

# IN THE ZONE: 9

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** September 16, 2025

## Preview

Card to be announced

## Results

### Introduction

Segment

The screen fades in on a packed WrestleZone. The fans are buzzing, waving signs high, the energy electric as the camera sweeps across the arena. The tron flashes with highlights from the Houston stop of The Great Southern Trendkill Tour — Chris Ross' destruction of Brandon Henderson, Amy Harrison storming the ring, and the chaos she left behind. Clips of Susanita Ybanez, beaten down but defiant, roll alongside the smirking shot of Amy holding Valkyrie Knox's championship high above her head.

The video package shifts to the Trust Fund Tag Team Champions, Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington, strutting with arrogance as clips of Iron City Wrestling's Rich Young Grapplerz roll. The words splash across the screen: "OPEN CHALLENGE — TONIGHT!"

The shot cuts back live to the announce desk, where the camera finds the familiar duo waiting ringside.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome once again to IN THE ZONE, and what a night we've got for you here at The WrestleZone in Orlando! The Great Southern Trendkill is just under two weeks away, but tonight, the fallout from Houston is already shaking this company to its core!"

Mark Bravo: "That's right, John! Amy Harrison came back like a storm outta nowhere last Friday in Houston. She jumped the barricade, put the boots to Susanita Ybanez, even knocked Valkyrie Knox on her back, and walked out holding the Women's Championship like it belonged to her! And tonight? Oh baby, she's stepping into the ring against Susanita, one-on-one!"

John Phillips: "An explosive showdown, and it's only the beginning! Because later tonight, we'll also see the Trust Fund Tag Team Champions themselves, the Rich Young Grapplerz, putting their belts on the line in a Trust Fund Tag Team Championship Open Challenge!"

Mark Bravo: "Jacoby and Darian, baby! The kings of cash, the princes of privilege! But when you open the door for anybody, you never know who's gonna walk through it. That's the thrill, and that's why I love it!"

John Phillips: "It's the road to Lawton, Oklahoma, the Great Plains Coliseum, and The Great Southern Trendkill. Every match, every moment matters as we march toward that historic night. And folks, it all starts right here, right now — because this is IN THE ZONE!"

The crowd roars as pyro blasts on stage and the opening theme kicks in. The camera pans across screaming fans holding "Valkyrie's Zone," "Amy is Back," and "Trust Fund Trash" signs before focusing on the entrance ramp, setting the stage for the night's first contest.

### ASK'ing The Important Questions

Segment

The camera cuts from the ring to a new angle — high and wide from the back of the crowd inside The WrestleZone. The mysterious woman, who has been seen taking notes at several of the last few shows, stands up from her seat. She gathers her notebook and bag, adjusting her blazer and pushing her glasses up the bridge of her nose. As she turns toward the exit, she spots the camera pointed her way. She groans audibly, rolling her eyes before striding up the aisle toward the back.

The feed switches to the corridor of The WrestleZone, bustling with fans buying merch and concessions. The mysterious woman steps through the doors when suddenly Melissa Cartwright rushes into frame, microphone in hand.

Melissa Cartwright: "Excuse me! Excuse me! May I have a second of your time?!"

The woman stops, sighs, and reluctantly turns to face Melissa.

Melissa Cartwright: "Melissa Cartwright here, and I have to ask what's on everyone's mind... who are you?"

The mysterious woman's expression tightens into annoyance.

Mystery Woman: "Avril Selene Kinkade. Barrister by trade, tactician by instinct, and the sharpest mind in any room I enter. Oh, but that's hardly the point, is it? I've been here for weeks, quietly observing this circus... and frankly, it's been nothing short of a shambles. Absolute rubbish."

Melissa blinks, taken aback.

Melissa Cartwright: "Garbage? These are your superstars—"

Avril Selene Kinkade: "My superstars? Don't be daft. They are laughable at best. My client... well, I'm inclined to advise him to steer clear of this lot entirely. It's all a bit amateur hour, isn't it? Do tell. When will they start playing Yakety Sax?"

Melissa leans in, intrigued.

Melissa Cartwright: "Client? May I ask who your client is?"

Kinkade's breath hissed through her teeth, eyes rolling heavenward as if summoning divine patience for the idiocy before her.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "If this is your idea of journalism, I dread to think what passes for integrity in your circles. Utter drivel. Now, do be a darling and clear my path, won't you? I've no desire to linger in this carnival of mediocrity."

Before Melissa can respond, B.R. Ellis appears from the side of the frame, not dressed to wrestle but clearly listening in. He stops dead in his tracks, looking offended, then steps toward the woman.

B.R. Ellis: "You know what? I've seen you in the crowd, even during my match. Taking notes, scribbling like some critic. And then you've got the audacity to call what we do garbage? Who do you think you are?"

He jabs his finger at her chest. The woman recoils in disgust and swats his hand away. She immediately draws a packet of antibacterial wipes from the inner pocket of her coat and scrubs the "infected" area.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "One more unsolicited touch and I'll be forced to assume you've confused me with someone common. I don't wrestle, I don't scuffle, and I certainly don't mingle with the underpaid."

She slips the packet back into its place and adjusts her blazer, regaining composure.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Yet, my client does. And he'll be pleased to showcase the kind of brilliance you only read about in trade magazines, assuming you're literate, of course."

Ellis leans in, glaring.

B.R. Ellis: "Is that so? Fine. You just tell me when and where. I've been a part of the UTA for a long time, and no one gets away with talking the way you just did about it."

Her smirk is devilish, precise, and utterly unbothered — as if she's already seen the ending and it's written in Ellis's blood.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Come Fort Worth and The Great Southern Trendkill, my client will descend like wrath incarnate. You may pray, you may plead, but you will not be spared."

Ellis lets out a sharp snort, his jaw tight with frustration.

B.R. Ellis: "Great. So will I. You tell your client to bring his working boots, because I'm going to show him how we do things around here."

The two lock eyes, tension thick in the corridor. Melissa looks from one to the other, clearly concerned but sensing the importance of what just unfolded. She turns to the camera, raising the microphone.

Melissa Cartwright: "There you have it, folks. The first match of The Great Southern Trendkill has just been set. B.R. Ellis will take on this mystery woman's client in Ft. Worth."

The woman scoffs, walking out of frame with her notes in hand. Ellis glares after her, fists clenched, as Melissa stands between them to close the segment.

## **Where is She?**

Segment

The camera cuts backstage, catching Valkyrie Knox storming down the hallway, the UTA Women's Championship slung over her shoulder. Her eyes burn with fury, her jaw tight. She glances into an empty locker room, then slams the door shut, continuing her pace like a predator on the hunt.

Valkyrie Knox: "Harrison... where the hell are you?!"

The camera swings as she rounds a corner — and suddenly, Marie Van Claudio steps into frame. Marie lifts her hands, palms outward, concern written across her face.

Marie Van Claudio: "Valkyrie... Valkyrie... stop."

Valkyrie halts just short, nostrils flaring, glaring at Marie like she's in the way of her quarry.

Marie Van Claudio: "I know. I know you're angry about what happened Friday night — and you should be. But whatever this is, whatever you're doing right now, it's exactly what Amy wants. She wants you to feed into it. To lose sight of things. That's how she'll take that title away from you."

Valkyrie tightens her grip on the championship, her expression twisting with irritation.

Valkyrie Knox: "Is that so? Is that what she wants? Well, where is she, Marie? Tell me where she is so my fist can have a little discussion with her face."

Marie grimaces, still trying to calm the fire, her voice more pleading now.

Marie Van Claudio: "Please, Valkyrie. You know I've been there — in the exact situation you're in now. Don't do anything you're going to regret."

Valkyrie steps closer, closing the gap, her intensity unshaken.

Valkyrie Knox: "Regret? No. The only one who'll regret anything is Amy Harrison... regretting the day she decided to interfere in my business."

Knox storms past Marie, vanishing down the hall in search of her target. Marie watches her go, concern fully etched on her face, before glancing at the camera with a shake of her head. Fade out.

## **Trust Fund Tag Team Championship Open Challenge**

The unmistakable warble of “Lifestyle” by Rich Gang hits, and the boos come in heavy before the beat even drops. Gold spotlights sweep across the arena, smoke filling the stage. Out strut the Rich Young Grapplerz — Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington — carrying their custom Trust Fund Tag Team Championship belts. The titles gleam gaudily in the light, covered in flashy designs and engraved dollar signs that make the crowd groan even louder.

Jacoby leads the way in his designer joggers and oversized shades, varsity “RYG” jacket dangling off one shoulder. He chews gum lazily while holding his phone high, streaming live as if this is just another clout-chasing highlight for his socials. Behind him, Darian bounces with jittery energy, shirtless under a silk bomber, pecs flexing as he yells, “We’re up! We’re up!” to absolutely no one in particular. His free hand clutches his championship belt like a trophy he barely deserves but flaunts anyway.

The boos rain down but the Grapplerz bask in it, pausing at the top of the ramp. Jacoby winks and fires off a finger-gun salute, while Darian drops a loud, obnoxious dab. Together, they strut down the ramp like it’s a fashion runway. Fans in the front row jeer, and Darian barks back, “Y’all could never!” Jacoby pans his phone across the crowd, muttering, “Filter’s working overtime tonight.”

Once ringside, Jacoby slides in first, draping himself across the ropes like he’s poolside at a villa, while Darian charges and hits the ropes once, twice, before flexing dead-center in the ring. They hold their gaudy titles high, posing for the hard cam as the jeers grow louder. The belts shine under the lights, a perfect picture of arrogance and entitlement.

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

The crowd drowns them in boos, but the Grapplerz only smirk wider, living off the heat. The music fades, and Jacoby finally lowers his phone, whispering something smug into Darian’s ear as they await whoever dares answer their Open Challenge.

Jacoby and Darian strut around the ring with their obnoxious custom titles, laughing to themselves. Jacoby leans over the ropes, barking into the camera phone again, while Darian flexes toward the hard cam, yelling, “We’re money, baby! Nobody touching us!” The crowd boos relentlessly — until the music cuts. Silence fills the arena for a brief, tense moment.

Then — a pounding snare drum hits, followed by a brass band–style fanfare. The arena lights strobe red, white, and blue as the crowd erupts in cheers. From the curtain burst Carter Durant and Jaxson Ryder — U.S.A, the United States Athletes! Carter sprints out first, high-fiving fans under teal and purple lights as if leading a parade, followed by Ryder, exploding onto the stage with raw energy. Together they salute the crowd, the patriotic entrance hitting perfectly with the fans on their feet.

John Phillips: "It's U.S.A! Carter Durant and Jaxson Ryder have answered the challenge! The WrestleZone is on its feet!"

Mark Bravo: "Whoa, whoa, whoa — hold on! These guys? These fresh-faced flag-wavers are about to step in with the Grapplerz? Oh, this is either gonna be the upset of the year... or the beating of their lives!"

Carter and Jaxson pump up the crowd as they storm down the ramp, Carter darting from side to side, slapping hands, while Ryder points to the WrestleZone sign and roars. Fans wave flags and signs reading “U.S.A ALL THE WAY!” The Grapplerz look annoyed, Darian mouthing, “You’ve got to be kidding me,” while Jacoby pretends to fall asleep against the turnbuckle.

U.S.A slide into the ring, standing face-to-face with the champions. Carter points to the belts, then back at the hard cam, shouting, “Those belong to the people!” Ryder nods firmly, stepping chest-to-chest with Darian. The crowd roars at the showdown: arrogance vs. pride, entitlement vs. grit. The referee slides in between them, motioning for both teams to back off and signaling to ringside for the official introductions.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, it's official — the Trust Fund Tag Team Championship is on the line! The Rich Young Grapplerz defending against the United States Athletes, right here on IN THE ZONE!"

The referee holds up the gaudy custom Trust Fund Tag Team Championship belts, the crowd booing the sight of them. He hands them off to ringside, and the bell rings. Darian Darrington flexes like he's about to walk on stage at a bodybuilding show, demanding Jaxson Ryder start things off. Ryder nods and steps forward, saluting the crowd before locking eyes with the smug powerhouse.

Darian charges like a linebacker, looking to bowl Ryder over with a football tackle. But Jaxson sidesteps with quick footwork, catching him on the rebound with a crisp dropkick that sends Darian stumbling into the corner. The crowd pops, Ryder firing up as he claps for Carter. Darian shakes it off and rushes again — only to eat a snap suplex right in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Ryder with the suplex! That's the energy he brings every time he's in that ring — clean, crisp, and with the crowd behind him!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but don't blink, John. Darian Darrington might look like he's lost out there, but one power move can flip this whole thing around in a second!"

Ryder tags in Carter Durant to a big cheer. Carter leaps onto the top rope and springboards in with a missile dropkick that drops Darian again. Carter pops to his feet, rallying the crowd as he and Ryder share a quick fist bump. Together, they whip Darian into the ropes and nail a double back body drop, sending him crashing down hard. The fans are on their feet now, chanting "U-S-A! U-S-A!" as Carter makes the cover — ONE! — but Darian kicks out with authority.

Darian rolls to his corner, flustered, and tags in Jacoby Jacobs. The smaller Grappler leaps over the ropes with a flashy spin, striking a TikTok dance in the middle of the ring as Carter stares at him in disbelief. The crowd boos, but Jacoby winks at the hard cam, mouthing "Going viral."

Carter shakes his head and charges, but Jacoby ducks under, running the ropes at lightning speed. He slides under Carter's legs, pops up, and plants him with a running hurricanrana that whips Durant across the ring. Jacoby cartwheels into a pose, mocking the crowd, before sprinting again for a springboard armdrag. Carter flips through it, though, landing on his feet to a big reaction. The two men face off, the fans roaring at the even exchange.

John Phillips: "That's what makes this matchup so fascinating — the Grapplerz live for arrogance and showmanship, while U.S.A are pure teamwork, pure grit, pure athleticism!"

Mark Bravo: "And don't forget — only one of these teams actually knows how to hold on to gold. Like it or not, Jacoby and Darian are the champs for a reason."

Jacoby struts toward Carter, trash-talking, then slaps him across the face. Carter fires back with a springboard enzuigiri that cracks Jacoby in the temple, sending him reeling into the ropes. The crowd explodes as Carter tags Ryder back in. Together, they whip Jacoby off the ropes and nail a double dropkick, sending the viral sensation tumbling to the mat. The U.S.A. chants are deafening as Ryder drops for the cover, but Jacoby just kicks out at two.

Darian slaps the turnbuckle desperately, demanding to be tagged back in. Jacoby crawls toward him, grimacing, as Ryder stalks from behind, motioning for the Dayton Lock. The opening act has shifted momentum firmly to the challengers, and the Grapplerz are suddenly realizing this isn't going to be the easy night they expected.

Jaxson Ryder tries to lock Jacoby Jacobs into the Dayton Lock, but Jacoby scrambles wildly, clawing his way toward the ropes. The referee steps in to separate them, forcing Ryder to break. Jacoby smirks, blowing a sarcastic kiss before lunging forward and gouging Ryder's eyes with a thumb rake the official doesn't catch. Ryder staggers back, clutching his face. Jacoby takes the opening to dive into his corner, tagging in Darian Darrington.

Darian explodes into the ring, leveling Ryder with a flying shoulderblock that flips him inside out. He flexes immediately,

barking "That's attitude!" while the boos pour in. As Ryder struggles up, Darian charges again, smashing him with a running clothesline that nearly takes his head off. He pounds his chest, shouting "We're up!" as Jacoby applauds mockingly from the apron.

Durant leans through the ropes, urging Ryder to fight back. Ryder crawls toward him, hand outstretched — but Darian cuts him off with a thunderous Oklahoma Slam that rattles the canvas. Instead of covering, Darian struts in a circle, pointing to his biceps, taunting the crowd with over-the-top flexes.

John Phillips: "This is where the Grapplerz are so dangerous. They're brash, they're arrogant, but when they cut the ring in half, they can control the pace like seasoned champions."

Mark Bravo: "And you can't even be mad at it, John! This is smart tag wrestling — isolate, dominate, and make sure Carter Durant never sees that hot tag."

Darian drags Ryder into the Grapplerz' corner and tags Jacoby. The two double-team ruthlessly: Darian holding Ryder wide open while Jacoby springs off the second rope with a sliding clothesline. Ryder crumples, gasping. The referee warns them about double-teaming, but Jacoby plays innocent, winking at the hard cam before stomping away at Ryder's midsection.

Jacoby pulls Ryder up, yelling "Going viral!" before whipping him hard into the corner. He tags Darian back in, who charges with Credit Check — repeated shoulder tackles into Ryder's ribs, battering him down to the mat. Each impact shakes the ropes, Darian flexing between thrusts as the crowd rains down boos.

Carter paces furiously on the apron, arm outstretched, desperate for the tag. The fans clap in rhythm, trying to rally Ryder. Jacoby claps mockingly along before yelling, "Let's go, loser!" and tagging himself back in. He flips into the ring with a flashy springboard armdrag, then stops mid-move to mock Ryder with a fake TikTok dance. The boos hit a fever pitch.

John Phillips: "Ryder's taking a beating here. The Grapplerz are cutting the ring off, keeping him away from Carter Durant — classic tag strategy, but with a layer of pure arrogance."

Mark Bravo: "You call it arrogance, I call it confidence. These guys didn't buy those belts, John — they earned 'em, and right now they're showing U.S.A. exactly why they're the champs."

Jacoby hooks Ryder in for a Jacoby Cutter, but Ryder shoves him off into the ropes. Ryder collapses to one knee, chest heaving. The Grapplerz look in total control — but the crowd senses Ryder is one heartbeat away from making the tag that could turn this match on its head.

Jacoby rebounds off the ropes, blasting Ryder with a sliding clothesline that knocks him flat. Instead of covering, he kips up and struts around the ring, pointing to his phone propped up in the corner on a mini tripod. "Content, baby!" he shouts, before dabbing over Ryder's fallen body. The boos are deafening.

Darian leans in, laughing, demanding the tag. Jacoby obliges with an over-the-top chest slap, tagging him back in. Darian storms the ring and drags Ryder up by his hair, planting him with a spine-jarring spinebuster — The Trust Fall. He drops into a cocky push-up over Ryder's chest instead of covering, yelling "LET'S GO!" as the referee warns him to wrestle properly.

John Phillips: "This is just humiliation at this point! The Grapplerz don't want to win quickly — they want to embarrass U.S.A. on their debut!"

Mark Bravo: "And what's wrong with that? Make a statement, John! That's championship mentality right there — showing everyone that you run the division."

Ryder, groaning, tries to crawl toward Carter. The crowd comes alive, clapping and stomping in unison. Carter is nearly

jumping off the apron, arm outstretched, yelling, "Come on, Jax! Just a little more!" But Darian grabs Ryder's ankle and yanks him back to the middle of the ring, flexing at the hard cam while he does it.

Darian drops an elbow across Ryder's chest, then tags Jacoby again. Together, they whip Ryder into the ropes and nail a double-team flapjack. Ryder splats against the mat, bouncing up just enough for Jacoby to catch him with an enzuigiri. Jacoby dives into a cover — ONE! TWO! — but Ryder kicks out, the crowd exploding in relief.

Frustrated, Jacoby mounts Ryder and peppers him with forearms before standing up to taunt Carter, blowing a sarcastic kiss. Carter tries to charge in, but the referee cuts him off, allowing Darian to slip in behind the official's back and stomp Ryder repeatedly in the ribs. The boos rain down heavy as Jacoby claps mockingly along with the beat of the crowd's "U-S-A!" chants.

John Phillips: "Ryder has taken an absolute pounding here, and Carter Durant is losing his mind on that apron! But the Grapplerz are playing it to perfection — cut the ring in half, cheat when the ref isn't looking, and keep Ryder as far away from his partner as possible."

Jacoby drags Ryder back up, slapping him across the face. "You don't belong here!" he yells. But Ryder suddenly fires back with a forearm. The crowd pops. Another forearm! Another! Ryder swings wildly, staggering Jacoby back — until Jacoby rakes the eyes again to kill the momentum. He smirks and tags Darian back in, who charges at full speed for a football tackle —

— but Ryder dives out of the way! Darian slams shoulder-first into the ring post with a sickening thud. The crowd erupts as Ryder collapses to the mat, both men down, the ring rattling with energy. Carter is bouncing on the apron, hand outstretched, screaming for the tag.

John Phillips: "There's the opening Ryder needed! He's just a few feet away!"

Mark Bravo: "But can he make it? Darian's hurt, Jacoby's panicking, and Carter Durant is about to explode if he gets that tag!"

The WrestleZone chants "U-S-A! U-S-A!" as Ryder crawls, inch by inch, toward his corner. Jacoby shouts for Darian to stop him, but Darian clutches his shoulder, writhing in pain. Ryder dives, stretching his hand out toward Carter — the arena ready to erupt.

Jaxson Ryder lunges forward, stretching every ounce of strength he has left — and slaps Carter Durant's hand! The WrestleZone explodes as Carter vaults over the ropes like a human firework, landing on his feet and sprinting straight at Jacoby Jacobs.

Carter springboards off the middle rope, nailing Jacoby with a crisp dropkick that sends him flying backward. Darian tries to stagger in from the corner, clutching his shoulder — but Carter ducks under a wild clothesline and plants him with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker. The crowd roars, Carter leaping to his feet and throwing his arms wide as the "U-S-A! U-S-A!" chants thunder through the building.

John Phillips: "Carter Durant is a house of fire! This young man is lighting up the Grapplerz one after another!"

Mark Bravo: "This place is shaking, John! These people love this guy — but let's see how long it lasts when the champs regroup!"

Carter turns back to Jacoby, who charges like a bullet — but Carter leaps, flipping into a breathtaking hurricanrana that whips Jacoby across the ring. Carter pops up, points to the rafters, and bolts for the turnbuckles. He scales them in one fluid motion, turns, and launches into a stunning 450° Splash that crashes down on Jacoby. The referee dives in — ONE! TWO! — but Darian dives at the last possible second to break it up!

The boos cascade down, but Carter's already moving. He springboards again, this time cracking Darian with an

enzuigiri that drops the powerhouse to one knee. Carter spins, lines him up, and blasts him with the Cyclone Kick, staggering him all the way through the ropes to the floor.

The fans erupt louder as Carter looks to Ryder, who's back on the apron, rallying the crowd. Carter points to the sky, then tags Ryder back in. Together, the United States Athletes slap the turnbuckle pads in rhythm with the "U-S-A!" chants. The Grapplerz are reeling, one man down in the ring and the other clutching his jaw on the floor.

John Phillips: "This is it! Carter Durant has turned the tide, and U.S.A. are firing on all cylinders!"

Mark Bravo: "I can't believe what I'm seeing — these kids are taking it to the champs! But don't count Jacoby and Darian out just yet. They've survived too many times to let this slip away now!"

Jacoby crawls toward the ropes, dazed, as Ryder steps back into the ring, bouncing on the balls of his feet, ready to unleash the next wave of offense. The Grapplerz' arrogance has been rattled — and the WrestleZone is firmly behind U.S.A.

Jaxson Ryder storms into the ring, eyes blazing as Jacoby Jacobs pulls himself up by the ropes. Ryder charges, catching Jacoby with a spinning neckbreaker that spikes him into the mat. The crowd roars as Ryder scrambles into a cover — ONE! TWO! — but Jacoby kicks out, rolling away and clutching his head.

Darian Darrington clammers back onto the apron, still holding his shoulder, and tags himself in just as Ryder drags Jacoby upright. Darian barrels in with a massive flying shoulderblock that sends Ryder flipping backward. He follows up with a thunderous Alabama Slam, bouncing Ryder off the canvas like a basketball. Darian covers — ONE! TWO! — but Carter Durant breaks it up with a diving elbow to the back of Darian's head!

All four men are in the ring now. The referee tries desperately to restore order as the action breaks down. Carter and Jacoby trade lightning-fast counters — Carter whips Jacoby into the ropes, Jacoby springboards into a hurricanrana attempt — but Carter rolls through, popping up and blasting him with a dropkick that sends him sprawling to the floor outside. The fans explode.

Meanwhile, Ryder stumbles into the corner, clutching his ribs, as Darian charges in for Credit Check — but Ryder leaps up and over, Darian smashing shoulder-first into the turnbuckle! Ryder lands on his feet behind him, spinning Darian around into a surprise superkick that drops the big man to his knees. Carter, already perched on the top rope, soars in with a Frankensteiner that whips Darian across the ring! The WrestleZone is losing its mind.

John Phillips: "Unbelievable athleticism from U.S.A! The Grapplerz are falling apart at the seams!"

Mark Bravo: "Don't count them out yet, John — these guys always find a way to cheat their way back in!"

Carter and Ryder fire each other up, the chants of "U-S-A! U-S-A!" deafening. Ryder hoists Darian for the Ace Driver setup, but Jacoby slides back into the ring with a steel chair in hand, desperation written all over his face. Before he can swing, Carter intercepts with a springboard crossbody that knocks the chair away and sends Jacoby tumbling back to the outside again. The referee kicks the chair out of the ring, screaming at Jacoby, who protests furiously from the floor.

Inside, Ryder hooks Darian, signaling to the crowd. Carter climbs to the top rope, pointing to the rafters. The Grapplerz are down, the fans are electric — the match is at its boiling point.

Jaxson Ryder has Darian Darrington hooked for the Ace Driver, the crowd roaring in anticipation. Carter Durant steadies himself on the top rope, ready to hit the Whirlwind Finale to seal the biggest upset of the year. The chants of "U-S-A! U-S-A!" shake the rafters.

But as Carter leaps into the air — Jacoby Jacobs darts in from the outside, shoving him mid-flight! Carter crashes ribs-first across the ropes, tumbling awkwardly into the corner. The crowd erupts in boos as Jacoby slithers back

inside, the referee missing the interference entirely while checking on Darian.

Ryder doesn't notice until it's too late. He plants Darian with the Ace Driver, but before he can cover, Jacoby springboards off the ropes and spikes Ryder with a Jacoby Cutter. Ryder crumples, clutching his neck. Darian flops onto Ryder's chest, barely conscious, as Jacoby drags Carter by the ankle to keep him from breaking it up.

Referee: "ONE! ... TWO! ... THREE!"

The bell rings, and the WrestleZone erupts in jeers. Darian rolls to the floor, clutching his custom belt like he just survived a war. Jacoby collapses next to him, laughing into his phone camera as he films himself holding the other title high. Carter checks on Ryder, frustration all over his face, while the Grapplerz strut up the ramp, battered but still champions.

John Phillips: "What a travesty! U.S.A had them dead to rights, the titles were practically theirs — but Jacoby Jacobs stole it at the last possible second with that interference!"

Mark Bravo: "Travesty? That's called championship instincts, John! The Rich Young Grapplerz didn't get those belts by being choir boys. They outsmarted U.S.A., and that's why they're still the champs!"

Jacoby and Darian stand at the top of the stage, their Trust Fund Tag Team Titles raised obnoxiously high, mocking the crowd with finger-gun salutes and flexes. The boos rain down, but the Grapplerz soak it up like it's praise. In the ring, Carter and Ryder regroup, the crowd chanting "U-S-A! U-S-A!" to show their support despite the loss. The camera lingers on their determined faces, hinting that this isn't the last time these two teams will collide.

## **This Friday**

Segment

The screen cuts from the chaos of the tag match to a stylized black-and-red video package. Quick clips roll of Chris Ross in action — brutal strikes, arrogant smirks, and high-impact moments from recent shows. His voice cuts over the footage, confident and cold.

Chris Ross (voiceover): "This Friday night, in Ft. Worth, Texas... the UTA Universe gets what they've been begging for. Answers. Eric Dane Jr. wants my attention? He's got it. The rest of you? You'll hear every word I have to say. Loud. Clear. Unfiltered."

The footage slows to a shot of Ross standing in the middle of the ring, arms outstretched, as the crowd rains down boos. Text splashes across the screen: "This Friday — Ft. Worth, TX — Chris Ross Speaks."

Chris Ross (voiceover): "Eric Dane Jr... you wanted me? You'll get me. And the whole world will be watching."

The package ends with a bold graphic: "Chris Ross Addresses the UTA Universe — This Friday Night in Ft. Worth." The screen fades to black as the crowd inside the WrestleZone buzzes with anticipation.

## **Bounty**

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to the office of UTA General Manager Scott Stevens. Papers and files are scattered across his desk, and the strain of the last few weeks is written all over his face. He rubs his temples, letting out a long sigh before leaning back in his chair. Suddenly, there's a knock at the door.

Scott Stevens: "...Come in."

The door creaks open, and in steps Aaron Shaffer. The fans murmur in surprise — it's the first time he's been seen since tapping out to Graysie Parker and losing the WrestleZone Championship. He looks like a broken man, his posture slouched, expression weighed down by failure.

Scott Stevens: "What do you want?"

Shaffer steps in timidly, his voice soft, almost apologetic.

Aaron Shaffer: "Look, Scott... I just wanted to come and apologize. I know I let you down."

Stevens' eyes narrow as he leans forward across the desk, his voice sharp and cutting.

Scott Stevens: "You didn't just let me down, Aaron. You let down Wingate. You let down the UTA. And worst of all, you let down every single fan who believed in you. You were supposed to be the next big thing — the future of this company. And what did you do? You tapped out. You handed the WrestleZone Championship to an outsider. You humiliated us all."

Shaffer bows his head, swallowing hard. He nods slowly, almost like a chastised child.

Aaron Shaffer: "You're right. I failed. I know I failed. But I'm here to tell you... I'll get the WrestleZone Championship back. If it's the last thing I do, I'll bring it home."

Stevens shakes his head, disgust on his face.

Scott Stevens: "That time is past. It doesn't matter who gets it back at this point — what matters is that the WrestleZone Championship comes home where it belongs. And I don't care if it's you or anyone else. That's why I'm putting a bounty on it. Whoever brings that title back from Iron City Wrestling will be rewarded greatly."

The camera zooms on Shaffer's face — a flicker of determination breaking through his shame. He nods once, clenching his fists at his side. Stevens turns back to his paperwork, clearly finished with the conversation, as the scene fades to black.

## Show Credits

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