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Preview

The fall out from Brand New Day is upon us as the UTA returns to the Pearl Theater inside of the Palms Casino and Resort in Las Vegas for another year and another Vegas residency.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen fades in from black.

A slow aerial shot glides over the Las Vegas Strip at night — neon lights blazing, traffic crawling, the city alive and unapologetic. The camera cuts to the exterior of the Palms Casino Resort, the glow of the Pearl Theater shining like a beacon.

Inside, the crowd is already on its feet.

Pyro EXPLODES across the stage — gold and crimson sparks raining down as the UTA logo flashes across the massive LED wall.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Las Vegas!"

The crowd ROARS.

John Phillips: "The United Toughness Alliance is back inside the Pearl Theater, and tonight — the fallout continues after the chaos of Brand New Day!"

Quick cuts flash across the screen: Chris Ross laid out in the ring... Clovis Black being blindsided... Valentina Blaze screaming at ringside... Gunnar Van Patton standing tall, one eye cold and unblinking.

Mark Bravo: "John, this place is electric. You can feel it. Vegas knows when something big is about to go down — and tonight? We've got championships, grudges, and unanswered questions all over the card."

John Phillips: "The UTA Fighting Championship will be defended under Fighting Championship rules as Hakuryu puts his newly-won title on the line against Tyger II."

Footage rolls of stiff strikes, clinches, and submissions — Hakuryu standing stoic with the belt, Tyger II adjusting his mask, eyes locked forward.

Mark Bravo: "That ain't just a title match, that's a test of survival."

John Phillips: "The UTA Women's United States Championship is also on the line as Valentina Blaze faces Emily Hightower in a rematch that's been demanded — and granted."

Clips flash of Graysie Parker's interference at Brand New Day, Valentina arguing with officials, Emily Hightower staring back defiantly.

Mark Bravo: "No excuses tonight. No shadows to hide in."

John Phillips: "Clovis Black makes his UTA singles debut against Maxx Mayhem — the same man who attacked him without warning during the main event at Brand New Day."

The screen briefly freezes on Maxx Mayhem's grin... then cuts to Clovis Black staring into the camera, jaw tight.

Mark Bravo: "I don't know why Maxx did it, John... but I do know Clovis Black looks like a man ready to tear someone in half."

John Phillips: "Tag team action lights up Sin City as Rich Young Grapplrzz collide with Next Level."

John Phillips: "And tonight also features Kairo Bex looking to hit the jackpot against Aaron Shaffer — two men desperate to make a statement."

The camera cuts back to the live crowd, signs waving, chants echoing throughout the arena.

Mark Bravo: "And that's not even touching the names we're expecting to hear from tonight — Chris Ross, Marie Van Claudio, Gunnar Van Patton, Amy Harrison, Trey Mack, Troy Lindz, Eli Creed... this roster is stacked."

John Phillips: "Championships. Careers. Pride."

John Phillips: "This... is UTA."

The music swells as the camera pans the crowd one last time.

Cut to the entrance stage.

We're live.

Kairo Bex vs. Aaron Shaffer

Match

The arena lights fall away in waves, section by section, until the Pearl Theater is bathed in a low, electric hush.

A single neon-blue strobe flickers across the stage.

Then another.

Pink. White. Blue again.

The opening beat of "Neon Pulse" hits — crisp, bass-heavy, clean — and the entrance ramp explodes in shifting color as the screen behind it fractures into sharp neon lines.

The crowd recognizes it instantly.

John Phillips: "Here we go!"

The reaction swells, not just loud — proud. A hometown roar rolls through the Pearl Theater as Kairo Bex steps through the curtain.

He stops at the top of the ramp, soaking it in. The grin comes easy now. This is his city.

Mark Bravo: "Vegas kid. Vegas lights. This is his house tonight."

Kairo lifts a hand, not waving — acknowledging. The response is immediate. Chants break out as he nods once, letting the moment breathe before moving.

He rolls his shoulders and starts down the ramp, gliding instead of walking, every step loose and confident. He taps the barricade, slaps hands, points toward the upper deck where the noise is loudest, feeding off it without losing focus.

John Phillips: "This crowd watched him grow into this moment. Signed at Brand New Day... now opening the show in his hometown."

Kairo reaches ringside and circles the apron once, eyes locked on the canvas like he's already visualizing the match. He hops onto the apron, pauses, and wipes his boots deliberately before stepping through the ropes.

Inside the ring, he springs once off the ropes, loose and light, then snaps up to the second turnbuckle and throws a sharp salute toward the hard camera.

The response is thunderous.

Mark Bravo: "You can't fake that. That's belief."

Kairo drops back down, pacing the ring, bouncing on the balls of his feet. He exhales slowly, shakes out his arms, and looks around one more time — the noise, the lights, the city — before his expression hardens.

The music fades. The neon dies.

Kairo Bex stands ready.

The arena lights dim again, the neon glow fading into a deep, storm-gray wash.

A low rumble rolls through the sound system — not thunder, but something close. Wind.

Then the music hits.

"Eye of the Hurricane" surges through the Pearl Theater as wind machines blast across the stage, whipping the curtains violently.

Aaron Shaffer bursts through them.

John Phillips: "And here comes Aaron Shaffer."

Shaffer doesn't pause. He explodes onto the stage at full speed, hair flying, chest heaving, eyes locked straight ahead. There's no showmanship — just motion, urgency, controlled chaos.

Mark Bravo: "This guy never walks, John. He storms."

Shaffer throws his arms wide at the top of the ramp as the wind howls around him, then snaps his focus back to the ring and sprints down the aisle.

The crowd reaction is mixed — cheers, noise, curiosity — but loud. They know what kind of fight this brings.

John Phillips: "Former WrestleZone Champion, one of the most explosive athletes in the UTA. Aaron Shaffer is always one move away from changing everything."

Shaffer slides under the bottom rope without slowing down, popping to his feet in one smooth motion. He immediately rebounds off the far ropes, building speed, then skids to a stop in the center of the ring.

He looks up, winded but energized, jaw set, eyes sharp.

Mark Bravo: "Kairo Bex brings flash. Shaffer brings velocity. Somebody's getting caught tonight."

Shaffer climbs the corner turnbuckles, spreading his arms wide again as the wind machines kick one last time, then drops back down, rolling his neck and shaking out his hands.

He turns and locks eyes with Kairo across the ring.

The storm meets the neon.

The official steps between them, hands out, issuing final instructions.

Kairo Bex never stops moving — bouncing lightly, shoulders loose — while Aaron Shaffer rocks back and forth on his heels, coiled and restless.

The referee looks to each man. A nod from Shaffer. A sharp exhale from Kairo.

The referee steps back.

DING DING

The bell rings and the noise inside the Pearl Theater spikes immediately.

John Phillips: "And we are underway!"

Kairo circles first, light-footed, cutting a tight arc around the ring. Shaffer mirrors him, longer strides, testing distance, shoulders twitching like he might explode at any second.

Mark Bravo: "Two guys who live on momentum, John. Whoever controls the pace controls the match."

They close in.

A quick collar-and-elbow tie-up — brief, sharp — and Shaffer immediately tries to muscle Kairo back with his size advantage.

Kairo doesn't fight it head-on. He pivots, rolls his hips, and slips free, forcing the break almost instantly.

The crowd pops for the escape.

John Phillips: "Smart move by Bex. He's not going to stand there and wrestle strength-on-strength."

They reset.

Shaffer smirks, nods once, and steps in again — this time reaching for a wrist.

Kairo lets him take it... then spins through, rolling under the arm and snapping free before Shaffer can even clamp down.

The two men square up again, a half-step farther apart now.

Mark Bravo: "That's speed versus force right there. Shaffer wants contact. Kairo wants angles."

Shaffer suddenly lunges forward — testing — but Kairo darts back, forcing Shaffer to stop short.

The crowd murmurs, sensing the tension building.

Kairo claps his hands once, almost daring Shaffer to try again.

Shaffer responds by charging.

Kairo drops low at the last second, sliding past him as Shaffer hits the ropes. Shaffer rebounds hard — but Kairo is already gone, popping back up behind him.

Shaffer skids to a stop and turns just in time to see Kairo standing there, calm, confident.

The crowd roars.

John Phillips: "Kairo Bex is dictating the tempo early!"

Shaffer exhales sharply, jaw tightening. He nods again — not amused, but focused.

They circle once more.

The feeling shifts.

This one is about to pick up.

Shaffer steps in first this time — no hesitation.

He snaps a quick forearm toward Kairo's chest.

Kairo slips it, pivots off the angle, and answers with a sharp low kick to Shaffer's thigh.

The sound cracks.

Mark Bravo: "That'll wake you up."

Shaffer barely reacts. He fires back immediately — a fast clothesline aimed to take Kairo's head off.

Kairo ducks, springs off the ropes, and snaps a clean basement dropkick into Shaffer's knee.

Shaffer stumbles a half-step, more surprised than hurt.

John Phillips: "Bex is chopping the base early."

Kairo keeps moving — one step, two — then a sudden spinning back kick catches Shaffer in the ribs.

Shaffer exhales hard and answers with a shove that sends Kairo skidding backward toward the ropes.

Kairo rebounds instinctively — and Shaffer meets him mid-ring with a brutal Cyclone Clothesline.

Kairo flips inside out and crashes to the canvas.

The crowd reacts with a sharp gasp.

Mark Bravo: "There it is. You blink and Shaffer takes your head off."

Shaffer doesn't rush the follow-up. He grabs Kairo by the wrist, yanking him up — only for Kairo to twist free and fire a rapid kick combo to the thigh and midsection.

Kairo backs Shaffer up a step, then another.

Shaffer swings wild — Kairo ducks again — and pops up with a sudden tilt-a-whirl headscissors that sends Shaffer tumbling toward the corner.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "That's the speed advantage right there!"

Shaffer hits the turnbuckles and staggers forward — and Kairo is already moving.

He charges, leaps — and plants both boots into Shaffer's chest with a running dropkick that slams him back into the corner.

Kairo lands and takes one step back, breathing sharp, eyes locked.

Shaffer shakes it off, wipes his mouth, and grins.

Mark Bravo: "Oh yeah... he liked that."

Shaffer suddenly explodes out of the corner — driving Kairo backward with a shoulder block that flattens him.

Shaffer hooks the leg.

The referee drops.

ONE!

Kairo kicks out easily, rolling to his side and pushing himself back to a knee.

John Phillips: "Early cover, but this one's just heating up."

Shaffer pulls Kairo up again, but Kairo fires a sharp elbow to the jaw — then another — creating just enough space to break free.

Kairo backs toward the ropes, eyes flashing, crowd buzzing.

Shaffer steps forward.

Kairo sprints.

This time, he doesn't slow down.

He leaps onto the ropes — balances for a heartbeat — and launches himself forward.

Springboard crossbody.

Both men hit the mat hard.

The Pearl Theater erupts.

Both men hit hard, but Kairo rolls through the impact first, momentum carrying him to a knee.

Shaffer shakes his head, already pushing up — and Kairo is on him.

A sharp kick to the thigh. Another. Then a snap kick to the ribs.

John Phillips: "Bex is stacking damage now."

Kairo hits the ropes, rebounds, and cracks Shaffer with a running bicycle knee that snaps his head back.

Shaffer staggers — not down, but rocked.

Mark Bravo: "That one rattled him."

Kairo doesn't wait. He grabs the wrist and whips Shaffer toward the corner.

Shaffer hits hard — and Kairo follows, sprinting in.

Shaffer explodes out of the corner at the last second, catching Kairo flush with a Gale Force Dropkick.

Kairo crashes backward, landing near the ropes.

The crowd gasps, then roars.

John Phillips: "Shaffer just turned that around in a heartbeat!"

Shaffer charges again — but Kairo drops low, sweeping the leg and sending Shaffer sprawling.

Kairo springs to his feet and fires a quick standing moonsault — not full rotation, just enough — driving a knee across Shaffer's chest.

Kairo hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Shaffer powers out, rolling a shoulder up with authority.

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't close — but it matters. Kairo's testing him."

Kairo pulls Shaffer up, but Shaffer suddenly surges forward, lifting Kairo clean off his feet.

Twister Slam.

Kairo's back slams into the canvas, the wind knocked out of him.

Shaffer stays on him, dragging Kairo toward the corner and shoving him chest-first into the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Momentum swing!"

Shaffer backs up two steps, then charges — driving a crushing clothesline into Kairo in the corner.

Kairo slumps forward — and Shaffer snaps him down with a Whirlwind DDT.

The ring shakes.

Shaffer hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Kairo kicks out, rolling onto his side and clutching his neck.

Mark Bravo: "Now Shaffer's cooking."

Shaffer doesn't argue the count. He rises quickly, pacing once, then climbs the ropes.

The crowd rises with him.

John Phillips: "This is dangerous territory."

Shaffer launches — Storm Surge Moonsault!

Kairo rolls at the last second.

Shaffer crashes to the mat, clutching his ribs.

The Pearl Theater ERUPTS.

Mark Bravo: "That's the risk!"

Kairo forces himself up, eyes locked, adrenaline surging.

He sees the opening.

He sprints.

Slingshot off the ropes — sudden cutter!

Shaffer spikes to the canvas.

Kairo covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Shaffer kicks out!

The crowd loses its mind.

John Phillips: "How did he survive that?!"

Kairo sits back on his heels, breathing heavy, staring at the referee in disbelief — then nods.

This isn't over.

Kairo pushes himself up, shaking out his arms, the crowd still buzzing from the near fall.

Shaffer rolls onto his stomach, dragging himself toward the ropes, blinking hard as he tries to clear the fog.

Mark Bravo: "That cutter came out of nowhere. Shaffer felt that one."

Kairo doesn't rush the finish. He stalks, waiting for Shaffer to rise.

Shaffer gets to a knee — and Kairo fires a sharp kick to the chest.

Another.

Shaffer absorbs it and surges forward, tackling Kairo at the waist and driving him into the corner.

The impact rattles the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Shaffer changing levels, using that size advantage!"

Shaffer backs up and rushes in again — but Kairo slips out at the last second, letting Shaffer smash shoulder-first into the post.

Shaffer staggers backward, clutching his shoulder.

Kairo leaps to the middle rope — balances — then snaps off a rope-walk arm drag that sends Shaffer tumbling across the ring.

The crowd explodes.

Mark Bravo: "That's the neon moment right there!"

Shaffer scrambles to his feet, frustrated — and Kairo charges.

Shaffer swings — Kairo ducks — springboards —

Shaffer catches him mid-air.

The arena gasps.

Shaffer pivots and slams Kairo down with a brutal Tempest Suplex.

Kairo lands hard, folding on impact.

John Phillips: "What strength!"

Shaffer doesn't let go. He drags Kairo up and snaps him into the corner.

Shaffer charges — running splash!

Kairo drops to a knee, barely avoiding the full brunt.

Shaffer stumbles forward — and Kairo fires a sudden Mirage Kick that cracks against Shaffer's jaw.

Shaffer stumbles, dazed.

Kairo backs up, measuring.

The crowd senses it.

John Phillips: "He's looking for it!"

Kairo rushes the ropes — leaps — twists —

Neon Skyline!

Shaffer collapses to the mat.

Kairo hooks the leg tight.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings as the Pearl Theater erupts.

John Phillips: "KAIRO BEX WINS IT!"

Kairo rolls off, chest heaving, eyes wide as the realization sets in.

Mark Bravo: "Big win. Big stage. Big moment."

Kairo pulls himself to a knee, the crowd chanting his name as he looks out across his hometown.

The Neon Ace stands tall in Las Vegas.

Another One For the Collection

Segment

Backstage. Hakuryu stands silently, arms crossed, the Fighting Championship draped over his shoulder. His expression is cold and unreadable. Beside him stands his manager, Sinja. The camera slowly zooms in.

Sinja: "You're looking at the Fighting Champion. A man who does not chase legacy—he ends them. Hakuryu has something to say."

Hakuryu slowly raises his head and steps closer to the camera. He speaks calmly, almost bored, but with menace.

Hakuryu (Japanese): "?????????.....????????????? ??????? ??????????????????????"

Sinja: "Tyger II... former WrestleZone Champion? Second-generation wrestler? Those labels mean nothing to him."

Hakuryu taps the championship belt once, deliberately.

Hakuryu (Japanese): "????????????????????? ??????????????????"

Sinja: "Those who cling to past glory are always the weakest in the present."

Hakuryu smirks slightly.

Hakuryu (Japanese): "????????????????? ??????????????????"

Sinja: "Your father's name. Your accomplishments. In front of Hakuryu, they have no value."

Hakuryu slowly slides a finger across his own throat — not exaggerated, just enough to be unsettling.

Hakuryu (Japanese): "????????? ?????????? ??????????????????"

Sinja: "He is a hunter. And your head will be added to his collection."

Hakuryu lifts the Fighting Championship high.

Hakuryu (Japanese): "????????????????? ??????-- UTA?????????????"

Sinja: "The Fighting Championship will be defended. And then... his path leads directly to the UTA World Championship."

Hakuryu steps right up to the camera, eyes locked in.

Hakuryu (Japanese): "????????????? ??????????????????"

Sinja: "Tyger II... your time to roar is over."

Hakuryu turns away without another word. Sinja stares directly into the camera.

Sinja: "Respect is earned. And Hakuryu takes what he wants."

The camera fades out.

2026...is the year of La reina silencios

Segment

The screen flickers to life. Grainy footage rolls — Susanita Ybanez's debut in 2025. The pop of the crowd. The first hard strike. The first hand raised in victory.

The clips keep coming: big wins, bigger moments... and then the other side.

Near-misses. Heartbreak. The Women's United States Championship just out of reach. The chaos. The Empire.

The footage freezes.

Susanita Ybanez sits alone in the glow of the screen. No smile. No tears. Just focus.

Susanita Ybanez: "2025..."

She exhales slowly.

Susanita Ybanez: "People love to talk about my debut. They remember the moment I walked through those curtains and everyone realized—oh, she's different. They remember how fast I made my mark. How quickly my name went from 'new girl' to one of the biggest names in this company."

She leans forward.

Susanita Ybanez: "And they're right. I earned every bit of that."

The screen flashes another clip — her hand almost touching championship gold.

Susanita Ybanez: "But they also love to remind me of what I didn't do."

A beat.

Susanita Ybanez: "I came up short. I failed to win the Women's United States Championship. I fought wars that didn't end with my hand raised. And then there was The Empire... the drama, the betrayal, the noise."

She shakes her head. A faint smirk forms.

Susanita Ybanez: "That noise tried to define me."

Susanita stands now, eyes locked on the camera.

Susanita Ybanez: "But here's the truth — 2025 was the lesson. Every loss carved me sharper. Every disappointment made me quieter... and more dangerous."

She reaches out and taps the screen, shutting it off.

Susanita Ybanez: "That chapter is closed."

A pause. Heavy. Intentional.

Susanita Ybanez: "It's time to leave the past where it belongs and focus on the future."

She steps closer.

Susanita Ybanez: "And the future is now."

Her voice hardens.

Susanita Ybanez: "2026 is going to be the year of La Reina Silenciosa. I'm done proving I belong — I know I do. I'm done chasing moments. I'm taking destinies."

A slow, confident nod.

Susanita Ybanez: "I will not stop. I will not hesitate. And I will not be denied."

She lowers her voice, turning it into a promise.

Susanita Ybanez: "I'm coming for the top... and this time, I'm not leaving without it."

Hakuryu vs. Tyger II

Match

The lights inside the Pearl Theater dim again — not suddenly, but deliberately — until the noise of the crowd settles into a low, uneasy murmur.

A deep gong sounds.

Once.

Twice.

With each strike, a narrow white spotlight blooms near the entrance ramp, cutting through the darkness like a blade.

White smoke begins to roll across the stage floor as faint spiritual chants echo through the arena.

John Phillips: "This atmosphere changes immediately..."

Through the haze, a figure in white steps forward.

Sinja appears first — face painted, head lowered beneath the takuhatsugasa hat, white robes flowing as he plants the shakujo staff against the ramp with a soft metallic chime.

Mark Bravo: "Every time this man walks out, it feels like the building is being prepared for something."

Sinja pauses, unmoving, then slowly turns to the side.

Hakuryu emerges.

The White Dragon does not acknowledge the crowd. He does not look left. He does not look right. His eyes are fixed straight ahead — calm, empty, disciplined.

John Phillips: "The reigning UTA Fighting Champion... Hakuryu."

"White Dragon's Blade" swells through the arena as Hakuryu begins his walk down the ramp, every step measured, almost ceremonial. He moves like a man already deep in meditation, conserving energy, breathing slow.

Mark Bravo: "This isn't an entrance. It's a ritual."

Hakuryu stops halfway down the ramp. He brings his hands together in prayer, murmuring words no one can hear, then lowers them and continues forward.

At ringside, Sinja steps ahead, holding the ropes open as Hakuryu ascends the steel steps without breaking rhythm.

Hakuryu steps onto the apron, pauses, and slightly lifts his chin — just enough to look into the ring.

He enters between the ropes and walks to the center of the canvas.

There, he kneels.

Hands together. Head bowed. Perfect stillness.

John Phillips: "Under Fighting Championship rules... no pinfalls. One rope break. Submission or referee stoppage only."

Mark Bravo: "And this man is built for that kind of suffering."

Hakuryu rises slowly, removes his outer garments, and hands them back to Sinja at ringside.

The champion retreats to his corner, standing tall, eyes closed for a moment — then opening them.

Waiting.

The lights cut out completely.

Silence — thick, deliberate.

Then... a low taiko drumbeat rolls through the Pearl Theater.

Deep. Echoing. Ancient.

A faint growl bleeds into the rhythm as cold blue light seeps across the stage floor, mist curling at ankle height.

John Phillips: "Uh oh..."

The screen flickers.

Claw marks rake across the LED wall, sparks bursting outward as a distorted roar hits the speakers.

"Claw of the Yokai" swells — taiko drums layered with eerie flute and cyberpunk synth — and the crowd erupts.

Tyger II steps through the smoke.

The mask gleams under the lights — sharp lines, modern edges, eyes glowing beneath the hood. He stands tall at the top of the ramp, chest rising and falling, fists clenched as he surveys the ring.

Mark Bravo: "Second-generation. WrestleZone Champion. This kid carries a legacy on his back."

Tyger II lowers into a crouch, one hand touching the stage as the drums intensify — then he rises and begins his walk.

Each step is purposeful. Heavy. Like he's stalking prey.

John Phillips: "You can feel it when Tyger II is in the building. There's something... different."

The crowd parts along the barricade as Tyger approaches ringside. He stops, turns slowly, and climbs onto the apron, staring straight across the ring.

Hakuryu opens his eyes.

Their gazes lock.

Mark Bravo: "That's respect. And that's danger."

Tyger II steps through the ropes and moves to the center of the ring. He removes his hood, revealing the full mask, then raises one arm — clawed hand open — and slowly closes it into a fist.

The crowd responds with a thunderous roar.

Tyger backs into his corner, bouncing lightly on the balls of his feet, rolling his shoulders, eyes never leaving the champion.

John Phillips: "Tyger II has been waiting for this moment. Fighting Championship rules. One rope break. No pinfalls."

Mark Bravo: "This is about who can endure. And Tyger II looks ready to test himself against the very best."

The referee steps between them, holding up the UTA Fighting Championship for the crowd to see.

Hakuryu bows slightly.

Tyger II nods once.

The tension is suffocating.

This is about to begin.

The referee steps back, raising a hand.

The bell sounds — sharp, clean, final.

John Phillips: "And the UTA Fighting Championship is officially underway."

No rush. No charge.

Hakuryu and Tyger II step forward at the same time, eyes locked, shoulders squared. The noise in the Pearl Theater drops to a tense murmur as both men circle, testing space.

Mark Bravo: "This is different already, John. No feeling-out phase with flair — this is chess."

Tyger II moves first, light on his feet, angling left, then right. Hakuryu mirrors him, stance low, hands open, breathing slow and controlled.

They close.

Forehead to forehead.

Neither man blinks.

John Phillips: "No wasted motion. Both men understand exactly what Fighting Championship rules demand."

Tyger II snaps a quick low kick to Hakuryu's lead leg.

Hakuryu absorbs it without reaction.

Tyger fires another — harder this time — then a third, chopping at the thigh.

Mark Bravo: "Tyger II starting smart. You slow the base, you slow the dragon."

Hakuryu steps forward and answers with a sharp palm strike to Tyger's chest — not explosive, just precise — forcing Tyger back half a step.

Tyger nods, unfazed, and circles again.

They engage.

Collar-and-elbow — immediate transition — wrist control.

Hakuryu twists, flowing into a standing arm control, trying to torque the shoulder.

Tyger II rolls through the pressure, cartwheeling out and resetting before Hakuryu can fully cinch it in.

The crowd applauds the exchange.

John Phillips: "That was beautiful."

Mark Bravo: "That was respect."

They step in again.

Tyger shoots low for a single-leg, driving his shoulder into Hakuryu's thigh.

Hakuryu sprawls instantly, hips heavy, palms pressing down on Tyger's shoulders.

Tyger shifts, rolls, and escapes before Hakuryu can spin behind.

Both men rise at the same time.

They stand nose to nose once more.

Mark Bravo: "Nobody's flinching."

Tyger suddenly snaps a mid-level kick — Hakuryu checks it — then Tyger fires a quick spinning backfist that grazes the side of Hakuryu's head.

Hakuryu takes a step back.

Just one.

John Phillips: "First real opening of the match."

Tyger advances, pressure building, eyes sharp behind the mask.

Hakuryu steadies himself... and lowers his stance.

The pace is even.

But the intent is unmistakable.

Tyger II presses forward again, this time without hesitation.

John Phillips: "You can see the confidence in Tyger II early — he's not rushing, but he's not waiting either."

Tyger snaps another low kick, then another, steadily targeting the same thigh. Hakuryu shifts his stance slightly, absorbing the strikes, eyes never leaving Tyger's chest.

Mark Bravo: "That leg work matters under these rules, John. You take away movement, you take away escape."

Tyger steps in close, clinching briefly, and drives a sharp knee into Hakuryu's midsection.

Hakuryu exhales hard but doesn't break posture.

Tyger follows with a second knee — then a third — before Hakuryu finally frames off the shoulders and shoves him away.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu felt those. You don't show it — but you feel them."

Tyger resets, bouncing lightly, then darts back in with a quick combination — jab, low kick, spinning back kick to the ribs.

The kick lands clean.

Mark Bravo: "That one sank in."

Hakuryu circles away for the first time in the match, rolling his shoulder, recalibrating. Tyger stalks, cutting off the ring, refusing to let the champion breathe.

John Phillips: "This is Tyger II dictating terms."

Tyger shoots again — this time a deep double-leg — driving Hakuryu backward and forcing him down to a knee.

Hakuryu posts, widening his base, and sprawls just enough to stop the full takedown.

Tyger transitions immediately, switching to a front headlock and cranking the neck.

Mark Bravo: "Smart chain wrestling. No wasted motion."

Hakuryu drops to a knee, hands fighting for wrist control. He doesn't rush — he peels fingers away one at a time, inch by inch.

John Phillips: "That's discipline. Panic gets you submitted under Fighting rules."

Tyger tries to snap him down again — Hakuryu resists — and suddenly drives a short elbow into Tyger's ribs from the clinch.

Tyger grunts, surprised more than hurt, but releases the hold.

They separate.

The crowd applauds, appreciating the technical exchange.

Mark Bravo: "Hakuryu's not winning these exchanges yet — but he's learning."

Tyger moves back in, faster now, snapping a sharp high kick that Hakuryu barely blocks with his forearm.

The impact echoes.

John Phillips: "That block still hurts."

Tyger follows with a sweep — Hakuryu hops over it — and Tyger immediately steps through into a standing side headlock, wrenching tight.

Hakuryu plants his feet, back straight, breathing controlled as Tyger squeezes.

Mark Bravo: "This is where champions get tested. No rope breaks to save you unless you earn them."

Hakuryu suddenly shifts his hips and fires a short elbow backward — then another — forcing Tyger to loosen his grip.

Hakuryu turns into him and snaps a crisp leg kick of his own — the first of the match.

Tyger's leg buckles just slightly.

John Phillips: "There it is."

Mark Bravo: "That's Hakuryu saying 'I'm here now.'"

Tyger nods once, adjusts his stance, and steps forward again.

The pace hasn't slowed.

But the balance... is beginning to shift.

Hakuryu doesn't rush forward after that kick.

He circles. Slowly. Deliberately.

John Phillips: "Notice the change — Hakuryu isn't backing up anymore."

Tyger II steps in again, looking to reassert control with another low kick.

Hakuryu checks it — clean — shin to shin.

The sound is sharp and unpleasant.

Mark Bravo: "That hurts both guys, but Hakuryu welcomes that kind of pain."

Tyger fires a second kick — Hakuryu catches it.

The crowd rises.

Hakuryu steps inside the leg, drives a palm strike into Tyger's chest, and sweeps the standing leg out from under him.

Tyger hits the canvas hard.

John Phillips: "Beautiful timing!"

Hakuryu follows him down immediately, no hesitation, flowing into top control and planting his weight across Tyger's torso.

He threads an arm under the head and cinches a tight crossface, forearm grinding across the mask.

Mark Bravo: "That's where Hakuryu lives. Pressure. Suffocation."

Tyger reaches for the ropes — but they're too far.

Hakuryu adjusts, dragging him back toward the center inch by inch.

John Phillips: "One rope break only — and Hakuryu knows exactly where he is."

Tyger bucks his hips, trying to create space. Hakuryu answers by shifting his base and driving a short elbow into Tyger's ribs.

Once. Twice.

Tyger exhales sharply.

Mark Bravo: "That's not flashy. That's survival damage."

Tyger manages to turn onto his side, threading a knee between them and forcing separation.

Hakuryu rises with him — still attached — and snaps a sudden snapmare, pulling Tyger into a seated position.

Hakuryu steps back and cracks a brutal soccer kick into Tyger's upper back.

The crowd reacts with a loud gasp.

John Phillips: "Under Fighting rules, that's perfectly legal."

Tyger slumps forward, catching himself on his hands.

Hakuryu circles behind him and locks in a tight rear waistlock, chest to back.

Mark Bravo: "Now he's hunting."

Hakuryu lifts — not fully — just enough to dump Tyger forward and flatten him again.

He slides immediately into side control, knee digging into Tyger's ribs, forearm pressing down across the jaw.

John Phillips: "This is Hakuryu grinding the pace to his liking."

Tyger fights — elbows, hip turns, constant motion — but Hakuryu smothers every attempt, re-centering his weight each time.

Mark Bravo: "This is exhausting. You don't realize it until your lungs start burning."

Hakuryu suddenly isolates the arm, stepping over and threatening a straight armbar.

Tyger rolls through quickly, preventing full extension, and scrambles to his feet.

Hakuryu stands with him.

They're chest to chest again.

John Phillips: "Tyger II escaped — but at a cost."

Hakuryu fires a sharp knee to the body. Then another.

Tyger answers with a short elbow, creating space, and snaps a quick high kick that glances off Hakuryu's shoulder.

Mark Bravo: "Tyger still has fight. Plenty of it."

Hakuryu steps forward immediately and cracks a thunderous leg kick of his own.

Tyger's base falters for the first time.

John Phillips: "And now Hakuryu is attacking the same limb Tyger worked earlier."

The two men circle again, both breathing heavier now.

The pace is slower.

But the stakes feel heavier.

This has turned into Hakuryu's fight.

Hakuryu stalks forward, step by step, forcing Tyger II to give ground.

John Phillips: "You can see it now — Hakuryu has changed the rhythm of this match."

Tyger circles, shaking out the leg, trying to stay light, but Hakuryu cuts him off and snaps another hard kick into the thigh.

Tyger winces — just for a moment.

Mark Bravo: "That's the first crack in the armor."

Tyger fires back with a sharp jab, then a quick body kick — Hakuryu absorbs it and immediately steps inside, clinching tight.

Forehead pressed against Tyger's mask, Hakuryu drives a knee into the ribs.

Another.

Tyger answers with a short elbow, then another, forcing separation.

John Phillips: "Tyger refusing to let Hakuryu settle completely."

Tyger snaps a spinning back kick — Hakuryu partially blocks it, but the impact still forces him back half a step.

The crowd responds, appreciative of the resistance.

Mark Bravo: "That's instinct. That's legacy."

Tyger presses, following with a sudden takedown attempt — shooting low, wrapping the leg.

Hakuryu sprawls immediately, heavy hips slamming down.

He floats around to the side, trapping Tyger's head and arm in a tight head-and-arm control.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu shutting the door."

Hakuryu drops his weight and begins grinding short forearms into Tyger's shoulder and neck.

Tyger grimaces beneath the mask, trying to bridge, trying to create space.

Mark Bravo: "This is where matches under Fighting rules turn ugly."

Hakuryu slides his knee higher, threatening to step over into mount.

Tyger bucks hard, rolling them toward the ropes.

The referee leans in, watching closely.

John Phillips: "Remember — one rope break only."

Tyger reaches... fingertips graze the bottom rope...

Hakuryu drags him back to center before the break can be called.

The crowd reacts loudly.

Mark Bravo: "That might've been Tyger's one lifeline."

Hakuryu settles back into control, methodical, patient, forearm grinding across the mask.

Tyger breathes hard, chest rising and falling rapidly now.

John Phillips: "You can feel the fatigue setting in."

Hakuryu suddenly releases the hold — not retreating, but standing.

He waits.

Tyger pulls himself up using the ropes, one hand on the knee, eyes locked on the champion.

Mark Bravo: "That's confidence. He wants him upright."

Tyger steadies himself... and steps forward.

Hakuryu nods once.

They meet in the center again.

This time, the strikes come heavier.

The fight has entered its next phase.

Hakuryu doesn't rush him.

He just stands there, shoulders relaxed, eyes locked on Tyger II as the challenger shakes out the leg and steadies his breathing.

John Phillips: "That might be the most unsettling thing about Hakuryu — he's never in a hurry."

Tyger steps in first again, snapping a quick jab to test distance.

Hakuryu slips it and answers with a stiff palm strike to the chest that thuds loudly.

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't flashy. That was meant to move him."

Tyger fires back with a sharp body kick, then another, forcing Hakuryu to give ground for the first time in several minutes.

John Phillips: "Tyger II refusing to let this turn into a grind."

Hakuryu circles off, plants his feet, and suddenly snaps a low kick of his own — heavy, chopping, right into the same thigh.

Tyger stumbles just a step.

Mark Bravo: "There it is again."

Tyger exhales sharply, then surges forward, clinching tight and driving a knee into Hakuryu's midsection.

Hakuryu absorbs it, fires back with one of his own, then wraps an arm around Tyger's neck, pulling him into a tight standing headlock.

John Phillips: "This is where Hakuryu starts taking pieces away."

Tyger braces his feet and throws short shots to the body, trying to loosen the grip.

Hakuryu responds by dropping his weight and snapping Tyger down to the canvas.

He follows immediately, settling into top control, chest heavy across Tyger's shoulders.

Mark Bravo: "That's pressure you can't train for."

Tyger turns, elbows digging, fighting for space — but Hakuryu stays glued to him, adjusting his base each time Tyger tries to move.

John Phillips: "Tyger's working. He's just not going anywhere."

Hakuryu slides his forearm across the mask, grinding it down, then shifts his hips and traps an arm.

Tyger reacts quickly, rolling his shoulder and scrambling to a knee before the hold can be fully set.

Mark Bravo: "That was close. Really close."

Both men rise again, breathing heavier now.

Tyger fires a sudden high kick — Hakuryu partially blocks it, the impact still forcing him back.

John Phillips: "Good shot."

Tyger presses, throwing another kick — this one caught.

Hakuryu steps inside, sweeps the standing leg, and dumps Tyger to the mat.

Mark Bravo: "That's veteran timing."

Hakuryu doesn't dive on him. He steps back, then drives a short, brutal kick into Tyger's ribs as he starts to rise.

The crowd reacts sharply.

John Phillips: "Legal. Painful."

Tyger pulls himself upright using the ropes, jaw clenched, eyes never leaving the champion.

Hakuryu waits.

Tyger steps forward again.

No hesitation. No theatrics.

This fight is settling into something dangerous.

The pace slows — not because the fight has faded, but because both men are emptying what's left.

Tyger II steps in on instinct, firing a short kick to the body.

Hakuryu absorbs it... and doesn't move.

John Phillips: "That might have been the opening."

Tyger throws a second strike — Hakuryu slips inside, chest-to-chest, arms wrapping tight.

Hakuryu turns his hips and drags Tyger down with him, collapsing to the canvas in one smooth motion.

They land hard — and Hakuryu is already transitioning.

Mark Bravo: "Uh oh."

Hakuryu slides behind, hooks the legs, and snakes his right arm under Tyger's chin.

Rear naked choke.

John Phillips: "That's deep."

Hakuryu locks his hands, chest glued to Tyger's back, legs cinched tight around the waist. There's no space. No daylight.

Tyger fights immediately — hands clawing at the forearm, chin tucked, legs kicking against the mat.

Mark Bravo: "This is where Fighting Championship rules are brutal. No pin. No escape unless you make it."

Tyger rolls, trying to scrape the ropes with a boot — but Hakuryu drags him back, tightening the squeeze.

Hakuryu adjusts his grip, forearm sliding just a fraction deeper.

The crowd noise swells, anxious now.

John Phillips: "Tyger's fading."

Tyger's movements slow. His kicks lose rhythm. One hand slips... then drops.

The referee drops to a knee, checking closely.

Referee: "Tyger! Tyger!"

No response.

The referee grabs Tyger's wrist... lifts it...

It falls limp.

DING DING DING

The bell rings immediately.

John Phillips: "That's it! He's out!"

Hakuryu releases the hold at once, rolling away as the referee waves it off.

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't luck. That was inevitability."

Medical staff slide in as Hakuryu rises to a knee, breathing heavy but composed.

Tyger II slowly stirs, eyes unfocused, mask damp with sweat as officials check on him.

The referee retrieves the UTA Fighting Championship and hands it to Hakuryu.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu retains the UTA Fighting Championship by referee stoppage."

Hakuryu stands, title in hand, expression unchanged.

He bows once — to Tyger II.

Respect.

The White Dragon remains champion.

What's Wrong with a Little Chaos?

Segment

The camera cuts backstage as Chris Ross walks with purpose down a narrow corridor, still adjusting the tape on his wrist.

He turns a corner—

And nearly collides with Maxx Mayhem.

Ross stops short. Mayhem doesn't. He grins, that familiar unhinged look in his eyes.

Maxx Mayhem: "Easy, champ. Relax."

Ross stares at him, unimpressed.

Maxx Mayhem: "I just wanted to explain something to you. Because I don't think you get it yet."

Ross doesn't respond.

Maxx Mayhem: "You and me? We don't exist without each other."

Mayhem tilts his head, amused by his own thought.

Maxx Mayhem: "I'm the Joker to your Batman. Inseparable. Two sides of the same messed-up story."

Ross scoffs under his breath.

Maxx Mayhem: "That's why I did what I did. Because chaos needs a hero. And heroes need chaos."

He shrugs.

Maxx Mayhem: "And honestly... what's wrong with a little chaos?"

Ross steps past him.

Chris Ross: "You're not part of my story."

Ross keeps walking, never looking back.

Mayhem watches him go, smiling wider than before.

The camera lingers on that smile for just a moment... then fades out.

Three is Not a Crowd

Segment

The camera opens backstage. General Manager Scott Stevens sits behind his desk, rubbing his temples. Papers are scattered. He exhales slowly, already exhausted.

Scott Stevens: "So... you're telling me you want to be included in tonight's main event for the UTA Women's Championship?"

The camera slowly pans out. Standing across from the desk is Graysie Parker — arms crossed, jaw tight, eyes burning with expectation.

Graysie Parker: "That's right. As your former WrestleZone Champion, I think I've done more than enough to earn a shot."

Stevens leans back in his chair, clearly annoyed.

Scott Stevens: "You know, you've never actually been a UTA wrestler, Graysie. You won that championship representing Iron City Wrestling — a company you still represent."

Graysie shifts her weight, visibly irritated.

Scott Stevens: "And when you were given the chance to earn a UTA contract at Brand New Day... you failed."

Graysie's jaw clenches. She looks away for a split second, then back at Stevens.

Scott Stevens: "To make matters worse, you interfered in Valentina Blaze and Emily Hightower's match."

Stevens folds his hands on the desk, staring her down.

Scott Stevens: "So tell me why I shouldn't have security escort you out of the building right now."

Graysie steps forward, not backing down.

Graysie Parker: "Because the UTA has something Iron City doesn't."

Stevens raises an eyebrow.

Graysie Parker: "A real leader."

She gestures toward him.

Graysie Parker: "You."

Stevens doesn't react.

Graysie Parker: "You make the hard calls. You do what's best for business. You make things happen."

She leans in slightly.

Graysie Parker: "That's all I'm asking for tonight. Make it happen."

Stevens studies her for a long moment. Then he sighs.

Scott Stevens: "You know Valentina and Emily aren't going to like this."

He shakes his head.

Scott Stevens: "But if it ends this conversation... so be it."

Graysie's eyes light up.

Scott Stevens: "You're in."

Stevens stands.

Scott Stevens: "It's now a Triple Threat match."

Graysie exhales, satisfied.

Scott Stevens: "But hear me very clearly. If you don't win... I don't want to see you again. This is your last chance."

Graysie doesn't hesitate.

Graysie Parker: "It's the only chance I need."

She turns and walks out of frame. Stevens watches her go, jaw tight.

The camera lingers on him for a moment... then fades out.

Foreshadow

Segment

The camera catches movement in the backstage corridor just moments after the Fighting Championship match.

Hakuryu walks with purpose, the Fighting Championship slung over his shoulder. Sinja is beside him, focused, guiding him forward.

Leaning against the wall ahead... WrestleZone Champion Gunnar Van Patton.

Gunnar slowly lifts his head, one eye locking onto the title on Hakuryu's shoulder.

A smirk spreads across his face.

Hakuryu stops.

For a split second, it looks like he's about to turn fully toward Gunnar—

Sinja raises a hand without a word, gently but firmly stopping him.

Hakuryu's jaw tightens. He doesn't break eye contact.

Gunnar pushes himself off the wall and stands up straight. The two champions are face-to-face now, tension thick in the air.

No words are spoken.

Gunnar's smirk widens.

After a long beat, he turns and walks past them, hands in his pockets.

A low whistle echoes down the corridor as he disappears around the corner.

Hakuryu watches him go.

Sinja lowers his hand.

The camera lingers for a moment longer... then fades out.

Rich Young Grapplr vs. Next Level

Match

The arena lights dim — and before the crowd can even settle, the unmistakable warble of “Lifestyle” by Rich Gang hits the sound system.

The reaction is immediate.

John Phillips: "Oh no..."

Boos pour down from every corner of the Pearl Theater as a gold spotlight snaps on at the entrance curtain. Smoke spills across the stage floor.

And through it stroll the Rich Young GRAPPLRZ.

Jacoby Jacobs leads the way — designer joggers, oversized shades, an obnoxious RYG varsity jacket slung over one shoulder. He’s chewing gum, phone already up, filming himself like this is just another clip for his socials.

A few steps behind him, Darian Darrington bounces in place with raw, restless energy — shirtless beneath a silk bomber, flexing his chest and barking, “We’re up! We’re up!” to absolutely nobody.

Mark Bravo: "Every time these two show up, John, it feels like they’re daring the crowd to hate them more."

They stop at the top of the ramp, soaking it all in. The boos rain down.

Jacoby throws up a smug finger-gun salute toward the hard camera.

Darian dabs.

Loudly.

John Phillips: "That tells you everything you need to know."

Together, they strut down the ramp in perfect, synchronized swagger — every step exaggerated, every movement dripping with entitlement. Darian leans over the barricade, shouting at fans in the front row, “Y’all could never!”

Jacoby slowly pans his phone across the crowd, rolling his eyes as he records the sea of middle fingers and profanity.

Mark Bravo: "They don’t hear boos. They hear engagement."

Jacoby slides into the ring and immediately sprawls across the ropes like he’s poolside. Darian storms in after him, hits the ropes once... twice... then stops dead center and throws a massive flex, veins popping.

The music fades — but the jeers only get louder.

Jacoby leans over the ropes, looks straight into the camera, and smirks.

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

John Phillips: "Obnoxious. Entitled. And dangerous when they get rolling."

The Rich Young GRAPPLRZ take their corner, grinning, flexing, soaking it all in.

Exactly how they like it.

The boos roll for a moment longer... then begin to fade.

The lights shift.

A clean digital tone cuts through the arena — sharp, precise — and the opening beat of “Press Start” by MDK hits.

The reaction changes instantly.

John Phillips: "And here come the newcomers who have turned a lot of heads in a very short amount of time."

The entrance screen lights up with minimalist graphics — pixel lines, loading bars, HUD-style overlays — as Theo Sparks bursts through the curtain.

Energy radiates off him. He bounces on his toes, slaps his hands together, eyes wide like he's already mid-match.

A step behind him is Dex Raines.

Calm. Focused. Arms folded as he surveys the ring like a chessboard.

Mark Bravo: "This team couldn't be more different in personality... and that's exactly why it works."

Theo jogs down the ramp, pointing toward the ring, mouthing something about 'Level Up' to the camera as he goes. Dex follows at a measured pace, eyes never leaving the GRAPPLRZ in the ring.

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks calls himself 'Player One' — the hype, the spark, the voice. Dex Raines? He's Player Two — the data, the timing, the execution."

Theo slides under the bottom rope and pops to his feet instantly, throwing his arms out wide as the crowd responds.

Dex steps up onto the apron, pauses, then enters between the ropes, already stretching his shoulders, eyes locked on Darian Darrington.

Mark Bravo: "They don't waste motion. Even the entrance feels optimized."

Theo hops up onto the second turnbuckle, miming a button press in midair like he's starting a match in a game menu.

Dex doesn't pose. He simply nods once — to Theo — then once more toward their opponents.

John Phillips: "Big win over Velocity Vanguard put Next Level on the map. Tonight is another test."

Theo drops back to the canvas, pacing now, jaw set. Dex leans into the corner, eyes narrowed, already studying tendencies.

The music fades.

Next Level is ready.

The referee steps between both teams, pointing to each corner and issuing final instructions.

Darian Darrington grins, pounding his chest once and flexing toward the crowd. Jacoby Jacobs leans through the ropes, phone already in his hand, mouthing something to the hard camera.

John Phillips: "Rich Young GRAPPLRZ looking very comfortable right now."

Across the ring, Theo Sparks bounces on his toes, eyes locked forward. Dex Raines rests one arm on the top rope, calm, unreadable.

The referee checks both teams.

DING DING

The bell rings.

Jacoby immediately calls for the start, hopping over the ropes with a grin, pointing to himself like he's about to headline a livestream.

Mark Bravo: "Of course it's Jacoby."

Theo answers, stepping through without hesitation.

They circle.

Jacoby throws up his hands, waving Theo in, then flashes a quick peace sign to the camera.

Theo doesn't wait.

He explodes forward — lightning quick — and catches Jacoby with a sudden running dropkick that sends him skidding across the mat.

The crowd pops.

John Phillips: "Whoa! Next Level wasting no time!"

Jacoby scrambles up, surprised — and Theo is already on him, snapping a quick hurricanrana that whips Jacobs across the ring.

Jacoby rolls through and pops to his feet, blinking, heat already creeping into his expression.

Mark Bravo: "Jacoby was not ready for that pace."

Theo sprints the ropes, springboards — crossbody! Jacoby goes down again.

Theo pops back up and immediately tags Dex.

John Phillips: "Smart tag!"

Dex steps in calmly as Theo hooks Jacoby's arm — double-team snap arm drag — and Jacoby hits the mat hard.

Dex drops down, isolating the arm and cranking back into a rolling armbar.

Mark Bravo: "This is what Next Level does — flash into control."

Jacoby kicks and writhes, scrambling toward the ropes. Darian shouts from the apron, slapping the turnbuckle, yelling for the tag.

Jacoby reaches — barely — and scrambles under the ropes.

The referee orders Dex back.

John Phillips: "Early shock from Next Level, and you can see the GRAPPLRZ didn't expect that."

Jacoby pulls himself up in his corner, adjusting his shades, jaw tight now.

Darian leans in, barking something into his ear, pounding the pad for a tag.

The tone has shifted.

Next Level came to play.

Jacoby stays on the apron for a moment longer, jaw tight, talking animatedly at Darian while gesturing back toward the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "That early burst rattled Jacoby Jacobs."

Jacoby finally slaps Darian's chest with unnecessary force, tagging him in like a touchdown celebration.

Darian Darrington storms through the ropes, arms wide, flexing as he steps into the ring.

Mark Bravo: "Here comes the muscle."

Dex Raines doesn't rush him. He backs up a step, eyes locked on Darian's hips and shoulders.

Darian charges — full speed — looking to flatten Dex with a football tackle.

Dex sidesteps at the last second.

Darian crashes chest-first into the turnbuckles.

The crowd laughs.

John Phillips: "Ole!"

Dex snaps a quick discus elbow into Darian's back, then immediately tags Theo.

Theo springs in, firing a rapid dropkick into Darian's shoulder blades, sending him back into the corner.

Mark Bravo: "Cat and mouse right now."

Darian turns, swings wildly — Theo ducks — sprints the ropes — sliding clothesline takes Darian off his feet.

Theo pops up, points to his head, then immediately rolls out to the apron as Dex steps back in.

John Phillips: "Textbook quick tags from Next Level."

Dex drops a knee across Darian's arm, isolating it, then transitions into a tight hammerlock.

Darian roars, flexing his free arm, trying to power his way out.

Mark Bravo: "Darrington wants power. They're giving him angles."

Darian muscles up, backing Dex toward the ropes — then suddenly Dex slips behind him and shoves him forward.

Darian hits the ropes — Theo slingshots over the top rope and cracks him with a springboard dropkick.

The Pearl Theater erupts.

John Phillips: "That timing was perfect!"

Darian stumbles, stunned — and Theo dives back in, hooking the arm — Dex joins him — double-team snap suplex.

Darian hits hard.

Theo covers.

ONE!

Darian powers out immediately, sitting up and roaring at the referee.

Mark Bravo: "That's a big man getting embarrassed. That doesn't sit well."

Darian shoves Theo backward and swings again — Theo backpedals, grinning, hands up like he's baiting him.

Theo tags Dex and hops to the apron, shouting something about 'frame data' as he points to Darian.

Darian turns — too slow — Dex sweeps the leg out from under him.

Darian hits the mat again.

The GRAPPLRZ are frustrated.

Next Level is having fun.

Darian pushes himself up on one knee, breathing hard now — not tired, just angry.

John Phillips: "You can feel that switch flip."

Darian lunges forward, this time catching Dex clean with a massive shoulderblock that turns him inside out.

The crowd reacts sharply.

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference — one mistake and it's over."

Darian grabs Dex by the wrist and whips him hard into the corner, following with a flying shoulderblock that rattles the turnbuckles.

Dex slumps — and Darian doesn't stop.

Another shoulderblock.

And another.

John Phillips: "Credit Check!"

The referee immediately steps in, arms out, issuing a stern warning.

Referee: "Back it up! That's enough!"

Darian throws his hands up like he's done nothing wrong, flexing toward the crowd as they boo.

Mark Bravo: "This is where the GRAPPLRZ get dangerous — when they stop being cute."

Darian drags Dex out of the corner and snaps him down with a heavy Oklahoma Slam, staying hooked on for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Dex kicks out.

Darian slaps the mat in frustration, then leans over Dex, barking something about "staying down."

He hauls Dex up and plants him with a spinebuster — The Trust Fall — and pops right back to his feet, flexing hard.

John Phillips: "That's brute force, plain and simple."

Darian makes a dramatic tag, slapping Jacoby's chest like he just scored a touchdown.

Jacoby vaults in, immediately taunting Theo on the apron with a sarcastic bow.

Mark Bravo: "Here comes the chaos."

Jacoby stomps Dex repeatedly, talking trash with every kick until the referee steps in again.

Referee: "Break it up! Now!"

Jacoby backs off slowly, hands raised, grinning as he mouths, "My bad."

Darian leans over the ropes, shouting encouragement and clapping loudly.

The GRAPPLRZ have taken control.

And they're riding the line.

Jacoby drags Dex up by the wrist, snapping him back down with a quick snapmare, then immediately drops a knee across the back of the neck.

John Phillips: "Jacoby slowing this down now — on his terms."

Jacoby sprawls across Dex's back, leaning into a loose chinlock, yelling something into his ear while glancing toward the hard camera.

Mark Bravo: "That's not about pressure, that's about irritation."

Dex works to his feet, prying at the grip — Jacoby abruptly releases and shoves him back into the GRAPPLRZ corner.

Darian tags himself in with a loud slap and storms through the ropes.

Darian grabs Dex around the waist and drives him back down with a brutal Alabama Slam, staying on him, forearm across the chest.

John Phillips: "Big man offense starting to stack up."

ONE!

TWO!

Dex kicks out.

Darian rises, shaking his head, flexing again as the boos rain down.

He hauls Dex up, shoves him into the corner, and charges — but Dex slips out at the last second.

Darian crashes into the turnbuckles.

Mark Bravo: "That's the opening they needed."

Dex stumbles forward — Theo Sparks reaches out desperately — fingertips grazing Dex's hand...

Jacoby dives off the apron and yanks Theo down to the floor.

The referee immediately turns, warning Jacoby back.

Referee: "Get back on the apron! Now!"

John Phillips: "Great awareness from Jacoby Jacobs."

Darian capitalizes, flattening Dex with a running clothesline from behind.

Darian hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Dex kicks out again.

Darian slaps the mat, then grabs Dex by the head, jawing at him as he pulls him upright.

He lifts — Bossman Slam — Overdraft Protection — and drops Dex hard in the center of the ring.

Mark Bravo: "That's pure punishment."

Darian flexes again, yelling "That's attitude!" as the referee warns him to stay focused.

Darian tags Jacoby back in.

Jacoby vaults over the ropes and immediately hits a sliding clothesline, popping to his feet and throwing a wink to the camera.

John Phillips: "The GRAPPLRZ have found their rhythm."

Jacoby drags Dex toward the center, mockingly setting up for something big — but takes a beat too long, taunting.

Dex suddenly fires a short elbow into Jacoby's ribs.

Then another.

The crowd rises.

Mark Bravo: "You give Dex Raines an inch, he'll take a mile."

Jacoby swings — Dex ducks — and cracks him with a sharp discus elbow.

Jacoby stumbles.

Dex lunges —

Tag!

Theo Sparks explodes into the ring.

John Phillips: "Here comes Player One!"

The momentum shifts again.

Theo Sparks vaults over the ropes like he was shot out of a cannon.

Jacoby turns — too late.

Theo blasts him with a running forearm, then another, backing him into the corner.

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks is flying!"

Theo whips Jacoby across the ring — follows — meteora in the corner! Jacoby crumples.

The crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "That's Trackstar Stomp speed right there!"

Theo sprints back to the opposite ropes, rebounds — sliding clothesline takes Jacoby down again.

Theo doesn't stop. He pops up, springboards — fakes the moonsault — lands on his feet and throws his arms out, soaking in the reaction.

John Phillips: "Clip Rewind! He baited him!"

Darian storms in, furious — Theo sidesteps and Dex meets him with a low dropkick to the knee.

The referee immediately ushers Darian back out.

Referee: "Out! One at a time!"

The distraction is just enough.

Theo grabs Jacoby — snap German suplex — bridges!

ONE!

TWO!

Jacoby kicks out.

Theo pops to his feet, nodding, jaw tight now — less show, more focus.

Mark Bravo: "That early disrespect woke him up."

Theo pulls Jacoby up, hooks him for the Spanish Fly — Jacoby fights it — elbows to the ribs.

Jacoby slips free and desperately dives for the corner.

Tag!

Darian Darrington barrels back into the ring.

John Phillips: "Here comes the freight train!"

Darian ducks a strike and flattens Theo with a brutal running lariat that turns him inside out.

Darian stands over him, roaring, flexing again as the boos rain down.

Mark Bravo: "That'll shut anybody up."

Darian hauls Theo up — spinebuster — Trust Fall connects hard.

Darian stays on him for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Theo kicks out.

Darian slams the mat, incredulous, then drags Theo toward the corner.

He tags Jacoby back in with another over-the-top slap.

Jacoby enters, immediately stomping Theo while talking trash, glancing back at the hard cam.

John Phillips: "This thing is seesawing fast."

Jacoby backs up, measuring Theo — charges —

Theo ducks — leapfrog — Jacoby hits the ropes — Theo drops flat.

Jacoby rebounds — Theo pops up — picture-perfect hurricanrana sends Jacoby rolling to the apron.

The crowd roars.

Mark Bravo: "Cat and mouse again!"

Theo crawls toward his corner, arm outstretched...

Darian reaches in — grabbing his ankle.

The referee catches it and immediately steps in.

Referee: "Let go! Now!"

Darian releases at the count of four, smirking.

Theo rolls free... inches from Dex.

The building is on its feet.

And both teams know it's about to break wide open.

Theo reaches — fingertips brushing Dex's hand —

Jacoby dives in at the last possible second and drags Theo back by the ankle.

The crowd groans.

John Phillips: "So close!"

Jacoby scrambles up, yanking Theo to his feet and snapping off a sharp enzuigiri that catches him flush on the jaw.

Theo stumbles — Jacoby follows with a sliding clothesline that drops him flat.

Mark Bravo: "Jacoby finally caught him clean."

Jacoby pops to his feet, throws up a smug shrug toward the hard cam, then makes the tag.

Darian storms in again.

He grabs Theo from behind — lifts — and drives him down with a punishing Alabama Slam.

The ring shakes.

John Phillips: "That's 265 pounds coming down with bad intentions."

Darian covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Theo kicks out again.

Darian snarls, dragging Theo up by the wrist, yelling "Stay down!" as he pulls him into position.

He hoists him again — setting up Overdraft Protection —

Theo wriggles free at the last second and shoves Darian forward into the ropes.

Darian rebounds —

Theo collapses backward and Dex slingshots over the top rope — double team dropkick to the chest!

Darian stumbles backward into the corner.

Mark Bravo: "That was pure survival instinct."

The referee hustles Dex back out as Theo lunges for the corner again.

This time—

TAG!

Dex Raines explodes into the ring.

John Phillips: "Dex is legal!"

Dex barrels forward with a running elbow to Darian, then another, backing the big man up.

Dex snaps off a low kick to the knee, then sweeps the leg and drops Darian to the mat.

Mark Bravo: "He's dismantling the base."

Dex follows with a short basement dropkick to the side of the head, then floats over into a tight head-and-arm control.

Darian powers up — but Dex shifts his weight, forcing him back down.

John Phillips: "This is where Raines excels — slowing the big man down."

Jacoby storms in again — Theo intercepts him with a springboard crossbody, wiping both men out!

The referee immediately steps in, directing Theo back to the apron.

Referee: "Out! Out!"

Dex keeps the pressure on, transitioning behind Darian — short snap dragon screw to the leg.

Darian rolls, clutching his knee, frustration written all over his face.

Mark Bravo: "They're targeting him now. Smart."

Dex pulls Darian up — hooks the arms — but Darian muscles free and shoves him off.

Dex charges — Darian catches him — massive spinebuster!

The crowd roars.

John Phillips: "Out of nowhere!"

Darian doesn't cover. He flexes instead.

The hesitation costs him.

Dex rolls toward the corner, gasping, arm outstretched.

Theo is reaching.

Jacoby is screaming.

The building is unglued.

This match is teetering on the edge.

Darian pulls himself up using the ropes, breathing heavy now, one hand on his knee. Jacoby is already yelling from the apron, slapping the turnbuckle, eyes darting between Dex and the referee.

John Phillips: "You can feel it — the GRAPPLRZ are getting desperate."

Dex charges — Darian catches him — lifts — Oklahoma Slam drops Dex hard near the GRAPPLRZ corner.

Darian immediately rolls toward the ropes, shouting for Jacoby.

Jacoby vaults in — not tagged — and the referee is right on him.

Referee: "Out! Get out of the ring!"

Jacoby throws his hands up innocently, backing away — but not before sneaking a quick stomp to Dex's ribs.

Mark Bravo: "Oh come on — you saw that!"

The referee didn't.

Darian grabs Dex, hoists him up — Trust Fall spinebuster — plants him center ring.

Darian hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Dex kicks out.

Darian slams the mat in disbelief, barking at the referee as Jacoby leans through the ropes, jawing nonstop.

John Phillips: "They're trying to bend the rules any way they can."

Darian pulls Dex up again, shoves him into the corner — charges — Dex slips out at the last second and Darian crashes chest-first into the turnbuckles.

Dex stumbles out — arm outstretched —

TAG!

Theo Sparks launches into the ring.

Mark Bravo: "Here we go!"

Theo fires off rapid forearms to Darian, backing him up, then sprints the ropes — running hurricanrana sends the big man rolling.

Theo pops up — Trackstar Stomp meteora catches Darian flush!

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "That could be it!"

Theo covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Jacoby dives into the ring again — not to break the pin — but to scream at the referee, pointing wildly toward Dex on the apron.

Referee: "Get out! Get out right now!"

The referee turns fully toward Jacoby, forcing him back toward the ropes.

Behind him...

Darian's shoulder is still down.

Theo keeps the cover hooked.

The count never comes.

Mark Bravo: "That should've been three!"

Dex is pounding the mat on the apron, yelling for the count.

The referee finally shoves Jacoby through the ropes and turns back —

THREE—

No.

Darian kicks out at the last possible fraction of a second.

The building erupts.

John Phillips: "You've got to be kidding me!"

Theo sits back on his heels, hands on his head.

Next Level had them.

And the GRAPPLRZ know it.

The warning signs are flashing now.

Theo pulls himself up, still arguing with the referee, holding up three fingers and pointing down at the mat.

John Phillips: "Next Level had this match won. There's no question about it."

Darian rolls toward his corner, eyes wide now, breathing heavy — panic just beneath the bravado.

Jacoby leans in close, shouting instructions, slapping the apron hard.

Mark Bravo: "This is where the GRAPPLRZ get real ugly."

Theo turns back toward Darian — and eats a sudden thumb to the eye.

The referee is still checking on Dex Raines on the apron.

John Phillips: "Come on!"

Theo staggers back, clutching his face.

Darian wastes no time — scoops him up — Bossman Slam!

Theo hits hard.

Darian doesn't cover.

He drags Theo toward the ropes.

Jacoby slips in — quick as lightning — and cracks Theo across the jaw with a sharp forearm.

The referee turns —

Referee: "HEY!"

Jacoby immediately rolls back out, hands up, playing dumb.

Mark Bravo: "That's the cheat right there."

Darian hoists Theo up one last time — lifts — Platinum Plunge!

The ring shakes.

John Phillips: "That's it!"

Darian hooks the leg deep.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings.

DING DING DING

The crowd rains down boos as Darian releases the cover and immediately pops to his feet, flexing like he just won a championship.

Jacoby vaults back in, celebrating wildly, pointing to himself and yelling toward the hard cam.

John Phillips: "An absolute robbery."

Mark Bravo: "Robbery... but effective."

Dex Raines slides into the ring too late, dropping to his knees beside Theo, staring up at the referee in disbelief.

The Rich Young GRAPPLRZ back up the ramp, laughing, flexing, soaking in the venom from the crowd.

They got caught once.

The second time?

They didn't miss.

Pissed

Segment

The camera cuts backstage.

Melissa Cartwright stands with a microphone in hand. Beside her is Emily Hightower, arms folded tightly across her chest, jaw clenched. She's still breathing heavy — not from exertion, but frustration.

Melissa Cartwright: "Emily, earlier tonight Scott Stevens added Graysie Parker to the main event for the UTA Women's Championship. What's your reaction to that decision?"

Emily doesn't hesitate. Her eyes stay forward.

Emily Hightower: "My reaction? I'm pissed."

Melissa shifts slightly but lets her go.

Emily Hightower: "This is yet another example of Scott Stevens having no backbone and no control over his own company."

Emily finally turns toward the camera.

Emily Hightower: "Every single time I earn something, every single time I do things the right way, the goalposts get moved. Another person gets added. Another shortcut gets rewarded. And I'm the one expected to just deal with it."

She shakes her head in disbelief.

Emily Hightower: "Why is it so hard for me to get the one-on-one rematch that I have earned? That I've been promised? That's been offered to me multiple times?"

Emily exhales sharply.

Emily Hightower: "Instead, I'm put into another unfair, lopsided situation because someone bullied their way into relevance."

She steps closer to the camera now.

Emily Hightower: "And this... this right here... is exactly why The Clan is coming."

Melissa looks caught off guard.

Emily doesn't elaborate. She just stares into the lens for a long moment before walking out of frame.

The camera holds on Melissa Cartwright as the weight of that statement hangs in the air.

Fade out.

Next Week

Segment

The screen fades in from black.

A quiet, dimly lit space. Concrete walls. No branding. No crowd noise. Just the low hum of electricity.

Eli Creed stands calmly in frame, hands folded behind his back. His posture is relaxed. Assured.

Eli Creed: "My name is Eli Creed... and I'm here to help."

A beat.

The camera slowly pans to reveal Troy Lindz standing a few feet away. Hood up. Head lowered. No entrance jacket. No spectacle. Just stillness.

Eli Creed: "People keep asking where Troy Lindz has been."

Troy lifts their head slightly. Their eyes are clear. Focused.

Eli Creed: "They think absence means weakness. That silence means fear."

Eli turns, looking directly at Troy now.

Eli Creed: "But silence is where growth begins."

Troy steps forward. Not dramatic. Not flashy. Controlled.

Troy Lindz: "I didn't disappear."

A beat.

Troy Lindz: "I stepped away so I could hear myself think."

Eli nods once. Approval.

Eli Creed: "Break..."

Troy Lindz: "Bend..."

They stand side by side now, facing the camera.

Eli Creed: "And next week—"

Troy Lindz: "I return."

Troy finally looks directly into the lens. No smile. No pose.

Troy Lindz: "Different. Focused. Awake."

Eli places a light hand on Troy's shoulder.

Eli Creed: "The build is complete."

The screen fades to black.

TEXT ON SCREEN: NEXT WEEK — TROY LINDZ RETURNS

No Shot

Segment

The camera cuts backstage just moments after the tag team match.

The Rich Young GRAPPLRZ are walking down the hallway, riding high. Jacoby Jacobs is filming on his phone while Darian Darrington claps his hands together, hyped up.

They turn a corner — and stop short.

Standing in their path is The Empire.

Amy Harrison stands at the center, calm and unimpressed. Flanking her are the UTA Tag Team Champions, Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado, their championship belts draped proudly over their shoulders. Just behind them, Dahlia Cross watches silently.

The GRAPPLRZ exchange a glance... then grin.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Well damn. Look at that."

Jacoby gestures casually toward the titles.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Those belts are gonna look real good when they're the Trust Fund Tag Team Championships again."

Darian lets out a loud laugh, flexing his arms.

Darian Darrington: "Tell 'em. We're undefeated tonight."

Amy Harrison laughs. Not angry. Not threatened. Amused.

Amy Harrison: "What makes either of you think you're getting any kind of shot at The Empire's titles?"

The GRAPPLRZ don't miss a beat.

Jacoby Jacobs: "We just beat Next Level."

Darian steps forward, puffing his chest.

Darian Darrington: "So now it's time to level up."

Amy rolls her eyes.

Amy Harrison: "No."

She doesn't elaborate.

Amy turns and motions for The Empire to follow her.

Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado walk past the GRAPPLRZ slowly, titles still on their shoulders. Dahlia Cross lingers for half a second longer, then follows.

The Empire disappears down the hall.

The Rich Young GRAPPLRZ stand there, watching them go.

The smiles fade.

Disappointed. Mildly irritated.

The camera lingers for a moment... then fades out.

Clovis Black vs. Maxx Mayhem

Match

The camera cuts to the backstage hallway near the gorilla position.

Max Mayhem storms into frame from the far end of the corridor, a steel chair dangling loosely from his right hand. His eyes are wide, unfocused — not adrenaline, not nerves — something darker. Something simmering.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, still to come tonight—Max Mayhem is scheduled to go one-on-one with Clovis Black in just a moment."

Mark Bravo: "And after what happened at Brand New Day, you can feel it, JP. This one's been boiling for weeks."

Mayhem drags the chair once against the concrete wall, the screech echoing down the hallway. He rolls his neck, jaw clenched, muttering to himself as he approaches the curtain.

John Phillips: "Max Mayhem doesn't look like a man heading toward a wrestling match. He looks like a man heading toward a crime scene."

Suddenly—

BAM!

From completely out of frame, Clovis Black explodes into Mayhem like a freight train.

The impact sends Mayhem crashing sideways into the wall, the chair clattering uselessly across the floor. Black

doesn't slow down. He drives Mayhem again—shoulder first—pinning him hard against the concrete.

Mark Bravo: "OH MY GOD—!"

John Phillips: "CLOVIS BLACK JUST RAN HIM OVER!"

Black unloads. Short, vicious punches. Forearms. A headbutt that snaps Mayhem's head back before he can even get his hands up.

Mayhem crumples to a knee. Black yanks him up by the back of the neck and hammers him down with a brutal body shot, then another. And another.

Mark Bravo: "This isn't a fight—this is a statement!"

Black grabs Mayhem by the front of the shirt and hurls him down the hallway. Mayhem hits the floor hard, rolling onto his side, gasping.

Clovis stalks forward, boots slow and deliberate. He hauls Mayhem up just enough to slam him face-first into the wall—then drops him again.

John Phillips: "Mayhem was trying to get to the ring—he never even had a chance!"

Black stands over him, chest heaving, fists clenched. For a moment, it looks like he might keep going.

That's when Trey Mack steps into frame.

Trey moves quickly, but calmly, placing a hand on Clovis' chest—not pushing, not challenging.

Trey Mack: "That's enough."

Black doesn't look at him at first. His eyes stay locked on Mayhem.

Trey Mack: "He got the message."

A long beat.

Clovis finally exhales, jaw tightening. He steps back.

Trey Mack: "C'mon."

Trey gestures toward gorilla.

Trey Mack: "Now let's go out there... and spread some more gospel."

Clovis Black gives one last look down at Max Mayhem—cold, unreadable—then turns and walks with Trey toward the curtain.

The camera lingers behind.

Max Mayhem is still on the floor, clutching his ribs, teeth grit in pain, eyes burning with fury as officials begin to rush into frame.

The shot tightens on Mayhem's face.

Fade out.

You're a Bitch

Segment

The camera cuts back inside the arena, music already playing.

Trey Mack steps through the curtain first, jaw set, eyes cold. A step behind him is Clovis Black, silent and imposing, arms crossed as they head toward the ring together.

The crowd buzzes, still reacting to what happened earlier tonight.

Trey slides into the ring and takes a microphone. Clovis remains standing just behind him, unmoving.

Trey Mack: "You see... Brand New Day didn't end the way people wanted it to end. And that's fine with me."

The crowd reacts loudly.

Trey Mack: "Because this ain't about belts. It ain't about being the people's champion. I don't give a shit about the people... and I sure as hell don't give a shit about Chris Ross."

Boos rain down. Trey smirks.

Trey Mack: "I'm here to do what I do best. I'm here to hurt people. I'm here to break bodies. I'm here to leave somebody laying so they remember my name every time they try to breathe."

Clovis Black doesn't react. He just stands there, eyes locked forward.

Trey Mack: "That's it. That's the whole message."

Suddenly—

"BLACK FLAME" BY BURY TOMORROW HITS.

The crowd explodes as Chris Ross storms out onto the stage, microphone already in hand, fury written all over his face.

Chris Ross: "Okay Trey... we get it. You think you got one up on the champ. Way to go, buddy. You got me good. You fucked me up and left me for dead in the middle of the ring."

Ross laughs, shaking his head.

Chris Ross: "Yeah, nice work after you jumped me not once—but twice—with your dog handler Clovis."

Clovis shifts slightly. Trey grins.

Chris Ross: "You know, I only just met you... but is it just me, or does it seem like Trey Mack really wants to be me?"

Ross looks around, nodding as the crowd reacts.

Chris Ross: "For god's sake, listen to him. Wasn't I the one who came into this place saying a three count don't mean shit? That what really matters is who walks out... and who leaves in an ambulance?"

Ross throws his arms up.

Chris Ross: "But then you really went for it. 'Another white boy holding the black man down.'"

Ross's expression darkens.

Chris Ross: "Listen to me, you sorry son of a bitch. You want to talk about being held down? I spent six years in the gutter because nobody would let me in their company while my whole damn world fell apart."

The tone shifts. The crowd grows quieter.

Chris Ross: "And then you show up out of nowhere, call your shot just like I did against Eric Dane Jr., and congratulations—you're one screwdriver away from stealing my entire damn identity."

Ross lets out an incredulous laugh.

Chris Ross: "Christ sake, you even used my own finisher against me."

The crowd reacts loudly.

Chris Ross: "But you know what? I heard your message loud and clear. I mean hell, I think your three fans already left to get nachos."

The arena erupts in laughter.

Chris Ross: "And you know what that message really is?"

Chris Ross: "You are a bitch."

The crowd explodes.

Chris Ross: "You don't care about the title? Then thank you for wasting my time, the fans' time, and proving that you still didn't get the job done. Because I'm still standing. I'm still the world champion. And you're still just a bitch."

Ross starts down the ramp.

Chris Ross: "You think you scare me? I've risen from the dirt, the smoke, the fire, the rubble. My redemption is written in barbed wire."

Chris Ross: "And now... I burn this shit down."

Ross drops the microphone and charges the ring.

Clovis Black moves. Trey Mack meets him halfway.

Security and officials rush the ring as chaos erupts.

The brawl spills across the canvas as the show cuts away.

A Little Mayhem

Segment

As the broadcast cuts to the back, Maxx Mayhem is on his feet again. A steel chair is still clenched in his hands as he storms down the corridor.

At the same time, a mass of officials are forcing Chris Ross, Trey Mack, and Clovis Black back through the curtain.

We spill straight into Gorilla position — monitors glowing, producers shouting, crew members scrambling out of the way as chaos floods the area.

It's absolute insanity.

And then—

Maxx Mayhem launches himself into the pile.

The chair swings wildly.

Officials scatter just in time as Mayhem CRACKS Clovis Black across the head.

Clovis drops to a knee.

Trey Mack turns in shock—

And Chris Ross instantly locks him up from behind, snapping on a rear choke hold.

Officials shout, trying desperately to regain control.

Mayhem steps in and drives the edge of the chair straight into Trey's gut.

Ross releases him as Trey doubles over.

Mayhem brings the chair down hard across Trey Mack's back.

The sound echoes through Gorilla.

For a moment, everything freezes.

Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem lock eyes.

There's no respect there. No alliance. Just tension.

Then a voice cuts through the noise.

Scott Stevens: "Cut this bullshit out! NOW!"

Security hesitates.

Scott Stevens: "All of you!"

Stevens charges into frame and rips the chair out of Mayhem's hands.

Scott Stevens: "YOU!"

He spins and points directly at Chris Ross.

Scott Stevens: "AND YOU!"

Gorilla is packed. Everyone is yelling. No one is backing down.

Scott Stevens: "I told you two I was done with whatever this is!"

Clovis Black pushes himself up, fury written all over his face. He helps Trey Mack to his feet. Both men are seething.

Stevens wheels on them, chair still in hand.

Scott Stevens: "Neither of you even think about it!"

Stevens is unhinged now.

Scott Stevens: "Next damn week!"

He swings the chair, pointing it at each man in turn.

Scott Stevens: "All four of you. Tag match. Weapons allowed!"

Scott Stevens: "Hell—put it in a god damn cage!"

Scott Stevens: "I want this settled! Do you hear me?"

He points again. One by one.

Scott Stevens: "DO YOU?!"

No one answers.

No one backs down.

The camera pulls back on the chaos as Gorilla continues to erupt.

What a Turn of Events

Segment

The camera cuts to the commentary desk.

John Phillips and Mark Bravo sit wide-eyed, headsets slightly askew, still reacting to the chaos that just unfolded in Gorilla.

John Phillips: "I don't even know where to begin after what we just witnessed backstage."

Mark Bravo shakes his head, half stunned, half energized.

Mark Bravo: "John, that wasn't a fight. That was a complete breakdown of order."

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem re-emerging with that chair, Clovis Black getting cracked, Trey Mack nearly folded in half, Chris Ross locking in that choke—Gorilla turned into a war zone."

Mark Bravo: "And let's not forget Scott Stevens absolutely losing it. I don't blame him."

John Phillips: "Because it sounds like the General Manager just made it official."

Phillips glances down at his notes, then back to the camera.

John Phillips: "Next week, we're going to see Maxx Mayhem and the UTA World Champion Chris Ross teaming together against Trey Mack and Clovis Black."

Mark Bravo: "Inside a steel cage."

John Phillips: "With weapons allowed."

Bravo leans forward.

Mark Bravo: "John, that's not a match. That's Scott Stevens saying 'enough.'"

John Phillips: "Four men who clearly cannot coexist in the same space, locked inside a cage, with no place to run and no rules to hide behind."

Mark Bravo: "Whatever this rivalry was... it just crossed a line it can't come back from."

Both men pause.

John Phillips: "Next week is going to be violent."

Mark Bravo: "And somebody isn't walking out the same."

The camera slowly pulls back as the commentators continue to talk, the weight of what's coming hanging heavy in the air.

Jackpot

Segment

The screen fades to black.

Slow-motion shots roll across the screen — the lights of Las Vegas at night. The glow of the Strip. The familiar exterior of the Palms Casino.

Inside, the Pearl Theater.

Quick flashes follow — roaring crowds, bodies hitting the mat, hands raised in victory, moments of chaos and celebration.

The Jackpot logo fades in.

Text appears on screen.

JACKPOT RETURNS.

The camera cuts to wide shots of the Pearl Theater packed to capacity, the energy unmistakable.

More text overlays the footage.

NEXT WEEK.

PEARL THEATER.

PALMS CASINO — LAS VEGAS, NV.

The music swells as the montage continues — fists flying, titles held high, rivalries colliding.

One final message fills the screen.

THE JACKPOT NEVER STOPS.

Fade out.

Valentina Blaze vs. Emily Hightower

Match

The camera returns to the ring as the energy inside the Pearl Theater shifts. The crowd is loud, restless, but there's a different weight in the air now — the low, anticipatory hum that comes when everyone knows the main event actually matters.

John Phillips: "This is it. Our main event of the evening — and what started as a championship defense has turned into something far more volatile."

Mark Bravo: "Volatile is putting it politely, John. You've got a champion who thrives in chaos, a former champion who never stopped believing she owns this division... and a wrecking ball who refuses to take no for an answer."

The graphic flashes across the screen.

TRIPLE THREAT MATCH

UTA WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

Valentina Blaze (c) vs. Emily Hightower vs. Graysie Parker

A noticeable reaction ripples through the crowd when Graysie Parker's name appears.

John Phillips: "And let's address the elephant in the room immediately — Graysie Parker is not under contract with the United Toughness Alliance."

Mark Bravo: "Not on paper."

John Phillips: "She lost the UTA Contract Ladder Match. That should've been the end of the story."

Mark Bravo: "But instead, she made herself unavoidable. And I'll say this — whether you like her methods or not — the former WrestleZone Champion saw an opening and kicked the door off the hinges."

The camera briefly cuts to ringside security, posted closer than usual. There's tension already, and nobody has even come through the curtain yet.

John Phillips: "If Graysie Parker wins the Women's Championship tonight, she forces the company's hand."

Mark Bravo: "You can't have a champion without a contract, John. If she walks out with that title, they don't have a choice."

The lights dim slightly as the ring announcer steps forward, microphone raised. The crowd settles — just enough.

This is the main event.

The first entrance is moments away.

The lights dip just a shade darker.

A steady, familiar beat rolls through the arena as Emily Hightower's music hits.

The reaction is immediate — loud, supportive, and edged with respect.

John Phillips: "And here comes the woman who many believe never truly lost her place in this division."

Emily steps through the curtain with purpose. No theatrics. No hesitation.

She pauses at the top of the ramp, eyes fixed on the ring, jaw set. There's a quiet intensity to her tonight — not anger, not nerves — resolve.

Mark Bravo: "Emily Hightower doesn't need chaos. She just needs opportunity."

She makes her way down the ramp at a measured pace, acknowledging the crowd with a nod, a hand over her heart. This isn't bravado — it's connection.

At ringside, Emily steps up onto the apron and takes a long look across the ring, exhaling slowly before stepping between the ropes.

John Phillips: "Remember — Valentina Blaze asked for this rematch. She wanted to prove something."

Mark Bravo: "And Emily accepted because she believes she's already proven it."

Emily moves to her corner, rolling her shoulders, stretching her arms along the ropes. She doesn't take her eyes off the entranceway.

She knows this isn't just about the champion.

It's about who comes out next.

The arena lights pulse once... then settle.

A sharp, familiar hit of Valentina Blaze's music cuts through the building.

The reaction is loud — a mix of cheers and edge — the sound reserved for a champion who has learned to live in pressure.

John Phillips: "And here comes the UTA Women's United States Champion."

Valentina steps through the curtain with the title already strapped tightly around her waist. Her posture is calm, but her eyes are alert — scanning the building, scanning the ring.

Mark Bravo: "This woman asked for the rematch. She wanted Emily Hightower again."

John Phillips: "What she didn't ask for... was this."

Valentina pauses at the top of the ramp, adjusting the championship, taking a breath. For just a moment, her gaze shifts to the back — a flicker of awareness that tonight isn't playing by the original script.

She starts down the ramp with purpose, shoulders squared, every step deliberate.

Mark Bravo: "Champions talk about carrying a target — Valentina Blaze is wearing one."

At ringside, Valentina steps onto the apron and looks across the ring at Emily Hightower. There's no hostility. No gestures. Just mutual recognition.

Valentina steps through the ropes and climbs the corner, lifting the championship high as the crowd responds.

John Phillips: "No allies. No safety net. Triple threat rules mean there are no disqualifications, and the champion does not need to be pinned to lose the title."

Valentina drops back to the mat, unfastens the title, and hands it to the referee.

The referee raises it once — then hands it off to ringside.

Emily watches closely from her corner.

Valentina turns...

And now the question hangs in the air.

Where is Graysie Parker?

The music doesn't hit.

Instead, a low murmur ripples through the Pearl Theater — confusion first... then recognition.

Graysie Parker steps through the curtain to no music at all.

The reaction is immediate and hostile.

John Phillips: "And there she is."

Graysie stands at the top of the ramp, arms folded, jaw set. No smile. No acknowledgement of the crowd. She isn't here to perform — she's here to take.

Mark Bravo: "You don't need music when you've got nerve, John."

The boos rain down as Graysie starts toward the ring, slow and deliberate, eyes never leaving the championship now resting at ringside.

John Phillips: "Let's be clear — Graysie Parker lost the UTA Contract Ladder Match. She does not have a contract. She does not belong in this match."

Mark Bravo: "Belonging is overrated. She saw leverage and she took it. That's championship instinct."

Graysie reaches ringside and stops short of the apron, looking up at Valentina Blaze. Then Emily Hightower. One glance each.

No fear. No hesitation.

John Phillips: "If Graysie Parker wins tonight, the UTA has a problem."

Mark Bravo: "Or a solution. Because if she wins the Women's Championship, you can't deny her a contract. You can't crown a champion and pretend she doesn't exist."

Graysie steps up onto the apron and wipes her boots deliberately, drawing more boos.

She enters the ring and immediately moves to the center, staring down the referee.

The official hesitates — then motions for her to back up.

Graysie finally steps into her corner, leaning back against the turnbuckles, arms draped over the ropes like she owns the place.

Valentina Blaze tightens her jaw.

Emily Hightower exhales slowly.

The referee looks from corner to corner... then calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

The main event is underway.

The bell has barely finished echoing when Graysie Parker steps forward, jaw clenched, fists balled, pacing like a caged animal.

Across the ring, Emily Hightower and Valentina Blaze exchange a look.

Not agreement spoken aloud — just recognition.

John Phillips: "You can see it. Neither one of them wanted this."

Mark Bravo: "But they both understand it."

Graysie lunges first, swinging wild, trying to take Valentina's head off with a forearm.

Valentina ducks.

Emily steps in from the other side.

In an instant, Graysie realizes she's made a mistake.

Emily snaps off a sharp kick to the thigh. Valentina follows with a stiff forearm to the chest.

Graysie fires back — elbows, headbutts, pure stubborn defiance — backing Valentina toward the ropes for a moment.

Mark Bravo: "Parker's not backing down."

Emily grabs Graysie from behind, hooks the arm — Valentina joins in — double whip to the ropes.

Graysie rebounds —

DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE.

Graysie flips inside out and crashes to the mat.

The crowd roars.

John Phillips: "That was instinctive."

Emily and Valentina don't celebrate.

They grab Graysie again — one on each arm — dragging her toward the ropes.

Graysie digs her heels in, shouting, swinging wildly — but she's outmatched two-on-one.

With a final shove, they dump her through the ropes.

Graysie spills to the floor hard, rolling near the barricade.

Mark Bravo: "Temporary alliance."

Inside the ring, Emily and Valentina turn slowly toward each other.

The crowd leans forward.

No words.

No smiles.

Just a nod.

And then — they circle.

John Phillips: "Now this is the match Valentina Blaze asked for."

They step in.

The main event truly begins.

Emily and Valentina close the distance cautiously, neither rushing, neither giving an inch.

John Phillips: "This is unfinished business right here."

They lock up center ring — collar-and-elbow — and immediately strain for leverage.

Valentina muscles Emily back a step, then Emily shifts her weight and turns it, driving Valentina into the ropes.

The referee calls for a clean break.

Emily releases first.

Valentina follows a beat later.

Mark Bravo: "That's respect... but it's thin."

They circle again.

Emily shoots in — single-leg takedown — dumping Valentina to the mat.

Emily floats over into a tight side control, pressing her weight down, forcing Valentina to fight from underneath.

John Phillips: "Hightower wants to slow this down."

Valentina bridges, twists her hips, and scrambles to a knee. Emily stays glued to her, shifting behind, looking for control.

Valentina reaches back, grabs a handful of wrist, rolls through — arm drag — both women back to their feet.

The crowd applauds the exchange.

Mark Bravo: "That's high-level wrestling right there."

Emily steps in again — stiff kick to the midsection.

Valentina answers with a sharp forearm to the jaw.

Emily fires back.

Forearm. Forearm. Forearm.

They trade strikes in the center of the ring, neither backing down.

John Phillips: "Neither woman wants to blink."

Valentina ducks the next strike and snaps off a quick snapmare, then a running low dropkick to Emily's back.

Valentina hooks the leg.

ONE!

Emily kicks out immediately.

Valentina stays on her, dragging Emily up by the wrist — short arm clothesline drops her again.

Valentina goes for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Emily kicks out again.

Mark Bravo: "She's testing her early."

Valentina pulls Emily up — looking to press the pace —

From the outside, Graysie Parker suddenly grabs Valentina by the ankle.

The crowd erupts in boos.

John Phillips: "There she is."

Valentina stumbles forward, turning to shout at Graysie.

Emily hesitates — just a fraction.

Graysie uses the moment to yank Valentina's leg hard, sending her tumbling to the apron.

Mark Bravo: "You can't forget about her for even a second."

Graysie slides back into the ring, eyes burning, stalking Emily now.

Emily squares up.

The uneasy balance is gone.

The triple threat chaos is back in full force.

Emily braces herself as Graysie steps forward, fists tight, teeth clenched.

John Phillips: "And just like that, the chaos returns."

Graysie swings first — a heavy forearm that catches Emily across the jaw.

Emily answers with one of her own.

They trade in the center of the ring, stiff and deliberate, neither woman willing to give ground.

Mark Bravo: "This is Graysie Parker's comfort zone. Make it ugly. Make it hurt."

Graysie gains the edge with a sharp knee to the midsection, doubling Emily over.

She grabs Emily by the head and snaps her down hard to the mat.

Graysie covers.

ONE!

Emily kicks out quickly.

Graysie snarls, dragging Emily up and driving her shoulder-first into the corner.

She follows with a running splash — then another — grinding her forearm across Emily's face before backing away.

Mark Bravo: "That's pressure. That's purpose."

Graysie backs up, measuring — charging again —

Emily slips out of the corner at the last second.

Graysie crashes chest-first into the turnbuckles.

Emily hooks her from behind — roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

Graysie powers out.

Both women scramble to their feet.

Emily fires off a sharp kick to the thigh, then another, chopping Graysie down piece by piece.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower changing the rhythm."

Emily grabs Graysie's wrist, twists, and yanks her into a snap arm drag — then another — keeping her grounded.

Emily hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Graysie kicks out again.

Emily stays on her, pulling Graysie up — setting for something bigger —

From the apron, Valentina Blaze suddenly springboards into the ring.

John Phillips: "The champion back in!"

Valentina flies in with a missile dropkick that wipes out both challengers.

The crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "That's how you reassert control."

Valentina pops to her feet, adrenaline surging, eyes darting between both women as they try to recover.

She grabs Emily first — snap suplex — rolls through and floats over into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Emily kicks out.

Valentina doesn't waste the moment. She pulls Emily up — short kick to the ribs — then whips her into the ropes.

Emily rebounds — Valentina ducks — spins — spinning back kick drops Emily to a knee.

Valentina turns —

Graysie Parker charges from behind and levels her with a brutal forearm to the back of the head.

John Phillips: "Parker just cut her down!"

Valentina collapses forward to the mat.

Graysie stands over her, chest heaving, eyes wild.

This thing is breaking down fast.

Graysie drops to a knee beside Valentina and hammers down with short, vicious punches, each one drawing louder boos from the crowd.

John Phillips: "Graysie Parker has zero interest in wrestling a fair fight."

Mark Bravo: "Why should she? This is survival, John."

Graysie hauls Valentina up by the hair and snaps her down with a rough snapmare, then immediately drills her with a sliding knee to the upper back.

Graysie hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina kicks out.

Graysie slaps the mat in frustration and rises to her feet — and that's when Emily Hightower re-enters the frame.

Emily cracks Graysie with a stiff roundhouse to the ribs.

Another.

A third.

John Phillips: "Emily fighting her way back into this!"

Emily grabs Graysie's arm, twists hard, and yanks her into a sharp arm wringer before driving her down with a running leg drop.

Emily immediately transitions, trying to trap the arm.

Mark Bravo: "Smart — neutralize the power."

Graysie snarls and kicks wildly, forcing separation.

Emily scrambles up and grabs Valentina, pulling her to her feet.

For a split second, it looks like the uneasy alliance might return.

It doesn't.

Valentina snaps a quick elbow back, catching Emily under the chin.

Emily staggers.

Valentina spins — snap kick to the thigh — then another to the ribs.

John Phillips: "Champion asserting herself again."

Valentina whips Emily toward the corner and charges — but Emily gets her boot up.

Valentina stumbles back.

Emily rushes forward — running bulldog plants Valentina into the mat.

Emily hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Graysie dives in and breaks it up with a hard stomp to Emily's back.

Mark Bravo: "No patience. No mercy."

Graysie grabs Emily, hoists her up — and drills her with a brutal short-arm clothesline.

Emily folds to the mat.

Graysie turns back toward Valentina — and eats a sudden rolling elbow to the jaw.

Graysie stumbles into the ropes.

Valentina charges — clothesline sends Graysie over the top rope and crashing to the floor.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Down goes Parker!"

Valentina turns — only to get caught by Emily with a tight schoolgirl roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina kicks out just in time.

Both women roll apart, scrambling back to their feet.

Outside the ring, Graysie Parker pulls herself up using the apron, eyes locked inside the ring, breathing hard.

This one is far from over.

Valentina and Emily circle again, both breathing heavier now, sweat starting to show. The pace hasn't slowed — it's sharpened.

John Phillips: "You can feel the urgency picking up."

Emily strikes first — quick kick to the thigh — then another, trying to keep Valentina grounded.

Valentina answers with a sharp forearm, then a second, rocking Emily back toward the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "This is where conditioning starts to matter."

Valentina whips Emily across the ring — Emily rebounds — Valentina catches her mid-motion and drives her down with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker.

Emily cries out, clutching her lower back as Valentina drops into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Emily kicks out.

Valentina pulls Emily up, hooking her arms — looking for something bigger —

Emily fights it, snapping her head forward with a sudden headbutt that catches Valentina flush.

Valentina stumbles.

Emily follows with a stiff lariat that turns Valentina inside out.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower digging deep!"

Emily covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina powers out.

Emily rolls to her knees, frustration flashing across her face for the first time.

Outside the ring, Graysie Parker suddenly slides back in, low and fast.

Emily turns — too late.

Graysie blasts her with a running knee to the ribs.

Mark Bravo: "That's the opportunist."

Graysie grabs Emily, hauls her up — short power slam drops her hard.

Graysie hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina dives in and breaks it up with a boot to Graysie's shoulder.

John Phillips: "The champion saves herself."

Valentina pulls Graysie up and whips her toward the corner — charging in —

Graysie sidesteps.

Valentina hits hard.

Graysie grabs her from behind — snap German suplex dumps Valentina to the mat.

The crowd erupts in boos.

Mark Bravo: "That'll get you heat every time."

Graysie rolls through, stalking Emily again as she struggles to sit up.

Graysie lines her up — charges —

Emily ducks and rolls her through into a sudden crucifix pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Graysie kicks out violently, sending both women sprawling.

All three competitors are down now, each in a different corner, catching breath.

John Phillips: "Nobody has control anymore."

The referee looks overwhelmed, spinning, trying to track all three as they start to rise.

This match is teetering on the edge of something big.

Valentina is the first to pull herself up using the ropes, shaking out her arms as she turns back toward the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Whoever finds their footing first here could steal this."

Emily pushes herself up in the opposite corner, jaw tight, one hand pressed against her ribs.

Graysie Parker is already moving.

She charges across the ring and levels Valentina with a running shoulder block, driving her back into the corner.

Mark Bravo: "That's the former WrestleZone Champion imposing her will."

Graysie follows with a second shoulder — then a third — grinding Valentina into the turnbuckles before backing away.

She turns — and eats a sudden running dropkick from Emily Hightower that sends her stumbling forward.

John Phillips: "Emily caught her clean!"

Emily fires up, unleashing a flurry — forearm, kick, forearm — backing Graysie toward the ropes.

Emily whips Graysie across the ring — Graysie rebounds — Emily ducks and plants her with a snap powerslam.

The crowd roars as Emily hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina dives in at the last moment and breaks it up.

Mark Bravo: "That was dangerously close."

Valentina pulls Emily up immediately — short kick to the midsection — then lifts and drops her with a sharp vertical suplex.

Valentina rolls through, staying on her feet, eyes snapping back to Graysie.

Graysie swings — Valentina ducks — spinning backfist catches Graysie flush.

Graysie stumbles into the ropes.

Valentina charges — clothesline sends Graysie tumbling over the top rope to the floor again.

John Phillips: "Parker dumped to the outside again!"

Valentina turns — Emily is already up — and blasts her with a sudden knee strike to the ribs.

Emily doubles over.

Valentina grabs her — hooks the arms — lifting —

Emily slips free behind her and shoves Valentina forward.

Valentina hits the ropes — rebounds — Emily catches her and drops her with a sit-out spinebuster.

Emily covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina kicks out again.

Emily sits back on her heels, frustration boiling over now as she pounds the mat once with her fist.

Mark Bravo: "How many times can the champion escape?"

Emily pulls Valentina up, clearly thinking finish now — when suddenly—

Graysie Parker slides back into the ring with a wild look in her eyes.

Emily turns —

Graysie cuts her down with a brutal lariat.

Emily hits the mat hard.

Graysie stands over both women, chest heaving, eyes darting between them.

John Phillips: "This match is on the brink."

Graysie grabs Valentina by the wrist and drags her toward the center of the ring.

She looks down at the champion.

And she smiles.

Graysie yanks Valentina up, looking to capitalize, but Valentina rips free and cracks her with a sharp elbow to the jaw.

Graysie staggers —

Emily Hightower explodes in from the side and levels Graysie with a running knee strike.

John Phillips: "Hightower just cut her in half!"

Graysie drops to a knee, glassy-eyed.

Emily doesn't hesitate.

She grabs Graysie, turns her — snap dragon screw takes Parker down hard.

Emily follows immediately — driving a sharp stomp to the midsection — then another.

Mark Bravo: "Emily smells it. This is her opening."

Emily hooks Graysie's legs and stacks her up.

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina Blaze dives in and breaks it up with a running boot to Emily's ribs.

John Phillips: "The champion wasn't letting that happen."

Emily rolls away clutching her side as Valentina immediately turns her attention to Graysie.

Valentina pulls Parker up — short kick to the thigh — then another to the ribs.

Graysie fires back with a wild forearm, but Valentina absorbs it and answers with a stiff head kick that drops Parker to the mat.

Mark Bravo: "That one rang her bell."

Valentina looks down at Graysie, then glances toward Emily — still recovering in the corner.

For a split second, Valentina considers it.

She goes for the cover —

ONE!

TWO!

Emily lunges in and breaks it up this time, dragging Valentina off by the shoulder.

John Phillips: "Everybody saving themselves!"

Emily shoves Valentina back and snaps off a sudden forearm that rocks the champion.

Emily follows with a short snap suplex, then rolls through and stays on top of Valentina, grounding her.

Mark Bravo: "Emily is not letting Valentina reset."

Behind them, Graysie Parker crawls toward the ropes, using every ounce of stubbornness she has just to get upright.

The referee keeps turning, trying to keep eyes on all three.

Emily pulls Valentina up again — setting her —

Valentina slips free and shoves Emily toward the ropes.

Emily rebounds — Valentina catches her — snap powerslam!

Valentina rolls through and pops to her feet.

She turns back toward Graysie.

Parker is on her knees now, shaking her head, trying to will herself upright.

John Phillips: "This is the danger of a triple threat — one mistake, one moment—"

Valentina steps forward, measuring.

The crowd rises.

The finish is coming.

Just not yet.

Valentina steps in and snaps a short kick into Graysie's ribs, then another, keeping her grounded.

John Phillips: "Blaze is doing exactly what a champion should — isolating the biggest threat."

Valentina pulls Graysie up — hooks the arm — and drives her down with a sharp snap suplex.

She rolls through and stays on her feet, turning just in time—

Emily Hightower charges.

Emily catches Valentina with a running forearm, then another, backing her toward the corner.

Mark Bravo: "Emily knows she can't let Valentina breathe."

Emily whips Valentina across the ring — Valentina rebounds — Emily ducks and lifts—

Valentina counters mid-motion, snapping Emily down with a sudden DDT.

Both women hit the mat hard.

The crowd buzzes as the referee checks both shoulders.

Graysie Parker is the first to move.

She pushes herself up, jaw set, eyes blazing, and charges toward Valentina.

Valentina rolls aside at the last second.

Graysie crashes chest-first into the ropes and staggers backward.

Valentina spins—

Spinning back kick catches Graysie flush.

Graysie collapses to the mat.

John Phillips: "That might have shut her down."

Valentina drops for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Emily dives in and breaks it up again, pulling Valentina off by the hair.

Mark Bravo: "And that's why triple threats are nightmares."

Emily spins Valentina around and drills her with a sharp knee to the midsection.

Emily follows with a short snap suplex, then floats over, keeping control.

Emily hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina kicks out.

Emily sits up, breathing hard, eyes flicking toward Graysie — still down, but stirring.

John Phillips: "Hightower is trying to pick her moment."

Emily pulls Valentina up — setting her for something bigger —

Valentina slips free, shoving Emily back.

Emily stumbles —

Graysie explodes from behind with a brutal forearm to the back.

Emily drops to a knee.

Graysie grabs her — hoists — and slams her down hard in the center of the ring.

Mark Bravo: "Parker refuses to stay out of this."

Graysie turns, stalking Valentina again.

Valentina pushes herself up using the ropes, eyes locked on Parker.

The three women rise almost in unison.

The crowd is on its feet now.

The end is clearly in sight...

But no one has control yet.

The three women stand in a loose triangle at center ring, exhaustion written across every movement.

Emily Hightower strikes first — a sharp kick to Valentina's thigh.

Valentina answers with a forearm.

Graysie Parker barrels in and wipes both of them out with a double clothesline.

The crowd explodes in boos.

John Phillips: "Parker just flattened them both!"

Graysie stands over them, chest heaving, eyes wild. She soaks in the reaction, then turns her attention to Emily.

She hauls Emily up — drives her back-first into the corner — shoulder after shoulder grinding her down.

Mark Bravo: "This is where Graysie Parker believes she belongs."

Graysie backs up and charges —

Emily slips out at the last second.

Graysie crashes into the turnbuckles.

Emily grabs her from behind — snap German suplex drops Parker on her shoulders.

Emily bridges instinctively.

ONE!

TWO!

Graysie kicks out violently.

Emily rolls through and pulls Graysie up, urgency all over her face.

John Phillips: "Emily knows this might be her last opening."

Emily hooks Graysie — lifting — driving her down hard with a sit-out powerbomb.

The crowd rises.

Emily covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina Blaze dives in at the last possible moment, blasting Emily with a running knee to the side of the head.

Mark Bravo: "That's the champion's instinct!"

Emily rolls away, stunned.

Valentina turns immediately to Graysie — still down — and drags her toward the center of the ring.

Valentina pauses for half a heartbeat... then shakes her head.

No hesitation now.

She pulls Graysie up — hooks the arms — lifting —

Emily stirs behind her.

The referee is already dropping to position.

The building knows what's coming.

This is the moment.

The end is seconds away.

Valentina lifts — but Emily explodes forward, shoving her off balance.

Emily snaps a sudden forearm across Valentina's jaw, sending the champion stumbling into the ropes.

Emily turns back —

Graysie Parker lunges, swinging wildly.

Emily ducks and plants her with a sudden snap DDT.

Graysie hits hard and stays down.

The crowd comes unglued.

John Phillips: "Emily got all of it!"

Emily rolls Graysie over and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina Blaze explodes back into the frame and drills Emily with a brutal running knee to the side of the head.

Mark Bravo: "Champion's prerogative!"

Emily collapses sideways, rolling clear.

Valentina doesn't hesitate.

She dives on Graysie, hooks the leg deep.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The bell rings as Valentina rolls off, chest heaving.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze retains the Women's Championship!"

Mark Bravo: "Smart. Ruthless. That's how you survive a triple threat."

Emily Hightower pushes herself up to her knees, staring in disbelief as the referee raises Valentina's arm.

Graysie Parker remains flat on her back, eyes staring up at the lights.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower had it won — but in a triple threat, almost doesn't count."

Mark Bravo: "And Graysie Parker found out the hard way — leverage doesn't mean guarantees."

Valentina is handed the championship and clutches it tightly, backing toward the ropes as she looks between both women.

No celebration.

No smile.

Just relief.

The champion survives.

And the questions aren't over.

The camera lingers on Graysie Parker — still down — then cuts to Emily Hightower, frustration etched across her face.

Fade to black.

Conclusion

Also scheduled to appear: UTA Champion Chris Ross, Women's Champion Marie Van Claudio, Amy Harrison, WrestleZone Champion Gunnar Van Patton, Trey Mack, Troy Lindz, Eli Creed and more.

CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Show Credits

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