused fire — before fading out.

Conclusion

Card Subject to Change.

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