

IN THE ZONE: 7

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Preview

The UTA Superstars return to The WrestleZone in Orlando.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen is black. A slow heartbeat pulses. A whisper of crowd noise fades in — distant, then closer — before cutting to a sweeping aerial shot of Universal Studios Florida, glistening under the late summer sun. As the beat kicks in, the camera dives toward the WrestleZone soundstage. Fans are already on their feet. Signs wave. Lights blaze.

A new intro video package rolls: clips from **WrestleUTA: 25** — Jarvis Valentine standing tall with the UTA Championship, Valkyrie Knox raising the Women's title, Brick Bronson's defeated expression, and a flash of Marie Van Claudio staring through the ropes. The video ends on a wide shot of the crowd in Orlando, roaring in anticipation.

John Phillips: "From the heart of Universal Studios, and the soul of professional wrestling—this is **IN THE ZONE**! And folks, we are coming to you LIVE from The WrestleZone here in Orlando, Florida!"

Mark Bravo: "And the Zone is back with a vengeance, John! The heat in Florida's got nothin' on the heat in that locker room. New champions, new grudges, and maybe... new problems on the horizon."

John Phillips: "It's the fallout from **WrestleUTA: 25**, and what a historic night that was. Jarvis Valentine shocked the world and dethroned Brick Bronson to become UTA Champion. And tonight, he defends that title for the very first time—against Malachi Cross."

Mark Bravo: "Malachi's got ice in his veins, man. Kid doesn't flinch. But Jarvis—he's the man now. And with the gold comes the target. You know as well as I do, the wolves are already circling."

John Phillips: "Let's not forget Valkyrie Knox retained the Women's Championship, silencing any doubts against a returning legend like Marie Van Claudio."

Mark Bravo: "She made a statement, alright. Now the whole division's on notice. You don't just wear that title—you fight to **keep it**. And speaking of fights, we've got four of them tonight that could tip the scales all over again."

John Phillips: "From Silas Grimm and Graham Keel kicking things off, to Nancy Rhodes vs. Dahlia Cross, to Maxx Mayhem and Brandon Henderson—and that massive main event—we've got a packed card for the return of IN THE ZONE."

Mark Bravo: "Let's quit talkin' and get swingin'. Send in the madman."

The lights dim slightly as the first entrance theme hits. The crowd roars as we shift focus toward the entranceway

John Phillips: "It's time to get started—Silas Grimm is on his way to the ring!"

Graham Keel vs. Silas Grimm

Match

The lights cut out completely. For a heartbeat, there is only darkness... and then—

—a single bell tolls. Slow. Hollow. Echoing across the silence.

A soft white spotlight flickers to life atop the entrance stage, illuminating a low, creeping fog. The smoke rolls like mist on a cemetery lawn. From the haze, a figure emerges... cloaked. Hood drawn. Masked. Every step deliberate. Every motion solemn.

John Phillips: "You can feel it in the air, Mark. That... that chill. That unease. Silas Grimm brings it with him every time."

Mark Bravo: "The man walks like he's already buried someone today, and he's looking for a second."

Silas Grimm walks through the spotlight like a wraith, the bell tolling again. The crowd reacts in hushed murmurs—some jeer, but most simply watch. You don't cheer for a ghost. You respect the presence. The smoke parts as he approaches the ring steps.

He stops. Slowly, he reaches up and unties the leather straps holding his half-mask in place. The hood falls. He removes the mask with care, holding it like a relic, before lowering it to the floor beside the ring.

His face is pale, lined, unreadable—until his lips curl into the faintest sneer. It's not joy. It's not pride. It's disdain.

Grimm slithers beneath the bottom rope and crawls into the ring on one knee before standing tall in the center. He tilts his head sharply to the side and slowly opens his arms—inviting whatever may come.

John Phillips: "What kind of man walks into a fight like it's a sermon? Like it's sacred?"

Mark Bravo: "A man who plans to make someone confess with their screams. That's not showmanship, that's scripture."

The arena lingers in uneasy silence. A few fans try to start a chant, but it dies quickly. Most simply watch Silas Grimm, who stands motionless in the center of the ring—his eyes locked on the entrance ramp, his arms at his side, fingers twitching ever so slightly.

John Phillips: "There's no pandering. No posing. Silas Grimm doesn't ask for attention... he demands it by standing still."

Mark Bravo: "You ever feel like someone's already played out the match in their head—and they're just waiting to make it real? That's Grimm right now. He's not wondering what Keel's gonna do... he's waiting to pick it apart."

Several fans near ringside lean forward, unsure whether to boo or stay quiet. One section starts a small "Let's go Keel!" chant preemptively—but Grimm doesn't flinch. He simply tilts his head slightly again, as if hearing something no one else can.

John Phillips: "This match-up isn't just a clash of styles—it's a clash of philosophies. Grimm wrestles like a curse... and Keel? Keel wrestles like a surgeon."

Mark Bravo: "And right now, the operating table's waiting."

The lights lift slightly—but not fully. There is no music at first. Just five seconds of stark, deliberate silence.

Then—

A slow orchestral theme begins to swell. Strings layered with tension. No big crescendo. No drums. Just building gravity. From the curtain steps Graham Keel—stoic, no-nonsense, and already squared for battle.

John Phillips: "There's the man from Manchester. No flash. No spectacle. Just focus."

Mark Bravo: "Keel doesn't care if you cheer. Doesn't care if you boo. He's not here to entertain—he's here to break something. Preferably a joint."

Keel walks with absolute purpose. His eyes are locked forward—never scanning the crowd, never acknowledging Grimm. His fists are clenched, his shoulders tight. He reaches the bottom of the ramp, pauses, and finally looks into the ring.

Silas Grimm hasn't moved. Still standing in the center. Still staring.

Keel rolls under the bottom rope, never taking his eyes off his opponent. He rises to his feet and backs into his corner, posture perfect, gaze unwavering. He adjusts his wrist tape once. Then stillness.

John Phillips: "You can feel the temperature drop between these two. Neither man plays games. This isn't a brawl—it's a calculated dissection waiting to happen."

Mark Bravo: "Grimm breaks minds. Keel breaks arms. Which one folds first?"

The referee checks both men. Neither blinks. Neither flinches.

Then—

The bell sounds. Still, neither man moves.

Silas Grimm stands with his head tilted slightly, fingers flexing in unnatural rhythms. Graham Keel remains in his corner, posture tight, eyes scanning every twitch. There is no circle. No dramatic pacing. Just stillness... until Keel finally steps forward.

John Phillips: "Neither of these men is going to rush. Everything they do is deliberate. Calculated."

Mark Bravo: "That's what makes this scary, John. No wasted motion. No panic. Just two professionals playing human chess with bones."

They meet near center. Grimm raises his arms in a loose, almost lazy-looking stance—but Keel doesn't buy it. He fakes a shoot-in, Grimm shifts weight instinctively—then Keel darts in with a snap arm drag and rolls away clean.

Grimm sits up slowly. Doesn't flinch. Doesn't scowl. Just tilts his head back and... smiles.

John Phillips: "Keel testing the waters. Quick, sharp, and out before Grimm could even react."

Mark Bravo: "And Grimm? He's not mad. That smile? That's a guy saying, 'Good. You'll make it interesting.'"

They circle again. This time Grimm lunges low—Keel counters with a front facelock, but Grimm slips under and grabs a waistlock. Keel plants his feet and switches behind, then transitions into a standing hammerlock. Smooth. Grimacing, Grimm reaches for the ropes—but instead pivots and snapmares Keel over the hip to break the hold.

Keel lands cleanly, rolls through, and rises—just in time to catch a palm strike to the jaw that stuns him.

John Phillips: "Precision strike from Grimm! That one rattled Keel's jaw."

Grimm closes in with a second palm—Keel ducks and traps the arm, then flows immediately into a grounded wristlock, planting a knee into Grimm's shoulder blade for added control. The crowd murmurs in appreciation of the technical exchange.

Mark Bravo: "This ain't a sprint—it's surgery. And right now, Keel's working on tendon damage."

Grimm shifts his body weight and scoots closer to the ropes—but again refuses to take the easy way out. Instead, he pivots his hips and tries to hook Keel's ankle. Keel adjusts, but Grimm twists sharply and rolls them both—breaking free in a scramble before Keel can reapply.

Both men pop to their feet. No words. No gestures. Just steady eye contact.

John Phillips: "There's a level of mutual awareness here. Neither man wants to overcommit. It's a battle of patience as much as it is pain."

Mark Bravo: "You make one mistake with either of these guys, and you don't pay for it next week—you pay for it the rest of your career."

They circle again—closer now, tighter. The mutual respect isn't spoken, but it's there. Grimm lunges first this time, firing off a spinning back kick aimed at the ribs. Keel absorbs it but stumbles a half-step. Grimm follows with a quick palm to the chest, another to the ear—then snaps into a cravate clinch and *twists* Keel into a sharp kneel.

John Phillips: "Grimm ties him up like a marionette. That cravate is vicious when it's angled like that."

Keel grits his teeth, trying to slip free, but Grimm controls the head—twisting slowly—then *snaps* him down with a brutal cravate snapmare. Keel hits hard, and Grimm stays crouched low, stalking him as he rises.

Grimm lunges—rolling elbow to the jaw!

Keel stumbles, but doesn't fall. Instead, he grabs Grimm's arm and yanks him forward—straight into a European uppercut that lands flush!

Mark Bravo: "Oof! That was a receipt from Manchester, no doubt."

Grimm is rocked. Keel grabs him again and hits a Russian leg sweep—driving Grimm down and immediately floating over into a grounded headlock. He grinds his forearm across Grimm's jaw while adjusting his base for leverage.

John Phillips: "Keel slows the pace, exactly how he likes it. You give this man ten seconds of positioning, and he'll start breaking pieces off you."

Grimm reaches his arm around Keel's waist and begins to rise. Keel keeps the headlock in tight—but Grimm drives him backward into the corner, sandwiching him against the turnbuckles. The ref calls for a clean break. Keel lets go after a beat—

—but Grimm *doesn't*. As Keel starts to step away, Grimm lashes out with a stiff spinning back elbow to the base of the neck!

Mark Bravo: "There's the spite, John. Grimm doesn't just fight you—he punishes you for touching him."

Keel slumps slightly, stunned. Grimm grabs the left leg and yanks it forward—then spikes Keel down with a Dragon Screw Leg Whip. The ring shakes. Grimm doesn't go for a cover. Instead, he drops a knee across Keel's leg and hooks it awkwardly, wrenching it sideways in a modified clutch.

John Phillips: "That torque is nasty—and look at Grimm's face. He's not gloating. He's... listening."

Mark Bravo: "He doesn't care about the crowd. Doesn't care about the cameras. He just wants to hear the sounds you make when something snaps."

Keel claws toward the ropes—Grimm adjusts pressure, cranking once more—until finally Keel gets the bottom rope. The referee calls for the break. Grimm obliges—slowly. Deliberately. He rises, glancing at his hands like a surgeon checking his tools.

Keel uses the ropes to pull himself up, favoring the leg now. Grimm stays center-ring, beckoning him forward with nothing more than a flick of the fingers and a head tilt.

John Phillips: "These two haven't even reached top gear yet, and it's already a war of attrition."

Mark Bravo: "And neither man is blinking. That's the scary part."

Keel shakes out his leg, circling wide as Grimm waits—crouched low, expression unreadable. The moment Keel inches forward, Grimm darts in and cracks him with a palm strike to the ribs—then another to the temple. Keel tries to clinch, but Grimm slithers out and catches the arm—dragging Keel down into a seamless short-arm scissors that hyperextends the elbow.

John Phillips: "This is a different level of joint manipulation. Grimm is dissecting Keel in real time."

Keel writhes, planting his feet and trying to stack Grimm—but Grimm releases the arm and drives both knees into the bicep before floating around to the back. He grabs the arm again and yanks it upward in a hammerlock—
—then spikes Keel with a *backdrop driver* from the seated position!

Mark Bravo: "He calls that *Last Rites*! That could've separated Keel's shoulder!"

Keel flops onto his side, clutching the limb. Grimm crawls over slowly—not to pin, but to crouch above him like a vulture. He cradles the arm, tilts his head to the side, and *smiles* faintly.

Then—he begins *rocking* Keel's arm back and forth like a lullaby... before stomping on the elbow with sickening intent!

John Phillips: "Oh come on! That's not technique, that's punishment!"

Mark Bravo: "You're wrong, John. That's technique *and* punishment."

Grimm grabs the arm again and locks in a seated Fujiwara armbar—this time fully wrenching back. Keel's face contorts in pain, but he refuses to scream. He drags his knee forward, inch by inch, and finally makes the ropes once more. The referee counts—

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

Grimm holds to four and a half before letting go with eerie calm. He rises slowly, walks to the corner... and crouches, fingers twitching again.

John Phillips: "This isn't showboating—it's ritual. Every motion Grimm makes is like a priest preparing the altar."

Mark Bravo: "The man's not wrestling a match. He's performing a ceremony."

Keel struggles to his feet. Grimm paces forward, grabs him—and *whips* him back down with another dragon screw, this time targeting the already compromised leg. Keel howls in pain, rolling into the corner.

Grimm stalks behind him, crouches again... and explodes forward with a *running basement knee to the jaw!*

John Phillips: "Dead Air! That might've knocked him out cold!"

Grimm pulls Keel from the ropes and covers, pressing one hand to his chest—

1...

2...

Keel kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "Still life in the old lion! But the limbs are screaming for mercy."

Grimm sits up, breathing slow and steady, then leans over Keel... and *whispers something* only the two of them can hear. Whatever it is, Keel's face hardens—not in fear, but in defiance.

John Phillips: "Grimm's got control now. But if anyone's capable of flipping a match on its head with one counter—it's Graham Keel."

Keel lies motionless for a moment, blinking through the haze. His jaw hangs slightly open, his leg bent awkwardly beneath him. Grimm rises again, expression unchanged, and reaches down to grab Keel by the wrist—

But Keel traps the hand.

In a blur, Keel *rolls through*, pulling Grimm's arm with him, and cinches in a sudden grounded wristlock—twisting

violently before spinning behind into a *kneeling armbreaker!*

John Phillips: "There it is! Keel just snapped into gear like a trap clamping shut!"

Grimm yelps—briefly, involuntarily—as he rolls away clutching his elbow. Keel doesn't give him time. He grabs Grimm's left leg and hits a *dragon screw* of his own, sending Grimm spinning to the canvas!

Mark Bravo: "That's tit for twisted tat, baby! Grimm's the one limping now!"

Keel stalks now. Still limping, but alive. He traps Grimm in a front facelock, lifts him, and drives him down with a *butterfly suplex!* Clean. Controlled. Measured.

He floats over—hooks the leg—

1...

2...

Grimm kicks out!

Keel doesn't argue. He slides to Grimm's side, traps both arms, and *drives knees* into Grimm's ribs before flipping him over into a tight *figure-four neck lock!*

John Phillips: "That's what makes Keel dangerous. He doesn't need adrenaline. He just needs leverage."

Grimm thrashes but Keel has the hold perfectly locked—legs folded, chin pressed in. The crowd starts to buzz—

Grimm tries to twist free—but Keel transitions again, switching to a rear waistlock, then pulling Grimm up into the corner—

—he yanks Grimm backward and *drops him neck-first* in a *corner pull-to-back suplex!*

Mark Bravo: "That one's custom-made for spinal trauma, John!"

Grimm crashes hard. Keel stumbles backward, still favoring the leg, but now energized. The crowd begins to stir more loudly—some even chanting his name.

Keel nods once, methodically, and signals for the end. He grabs Grimm's wrist—dragging him into the center of the ring—looking to lock in the *Lancashire Lock!*

John Phillips: "He's going for it! That vicious submission hold could end this right now!"

He steps over the leg—cinches the arm—twists—

—but Grimm *explodes* with a sudden burst of motion, bucking his hips and rolling Keel over in a desperation escape!

Both men hit the mat hard, breathing heavy. Stalemate again.

Mark Bravo: "Grimm escaped—*barely*. But Keel just reminded him he's not the only one who can break things."

The camera lingers on both men lying on the canvas—Keel clutching his thigh, Grimm rubbing his neck. The crowd claps in appreciation as the tension builds again.

John Phillips: "And we're not done yet. The first match back on IN THE ZONE... is living up to the name."

The referee hovers between them, beginning a count as both men stir. Keel is the first to his feet, though clearly wincing with every movement. Grimm pulls himself up in the opposite corner, breathing raggedly—his head now lowered, eyes hidden beneath sweat-soaked hair.

Keel limps forward. Grimm rises slowly. They meet—

Keel strikes first—European uppercut!

Grimm absorbs it—stumbles—*fires back* with a palm strike to the jaw!

Keel rocks him with a back elbow! Grimm staggers—

—then *lunges forward* into a spinning back kick to the midsection! Keel doubles over—

John Phillips: "That one folded Keel in half!"

Grimm seizes the moment. He traps Keel in the ropes—hangs him by one arm and one leg—

Sorrow Spiral! A brutal rope-hung neckbreaker drives Keel down in a heap!

Mark Bravo: "That's a ritual, John! You don't survive it. You *accept* it!"

Grimm doesn't cover. Instead, he crawls—deliberate and slow—to the center of the ring, crouching like a creature preparing to strike. He holds out his arms—waiting.

Keel rolls, dazed, trying to rise. Grimm watches. Tilts his head. And then—

—he lunges forward and grabs Keel from behind in a full nelson—

But it's a fake-out! Grimm suddenly twists and *yanks* Keel's leg out from under him—

—*dragon screw!* Keel's leg twists violently!

And Grimm flows immediately into a seated position—

—*Witchhook!* The elbow crank is vicious! Keel howls!

John Phillips: "He's got the Witchhook locked in! That shoulder's not meant to bend that way!"

Keel fights—grits his teeth—tries to twist—

Grimm *leans back*—cranking the arm, the elbow, the neck all at once—

Keel's free hand hovers—twitches—

He taps.

The bell rings.

Mark Bravo: "It's over. Grimm wins. And Graham Keel... might not be lifting that arm again anytime soon."

Silas Grimm releases the hold only after the referee demands it—then rises slowly. He doesn't celebrate. Doesn't look at the fans. He just walks back to the corner, retrieves his mask... and kneels.

The referee checks on Keel, who clutches his shoulder, refusing assistance as he sits up with visible frustration etched across his face.

John Phillips: "A hard-fought battle from both men—but in the end, it was Silas Grimm's precision, his cruelty... and his rituals... that proved too much to overcome."

Mark Bravo: "The Zone just got haunted, John. And I got a feeling we're gonna be seeing a lot more of Silas Grimm."

As the lights fade slightly, Grimm exits the ring, mask in hand, vanishing through the fog the same way he entered—unmoved. Unchanged. Undeniably victorious.

Taking the Division by Storm

Segment

The screen cuts to a dimly lit room. Dust hangs in the air like fog, caught in soft rays of afternoon light slicing through a cracked window. The walls are weathered, lined with old bricks. Somewhere in the distance, faint crowd noise hums like a ghost through the concrete. Standing in the center is a lone figure.

SUSANITA YBÁÑEZ stands tall — black leather jacket zipped to her throat, subtle gold and red trim woven into the seams. Her hair is tied back tight. Her eyes? Fire. Still. Watching.

Susanita Ybáñez: "I know what you're all thinking."

Susanita Ybáñez: "Who is this? Where did she come from? And why should you care?"

She smirks. Just slightly. Then steps forward — slow and sharp — each bootstep echoing in the empty space.

Susanita Ybáñez: "Let me introduce myself."

Susanita Ybáñez: "I'm Susanita Ybáñez. The first female wrestler from South America to join the UTA. And I'm not here to blend in — I'm here to take over."

She stops, squaring to the camera.

Susanita Ybáñez: "For too long, this business has overlooked what we bring down here. In Paraguay. In Colombia. In Brazil. In Chile. They gave us no spotlight. No recognition."

Susanita Ybáñez: "But we've got something better than exposure — we've got hunger. Passion. Fire. The kind that doesn't burn out after fifteen minutes on TV."

Her gaze intensifies. There's no anger in her tone — only conviction.

Susanita Ybáñez: "Now let's talk about the women holding down the division today. Valkyrie Knox. Angela Hall. Valentina Blaze. I see you. I respect what you bring. And the ones who paved the road — Amy Harrison... Marie Van Claudio?"

Susanita Ybáñez: "You inspired a lot of us. You proved this division is worth fighting for."

She takes a breath — not to pause, but to refocus.

Susanita Ybáñez: "But I'm not here to follow your path. I'm here to carve my own."

Susanita Ybáñez: "My debut's coming. And when that bell rings... the UTA will remember the name Susanita Ybáñez."

She leans in now — not physically, but emotionally. The words carry more weight. More fire.

Susanita Ybáñez: "I've been underestimated my whole life. Told I don't belong. Laughed at for dreaming too big. But there's one thing I've learned..."

Susanita Ybáñez: "The loudest noise always comes from the ones you doubted the most."

Her jaw tightens. She doesn't blink.

Susanita Ybáñez: "And let me make something crystal clear."

Susanita Ybáñez: "No one... no one will take me lightly."

Susanita Ybáñez: "¡Nadie debe subestimarme, porque soy una fuerza que nadie va a parar!"

She steps back, chin high, eyes locked on the lens. The screen fades slowly to black.

Text appears in bold, white font:

"SUSANITA YBÁÑEZ — COMING SOON"

UTA WOMEN'S DIVISION

PREPARE.

Dahlia Cross vs. Nancy Rhodes

Match

The lights in the WrestleZone dim to a deep violet hue as a slinky trip-hop beat pulses through the speakers — slow, smoky, seductive. The crowd shifts restlessly, a mix of curious murmurs and disdainful jeers already bubbling.

From behind the curtain emerges DAHLIA CROSS, dragging a long violet scarf behind her with one hand. Her lips are curled into a knowing sneer. She doesn't make eye contact with the fans — she doesn't have to. Her presence says it all.

John Phillips: "Here comes Dahlia Cross, one of the coldest, most calculated technicians I've seen walk through those curtains."

Mark Bravo: "She's not here to entertain. She's here to twist ligaments and humiliate you while she does it."

She saunters toward the ring like a queen crossing poisoned ground — deliberate, smooth, unbothered. Every step is a taunt. Every glance, a judgment.

As she reaches ringside, Dahlia steps onto the apron and turns slowly, casting a dead-eyed gaze out at the fans before slinking between the ropes. She drapes her scarf over the middle rope with dramatic flair, then paces the ring like a cat circling a trap it's already sprung.

John Phillips: "There's a venom behind that calm. She doesn't explode — she corrodes."

Mark Bravo: "And she *smiles* while choking the life out of you. That's commitment."

Dahlia leans against the corner now, stretching her wrists with slow, surgical grace. Her eyes never leave the entrance. She's ready to dissect whoever walks through next.

The purple lights fade as the trip-hop dies off. A harsh guitar sting cuts through the buzz — followed by the mechanical flicker of neon strobes. Red, white, and steel-blue pulse across the entrance stage as the tron flashes one thing:

RAZOR BLADES.

Then she appears—NANCY RHODES. Jaw set. Shoulders square. No flash, just fury. Her boots hit the ramp like punches on pavement.

John Phillips: "And here comes Detroit's own—Nancy Rhodes! One of the toughest fighters on this roster, bar none."

Mark Bravo: "She didn't come here to perform. She came to bleed someone. Preferably Dahlia."

Nancy marches down the ramp, cracking her knuckles as she eyes the ring. The crowd pops hard — a mix of underdog support and respect for her no-quit legacy. She throws up one arm, flashing her elbow pad with "NO MERCY" stitched in crude lettering.

Her eyes lock with Dahlia Cross, who hasn't moved from her corner. Still lounging. Still smirking. Nancy doesn't flinch — just peels off her hoodie and hurls it to the floor at ringside.

John Phillips: "There's not going to be a feeling-out process in this one, folks. These two came to hurt."

Mark Bravo: "And the scary part? They're *really* good at it."

Nancy climbs the steps and ducks into the ring. She paces the ropes once, then turns and leans into her corner — eyes burning straight through Dahlia. No grin. No twitch. Just pressure. The ref steps between them as the music fades.

The bell hasn't rung yet, but the tension is already *cutthroat*.

The official checks both competitors — Dahlia still lounging in the corner, bored and bemused. Nancy doesn't break her stare. The crowd buzzes in anticipation.

The bell rings.

John Phillips: "Here we go — first-time meeting between two very dangerous women. Don't blink."

Mark Bravo: "I give it thirty seconds before someone gets jaw-checked."

They circle. Nancy steps forward first, testing the distance with a jab feint. Dahlia shifts, her stance wide and relaxed — arms low, smile higher.

Nancy closes in — they lock up. Dahlia instantly dips low and sweeps Nancy's legs out with a precise leg sweep, sending the Detroit brawler to the canvas with a loud thud.

John Phillips: "Dahlia wasting no time going to the mat — she's surgical when she gets low."

Nancy rolls back up quickly, and this time she surges forward — **knife-edge chop!* Dahlia flinches. Another! The second cracks against her collarbone.

Dahlia ducks the third and shoves Nancy chest-first into the corner — then drives a **knee to the throat**, pinning her there while the ref counts.

Ref: "One! Two! Three! Four—"

Dahlia pulls away at the last moment, arms raised like she's offended at the accusation.

Mark Bravo: "You see that grin? Dahlia's not breaking rules. She's **bending** them around her fingers."

Nancy stumbles out of the corner, coughing — only for Dahlia to spin and crack her with a **single-leg dropkick** to the ribs! Nancy folds to her side, gasping for air.

Dahlia circles her prey, grabbing Nancy's wrist and yanking her into a short-arm whip — **but Nancy reverses it!**

Dahlia hits the ropes — and Nancy charges in with a **sliding dagger dropkick!** Dahlia crashes into the bottom turnbuckle, stunned!

John Phillips: "And just like that, Rhodes flips the momentum!"

Mark Bravo: "This ain't ballet — it's a razor fight!"

Nancy rises and fires the crowd up with a stomp — then yanks Dahlia to her feet and hooks her from behind — **Shark Bite suplex!** She bridges—

1...

2...

Dahlia kicks out!

But as Nancy rolls up, Dahlia claws at her face with a rake across the eyes, unseen by the ref!

John Phillips: "A cheap shot by Dahlia Cross, and just like that—she's back in control."

Mark Bravo: "Doesn't matter how you reset the board, John — it's about who finishes the game."

Nancy clutches at her face, blinking rapidly, but Dahlia's already on her — snapping a side kick to the inside of the knee that drops Rhodes to one knee. Dahlia smiles as she steps behind her and traps the arm—

—**apron arm yank!** Dahlia pulls Nancy's shoulder down hard across the second rope and lets her tumble to the mat in pain.

John Phillips: "That move may not look flashy, but it can wreck a shoulder in seconds."

Mark Bravo: "And Dahlia doesn't want flash, she wants damage."

Dahlia struts to the downed Nancy, dragging her toward the ropes. She sits Rhodes up, then steps onto the bottom rope—pressing her boot across Nancy’s throat, driving it down in a *corner knee choke!*

Ref: "One! Two! Three! Four—"

Dahlia releases just before five and backs away, hands in the air, smirking.

Then—she runs in—*back elbow to the jaw!* A crack echoes as Nancy slumps again. Dahlia casually wipes sweat from her brow with the scarf hanging in her corner, then tosses it aside and stalks her prey.

John Phillips: "There’s something unsettling about how calm she is while dismantling her opponents."

Mark Bravo: "That’s not calm, John. That’s pleasure."

Dahlia grabs Nancy’s wrist and twists it into an unnatural angle, stepping over and trapping the limb beneath her shin. Then she *grinds her knee into the bicep*, manipulating pressure as Nancy writhes beneath her.

The referee asks if Nancy wants to quit — she shakes her head, biting down hard on the pain.

Dahlia transitions into a straightjacket hold from behind, wrenching both arms back while kneeling across Nancy’s spine. She *leans in*—close to Nancy’s ear—saying something inaudible but clearly venomous.

John Phillips: "You can tell Dahlia Cross takes joy in this. She doesn’t just want to win — she wants to rewrite your posture."

With a final wrench, Dahlia releases and shoves Nancy face-first into the mat. She stands, placing one foot lightly between Nancy’s shoulder blades as she adjusts her elbow pad, soaking in the chorus of boos.

Mark Bravo: "And just like that, Dahlia’s turned a fist fight into a joint clinic."

Dahlia walks calmly toward the corner and crouches — waiting, coiled like a snake. Nancy slowly rises, shaking out her shoulder, unaware—

—*Poison Petal!* Sweep to the leg, knee to the chin! Nancy flattens!

Dahlia hooks the leg—

1...

2...

Nancy kicks out at 2.9!

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes stays alive — but for how much longer?"

Mark Bravo: "That’s not survival, that’s stubbornness. It’ll get her killed."

Dahlia runs her hands through her hair, shaking her head slowly — not angry, just amused. She stands, stepping over Nancy’s back again. The crowd rallies behind Rhodes faintly, trying to bring her back into it—

—but Dahlia Cross is in complete control.

Nancy stalks Dahlia in the corner—grabbing her by the hair and dragging her upright. She fires off a forearm shot to the jaw—then a second. But as she winds up for a third—

Dahlia suddenly *ducks under* and pulls Nancy forward—*drop toe hold!* Nancy’s face clips the second buckle!

Before Nancy can react, Dahlia spins around and yanks her shoulder-first into the ring post through the ropes! A nasty thud echoes through the arena!

John Phillips: "Dahlia just baited her into a trap—and Rhodes might’ve separated that shoulder!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what Dahlia does. She lets you burn out, then she bends the pieces!"

Dahlia slides in and covers—hooking the bad arm!

1...

2...

Kick out!

Frustrated, Dahlia grabs Nancy's arm again—she's going for the *Violet Vice!* She wrenches back with that cruel smile reappearing—

—but Nancy twists her hips and stacks her backward!

1...

2...

Dahlia kicks free just in time!

They both scramble up—Dahlia throws a wild palm strike—Nancy *ducks*—*Spinning Razor Elbow!* It lands flush again!

Dahlia staggers—Nancy hits the ropes—*Bloodletting Clothesline!* Dahlia flips inside out!

John Phillips: "That could be the shot that puts it away!"

Nancy covers—deep hook on the leg!

1...

2...

Thr—No! Dahlia gets the shoulder up!

The crowd is on their feet now—half chanting for Nancy, half in disbelief. Nancy clutches her shoulder, grimacing, but pushes herself to her feet.

Mark Bravo: "She's not just fighting Dahlia—she's fighting the pain. Every move now costs her."

Nancy points to the corner—she's setting up for the *Blade Runner Knee!* The crowd rises again as she backs in, lining up the shot—

Dahlia pulls herself upright—

Nancy charges—

Dahlia drops—*low drop toe hold!* Nancy's knee slams the bottom turnbuckle!

John Phillips: "She went for the kill—and walked into the trap!"

Dahlia crawls up behind her, eyes gleaming. She yanks Nancy in—

It's almost time for the finish.

Nancy clutches her knee, eyes squeezed shut in pain. Dahlia slithers in behind her, dragging her to the center of the ring by the wrist.

She hooks Nancy's arm, traps her head—

—*Black Dahlia!* A snap fisherman's neckbreaker with a double-knee spike to the spine! Nancy folds awkwardly and flattens out on the mat!

John Phillips: "That's it! That's Dahlia's killshot!"

Dahlia floats into the cover, pressing both forearms across Nancy's shoulders—

1...

2...

3!

The bell rings. The crowd groans — a mix of disappointment and respect for the fight just witnessed.

Mark Bravo: "Say what you want, but Dahlia Cross just outlasted a warzone."

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes gave her everything — and still almost turned the tide — but tonight, Dahlia was just a step meaner. A step colder."

Dahlia sits up slowly, grinning ear to ear. She flicks a lock of violet hair out of her eyes and pushes herself to her feet like nothing ever touched her. The ref raises her hand — she barely acknowledges it.

Instead, she walks back to her corner, retrieves her scarf, and delicately wraps it around her neck like a trophy. She glances over her shoulder at the downed Nancy — and smiles again. This time? Smug. Triumphant.

Meanwhile, Nancy rolls to her side, holding her ribs and jaw. She pushes off the mat, refusing to let the ref help. The crowd claps for her resilience as she pulls herself upright using the ropes.

John Phillips: "There's no shame in what Nancy Rhodes showed us tonight. If anything, she proved she can hang with the most vicious in this division."

Mark Bravo: "But Dahlia's not just vicious — she's victorious."

Dahlia exits the ring to a chorus of boos, but she never once looks back. The scarf sways behind her as she disappears up the ramp, arms outstretched in self-satisfaction.

In the ring, Nancy leans on the ropes, breathing hard... but still standing.

Scott Stevens Speaks

Segment

Backstage, the lights dim slightly. A spotlight washes over the screen as dramatic piano chords echo low beneath the voiceover.

V.O.: "This Friday... Duluth, Georgia becomes ground zero for fallout, frustration, and fierce words."

Cut to black-and-white footage of Graysie Parker locking in the submission on Aaron Shaffer, the crowd roaring as the referee calls for the bell.

John Phillips (voiceover): "In her hometown, on the biggest stage, Graysie Parker did the unthinkable — she submitted Aaron Shaffer and walked out with not just pride... but the WrestleZone Championship."

We cut to a slow-motion still of Graysie holding both the Iron Crown and WrestleZone titles aloft, sweat and tears on her face, the fans behind her going ballistic.

Mark Bravo (voiceover): "That win didn't just shake the division... it cracked the foundation of the UTA."

Fade in to black, text appears across the screen in white bold letters:

"SCOTT STEVENS SPEAKS"

This Friday • Duluth, GA

V.O.: "What does Stevens have to say about Iron City's champion holding the WrestleZone Championship? Will he offer guidance? Or will he declare war?"

Cut back to Graysie Parker holding the title once more, this time with the Iron City Wrestling logo subtly faded in the corner.

V.O.: "Don't miss what could reshape the future of the UTA — this Friday night."

Maxx Mayhem vs. Brandon Henderson

Match

The lights drop to a deep steel gray as a crack of thunder rolls through the WrestleZone. A single bolt of lightning rips across the tron screen—then again—then again—until a stormfront of sound swells to life.

Lightning flashes. Then, out of the smoke—

BRANDON HENDERSON strides through the curtain, denim vest flapping like thunderclouds behind him. His jaw is clenched, his eyes locked forward, storm-chaser intensity rolling off him with every step.

John Phillips: "They call him 'Stormborn' for a reason, folks. When Brandon Henderson steps into an arena, you know something is about to erupt."

Mark Bravo: "He's got the heart of a warrior and the spine of a steel mill. This dude doesn't quit — he **accelerates** when it gets tough."

Brandon reaches the ring, slapping a few outstretched hands on the way but never breaking stride. He rolls in under the bottom rope, then climbs the nearest corner post—thrusting a fist into the air as a final lightning flash crashes behind him on the screen.

The crowd roars, feeling the electricity build with every second. Henderson drops down from the corner and paces the ring like a pressure system tightening around the canvas.

John Phillips: "He's been on the cusp of something big for months. Maybe tonight's the night the storm breaks in his favor."

Brandon tugs at his elbow pad, eyes flicking toward the ramp, waiting for chaos to arrive.

The arena goes dark for a beat...

Then—SIRENS. Loud. Distorted. Followed by the violent crackle of static across the tron. Fans begin to stir with a mix of excitement and dread.

The static cuts to black—and then, like a pipe bomb in the sound system, a blast of chaotic punk rock hits the speakers.

MAXX MAYHEM bursts through the curtain, swinging a dented trash can lid above his head and cackling like a lunatic. But that's not what grabs the camera's attention.

He's wearing a bright red CHRIS ROSS t-shirt — slightly too small, sleeves cut off. He grabs the bottom hem and **yanks it down**, stretching it out so the cameras get a good look.

Maxx Mayhem (shouting): "C'mon CHRIS! Let's make some **magic**, baby!"

He throws his arms wide, pacing the top of the ramp like a man possessed.

John Phillips: "Oh no... he's doing it again. That's the second week in a row Maxx Mayhem's called out Chris Ross — this time with **merchandise**."

Mark Bravo: "He's trying to recruit the Raging Bull into his little chaos cult! And I don't know what's scarier — the fact

that Maxx thinks it'll work, or the fact that it **might**."

Maxx launches the trash lid like a frisbee into the barricade—fans scatter and cheer. Then he sprints full-speed down the ramp, nearly wiping out, dives under the bottom rope, and pops up with arms outstretched again.

He licks the hard cam, then flips off the ceiling, spinning in a circle as he stomps around the ring like a wild dog looking for its next chew toy.

John Phillips: "You never know what Maxx Mayhem's going to do when the bell rings. And you never know what furniture might be involved."

Mark Bravo: "Or how many officials he's gonna tick off in the first five minutes."

Maxx rips off the Chris Ross shirt and throws it into the crowd—then immediately regrets it and yells, "Gimme that back!" before shrugging and tossing himself into the corner like a sack of bricks.

Across the ring, Brandon Henderson watches him carefully—storm poised to meet madness.

The bell rings—

And Maxx Mayhem charges full-speed across the ring like a rabid freight train.

Brandon sidesteps instinctively—Maxx crashes chest-first into the corner pads with a loud thud. He bounces back, dazed but grinning.

John Phillips: "That was... not strategy. That was Maxx Mayhem doing what he does best: creating mess."

Mark Bravo: "He missed the man, hit the wall, and still somehow looks **happy** about it."

Brandon capitalizes with a sharp **Thunderclap Chop!** The crack echoes across the arena. Maxx winces—Brandon follows up with a second one, this time backing Maxx into the ropes.

He whips Maxx across the ring—Maxx rebounds—Brandon leapfrogs him! Maxx hits the opposite ropes—Brandon drops down—

—Maxx stops mid-run, flips off the crowd, then **drops an elbow** into the air like he's finishing someone who isn't there!

Brandon turns around and stares—Maxx rolls out of the ring, throws his arms wide and shouts—

Maxx Mayhem (shouting): "I WIN THE MIND GAME!"

John Phillips: "What is he even doing?!"

Mark Bravo: "Performance art, John. Violent, stupid performance art."

The ref starts counting. Maxx grabs a water bottle from under the ring, takes a swig, and **spits it straight into the sky**, yelling, "Hydration for the fallen!"

Brandon, unimpressed, backs up to let him in. Maxx slides back under the ropes with a spin—Brandon immediately hits a **Lightning Bolt Lariat!** Maxx FLIPS!

The crowd explodes! Brandon covers—

1...

2...

Kickout!

John Phillips: "Mayhem might be reckless, but Henderson just knocked some clarity back into him with that lariat!"

Brandon pulls Maxx up—hooks—**Cumulonimbus Suplex!** He holds it for a moment before slamming him down hard!

The ring rattles!

Mark Bravo: "That's gridiron power! He just launched Maxx like a punt with that suplex!"

Brandon stands tall now, crowd rallying as he raises a fist. Maxx crawls to the corner, dazed but already chuckling. The storm is rolling—and Mayhem's just getting warmed up.

Brandon reaches down to pull Maxx up—

—but Maxx suddenly *bites his hand!*

John Phillips: "Oh come on! That's not a counter, that's a lawsuit!"

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem doesn't care about lawsuits—he probably *frames* them."

Brandon yanks his hand back, shaking it out—

—and Maxx explodes up with a *discus elbow to the jaw!* Brandon stumbles—Maxx sprints to the ropes and rebounds with a full-speed *snap DDT!* He spikes Henderson's head into the mat and scrambles into a cover—

1...

2...

Kickout!

Maxx cackles and slaps the mat, then immediately rolls out of the ring. He throws up his hands and starts rummaging under the apron.

John Phillips: "And now here comes the Mayhem special — what's it gonna be this time? A chair? A shopping cart? A six-pack of thumbtacks?"

Maxx pulls out a dented steel chair and holds it high, pointing toward the sky like he's conducting lightning. He slides back in—

The ref tries to stop him—Maxx tosses the chair high into the air—

Brandon instinctively ducks—Maxx uses the distraction to *low dropkick* his knee from behind!

Mark Bravo: "He didn't even need to swing it — he used the *idea* of the chair!"

Brandon crashes down, clutching his leg. Maxx retrieves the chair, wedges it in the corner between the top and middle ropes, then turns back to his opponent.

He pulls Brandon up—*swinging neckbreaker!* Right into the mat!

Another cover—

1...

2...

Still just two!

Maxx slams his fists on the mat, screaming, "THIS IS MY SYMPHONY!" before licking the hard cam and flipping off the crowd again.

John Phillips: "This is like watching a demolition derby where the driver is also the crash test dummy."

He drags Brandon to the corner with the wedged chair—

—but Brandon suddenly shoves him backward! Maxx stumbles—

—right into the chair! His back *slams* into the steel with a violent clang!

The crowd gasps as Maxx crumples to the mat, writhing and laughing all at once.

Mark Bravo: "He set the trap and walked right into it. And I think he's *enjoying* it!"

Brandon pulls himself up using the ropes, limping slightly, eyes locked on Maxx now.

John Phillips: "The storm's still alive... but Mayhem's not done either."

Brandon lines up again, calling for the *Gale Force Knee*. The crowd roars as he storms to the corner, firing himself up, pointing to the rafters.

John Phillips: "He's looking to end this! Gale Force coming in hot!"

Maxx stumbles to his feet, clearly dazed, arms wobbling—

Brandon charges—

—but Maxx *collapses* face-first to the mat before impact. The sudden drop causes Brandon to leap over him instinctively to avoid a trip—

As Brandon turns—*low blow!* The ref didn't see it! Maxx grins wide as Brandon clutches his gut!

Mark Bravo: "It wouldn't be Mayhem without some rules being turned into confetti!"

Maxx grabs Brandon by the wrist—*irish whip to the corner!* Brandon slams hard against the turnbuckles—

Maxx backs up—screams—

Maxx Mayhem (yelling): "CRAAAASH COURSE!"

He charges full-speed—*cannonball into the corner!* Both men collapse from the sheer impact, but Maxx rolls through, laughing, clutching his back from the self-inflicted damage!

He pulls himself on top of Brandon for the cover—

1...

2...

3!

John Phillips: "He stole it! Mayhem survives the storm and leaves with the win!"

Mark Bravo: "He wrecked his own spine to crush Brandon—and somehow that's exactly how he *wanted* it to end."

The bell rings and the ref raises Maxx's hand—he yanks it away, grabs the referee by the shirt, and yells "I TOLD YOU I'M A TACTICAL GENIUS!" before licking the air and rolling out of the ring in reverse.

Inside the ring, Brandon slowly sits up, shaking his head in frustration. He looks out to the crowd and mouths, "I had him," before leaning back against the ropes, visibly disappointed but far from broken.

Maxx Mayhem backs up the ramp, raising both middle fingers high and mouthing "This is just the beginning!"

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem walks away with a big win—but chaos comes with consequences. I don't think Brandon's going to forget this any time soon."

Mark Bravo: "And I don't think Maxx *wants* him to. He wants Brandon angry. He wants the whole roster rattled. This is *strategic insanity* at its finest."

Fade out as Maxx disappears backstage, still laughing.

Tour Dates

Segment

The lights inside the WrestleZone dim as the tron flares to life—gold flames lick across the screen as gritty southern guitar riffs rumble beneath the audio. The words “THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL TOUR” explode across the screen in rusted iron type.

John Phillips: "We're just getting started, folks! After the fallout in Birmingham, WrestleUTA's Great Southern Trendkill Tour is heading full steam into the heart of the South."

Mark Bravo: "Call it what it is, John—the warpath. Every city on this map is about to feel the full force of the UTA roster, and brother, it ain't gonna be pretty."

The screen shifts to a gritty digital map. Each location pulses into view with impactful match footage fading into each city callout.

[AUGUST 22 — DULUTH, GEORGIA – GAS SOUTH ARENA]

Fans scream as the screen flashes with images of Graysie Parker holding dual titles, cut with footage of Chris Ross staring dead into the lens, bloodied and furious.

John Phillips: "Duluth is next—and the fallout from Graysie Parker walking out with the WrestleZone Championship is far from over."

Mark Bravo: "And Chris Ross? He ain't the type to let disrespect go unanswered. Something tells me we're gonna see fireworks at Gas South."

[AUGUST 29 — LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS – BARTON COLISEUM]

Clips of Angela Hall locking in a chokehold. Flash to a leaping Aaron Shaffer. A graphic glitches in: “New Contenders Emerging.”

John Phillips: "From up-and-comers to top-tier talent—Little Rock could be the night where a new title picture begins to take shape."

Mark Bravo: "Everybody's jockeyin' for position before we hit the final stop. And in Arkansas? It's gonna be no-holds-barred desperation."

[SEPTEMBER 5 — LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA – CAJUNDOME]

Slow-motion shots of fog rolling in over a swamp. Lightning crackles. Jarvis Valentine lifts the UTA Championship in silhouette.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine still reigns. And with a target growing by the day, Louisiana could be his most dangerous stop yet."

Mark Bravo: "And don't forget—Cajun crowds are wild. That atmosphere alone might tilt the balance if a challenger steps up that night."

[SEPTEMBER 12 — HOUSTON, TEXAS – NRG ARENA]

Stadium lights flare. Scott Stevens' face cuts across the screen, serious and brooding. His voice echoes, "In my city, I make the rules."

John Phillips: "We're heading straight into General Manager territory—Stevens' home turf."

Mark Bravo: "You just know he's cookin' up something twisted. When we get to Houston, everything could change."

[SEPTEMBER 19 — FT. WORTH, TEXAS – DICKIES ARENA]

Clips of Brick Bronson hitting the Brick Breaker. Crowd booing. Valentina Blaze snarling in defiance.

John Phillips: "We return to Texas with momentum building—and Brick Bronson knows it's now or never to reclaim lost ground."

Mark Bravo: "Ft. Worth could be a last stand for some... and a breakout for others. Don't blink."

[SEPTEMBER 28 — LAWTON, OKLAHOMA – GREAT PLAINS COLISEUM]

The camera pans slowly over the The Great Southern Trendkill logo. Black and gold. Bold. Final. The words fade in: "THE END OF THE TRENDKILL."

John Phillips: "It all ends in Oklahoma. The Great Southern Trendkill. The final chapter of the Trendkill Tour—and the biggest show of the year."

Mark Bravo: "Legacies forged. Titles decided. And careers... possibly ended."

Flames rise one final time as the tour schedule flashes on screen. The words "GET IN THE ZONE. STAY IN THE ZONE." slam over the closing frame as guitars shred out.

Jarvis Valentine vs. Malachi Cross

Match

The lights in the arena dim until only a faint blue hue remains. The crowd murmurs in anticipation as a low fog begins to blanket the stage and ramp like a creeping tide. Then—

Gregorian chants echo through the sound system. Haunting. Ritualistic. Ominous.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen... this is about to get very cold, very fast."

Suddenly, the chants morph into heavy bass and distortion, shaking the foundation of the arena. Out from behind the curtain emerges a towering figure—

Malachi Cross.

His arms are crossed like a corpse. His head lowered. His steps slow, measured, funereal.

Mark Bravo: "There's something about that man that just... takes the air out of the room."

Clad in a long, ash-gray trench coat with crucifix insignias stitched into the sleeves, Malachi stops atop the ramp and raises his head. His eyes are ice—cold and unblinking. Tombstones staring into the soul of the champion awaiting him.

He slowly makes his way down the ramp, eyes never leaving the ring. No gestures. No theatrics. Just inevitability in motion.

John Phillips: "This man doesn't wrestle matches. He conducts exorcisms. Jarvis Valentine is not walking into a bout... he's walking into a damn ritual."

As Malachi reaches ringside, he steps onto the apron and pauses, casting a final stare at the crowd before slowly entering between the ropes.

Once inside, he walks to the center of the ring and lowers his head again. Slowly, deliberately, he raises his arms and crosses them once more across his chest.

The music fades. The fog dissipates. The silence is oppressive.

Mark Bravo: "Welcome to the Church of Pain. Malachi's sermon is about to begin."

The lights drop again—this time to pitch black. A quiet hum fills the air... and then—

? "American Flags" by Tom MacDonald hits like a firecracker, and the crowd detonates in response.

John Phillips: "Here we go! The defending UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine, is in the building!"

Red, white, and blue lights strobe across the arena in a carefully choreographed display as the stage explodes with bursts of pyro in time with the beat. Out steps Jarvis Valentine—undaunted, sharp, and focused.

He's wearing a tailored entrance jacket with subtle Q symbols and the number 17 embroidered along the arms. His eyes scan the crowd for just a second... and then he raises a single hand, forming a Q shape in the air.

Mark Bravo: "Look at that symbolism. He doesn't just represent a wrestling champion—Jarvis Valentine represents a movement. A cause. A mission."

The fans thunder in appreciation—some mimicking the Q sign, others chanting his name as he begins his confident march toward the ring. Each step down the ramp is followed by firework-like pyro going off in bursts behind him, mimicking a Fourth of July celebration.

He pauses mid-ramp. Eyes locked on Malachi Cross, who has not moved an inch.

John Phillips: "No intimidation. No hesitation. Jarvis knows what he's walking into... and he's walking in anyway."

Jarvis ascends the ring steps, entering between the ropes. He climbs the turnbuckle and raises both arms triumphantly. A second, final wave of pyro explodes around the upper level of the arena, draping the moment in patriotic fire.

Descending from the corner, Jarvis removes his jacket and passes it to the ringside attendant. He glances at the UTA Championship belt, already in the referee's hands—his jaw tightening. This is war.

Mark Bravo: "That championship means everything to him. But tonight? He's got to walk through hell to keep it."

The referee presents the UTA Championship to both competitors — Jarvis nods once. Malachi doesn't react. Just eyes like stone.

John Phillips: "Main event time, folks. The UTA Championship is on the line — and this has the makings of a classic."

The bell rings. DING DING DING.

Jarvis steps forward cautiously, hands up, weight shifting side to side. Malachi doesn't move immediately—then slowly starts circling, arms still folded across his chest like a man waiting for confession. It's unnerving.

Mark Bravo: "That's the creep factor, John. Malachi Cross plays mind games at a level I don't think we've ever seen in UTA. He lures you into silence—then strikes like a serpent."

Suddenly, Malachi unfolds—lunging forward with a stiff collar-and-elbow tie-up. Jarvis responds in kind, digging his heels in. The two struggle for position before Malachi powers Jarvis back into the corner—but breaks clean after a three-count from the ref.

Jarvis shakes it off and comes out with a bit more urgency. The two lock up again, and this time Jarvis slips behind with a waist lock. Malachi reverses—standing switch—and hurls Valentine with a quick release back suplex!

John Phillips: "Jarvis hits the mat hard! First takedown of the match goes to Malachi—and he's already closing in again!"

Jarvis scrambles to his feet—but eats a stiff Muay Thai knee to the ribs as Malachi clinches behind the neck. Another! And another!

Mark Bravo: "Malachi Cross fights like he's trying to grind you into the canvas. It's calculated punishment from the jump."

Jarvis finally shoves him off—creating separation—and blasts Malachi with a discus clothesline! The crowd pops as Cross is knocked flat!

John Phillips: "There's the explosive offense of the champ! One shot can change everything in there."

Malachi rolls to the ropes and pulls himself up—expression unreadable as ever. Jarvis motions for him to bring it.

Mark Bravo: "This is already feeling like one of those matchups we're going to be talking about for a long time."

Jarvis motions for Malachi to come at him again, adrenaline pumping. Malachi tilts his head to the side in a twitch of eerie interest—and obliges. They circle again, slower now, testing each other.

John Phillips: "Both men feeling the weight of this championship match. The pace has settled, but the tension? Palpable."

Jarvis rushes in for a grapple, but Malachi sidesteps and snatches a wrist—twisting Jarvis into a standing arm wringer. Without hesitation, Malachi drives a vicious elbow across the tricep and then yanks down on the joint again. He steps through—flipping Jarvis with a hip toss—but maintains the hold, converting it seamlessly into a grounded armbar.

Mark Bravo: "Malachi's turning anatomy into agony. He's not trying to pin you early—he's trying to break pieces off you."

Jarvis grimaces but fights up to a knee, muscles flaring. He throws a stiff forearm to Malachi's face—once, twice! Malachi breaks the hold, but not without clubbing Jarvis across the back of the head with a downward hammer blow.

Jarvis stumbles but explodes off the ropes with a shoulder block that knocks Malachi back a step. Another! This time Malachi staggers into the corner—Jarvis charges with a full head of steam and connects with a running clothesline!

John Phillips: "That's what Jarvis does best — stringing together that combination offense. If he keeps the pace high, it throws Malachi out of that calculated rhythm."

Jarvis hits a back suplex in the center of the ring and goes for the cover —

Ref: "ONE!—"

Malachi kicks out with force, eyes still blank, and immediately rolls to his stomach to avoid follow-up strikes.

Mark Bravo: "That's the scariest thing about this guy. You slam him to the mat, and there's no flinch. No breathless panic. Just silence."

Jarvis grabs a front face lock and tries to pull Malachi up—but Malachi suddenly drives him backwards into the turnbuckle! He unleashes a flurry—elbows, knees, forearms in tight succession—like a one-man rite of exorcism!

John Phillips: "Malachi's turned the tide again! Just when you think you've got him cornered, he becomes the storm."

Jarvis collapses to a seated position in the corner, sucking air. Malachi backs off... then charges with a brutal Yakuza Kick that nearly decapitates the champion!

Mark Bravo: "Yakuza Kick! That boot caught him square in the face! Jarvis might be out already!"

Malachi drags Jarvis by the boot to the center and hooks the leg—

Ref: "ONE!... TWO!..."

Kickout by the champ! The crowd exhales in unison.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine digs deep! But right now, it's Malachi Cross with control — and that's dangerous ground for anyone."

Malachi Cross stalks the ring like a robed predator, calm and collected, while Jarvis clutches at his jaw from that brutal Yakuza kick. The champion slowly climbs to his feet using the ropes—his eyes glassy but burning with purpose.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is still in this, but Malachi's turned this ring into a sanctified altar of punishment."

Malachi steps forward with surgical intent and delivers a precise Muay Thai knee to Jarvis's ribs. Another follows. Then a third—each one cracking like thunder in the arena. Jarvis gasps, doubling over...

—but he grabs Malachi's waist!

With sheer desperation, Jarvis explodes into a German suplex—sending Malachi overhead! The crowd roars!

Mark Bravo: "The champ's still got gas in the tank! That was instinct—pure instinct!"

Jarvis doesn't stop there—he rolls through, holds the grip—and hits a second German! He releases this time and clutches his side, but Malachi's reeling.

Jarvis rushes for the ropes, bounces off—and connects with a discus clothesline that turns Malachi inside out!

John Phillips: "Momentum has shifted again—and now it's Jarvis with a head of steam!"

He pulls Malachi up, throws him into the ropes—catches him on the rebound—

—Running Bulldog!

Mark Bravo: "Malachi ate the mat! That might be the biggest shot he's taken all match!"

Jarvis hooks the leg, pressing down hard—

Ref: "ONE! TWO!—"

Malachi kicks out with a sudden jolt, his face expressionless even as his body fights to recover.

Jarvis sits back on his knees, chest heaving. He pounds the mat, rallying the crowd behind him. The red, white, and blue strobes flicker lightly over the ring as chants of "JAR-VIS!" echo around the arena.

But as he turns to pull Malachi up again—Malachi suddenly snatches Jarvis's arm and pulls him into a tight grip!

—Purgatory Clutch!

John Phillips: "Oh my god—Purgatory Clutch! The arm triangle is in! And Malachi's sitting into it with full body weight!"

Jarvis flails—his hand slapping the mat in panic, but not tapping—searching for leverage. The crowd rises to their feet in suspense. Valentine shifts—he inches toward the ropes—his legs kicking wildly!

Mark Bravo: "He's fading! His face is turning beet red!"

With one final surge, Jarvis throws his foot onto the bottom rope!

Ref: "BREAK!"

Malachi holds until the count of four... then releases. The ref warns him, but Malachi's gaze is locked—empty and focused. He backs up into the shadows of the corner again, awaiting resurrection.

John Phillips: "Jarvis just escaped the darkness—but how much did it cost him?"

The camera zooms in on Jarvis, collapsed but still alive. Toni Valentine is shouting encouragement from ringside. The match now teeters between salvation and sacrifice, and only one man will walk out as champion.

Malachi rises from the corner like an ancient wraith—breathing methodically, his head lowered and arms slowly crossing in front of his chest. Across the ring, Jarvis claws at the ropes, using every ounce of strength left to pull himself vertical.

John Phillips: "We are in the end times of this one, folks. This has turned into a war of will, not just skill."

Malachi charges—sudden as a knife in the dark—and drives his knee into Jarvis's sternum again. He hoists Jarvis up—

—Dark Harvest!

Jarvis screams in agony as his spine crashes across Malachi's knee. The challenger immediately drags him center—hooks the leg!

Ref: "ONE! TWO!—"

Jarvis gets the shoulder up!

Mark Bravo: "WHAT?! HOW?!"

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine just survived the harvest—but for how long?"

Malachi doesn't blink. He kneels beside Jarvis and begins raining down cold, deliberate elbow strikes to the neck and jaw—each one methodical. The referee checks on Jarvis—he's still conscious, but fading.

Then Malachi slowly stands and signals for the end. He raises both arms—then lowers them like funeral bells tolling.

John Phillips: "That can only mean one thing... Burial Rite."

He pulls Jarvis to his feet—lifts him into the inverted crucifix position—

—but Jarvis suddenly wriggles free and drops down behind!

He shoves Malachi chest-first into the turnbuckle—Malachi stumbles backward—

—Jarvis hooks the head!

—Neckbreaker Slam!

Jarvis roars, rallying himself and the crowd. He pulls Malachi up and lifts him onto his shoulders—

Mark Bravo: "He's going for it! Patriot Plunge incoming!"

Malachi flails—elbows to the head—Jarvis drops him!

—Yakuza Kick from Malachi!

Jarvis slumps back... but stays upright!

Malachi turns for another—

—but Jarvis ducks, spins him—

—PATRIOT PLUNGE!

The fireman's carry into a DDT spikes Malachi straight down onto the mat!

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine just hit it! We might be seconds from a successful title defense!"

He collapses onto Malachi's chest, barely able to hook the leg—

Ref: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

Mark Bravo: "HE DID IT!"

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine survives the storm, the dread, the punishment—and leaves with the UTA Championship still in his grasp!"

The bell rings as the arena erupts. "American Flags" blares once more as Jarvis rolls off Malachi's fallen body, eyes wide, gasping like a man reborn. The referee brings him the UTA Championship and raises his arm—

—but Jarvis is too tired to stand. He simply cradles the belt like a newborn, clutching it to his chest as Toni slides into the ring to join him.

Malachi, eerily calm despite defeat, lies motionless, staring up at the rafters like he's watching something only he can see.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine walked through darkness... and found the truth waiting in the light."

"American Flags" is still blaring as Jarvis holds his title close, barely able to stand, chest rising and falling like a man who's just survived a war...

Then the music cuts.

All lights drop to red.

The speakers explode—

? "Walk with Me in Hell" by Lamb of God

John Phillips: "Oh no... oh my God... THAT'S BRICK BRONSON'S MUSIC!"

The audience erupts as the hulking silhouette of **Brick Bronson** appears through the fog and crimson lights. He steps onto the stage, jaw clenched, cracking his knuckles, shoulders rolling, his eyes locked forward like a laser-guided missile.

Mark Bravo: "He's not scheduled! What the hell is he doing out here?!"

Jarvis's expression shifts from relief... to dread.

Bronson wastes no time. He storms down the ramp with thunderous, heavy steps, eyes never leaving the ring. Inside, Jarvis tries to center himself, pulling on the top rope to stay upright.

John Phillips: "That's the man Jarvis cashed in on. That's the man who never got his rematch. And that's the man Jarvis must face THIS Friday for the UTA Championship!"

Bronson slides in under the bottom rope with the momentum of a freight train. Jarvis stumbles forward, raising the belt like a weapon—

—BRICK LEAPS—

—**SPEAR!**—

The UTA Champion folds in half as Brick Bronson's massive shoulder drives through him like a battering ram. The crowd explodes in gasps and boos, mixed with roars from Bronson loyalists.

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't a message, Phillips. That was a damn death threat!"

Brick doesn't posture. He doesn't flex. He kneels beside Jarvis's twisted body and slowly picks up the UTA Championship belt... staring at it in his massive hands.

Then, without ceremony, he places it across Jarvis's chest like a shroud... and exits the ring.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson is coming. And I don't think he's coming to wrestle... he's coming to destroy."

The camera lingers on the final image: Jarvis Valentine motionless on the canvas, title across his chest, lights still blood red, and Brick Bronson walking up the ramp, never once turning around.

Mark Bravo: "This Friday... may very well be a funeral."

Conclusion

CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE

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