

# Jackpot: 02.19.2026

---

**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** February 19, 2026  
**Location:** Pearl Theater — Las Vegas, NV

## Preview

Things heat up inside the Pearl Theater in Las Vegas, NV for another episode of Jackpot.

## Results

### Introduction

Segment

The screen fades in from black. A low, pulsing beat begins to build under a wide aerial shot of the Las Vegas Strip at night — neon lights glowing, traffic crawling, the city alive. The camera slowly pushes toward the glowing exterior of the Pearl Theater inside the Palms Casino and Resort. Gold sparks flash across the screen.

Cut to inside the arena — a packed crowd on their feet, signs waving, flashes popping. The atmosphere is electric. The familiar JACKPOT theme hits hard. Pyro erupts across the stage in cascading bursts of gold and white as the camera sweeps across the roaring audience.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are LIVE from the Pearl Theater inside the Palms Casino and Resort in Las Vegas, Nevada... and this... is JACKPOT!"

Mark Bravo: "Feel that energy, John! Vegas is alive tonight and this crowd knows they're about to witness chaos, violence, and championship glory all in one night!"

Camera cuts to fans chanting, some holding signs reading "GVP FEARS NOTHING," "EMPIRE RISES," "SUSANITA!" and "WELCOME BACK TROY."

John Phillips: "What a night we have ahead of us. Championship gold will be defended, rivalries will escalate, and inside that unforgiving steel cage... four men will try to destroy one another."

Mark Bravo: "Destroy is the right word, John. Weapons are legal, the cage is locked, and there are no excuses. Ross, Mayhem, Trey, Clovis... somebody might not walk out of here tonight."

Quick cinematic match preview cuts flash across the screen:

Susanita Ybanez throwing rapid strikes... Nancy Rhodes glaring coldly back.

Troy Lindz standing beside Eli Creed... Carter Durant cracking his neck, focused.

Gunnar Van Patton holding the WrestleZone Championship... Kaine standing in darkness, unmoving.

Marie Van Claudio raising the UTA Women's Championship... Dahlia Cross watching with venom in her eyes.

The steel cage lowering... weapons scattered across the mat... Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem staring across at Trey Mack and Clovis Black.

John Phillips: "We kick things off tonight with women's division action as Susanita Ybanez goes one-on-one with Nancy Rhodes."

Mark Bravo: "Fast, aggressive, and unpredictable — that's how Susanita fights. But Nancy Rhodes? Cold. Calculated."

Dangerous. That opener could steal the whole show."

John Phillips: "Then Troy Lindz returns to action with Eli Creed in his corner against Carter Durant."

Mark Bravo: "You know what that means... 'Break, Bend, Build.' Troy has changed, John. And Carter Durant might be the first to feel it."

John Phillips: "The WrestleZone Championship will be on the line as the Fallen Soldier, Gunnar Van Patton, defends against the haunting challenger... Kaine."

Mark Bravo: "Kaine says he's already dead... but Gunnar fights like a man who refuses to fall. That's going to be brutal."

John Phillips: "And the UTA Women's Championship is up for grabs when the First Lady of UTA, Marie Van Claudio, defends against Dahlia Cross of The Empire."

Mark Bravo: "The Empire wants gold, and Dahlia Cross is vicious enough to take it. But Marie? She's survived everything. Tonight, we find out if she survives Dahlia."

John Phillips: "And in our main event... Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem collide with Trey Mack and Clovis Black... inside a steel cage... with weapons allowed."

Mark Bravo: "No rules. No escape from the violence. This is going to be absolute carnage."

The camera returns to a wide shot of the roaring crowd as the music swells again.

John Phillips: "Championships. Violence. Glory. This is JACKPOT... and it starts... right now!"

Pyro explodes across the stage one more time as the camera cuts toward the entrance ramp, ready for the first match of the night.

## **Susanita Ybanez vs. Nancy Rhodes**

Match

The camera settles back inside the Pearl Theater as the energy from the opening introduction still hangs in the air. The crowd buzzes, lights shifting toward a deep crimson glow as the first match graphic flashes across the screen.

John Phillips: "We are kicking off tonight's action with women's division competition — Susanita Ybanez goes one-on-one with Nancy Rhodes."

Mark Bravo: "Speed versus grit, heart versus cruelty. And I'll tell you right now, Phillips — Susanita has been on a mission in 2026."

The opening drums of Susanita's theme hit. Red light floods the arena as flames rise along the stage. The crowd pops.

Ring Announcer: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... from Lambaré, Paraguay... 'La Reina Silenciosa'... SUSANITA... YBANEZ!"

Susanita steps through the curtain, calm, focused, eyes forward. She takes in the crowd — not smiling, not playing — just breathing, steady. She walks down the ramp with purpose as fans reach out toward her. At ringside, she climbs the apron, leans back, raises her hands... and pyro erupts from the turnbuckles as she steps into the ring.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez — relentless, fearless, and fueled by pride. She fights with heart every time she steps into this ring."

Mark Bravo: "And don't forget — she never cheats, never shortcuts. Everything she earns, she earns the hard way."

The lights shift harsh and cold. A jagged guitar riff hits. Razor-blade imagery flashes across the tron.

Ring Announcer: "And her opponent... from Detroit, Michigan... NANCY... RHODES!"

Nancy Rhodes steps out slowly, head slightly down, rolling her shoulders, eyes locked on the ring. She cracks her knuckles and smirks, dragging a finger across her throat before marching forward with deliberate menace.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes brings Detroit fight-scene grit — brutal elbows, ruthless tactics, and absolutely no mercy."

Mark Bravo: "She doesn't wrestle pretty, John. She slices. She breaks people down piece by piece."

Nancy slides into the ring and rises slowly. She and Susanita lock eyes across the canvas — no words, just tension. The referee checks both women and calls for the bell.

DING DING!

The crowd claps rhythmically as both women circle. Susanita light on her feet. Nancy grounded, stalking.

John Phillips: "Here we go — opening contest underway."

Nancy steps in first — sharp kick to the thigh. Susanita absorbs it, fires back with a quick forearm. Nancy answers with a knife-edge chop — CRACK — echoing through the arena.

Mark Bravo: "Nancy wants this ugly early."

Nancy swings a spinning razor elbow — Susanita ducks — rebounds off the ropes — springboards — arm drag takedown! Nancy rolls through and pops back up, surprised but not shaken.

John Phillips: "Great agility from Susanita!"

Nancy charges — Susanita slips behind — waistlock — Nancy throws a sharp back elbow to break free — grabs Susanita — Shark Bite Suplex attempt — Susanita flips out — lands behind — SNAP DDT!

John Phillips: "DDT connects!"

Cover!

Referee: "One—"

Nancy kicks out quickly, rolling away to a knee, jaw clenched.

Mark Bravo: "Too early — but Susanita's already dictating pace."

Susanita moves in — Nancy suddenly feigns a stumble — bait — Susanita reaches — Nancy explodes forward with a Spinning Razor Elbow that cracks across Susanita's jaw!

John Phillips: "Oh! Nancy just turned the tide!"

Susanita stumbles into the ropes — Nancy charges — Sliding Dagger Dropkick to the knee! Susanita collapses, clutching her leg.

Mark Bravo: "That's Nancy Rhodes. Target the limb, slow the speed."

Nancy grabs the leg, twisting the knee violently, stomping it once — twice — then drags Susanita to center and begins setting up the Scarlet Scissors — but Susanita kicks wildly, forcing separation.

John Phillips: "Susanita fighting out before the damage is done."

Nancy charges again — Susanita pops up — Belly-to-Belly Suplex! Both women hit hard — crowd pops!

John Phillips: "Big counter from Susanita!"

Both women rise slowly. Nancy swings — Susanita blocks — forearm — another — rapid strikes — Susanita fires up — whip to the ropes — running knee strike connects!

Mark Bravo: "Momentum shift!"

Nancy staggers — Susanita hooks — tries for the 619 setup — Nancy blocks — shoves Susanita away — Blade Runner Knee attempt — Susanita sidesteps — schoolgirl roll-up!

Referee: "One! Two—"

Nancy kicks out!

Both women scramble up — staring each other down — breathing heavier now — the crowd applauding the opening exchange.

John Phillips: "Excellent opening contest — both women pushing the pace."

Mark Bravo: "And we're just getting started."

Nancy wipes her mouth, smirks, and charges again — Susanita braces — the collision coming —

Nancy Rhodes surges forward out of the stare-down, eyes sharp, arm cocked for another crushing elbow. Susanita plants her feet, reading it — the collision coming fast.

Nancy swings — Susanita ducks under — spins — Rip Cord — KNEE SMASH to the jaw!

John Phillips: "Rip Cord Knee! That landed flush!"

Nancy staggers backward, dazed but still standing — Susanita wastes no time — runs — springboards — crossbody! Both women crash to the mat!

Mark Bravo: "Susanita turning up the tempo now!"

Susanita pops up first, adrenaline surging. She grabs Nancy by the wrist — whip to the ropes — Nancy rebounds — Susanita leapfrogs — Nancy turns — spinning back kick — caught! Susanita sweeps the standing leg — Nancy hits hard!

John Phillips: "Beautiful sequence from Ybanez!"

Susanita hooks the legs — Figure Four Leg Lock attempt — but Nancy claws, scratching toward the ropes — kicking wildly — she manages to roll her hips and shove Susanita off before the hold locks in.

Mark Bravo: "Nancy knew better — that would've been trouble."

Both women rise again — Susanita strikes first — forearm — forearm — rapid combination — Nancy fires back with a brutal Knife-Edge Chop — CRACK — then another — and another — backing Susanita into the corner.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes chopping the life out of her!"

Nancy whips Susanita hard across the ring — charges — corner splash — Susanita slips out! Nancy hits the buckles chest-first!

Susanita rolls her up from behind —

Referee: "One! Two—"

Nancy kicks out and immediately explodes upward with a Bloodletting Clothesline that nearly flips Susanita inside out!

Mark Bravo: "There it is! That's the Rhodes violence!"

Nancy crawls into the cover — hooks the leg tight.

Referee: "One! Two—"

Susanita kicks out! The crowd cheers loudly.

John Phillips: "Susanita survives!"

Nancy's expression tightens — she grabs the leg again, twisting the knee viciously, targeting the joint. She stomps it — once — twice — then begins setting for the Carcass Crossface.

Mark Bravo: "Nancy wants the submission — she wants to slice this match open."

Nancy reaches — locks the arm — pulling back — but Susanita rolls — rolls again — kicks Nancy square in the jaw to break free!

John Phillips: "Great counter! Susanita refusing to be grounded!"

Both women stagger to their feet — Nancy swings — Susanita ducks — rebound — SUICIDE DIVE through the ropes! Both crash into the barricade!

Mark Bravo: "She flew! Susanita taking risks!"

The crowd roars as Susanita pulls Nancy up and rolls her back into the ring. Susanita climbs the apron — springboards — 450 Splash attempt — Nancy rolls out of the way! Susanita lands hard!

John Phillips: "Nobody home!"

Nancy immediately capitalizes — grabs Susanita — lifts — Razor's Redemption attempt — Susanita fights — elbows — elbows — slips out behind — shoves Nancy forward — Nancy rebounds — CURB STOMP from Susanita!

Mark Bravo: "Oh that was brutal!"

Nancy collapses face-first. The crowd rises.

Susanita limps slightly from the earlier leg damage but pushes through. She pulls Nancy toward the ropes — positions — the crowd buzzing —

John Phillips: "She's setting it up!"

619 connects! Nancy stumbles backward, barely standing!

Susanita climbs the ropes — springboard — LA ESTRELLA NEGRA — SPRINGBOARD ASAI MOONSAULT CONNECTS!

John Phillips: "FINISHER CONNECTS!"

Susanita hooks the leg deep —

Referee: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

DING DING DING!

The crowd erupts as Susanita rolls off, breathing hard, exhausted but victorious.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner... SUSANITA... YBANEZ!"

John Phillips: "Hard-fought match — Nancy Rhodes brought the fight, but tonight belonged to Susanita Ybanez!"

Mark Bravo: "Competitive, physical, and Susanita showed exactly why she's rising in this division."

Susanita slowly rises, clutching her leg, but raises her arms as the crowd cheers loudly. Nancy rolls to the ropes, frustrated but conscious, glaring back at Susanita.

The camera lingers on Susanita — focused, determined — before fading toward the next chapter of the night.

## **Rebuilding the Empire**

Segment

The scene fades in backstage. A gold-and-violet Empire logo is stitched across the wall of a private dressing room. The atmosphere is tense — quiet, heavy, coiled. The UTA Tag Team Championships rest over the shoulders of Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado, both standing near the lockers. Dahlia Cross leans against a table, arms folded, expression unreadable. Amy Harrison paces back and forth, furious.

Amy Harrison: "Back in Vegas... and I'm not even on the card. Not even a mention. Not even a footnote."

She stops pacing, shaking her head, anger simmering beneath forced composure.

Amy Harrison: "But that's fine. That's fine... because The Empire is still running this place."

She turns toward Dahlia, eyes sharp.

Amy Harrison: "Tonight, Dahlia Cross dethrones Marie Van Claudio... and the UTA Women's Championship finally comes home... where it belongs."

Amy smirks slightly.

Amy Harrison: "Then you can hand it back to its rightful owner."

Dahlia does not respond. She simply looks at Amy — long, silent, unreadable. The room hangs in that silence for a moment. Rosa and Selena exchange a subtle glance, instinctively tightening their grip on their championships.

Amy Harrison: "And you two... tonight... you make sure — under no circumstances — Dahlia loses."

Selena nods once. Rosa gives a quiet, firm nod beside her.

Selena Vex: "Understood."

Rosa Delgado: "It gets done."

A sudden knock at the door. Everyone turns. Amy rolls her eyes before snapping.

Amy Harrison: "What do you want, Scott?"

The door opens and General Manager Scott Stevens steps inside, hands calmly folded, faint smile on his face.

Scott Stevens: "Good. All of you are here. I actually have some great news."

Amy crosses her arms, unimpressed.

Scott Stevens: "While Dahlia has her match later tonight, you might want to stay in town... because tomorrow night... Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado will be defending the UTA Tag Team Championships."

Amy Harrison: "Against who?"

Scott Stevens: "The former champions have enacted their rematch clause. They never received a proper one-on-one rematch... so tomorrow night... Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado defend against... El Fantasma."

Selena and Rosa stiffen slightly, gripping their titles tighter. Amy exhales loudly, annoyed.

Amy Harrison: "Fantastic. Any more... quote unquote... great news, Scott?"

Scott's smile grows.

Scott Stevens: "Yeah. You'll be in action tomorrow night too, Amy."

Scott turns and exits the room, still smiling. Amy blinks, confused — then irritated.

Amy Harrison: "...With who?"

No answer.

Amy Harrison: "Scott."

She moves toward the door.

Amy Harrison: "Scott — with who?"

She storms out into the hallway after him, voice fading but still demanding answers.

Amy Harrison (off-screen): "Scott! With who?! SCOTT!"

Back inside the room, Dahlia stands silent, eyes distant. Selena and Rosa exchange another look — tension building — as the scene fades to black.

## **The Next Inductee**

Segment

The screen fades to black.

A single, slow piano note echoes into silence.

Gold light begins to shimmer through darkness — faint at first, like memory awakening. A deep orchestral score rises beneath it, powerful and reverent.

Archival footage flickers onto the screen — arenas packed wall to wall, championship gold gleaming, the roar of the UTA crowd shaking the frame.

Voiceover: "Some men compete..."

Voiceover: "Some men win..."

Voiceover: "And some men... become legend."

The music swells. A silhouette appears through gold light — confident posture, unmistakable presence.

Voiceover: "He was never just another name on the marquee."

Cut — a younger Eric Dane walking with calm authority, the crowd chanting his name, the energy of the building shifting with his presence.

Voiceover: "He was... The Only Star."

Footage shifts — Eric Dane Sr. standing beneath bright lights, championship raised high — the UTA Championship glinting in gold.

Voiceover: "A former UTA Champion."

Voiceover: "A symbol of excellence."

Voiceover: "A man who carried the weight of legacy... and defined what it meant to stand at the very top."

Clips roll — Eric Dane Sr. delivering powerful words about history... walking through arenas like a man who built them... standing at the center of moments that shaped the United Toughness Alliance.

Voiceover: "His presence commanded respect."

Voiceover: "His words carried history."

Voiceover: "His legacy... will never fade."

The music grows larger, more triumphant — gold light flooding the screen.

Voiceover: "And now... his name takes its rightful place among immortals."

The official **\*\*UTA Hall of Fame — Class of 2026\*\*** emblem appears in radiant gold.

Text fades in beneath it:

**ANNOUNCING — INDUCTION AT THIS YEAR'S CEREMONY**

The silhouette returns — now revealed fully — Eric Dane Sr., framed in gold.

Voiceover: "The Only Star."

Voiceover: "Former UTA Champion."

Voiceover: "Hall of Famer."

Text appears:

UTA Hall of Fame — Class of 2026

ERIC DANE SR.

The music slowly fades back to the lone piano note... echoing... timeless.

Fade to black.

The crowd inside the Pearl Theater can be heard applauding loudly as the broadcast returns to the arena.

## **Congratulations**

Segment

The broadcast fades back in to the commentary desk at ringside. The crowd inside the Pearl Theater is still buzzing from the announcement, applause rolling through the arena. John Phillips and Mark Bravo sit behind the desk, both nodding with respect.

John Phillips: "What a moment we just witnessed. Eric Dane Senior — *\*The Only Star\** — officially announced as the next inductee into the UTA Hall of Fame Class of 2026."

Mark Bravo: "And what a name to add, John. Former UTA Champion, one of the most commanding presences this company has ever seen, and a man whose influence stretches across generations."

John Phillips: "He now joins the first announced inductees — the eGG Bandits — Doozer, Cancer Jiles, and Bobby Dean — in what is already shaping up to be a legendary Hall of Fame class."

Mark Bravo: "That's history right there. The chaos and charisma of the eGG Bandits... and the legacy, the prestige, the aura of Eric Dane Sr. — *\*The Only Star.\** You're talking about pillars of this company, Phillips."

John Phillips: "Eric Dane's name has been etched into UTA history for years — not just as a champion, but as a symbol of excellence, leadership, and legacy. And later this year, he will take his rightful place among immortals."

Mark Bravo: "And you know somewhere... he's watching. Cool, calm, proud — exactly like always."

John Phillips: "Congratulations again to Eric Dane Senior — UTA Hall of Fame Class of 2026."

The camera slowly pulls back from the desk as the crowd continues applauding, the weight of the announcement still lingering in the air.

John Phillips: "And still to come tonight — championship gold on the line, rivalries escalating, and later... our brutal steel cage main event. But coming up next... Troy Lindz returns to action."

Fade toward the next segment.

## **Troy Lindz vs. Carter Durant**

Match

The arena lights dim slightly, then wash into a stark, blinding white. A calm, low piano tone hums through the speakers. The crowd begins to boo — they already know what this means.

John Phillips: “We know that sound... and here he comes.”

Mark Bravo: “I feel like I’m about to be told I’m not living up to my potential, John.”

Through the curtain steps Eli Creed, dressed head-to-toe in a pristine white suit. Calm. Composed. Hands folded behind his back. He pauses at the top of the ramp, scanning the arena like a man observing a classroom.

Behind him, emerging slowly — no flash, no sparkle — is Troy Lindz. Gone is the glamour. Gone is the spectacle. Sports bra. Muay Thai shorts. Hands taped. Focused. Controlled. A fighter, not a performer.

John Phillips: “Look at Troy Lindz... this is not the same competitor we once knew.”

Mark Bravo: “No glitter. No spotlight. Just business.”

Creed walks slowly toward the ring, Lindz following in silence. No gestures. No theatrics. The crowd rains down boos, but Creed absorbs them like oxygen. He steps into the ring and requests a microphone.

Lindz stands beside him — still, unreadable.

Eli Creed: “My name... is Eli Creed.”

The boos swell.

Eli Creed: “And I am here... to help.”

Creed slowly paces the ring, voice calm, sermon-like.

Eli Creed: “For weeks... you watched a transformation.”

Eli Creed: “You saw a soul... confronted with truth.”

Eli Creed: “You saw the illusion... break.”

He turns toward Lindz.

Eli Creed: “Break...”

Lindz’s jaw tightens slightly.

Eli Creed: “Then came the moment where most people... collapse.”

Eli Creed: “Where fear bends them.”

Eli Creed: “But Troy Lindz... did not collapse.”

Eli Creed: “Bend...”

Creed steps closer to Lindz, lowering his voice.

Eli Creed: “Because true transformation does not come from comfort.”

Eli Creed: “It comes from pressure.”

Eli Creed: “From pain.”

Eli Creed: “From truth.”

He raises his head toward the hard camera.

Eli Creed: “And tonight... you stand before something new.”

Eli Creed: "Not the illusion."

Eli Creed: "Not the performance."

Eli Creed: "But the result."

Eli Creed: "Build."

Creed lowers the microphone and slowly hands it to Troy Lindz.

The crowd buzzes, waiting for something... anything.

Lindz lifts the microphone. Calm. Focused. No emotion.

Troy Lindz: "I said... nothing would be the same."

A pause.

Troy Lindz: "I meant it."

Lindz lowers the microphone.

Silence. Intentional. Controlled.

Mark Bravo: "That's it? That's all we get?"

John Phillips: "Sometimes... silence says everything."

Suddenly — upbeat brass energy blasts through the arena speakers.

The crowd pops.

John Phillips: "And here comes Carter Durant!"

Carter Durant bursts onto the stage, full of energy and motion. He sprints forward, slapping hands with fans, pointing to the sky, feeding off the crowd's energy before sliding into the ring.

Durant steps in, eyes locked on Lindz. The mood shifts instantly — calm philosophy versus raw competition.

Mark Bravo: "Different philosophies, John. Same ring."

John Phillips: "And this match... is moments away."

The camera lingers on the three inside the ring — Creed calm and composed... Lindz focused and silent... Durant energized and ready.

The camera tightens inside the ring as Eli Creed steps calmly through the ropes and lowers himself to the floor at ringside. Hands folded. Watching. Observing. Teaching.

John Phillips: "Eli Creed choosing to watch from the outside... letting Troy Lindz stand on their own."

Mark Bravo: "Teacher watching the student, John. Let's see what this 'rebuild' really created."

The referee checks both competitors... then signals.

DING DING!

Carter Durant immediately steps forward, hands up, looking to tie up — classic collar-and-elbow —

But Troy doesn't engage.

Instead — SNAP LOW KICK.

CRACK.

Carter stumbles, surprised.

John Phillips: "No grapple — straight to striking!"

Another kick — this one to the ribs — then a sharp roundhouse to the thigh. Carter tries to step back in — Troy fires a brutal teep kick to the chest — sending Durant stumbling backward across the ring!

Mark Bravo: "This is NOT the Troy Lindz we knew!"

Carter charges again — desperate to close distance — Troy pivots — **HARD ELBOW** across the jaw!

Carter collapses to a knee.

John Phillips: "Sharp, direct, efficient — Lindz is dismantling him!"

Troy grabs the back of Carter's head — pulls him into a Muay Thai clinch — and unloads —

**KNEE.**

**KNEE.**

**KNEE.**

Carter tries to push free — Troy sweeps the leg — Durant crashes to the mat hard!

Mark Bravo: "This is a beatdown!"

Troy doesn't celebrate. Doesn't taunt. Doesn't react.

He simply advances.

Carter tries to rise — Troy **BLASTS** him with a low kick to the ribs — then another to the thigh — then a spinning back kick that drops Durant flat!

John Phillips: "Carter Durant can't even get started!"

Outside the ring, Eli Creed watches silently... nodding once... approving.

Mark Bravo: "You see Creed? No emotion. Just observation."

Carter crawls toward the ropes, shaking his head, trying to reset — Troy stalks him — calm, cold, deliberate.

John Phillips: "This is frightening control. No wasted motion. No flash. Just damage."

Carter finally pulls himself up using the ropes — turns — swings wildly — Troy slips the strike — **BODY KICK** — Carter gasps — Troy spins —

**BRUTAL ROUNDHOUSE TO THE HEAD!**

Carter collapses to the mat, stunned.

Mark Bravo: "Goodnight!"

Troy stands over him — breathing steady — emotionless.

John Phillips: "We are witnessing something very different tonight... this is a rebuilt Troy Lindz."

Troy steps forward, preparing to continue the assault — Carter barely moving — Eli watching closely from ringside —

Carter Durant lies on the canvas, breathing hard, shaking the fog from his head. Troy Lindz stands over him — still, composed, waiting — not rushing, not reckless. Calculated.

John Phillips: "Troy Lindz in complete control... but Carter Durant is trying to regroup."

Mark Bravo: "You don't survive in this business without heart, Phillips. Carter's got plenty of it."

Carter slowly pulls himself up using the ropes. His legs wobble, but his eyes sharpen. He turns — Troy steps in —

Carter fires first — sudden forearm! Another! And another!

John Phillips: "Durant fighting back!"

Carter builds momentum — whip to the ropes — Troy rebounds — Carter ducks — springboard crossbody! Both crash to the mat!

Mark Bravo: "There we go! Carter needed that!"

Carter scrambles up, adrenaline pushing him forward — running forearm smash in the corner — then a snap suplex — Troy hits hard!

John Phillips: "Momentum shift!"

Carter hooks the leg.

Referee: "One—"

Troy kicks out immediately.

Mark Bravo: "Not even close."

Carter pulls Troy up again — attempts another strike — but Troy blocks — sharp body kick — Carter doubles over — Troy grabs him — Muay Thai clinch —

KNEE TO THE BODY.

KNEE TO THE RIBS.

KNEE TO THE CHEST.

Carter gasps for air.

John Phillips: "Troy just shut that comeback down."

Troy sweeps Carter's leg out — Durant crashes flat. Troy immediately transitions — controlling the arm — stepping over — grinding pressure into the shoulder and neck.

Mark Bravo: "Now we're seeing the next phase — wear him down."

Troy tightens the hold, wrenching Carter's arm, forcing him to carry Troy's weight while driving his knee into the back.

John Phillips: "Methodical. Controlled. This is not chaos — this is dismantling."

Carter tries to crawl — tries to fight — Troy releases only to drive a hard low kick into the ribs — then another — then a grounded elbow across the jaw.

Troy grabs the wrist, dragging Carter back to center — setting him up — isolating the limb — slowing the breathing — draining the fight.

Mark Bravo: "They're breaking him down piece by piece. Carter's losing oxygen, losing power, losing hope."

Outside the ring, Eli Creed watches... silent... approving.

John Phillips: "This is the philosophy Creed preached — break... bend... build."

Troy lifts Carter again — Carter swings weakly — Troy ducks — spins — body kick — Carter drops to a knee.

Troy steps behind him... locking his arms... tightening grip... dragging Carter to the mat —

John Phillips: "They may be looking for the end here... submission attempt coming!"

Troy begins to cinch in the hold, tightening pressure across Carter's upper body — Durant grimacing, trying to resist — Troy Lindz has Carter Durant grounded in the center of the ring, arms locked tight, body pressed in close, squeezing the breath and strength out of him. Carter struggles — trying to crawl, trying to fight — but Troy's grip only tightens.

John Phillips: "Submission locked in! Carter Durant is trapped in the center of the ring!"

Mark Bravo: "This is that new Lindz — not flashy, not emotional — just relentless."

Carter reaches... stretches... tries to twist free — but Troy shifts his weight, dragging him back down, tightening the pressure across the neck and shoulder.

John Phillips: "Durant is fading!"

Carter slams his hand against the mat once — twice — he hesitates — then with no escape left —

TAP! TAP! TAP!

DING DING DING!

The bell rings as Troy immediately releases the hold and rises to his feet, breathing steady, face calm — no celebration, no emotion.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner by submission... TROY... LINDZ!"

Outside the ring, Eli Creed slowly begins clapping. Calm. Measured. Proud.

John Phillips: "A dominant, calculated victory for Troy Lindz!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at Eli Creed — that's approval. That's validation. That's the architect watching his creation succeed."

Troy stands in the center of the ring, staring forward, still composed, still silent. Carter Durant rolls toward the ropes, exhausted, defeated but conscious.

John Phillips: "We said earlier this was a new Troy Lindz — and tonight we saw it. Striking precision. Control. Discipline. Dangerous."

Mark Bravo: "More dangerous than ever, Phillips. Under Eli Creed's guidance, Troy Lindz isn't chasing the spotlight anymore — they're becoming a weapon."

Eli steps onto the apron, entering the ring. He stands beside Troy, still clapping once... twice... then places a hand lightly on Troy's shoulder.

The two stand silently — teacher and student — the transformation complete.

John Phillips: "Break. Bend. Build."

Mark Bravo: "And tonight... the rebuild looked terrifying."

The camera lingers on Troy Lindz — calm, cold, focused — before fading toward the next chapter of the night.

## **Best of Luck**

Segment

Backstage, the camera fades in to a softly lit interview area. Melissa Cartwright stands poised, microphone in hand. Beside her, the UTA Women's Champion Marie Van Claudio stands composed, the championship resting proudly over her shoulder. The gold glints under the lights as the crowd can be faintly heard in the distance.

Melissa Cartwright: "Marie, tonight you defend the UTA Women's Championship against Dahlia Cross of The Empire. How are you feeling heading into what could be one of your toughest title defenses yet?"

Marie adjusts the championship slightly on her shoulder, calm, confident, eyes steady.

Marie Van Claudio: "How do I feel? I feel exactly the way I always feel when I walk into a title match — prepared."

She takes a small breath, her tone measured but firm.

Marie Van Claudio: "Dahlia Cross is dangerous. She's ruthless. And she doesn't come alone. The Empire never does. I know what I'm walking into tonight."

Marie looks directly into the camera.

Marie Van Claudio: "But understand this — I didn't become the First Lady of UTA by backing down from numbers... or pressure... or fear."

She taps the championship lightly.

Marie Van Claudio: "This title has survived every challenger, every war, every storm thrown at it... and tonight will be no different."

Melissa nods slightly, listening.

Marie Van Claudio: "If Dahlia Cross wants to take this championship... she's going to have to take it from me. And trust me... that's not easy."

Marie gives a confident, composed look as the camera lingers on the championship gleaming under the lights.

Melissa Cartwright: "Best of luck tonight, Marie."

Marie nods once, focused, as the scene fades out — the weight of the upcoming championship clash hanging in the air.

## **The Dream Team**

Segment

The camera cuts to a dim, quiet locker room. The atmosphere is tense. Chris Ross sits on a bench, hands taped, head lowered, breathing slow and heavy. His gear is on, boots laced, eyes focused — locked in. Beside him stands Valentina Blaze, calm but attentive, watching him closely.

The door suddenly swings open.

In steps Maxx Mayhem — wild grin, chaotic energy radiating from him.

Maxx Mayhem: "Chrissy-baby! Are you ready for the dream team to reunite tonight?"

Ross' head snaps up instantly — eyes sharp, anger flashing. He rises to his feet fast.

Valentina immediately grabs his shoulder, trying to steady him.

Chris Ross: "When we get out there, Max... you stay out of my God damn way!"

The tension is thick. Ross doesn't wait for a reply.

He storms past Mayhem, shoulder brushing him hard, Valentina following close behind, still trying to keep him grounded.

Maxx Mayhem slowly turns, watching them leave.

A crooked smile spreads across his face.

Maxx Mayhem: "Heh..."

Then a low, unsettling cackle escapes him as the camera fades to black.

## **Gunnar Van Patton vs. Kaine**

Match

The lights fall into a dim, uneasy glow as the atmosphere inside the arena shifts. A low, grinding pulse begins to echo through the speakers — not music, not rhythm... something heavier. Something ominous. The crowd noise fades into a murmur, a ripple of anticipation crawling across the building like a storm about to break.

John Phillips: "We are about to witness a collision for the WrestleZone Championship... and when that title is involved, the temperature changes instantly."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, because the man holding that belt doesn't defend championships... he enforces them."

BOOM.

The speakers explode as the brutal opening of "Boots and Blood" rips through the arena. The lights cut out completely, replaced by violent strobe bursts — flashes of white slicing the darkness like gunfire. And then he appears.

Gunnar Van Patton steps through the curtain.

No pose. No theatrics. No acknowledgment of the crowd. The WrestleZone Championship hangs from his hand like a weapon rather than a prize. His expression is cold, focused, carved from stone. He walks forward with slow, deliberate steps — the march of a man who has already decided how this ends.

John Phillips: "The Fallen Soldier... the reigning WrestleZone Champion... Gunnar Van Patton."

Mark Bravo: "You can feel the air change when he walks out here. That's not intimidation — that's inevitability."

Gunnar reaches ringside, slides under the bottom rope in one smooth motion, and rises instantly. No wasted movement. He removes his gloves, tightens the straps, checks his knee pads — ritualistic, mechanical, precise. His single exposed eye locks toward the stage.

The lights dim again.

Then — blood red.

A distorted, sinister pulse fills the arena as smoke begins to crawl across the stage. The crowd reacts with a mixed roar as a skeletal figure emerges from the haze.

Kaine.

Face paint glowing under the crimson light, eyes wide, head twitching slightly as if listening to something only he can hear. He crouches low at the top of the ramp, fingers dragging across the stage floor before he slowly rises.

Kaine: "DEAD... BUT ALIVE!"

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "The Revenant has arrived... and if anyone can survive the brutality of Gunnar Van Patton, it may be this man."

Mark Bravo: "Kaine doesn't try to avoid pain — he runs toward it. That's either bravery... or a very bad decision tonight."

Kaine storms down the ramp with chaotic energy, suddenly sprinting, suddenly slowing, eyes never leaving the ring. He slides under the ropes and pops to his feet, pacing like a caged animal, chest heaving, grin spreading across his face.

Across from him — Gunnar does not move.

No pacing. No reaction. Just stillness.

The referee steps between them, holding up the WrestleZone Championship as the crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Power versus chaos. Discipline versus destruction. The WrestleZone Championship is on the line."

Mark Bravo: "And somebody is about to learn exactly how far they can be pushed."

The referee hands the title off... backs away... and signals.

DING DING DING

Kaine explodes forward instantly, launching into a wild forearm aimed at Gunnar's head — but Gunnar shifts just enough, the strike glancing off his shoulder. Kaine spins, swings again — this one connects — and the crowd roars as Gunnar takes a step back.

John Phillips: "Kaine coming out fast!"

Kaine charges again, throwing another heavy forearm, then a boot to the ribs — trying to force chaos early. Gunnar absorbs it, jaw tightening, then suddenly steps in and fires a brutal right hand that snaps Kaine's head sideways.

The impact echoes.

Kaine staggers — but laughs.

He fires back with a wild elbow — Gunnar catches the arm — twists — and drives a crushing knee into Kaine's midsection. The Revenant folds, breath exploding from his lungs, but refuses to drop.

Mark Bravo: "There it is. That's the difference. Kaine brings chaos — Gunnar brings punishment."

Kaine swings again — Gunnar ducks — hooks the waist — and launches him with a violent German suplex that spikes Kaine into the mat. The ring shakes.

The crowd erupts.

Kaine rolls, clutching his neck — but begins to rise.

Gunnar watches.

Cold. Silent. Waiting.

The war has begun.

Continue when ready — we move into the body of the match, where Kaine's resilience begins to collide with Gunnar's brutality.

Kaine forces himself back to his feet, clutching his neck, laughing through the pain. Gunnar Van Patton stands motionless across from him, eyes locked, breathing steady — studying.

John Phillips: "Kaine absorbed that German suplex and he's already back up... this man truly thrives in chaos."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but Gunnar doesn't care if you enjoy pain — he just keeps delivering it."

Kaine suddenly lunges forward — wild forearm — another — then a sharp headbutt! Gunnar rocks back a step as the crowd roars.

John Phillips: "Kaine firing back!"

Kaine runs the ropes — rebounds — diving shoulder tackle — but Gunnar barely budes. Kaine bounces off him and stumbles backward — stunned.

Mark Bravo: "He didn't move. He didn't even move."

Kaine snarls and charges again — this time throwing a spinning back elbow — it connects — Gunnar finally takes a full

step back. The crowd pops.

John Phillips: "Kaine creating momentum!"

Kaine senses opportunity — running corner splash — connects — then begins unloading forearms, rapid, relentless, driving Gunnar into the turnbuckles.

Mark Bravo: "This is where Kaine is dangerous — when things get wild!"

Kaine grabs Gunnar's arm — whips him across the ring — charges — but Gunnar explodes out of the corner with a thunderous lariat that turns Kaine inside out!

The impact echoes through the arena.

John Phillips: "LARIAT! Kaine just got cut down!"

Kaine twitches on the mat, dazed — but still trying to rise. Gunnar wastes no time — grabbing him — dragging him up — and planting him with a crushing Saito Suplex!

Mark Bravo: "Gunnar is dismantling him piece by piece."

Gunnar rolls through — grabs Kaine again — lifts — Head-and-Arm Suplex — Kaine crashes hard. The ring shakes again.

John Phillips: "Relentless suplex offense from the champion!"

Kaine crawls, shaking, but still defiant. He pulls himself toward the ropes — dragging his body upright — breathing ragged.

Gunnar approaches slowly... measured... stalking.

Mark Bravo: "This is the storm before the real damage."

Kaine suddenly springs forward — desperation — spinning heel kick — it catches Gunnar high on the jaw! The champion stumbles — the crowd explodes!

John Phillips: "Huge strike from Kaine!"

Kaine roars, adrenaline surging — he runs — leaps — flying forearm smash — Gunnar drops to one knee!

Mark Bravo: "He's got him rocked!"

Kaine charges again — trying to finish — but Gunnar rises mid-charge and BLASTS him with a brutal sidekick to the ribs! Kaine folds instantly, crashing to the mat, gasping for air.

John Phillips: "What a counter! That stopped Kaine cold!"

Gunnar steps forward, looming over Kaine, breathing heavier now — intensity rising. He grabs Kaine by the head and pulls him up slowly.

Mark Bravo: "Uh oh... Gunnar's about to escalate."

Kaine swings weakly — Gunnar blocks — lifts — hoists him across his shoulders —

John Phillips: "We may be seeing the end coming!"

Kaine struggles, thrashing — refusing to go quietly — clawing, elbowing, fighting free — slipping down behind Gunnar —

Mark Bravo: "Kaine escaped!"

Kaine spins Gunnar — charges — attempting another wild strike — but Gunnar catches him mid-motion and drives him

spine-first into the mat with brutal force.

Kaine lies still for a moment... then begins moving again.

John Phillips: "Incredible resilience from Kaine... but Gunnar Van Patton keeps dragging him back into the fire."

Gunnar stands tall in the center of the ring... watching... calculating... preparing for the next escalation.

Kaine lies on the mat, chest heaving, body battered — but still moving. Slowly... painfully... he begins to rise again. The crowd noise builds, sensing the war escalating.

John Phillips: "How is he still getting up? Kaine refuses to stay down!"

Mark Bravo: "Because pain feeds him, Phillips. The more punishment he takes, the more dangerous he becomes."

Gunnar Van Patton stands in the center of the ring, watching. No rush. No panic. Just cold calculation. Waiting.

Kaine reaches his feet — barely — swaying. He laughs through the pain... then suddenly lunges forward with reckless fury — forearm smash — another — then a wild spinning elbow that connects flush!

John Phillips: "Kaine striking again!"

Gunnar absorbs it — jaw tightening — Kaine runs the ropes — rebounds — diving forearm — this time Gunnar falls backward to the mat! The crowd explodes!

Mark Bravo: "He dropped the champion!"

Kaine rises, adrenaline surging, feeding off the moment. He pounds his chest, screaming, then drags Gunnar up and drives him into the corner — unloading forearms, rapid and violent.

John Phillips: "Kaine pouring everything he has into this!"

Kaine backs up — charges — corner splash connects — Gunnar stumbles forward — Kaine hooks him — DDT — Gunnar spikes into the mat! Cover!

Referee: "ONE! TWO—"

Gunnar powers out, launching Kaine off him.

Mark Bravo: "That power... unreal."

Kaine crawls to his feet, frustration mixing with madness. He waits — stalking — waiting for Gunnar to rise. The crowd begins clapping rhythmically.

Gunnar pushes to one knee... then to his feet.

Kaine charges — screaming — spinning heel kick — connects!

Gunnar stumbles — Kaine runs again — flying forearm — but mid-air —

**GUNNAR CATCHES HIM.**

In one motion — Kaine is lifted — and **DRIVEN** into the mat with a crushing powerslam that shakes the ring.

John Phillips: "WHAT POWER!"

Mark Bravo: "He stopped him mid-flight!"

Kaine gasps, writhing — but still... still trying to move.

Gunnar rises slowly now, intensity growing, breathing heavier. He steps toward Kaine — grabs him — pulls him up — and drives brutal knee strikes into the body. One. Two. Three. Kaine collapses to his knees.

John Phillips: "Gunnar breaking him down!"

Kaine swings weakly — Gunnar ducks — spins behind — GERMAN SUPLEX — Kaine crashes hard again!

The crowd roars.

Mark Bravo: "This is where Gunnar finishes people."

Kaine rolls, barely conscious, trying to crawl — trying to escape — but Gunnar grabs his wrist... drags him back to center... lifts him slowly.

John Phillips: "We may be seconds away from the end!"

Kaine spits blood... laughs weakly... then suddenly rakes Gunnar's face — desperation — slips free — spins — last wild strike —

Gunnar blocks it.

Silence.

Then — a brutal strike lands from Gunnar, dropping Kaine to one knee.

The champion steps back... stalking... measuring... preparing to end it.

Kaine is on one knee in the center of the ring, breathing ragged, barely upright. Gunnar Van Patton stands over him, silent, eyes cold, the moment hanging heavy in the air.

John Phillips: "Kaine has given everything he has... but Gunnar Van Patton is still standing."

Mark Bravo: "And when Gunnar reaches this point, Phillips... it's usually over."

Kaine spits blood... then laughs weakly. He pushes himself up, defiant, shaking — refusing to fall. He looks Gunnar dead in the eye.

Kaine: "DEAD... BUT ALIVE!"

The crowd erupts.

Kaine throws one last wild forearm — but Gunnar steps inside it — drives a crushing knee into Kaine's ribs — and pulls him into position.

John Phillips: "Gunnar setting him up!"

Gunnar hoists Kaine — lifts him high — and DRIVES him into the mat with devastating force.

Mark Bravo: "FUKSZ! HE HIT IT!"

Kaine bounces off the mat, body limp.

Gunnar doesn't cover.

Instead — he drags Kaine up again — hooks the arms — and drops him into the submission.

John Phillips: "Mask of Voorhees! Submission locked in!"

Kaine struggles weakly... tries to move... tries to fight... but the strength is gone. Gunnar tightens the hold, merciless, squeezing the last resistance out of him.

Mark Bravo: "He's fading... Kaine is fading!"

Kaine's arm lifts... trembles... then falls limp.

Referee: "He's out! Ring the bell!"

DING DING DING!

The bell echoes as Gunnar slowly releases the hold and rises to his feet, breathing heavy, expression unchanged.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner... and STILL WrestleZone Champion... GUNNAR... VAN... PATTON!"

The crowd roars — some cheering, some stunned — as Gunnar stands alone in the center of the ring. The WrestleZone Championship is handed to him. He grips it firmly, lifting it slowly — not in celebration, but in dominance.

John Phillips: "Another brutal defense. Another challenger broken. Gunnar Van Patton remains the WrestleZone Champion."

Mark Bravo: "Kaine brought chaos... but Gunnar brought the end."

Kaine is rolled to the ropes, barely conscious. Gunnar stands tall, silent, unmoving — the champion once again surviving the war.

The camera lingers on Gunnar — cold, unshaken, unstoppable — before fading toward the next chapter of the night.

## **The Heads Keep Piling**

Segment

Backstage. The camera flickers on. The room feels wrong—too quiet, too dark. Hakuryu stands perfectly still, eyes dead, the UTA Fighting Championship hanging from his shoulder like a butcher's prize. Sinja lounges beside him, amused, almost bored.

Hakuryu (in Japanese, barely above a whisper): ??????II??????

Sinja (laughs softly): "Hakuryu says Tyger II didn't lose. He broke."

Hakuryu: ????????????

Sinja: "The pain only lasted a moment. The humiliation? That's forever."

Sinja turns toward the camera, eyebrow raised.

Sinja: "Did you people feel that? That little gasp when you realized your 'tough guy' never had a chance?"

Hakuryu: ????????????

Sinja: "Fear doesn't lie. And Tyger II was honest right to the end."

Hakuryu: ????????????

Sinja (shrugs exaggeratedly): "Too easy. Almost disappointing. But hey—at least it entertained you, right?"

Sinja smirks directly at the lens.

Sinja: "You cheer. You scream. You think noise equals power. But none of you could stop what happened... and none of you will stop what's coming."

Hakuryu: ??????????????????????

Sinja: "Hakuryu says the unworthy keep calling his name. Begging to be next."

Hakuryu: ????????????

Sinja (grinning wide): "The collection grows. One by one. Different faces, same ending."

Sinja taps the championship.

Sinja: "And every time you clap for a new 'hope,' this belt gets a little heavier... because it remembers."

Hakuryu: ???????????????

Sinja (mocking the crowd): "In the end, all that screaming? All that belief? It fades into silence."

Hakuryu: ???????????????

Sinja (steps aside, almost reverent): "And standing in the middle of that silence will be Hakuryu."

Hakuryu slowly raises the title, staring straight through the camera.

Sinja (laughs, low and cruel): "So keep watching. Keep cheering. Keep pretending this isn't inevitable."

Sinja: "Because Hakuryu isn't fighting for your approval... He's fighting until there's nothing left to take— —except the UTA World Championship."

Hakuryu does not blink. The screen cuts to black.

## **No Love Lost**

Segment

The screen fades to black.

A deep heartbeat begins to pulse... slow... heavy... echoing through darkness.

Then — impact.

Quick flashes burst across the screen — fists colliding, bodies crashing into canvas, steel rattling, blood and sweat under bright lights. Rivalries. Betrayals. Championships raised. Faces twisted in fury.

Voiceover: "Weeks of war..."

Voiceover: "Weeks of survival..."

Voiceover: "Weeks of proving who belongs... and who falls."

The music builds — darker, heavier, louder.

Shots of the Palms residency — chaos inside the Pearl Theater — champions standing tall — challengers rising — grudges burning hotter with every passing night.

Voiceover: "But now... the battleground changes."

The screen explodes into light — the massive exterior of the T-Mobile Arena fills the frame, glowing beneath the Las Vegas skyline.

Voiceover: "From the heart of Las Vegas... to the grand stage... where everything reaches its breaking point."

Quick flashes — Gunnar Van Patton standing dominant... Marie Van Claudio raising her championship... chaos inside steel... rivalries colliding... bodies falling.

Voiceover: "Because after everything that has happened... after every war fought... after every line crossed..."

The music cuts — silence — then one final thunderous hit.

Voiceover (slow, powerful): "There is... NO LOVE LOST."

The official event graphic slams onto the screen.

**NO LOVE LOST — 2026**

Air Date: March 7, 2026

Live from T-Mobile Arena — Las Vegas, Nevada

The music swells one last time as flashes of future wars tease across the screen — titles on the line, rivalries unresolved, violence inevitable.

Fade to black.

Back to live broadcast.

## **Marie Van Claudio vs. Dahlia Cross**

Match

The lights inside the Pearl Theater dim slowly... deliberately... as a low tension begins to spread across the arena. The energy changes. Conversations quiet. Anticipation builds. This is championship atmosphere.

John Phillips: "It is time. The UTA Women's Championship is on the line, and this one has been brewing for weeks."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and this isn't just a title defense, John. This is The First Lady of UTA walking into the storm... and that storm is named Dahlia Cross."

The arena falls into darkness.

Then — violet light begins to bleed across the stage.

A slow, haunting tone pulses through the speakers — cold, methodical, unsettling.

Dahlia Cross steps through the curtain.

No fireworks. No theatrics. Just presence.

Her violet hair catches the dim light as she walks forward with slow, deliberate steps — composed, focused, almost eerily calm. Her expression is unreadable... but her eyes are locked on the ring like a predator that already sees the outcome.

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross... representing The Empire tonight... and make no mistake — she is one of the most technically dangerous competitors in this division."

Mark Bravo: "She doesn't rush because she doesn't need to. Dahlia Cross doesn't chase moments... she controls them."

Dahlia reaches the ring and stops.

She looks around slowly... expression calm... absorbing the noise... then climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes.

She stretches her fingers... rolls her shoulders... then leans back into the corner — composed — waiting.

The lights shift.

Darkness again.

Then—

"Forever & Ever" hits.

The arena ERUPTS.

Gold and red lights flood the stage in brilliant waves as the UTA Women's Champion steps through the curtain.

Marie Van Claudio stands tall — the championship around her waist — posture proud, eyes sharp, expression calm but fierce.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! The First Lady of the UTA has arrived!"

Mark Bravo: "This woman is legacy, John. She didn't just win this championship — she defined what it means."

Marie pauses at the top of the ramp, looking toward the ring — toward Dahlia — and the moment hangs heavy between champion and challenger.

No fear. No hesitation.

Marie begins her walk down the ramp — steady, composed, controlled — the crowd roaring around her.

Inside the ring, Dahlia watches... expression still... faint smile forming.

John Phillips: "Two elite competitors. Two completely different mindsets. One championship."

Mark Bravo: "And only one leaves with it."

Marie reaches ringside and steps onto the apron. She enters the ring slowly, never taking her eyes off Dahlia.

The champion removes the title from her waist... and raises it high.

The crowd explodes.

Dahlia does not react.

She only watches.

The referee steps forward and takes the championship, holding it high between them.

John Phillips: "Champion versus challenger."

Mark Bravo: "Legacy versus precision."

John Phillips: "The UTA Women's Championship... is on the line."

The referee hands the title off... steps back... and prepares to call for the bell.

The referee checks both competitors... looks to the timekeeper... and signals.

DING DING!

The match begins slowly — deliberately — both women circling, eyes locked, neither rushing, neither blinking.

John Phillips: "Here we go. Championship stakes. No room for mistakes."

Mark Bravo: "Watch Dahlia, John. She's already studying. Already planning."

They step forward — collar and elbow tie-up — strong, balanced. Marie pushes — Dahlia pivots, twisting the wrist, immediately targeting the arm — torque applied to the shoulder joint.

John Phillips: "Dahlia attacking the arm right away!"

Marie rolls through, flipping the pressure, reversing the hold — arm drag — Dahlia tumbles — rolls — pops back to her feet.

They reset.

Dahlia darts in — sharp low kick to the thigh — Marie absorbs it — fires a forearm — Dahlia slips — palm strike to the ribs — then a quick elbow to the shoulder — again targeting the limb.

Mark Bravo: "She's softening the arm. That's Dahlia's plan — break the foundation."

Dahlia lunges — sweeping leg — Marie stumbles — Dahlia grabs the wrist — wrenching it — twisting the elbow joint — trying to hyperextend —

Marie counters — rolls forward — kip-up — breaks free — snapmare — Dahlia hits the mat.

John Phillips: "Champion stays one step ahead!"

Dahlia rises quickly — no panic — no frustration — faint smile still there.

She charges — Marie meets her — forearm exchange — strike for strike — neither backing down.

John Phillips: "Heavy shots from both women!"

Marie ducks — spinning heel kick connects — Dahlia staggers — Marie grabs — snap German suplex — Dahlia lands hard!

Mark Bravo: "Big impact from the champion!"

Marie lifts Dahlia — snap DDT — cover!

Referee: "One—"

Dahlia kicks out quickly and rolls to the ropes, clutching her arm — but smiling.

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross still confident — still dangerous."

Dahlia pulls herself up using the ropes — Marie approaches — Dahlia suddenly drops low — drop toe hold — Marie crashes face-first into the mat!

Dahlia instantly grabs the arm — wrenching — twisting — trying to lock in a shoulder submission —

Mark Bravo: "There it is! Dahlia back to the arm!"

Marie grimaces, trying to roll free — Dahlia tightens — driving her knee into the shoulder — isolating the limb — slowing the champion down.

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross now beginning to control this match!"

The pace slows — Dahlia methodical — Marie resisting — the crowd buzzing as control begins to shift.

Dahlia Cross has Marie grounded, twisting the arm, grinding the shoulder joint with cold precision. Marie grits her teeth, fighting the pressure, trying to shift her weight — but Dahlia stays tight, methodical, suffocating.

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross slowing this match down and targeting the arm — exactly what she wants."

Mark Bravo: "And when Dahlia controls the pace, she controls the outcome."

Dahlia torques the arm harder — Marie grimaces — rolling her body, trying to relieve pressure — finally twisting free and kicking Dahlia off.

Marie scrambles to her feet — clutching her shoulder — Dahlia charges — running knee to the arm — Marie collapses to one knee.

John Phillips: "Right back to the shoulder!"

Dahlia grabs the arm again — wrench — elbow strike — another wrench — dragging Marie to the mat — trying to hyperextend the limb.

The crowd begins to react — a shift — a murmur —

From the stage — two figures appear.

Selena Vex.

Rosa Delgado.

The UTA Tag Team Champions — The Empire — making their presence known.

John Phillips: "Oh no... here comes The Empire."

Mark Bravo: "They said earlier tonight they'd make sure Dahlia didn't lose — and now they're here."

Selena and Rosa slowly make their way down the ramp, eyes locked on the ring, championships over their shoulders, silent... calculating.

Inside the ring, Dahlia continues her assault — dragging Marie up — hammerlock — shoulderbreaker — Marie cries out in pain as she hits the mat.

John Phillips: "This is becoming a dangerous situation for the champion!"

Selena and Rosa reach ringside — standing opposite sides — watching — not touching — but looming.

Mark Bravo: "That's psychological warfare. Marie knows she's not just fighting Dahlia anymore."

Dahlia pulls Marie up again — wrist control — spins — attempts to lock in a deep arm submission —

Marie rolls — twists — breaks free — sudden forearm to Dahlia's jaw — another — then a sharp kick to the ribs —

John Phillips: "Marie fighting back!"

Dahlia swings — Marie ducks — spinning heel kick connects — Dahlia staggers — Marie lifts — snap suplex — Dahlia crashes hard!

The crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "She needed that!"

Marie rises, clutching her shoulder, fighting through pain — turning — seeing Selena and Rosa at ringside — the reality of the situation setting in.

John Phillips: "The champion is surrounded — but she's still standing."

Dahlia begins to rise behind her — eyes cold — smile returning —

The pressure is building.

Dahlia Cross rises slowly behind Marie Van Claudio, her faint smile returning as the challenger stalks forward. Outside the ring, Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado remain at opposite sides, watching closely, saying nothing — but their presence alone tightening the atmosphere.

John Phillips: "The Empire surrounding the ring... and Dahlia Cross ready to capitalize."

Mark Bravo: "Marie's not just fighting Dahlia anymore, John. She's fighting the numbers."

Dahlia lunges — forearm to the injured shoulder — Marie stumbles — Dahlia grabs the arm — wrench — shoulderbreaker — Marie crashes to the mat, clutching the limb.

John Phillips: "The arm again! Dahlia Cross relentless!"

Dahlia pulls Marie up — hammerlock applied — driving the shoulder into the turnbuckle — Marie cries out in pain.

Dahlia steps back — running knee — straight into the shoulder — Marie collapses to a seated position in the corner.

Mark Bravo: "She's dismantling the champion piece by piece."

Dahlia drags Marie to center — hooks the arm — attempts a deep submission — twisting the shoulder and elbow — trying to force a tap.

John Phillips: "Submission attempt locked in!"

Marie grimaces — fighting — twisting — reaching — refusing to give in. The crowd begins rallying behind her.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd — they're trying to will the champion back into this!"

Marie shifts her hips — rolls through — kicks Dahlia off — both women scramble to their feet —

Dahlia charges — Marie fires back — forearm — another — spinning back elbow — Dahlia staggers —

Mark Bravo: "There's the fight!"

Marie ducks a strike — snap German suplex — Dahlia crashes hard!

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Big impact from Marie!"

Marie pulls Dahlia up — snap DDT — cover!

Referee: "One! Two—"

Dahlia kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "Not enough!"

Marie pushes herself up — breathing hard — clutching her shoulder — turning toward Dahlia — but her eyes briefly shift to the outside — Selena and Rosa still watching — still waiting.

John Phillips: "The Empire hasn't interfered yet... but their presence is undeniable."

Dahlia rises again — slower now — but still composed — still dangerous — eyes locked on the champion.

The tension in the ring builds... both women worn down... both refusing to fall.

Both women are back on their feet, worn but unbroken. Marie Van Claudio clutches her shoulder, breathing hard. Dahlia Cross stands across from her — calm, focused — calculating.

John Phillips: "This has been a war... and neither woman is backing down."

Mark Bravo: "But Marie is still surrounded. The Empire is still here."

Dahlia steps forward — sudden forearm — Marie fires back — another — strike for strike — neither giving ground.

Marie ducks — spinning heel kick connects — Dahlia staggers — Marie grabs — attempts a lift — but Dahlia slips free and retreats toward the ropes.

Dahlia suddenly points toward the outside, shouting — drawing the referee's attention.

John Phillips: "What is Dahlia doing?"

The referee turns, trying to manage the situation — warning Dahlia — his back now partially turned to the outside.

That's when it happens.

Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado strike.

They grab Marie from behind — dragging her out of the ring before she can react.

John Phillips: "The Empire interfering!"

Mark Bravo: "Here we go!"

Marie fights — elbow to Selena — forearm to Rosa — trying to break free — but the numbers overwhelm her.

Rosa drives a knee into Marie's ribs — Selena grabs her arm — they whip her toward the announce table —

Marie counters — swinging wildly — fighting — refusing to go quietly —

Dahlia still has the referee distracted inside the ring.

Selena and Rosa regroup — lift — and drive Marie spine-first through the announcer's table!

CRASH!

The table explodes under the impact as the crowd erupts in shock.

John Phillips: "OH MY GOD! THEY JUST PUT THE CHAMPION THROUGH THE TABLE!"

Mark Bravo: "The Empire just changed this entire match!"

Marie lies among the broken debris, barely moving, pain etched across her face.

Selena and Rosa step back, calm, composed — their job done.

Inside the ring, Dahlia finally turns — the referee confused — not fully aware of what just happened.

Dahlia slowly exits the ring, walking toward the wreckage — her expression cold, satisfied.

John Phillips: "This is dangerous... this is not how a championship should be decided!"

Dahlia reaches Marie... grabbing her... dragging the champion from the wreckage.

The referee begins counting...

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

The Empire watches... the challenger in control... the champion barely conscious.

The referee continues counting as Dahlia Cross drags the barely conscious Marie Van Claudio from the shattered remains of the announce table.

Referee: "FOUR! ... FIVE! ..."

Dahlia attempts to roll Marie toward the ring — but suddenly — Marie fights back.

A forearm — another — desperation fueling every strike.

John Phillips: "The champion is still fighting!"

Marie shoves Dahlia back — then grabs her — rolling her into the ring under the bottom rope.

The crowd erupts, trying to will the champion forward.

Referee: "SIX! ... SEVEN! ..."

Marie grabs the apron, trying to pull herself up — fighting through pain — determination etched across her face.

But from behind —

Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado strike again.

They grab Marie — dragging her away from the ring — forearm to the back — knee to the ribs — keeping her grounded.

John Phillips: "No! Not again! The Empire won't let her get back in!"

Mark Bravo: "They're stealing this match!"

Referee: "EIGHT! ... NINE! ..."

Marie fights — clawing — reaching — trying to break free — but the damage and numbers are too much.

Referee: "TEN!"

DING DING DING!

The bell rings.

John Phillips: "It's over! Marie Van Claudio has been counted out!"

Mark Bravo: "But wait — that means—"

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross wins the match... but NOT the championship!"

Inside the ring, Dahlia slowly rises, shaking off the earlier punishment. She hears the bell... realizes the result... and a faint, satisfied smile forms.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner by count-out... DAHLIA CROSS!"

Dahlia stands in the center of the ring — victorious — but no championship is handed to her.

Outside the ring, Marie collapses to one knee, exhausted and battered — but still the UTA Women's Champion.

John Phillips: "The Empire may have stolen the match... but they did NOT take the championship."

Mark Bravo: "And you know this isn't over. Not even close."

In the ring, Dahlia looks down at Marie — eyes cold — smile faint — knowing she proved something tonight.

The Empire stands tall around ringside... as the champion struggles... and the tension between them grows even deeper.

The bell has already rung. Dahlia Cross has been declared the winner by count-out — but Marie Van Claudio remains the UTA Women's Champion. The moment should be over... but it isn't.

Dahlia's faint smile fades into something colder.

She slides out of the ring.

Marie is still on one knee near the wreckage of the announce table, trying to breathe, trying to rise — still clutching her shoulder.

Dahlia steps forward... and stomps her.

John Phillips: "No — this is unnecessary!"

Another stomp. And another.

Then — Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado join in.

The Empire surrounds the champion.

Forearm from Rosa. Kick from Selena. Dahlia drives a boot into Marie's ribs, dropping her flat to the floor.

Mark Bravo: "This is a message. This is The Empire finishing what they started."

Marie tries to fight — tries to rise — but the numbers overwhelm her. Selena holds her arms. Rosa drives a knee into her midsection. Dahlia steps forward... and stomps her again — slower now... deliberate.

John Phillips: "The champion is defenseless!"

Dahlia kneels beside Marie, gripping her chin, forcing the battered champion to look at her.

No words.

Just cold intent.

Dahlia shoves Marie back to the floor.

The Empire stands tall over the fallen champion.

Mark Bravo: "Amy Harrison said make sure Dahlia wins at all costs... and tonight... The Empire did exactly that."

John Phillips: "But Dahlia Cross did NOT leave with the championship... and you have to wonder how Amy Harrison will feel about that."

Dahlia looks down at Marie one last time — expression unreadable — while Selena and Rosa raise their championships beside her.

The message is clear.

The Empire isn't finished.

The camera lingers on the fallen champion... and the three figures standing over her... as the scene fades to black.

## **Crossroads**

Segment

The camera cuts to a dim hallway deep inside the Pearl Theater. Concrete walls. Low lighting. The noise of the arena distant — muffled — like another world entirely.

Footsteps echo.

WrestleZone Champion Gunnar Van Patton steps into frame, rolling his shoulders, hands taped, still breathing steady from earlier. Focused. Cold.

He stops.

Standing ahead... Troy Lindz.

Beside them — Eli Creed.

The tension is immediate.

Eli Creed: "Gunnar."

Gunnar says nothing. One eye fixed forward.

Eli Creed: "Troy harbors no hard feelings."

Troy remains silent. Still. Watching.

Eli Creed: "Without the punch... we never would have sought guidance. Growth often begins with pain."

Gunnar finally shifts his head slightly — unimpressed.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah don't care if there's hard feelin's... or not."

A step forward. Close now.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Stay outta my way... and there won't be any issues."

Silence.

Gunnar walks past them without another glance.

The camera follows for a moment... then stops.

Troy slowly turns their head... watching Gunnar disappear down the hallway.

The stare lingers.

Not anger.

Not fear.

Consideration.

As if contemplating doing the exact opposite... of staying out of his way.

Eli watches Troy quietly... a faint, knowing expression forming.

Fade out.

## **Lines Drawn**

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where officials are helping a battered Marie Van Claudio down the hallway. The champion is bruised, exhausted, clutching her shoulder, but still holding the UTA Women's Championship tight against her side. Every step hurts — but she keeps moving.

Then—

A figure steps into their path.

Amy Harrison.

Arms crossed. Expression cold. Waiting.

Amy Harrison: "Awe... did poor little Marie lose her match?"

Marie, still hurting, slowly lifts her head. Her breathing heavy... but her eyes sharp.

Marie Van Claudio: "I might have lost... but I still have the title."

Amy's jaw tightens. A low growl escapes her.

Amy Harrison: "When are you going to get it, Marie? That's MY title. And until I get it back... I'm going to make your life a living hell."

Marie suddenly pulls away from the officials.

Despite the pain... despite the damage... she steps forward... getting directly in Amy's face.

Marie Van Claudio: "Is that so?"

Amy Harrison: "Yeah... that's so."

Marie stares at her for a long moment... then smirks.

Marie Van Claudio: "Okay, Amy... you want your shot? You and me... at No Love Lost."

A beat.

Marie Van Claudio: "No Empire. No excuses."

Amy's expression slowly shifts into a cold, satisfied smile.

Amy Harrison: "March 7th... is a perfect day for me to take back what's mine."

The two women step closer... nose to nose... neither blinking... neither backing down.

The hallway falls silent around them.

Champion.

Challenger.

Staredown.

Fade out.

## **Chris Ross/Maxx Mayhem vs. Trey Mack/Clovis Black**

Match

The lights inside the Pearl Theater begin to dim... slowly... deliberately... as the energy inside the building shifts into something heavier. The crowd noise swells into a low roar — anticipation building — tension thick in the air.

Then—

A metallic grinding sound echoes from above.

The crowd erupts as the massive steel cage begins lowering from the rafters.

Chain by chain... inch by inch... the structure descends, casting long shadows across the ring like prison bars closing around something violent.

John Phillips: "This is it. The main event. Four men. Steel cage. Weapons allowed."

Mark Bravo: "Nobody escapes tonight, John. No rules. No mercy. No way out."

The cage continues lowering... towering... suffocating... until—

CLANG.

The cage locks into place.

The sound echoes like a gunshot.

Inside the ring — weapons are scattered — chairs leaning against turnbuckles, kendo sticks tied into the mesh, a steel chain hanging from one corner, a trash can and lid resting near center — silent tools waiting for violence.

The lights cut out completely.

Then—

CHAOS.

A distorted siren screams through the arena as flashing white strobes erupt. From the curtain — Maxx Mayhem explodes into view.

Wild eyes. Crooked grin. Unstable energy radiating from him.

He sprints toward the cage, dragging a trash can lid along the ramp, the metal screeching loudly — feeding off the noise — feeding off the madness.

Mark Bravo: "The human disaster has arrived!"

Mayhem reaches the cage and begins SLAMMING the trash can lid against the steel mesh — over and over — screaming — laughing — completely unhinged.

The crowd reacts in a mix of shock and adrenaline.

Then—

Everything cuts.

Darkness again.

A single heavy drumbeat.

Then—

BLACK FLAME.

The reaction inside the arena erupts as Chris Ross steps through the curtain.

No theatrics. No posing. Just fury.

His jaw is tight. Eyes burning. Walking like a man already in a fight before the bell even rings.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross looks ready for war."

Mark Bravo: "He doesn't care about winning pretty — he just wants damage."

Ross marches down the ramp — focused — ignoring the crowd — ignoring Mayhem — focused only on the cage... and the violence waiting inside.

The cage door opens.

Ross steps in.

Mayhem follows — pacing — laughing — bouncing off the ropes like a caged animal.

Their team stands ready.

Then—

The arena lights shift to deep gold and violent purple.

A low, heavy bass pulse begins... slow... dangerous.

Trey Mack steps through the curtain.

Calm. Controlled. Power in every step.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack — a man built for destruction — and tonight he steps into a steel cage war."

Trey pauses at the top of the ramp... scanning the cage... scanning Ross... scanning Mayhem... measuring the battlefield.

Then he begins walking.

Behind him—

The lights drop colder.

Clovis Black emerges.

Silent.

Cold.

Walking like a machine built only for damage.

Mark Bravo: "Clovis Black doesn't talk. He doesn't pose. He just hurts people."

The two reach the cage.

The door opens.

Trey enters first.

Clovis steps in behind him.

The door SLAMS shut.

Four men.

Steel walls.

No escape.

The referee looks to each corner... tension boiling... violence waiting to explode.

John Phillips: "This is about to erupt."

The referee signals.

The bell rings.

DING DING!

The bell barely finishes ringing before the violence erupts.

Chris Ross explodes forward — Trey Mack meets him — the two collide in the center of the ring like wrecking balls — forearms crashing — bodies slamming — neither backing down.

John Phillips: "Here we go! No hesitation!"

Across the ring — Maxx Mayhem grabs the trash can lid and CHARGES — Clovis Black steps forward —

CRACK.

The lid smashes across Clovis' head.

Clovis barely moves.

Mark Bravo: "That didn't stop him!"

Clovis grabs Mayhem by the throat — lifts — and LAUNCHES him into the cage wall.

Steel rattles violently.

Mayhem laughs through the pain.

Maxx Mayhem: "HAHAHAHA!"

Back in the center — Ross and Trey trade brutal forearms — Ross fires a knee — Trey answers with a crushing body shot — Ross rebounds — lariat — Trey staggers but stays upright.

John Phillips: "These two are unloading!"

Trey grabs Ross — lifts — spinebuster — the ring shakes.

Ross rolls — already getting back up — charging again — the fight refusing to slow.

Clovis grabs a steel chair — swings — Mayhem ducks — chair SMASHES into the cage — sparks of vibration through the structure.

Mayhem grabs a kendo stick — begins unleashing wild strikes across Clovis' back — rapid — chaotic — relentless.

Mark Bravo: "This is insanity!"

Clovis turns — eats another strike — then rips the stick away and SNAPS it in half.

The crowd erupts.

Clovis drives the broken half into Mayhem's ribs — then hurls him across the ring.

Meanwhile — Trey hoists Ross — looking for a power slam — Ross slips free — grabs the chain hanging from the cage — wraps it around his fist —

CRACK.

Chain-fisted punch to Trey's jaw.

John Phillips: "Ross using the chain!"

Trey stumbles — Ross charges — running knee — Trey crashes into the turnbuckles.

Mayhem rises again — grabs a trash can — SLAMS it over Clovis' head — then tackles him into the cage wall.

Steel shakes violently.

Clovis roars — shoving Mayhem backward — but Ross now joins — double team — forearms — knees — driving Clovis down.

Mark Bravo: "Clovis finally getting overwhelmed!"

Trey recovers — charges — DOUBLE CLOTESLINE — Ross and Mayhem both drop.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "What impact!"

Trey and Clovis stand — breathing heavy — staring across the wreckage — weapons scattered — bodies rising — war fully underway.

The cage trembles.

This is only the beginning.

The Pearl Theater is shaking as all four men slowly rise from the wreckage — breathing heavy — eyes wild — bodies already bruised and breaking.

John Phillips: "Nobody has control — nobody can keep control — this is chaos!"

Chris Ross wipes blood from his mouth — grips the steel chain tighter — and charges Trey Mack again.

CHAIN SHOT — Trey blocks — headbutt — Ross staggers — Trey grabs him — launches Ross shoulder-first into the cage.

The steel EXPLODES with sound.

Mark Bravo: "That shook the entire structure!"

Across the ring — Maxx Mayhem and Clovis Black are trading brutal strikes — fists — elbows — forearms — neither giving ground.

Mayhem suddenly BITES Clovis' forehead.

The crowd gasps.

Mark Bravo: "He just BIT him!"

Clovis roars — grabs Mayhem — BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX — Mayhem crashes onto the steel chair left in the ring — body folding around it.

Clovis lifts the chair — raises it high —

CRASH.

Chair shot across Mayhem's spine.

Mayhem screams — then laughs — crawling — reaching for the trash can lid again.

Meanwhile — Trey lifts Ross — POWERBOMB — Ross crashes down onto the trash can — metal crunching beneath

him.

John Phillips: "Ross driven into steel!"

Trey grabs the chain from Ross' hand — wraps it around his own fist — and begins hammering downward shots into Ross' ribs — each strike echoing through the arena.

Mayhem suddenly charges — trash can lid flying — SMASH into Trey's back.

Trey drops to one knee.

Ross rises — bleeding — furious — DOUBLE TEAM begins — Ross and Mayhem unloading forearms and knees into Trey — driving him backward.

John Phillips: "Ross and Mayhem turning the tide!"

Clovis storms forward — grabs Mayhem — launches him face-first into the cage — then turns — Ross charges — Clovis catches him — CHOKESLAM.

Ross hits HARD.

Mark Bravo: "Clovis Black just planted Ross!"

Clovis grabs the trash can — lifts —

Ross rolls away — the can SLAMS into the mat — Ross rebounds — running knee to Clovis' jaw.

Clovis staggers.

Trey recovers — grabs Mayhem — running powerslam — Mayhem crashes down — the ring rattles.

All four men are down.

The crowd is roaring.

John Phillips: "This match is tearing them apart!"

Ross crawls to the ropes — pulls himself up — blood running down his face — staring across the ring at Trey Mack.

Trey stands too.

They charge again.

The war continues.

The noise inside the Pearl Theater is deafening as all four men stagger back to their feet — slower now — heavier now — the damage beginning to truly show.

John Phillips: "They can barely stand — but they refuse to stop!"

Chris Ross swings first — forearm to Trey — Trey answers — forearm back — both men wobbling but still firing — pure survival mode.

Across the ring — Maxx Mayhem crawls toward the corner... his hand reaching upward... fingers wrapping around the steel chain still hanging from the cage wall.

Mark Bravo: "Mayhem found the chain!"

Clovis Black turns — too late —

WHIP.

The chain lashes across Clovis' back.

WHIP.

Again.

WHIP.

Clovis roars in rage — turns — charges — Mayhem swings again — Clovis catches the chain mid-air — yanks — pulling Mayhem forward —

HEADBUTT.

Mayhem collapses.

Clovis wraps the chain around his fist — lifting Mayhem — preparing something devastating —

CRACK.

Chris Ross with a steel chair to Clovis' skull.

The crowd ERUPTS.

John Phillips: "Ross saves his partner!"

Clovis stumbles — still standing — Ross swings again —

CRACK.

Clovis drops to one knee.

Ross tosses the chair aside — grabs Clovis —

RUNNING BULLDOG INTO THE CHAIR.

Clovis collapses.

Meanwhile — Trey Mack grabs the trash can — lifts it — SMASHES it across Ross' back — Ross drops hard.

Mark Bravo: "Trey just crushed him!"

Trey pulls Ross up — POWERBOMB attempt — Ross fights — punches — elbows — breaks free — grabs Trey —

SPINEBUSTER.

The ring shakes.

All four men are down again.

The referee checks — nobody moving — bodies scattered — weapons everywhere — cage trembling from the violence.

John Phillips: "I don't know how much more they can take."

Mayhem slowly begins to stir... crawling... dragging himself toward the ropes... eyes wild... grin returning.

Ross pushes up too — blood covering his face — fury in his eyes.

Across from them — Trey and Clovis begin to rise.

The end is coming.

The Pearl Theater is on its feet.

All four men are barely standing — bloodied — broken — exhausted — but still refusing to fall.

John Phillips: "This has been absolute war!"

Chris Ross wipes blood from his eyes and charges Trey Mack one more time — forearm — Trey fires back — forearm — Ross again — Trey again — both men staggering — neither giving an inch.

Across the ring — Maxx Mayhem wraps the steel chain around his fist — stalking Clovis Black.

Clovis rises — turns —

CHAIN PUNCH.

Clovis stumbles.

Mayhem laughs — swings again —

CHAIN PUNCH.

Clovis drops to one knee.

Mark Bravo: "Mayhem is losing his mind!"

Back in the center — Trey grabs Ross — lifts — POWERBOMB attempt — Ross fights — elbows — breaks free — grabs Trey —

ROARING LARIAT.

Trey flips inside out.

Ross doesn't stop — he drags Trey up — lifts —

FINISHING DRIVER.

Trey Mack is down.

Mayhem screams — charges — leaps —

DIVING CHAIN FIST to Clovis' skull.

Clovis collapses beside Trey.

Ross and Mayhem lock eyes.

No words.

They nod.

Ross pulls Trey up — Mayhem grabs Clovis —

DOUBLE IMPACT — Ross plants Trey — Mayhem crushes Clovis — simultaneous devastation.

Ross covers Trey.

Mayhem sprawls across Clovis.

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

DING DING DING!

The bell rings — the war is over.

John Phillips: "They survived it! Ross and Mayhem survive the cage!"

Chris Ross rolls off — breathing heavy — barely able to sit up.

Maxx Mayhem sits beside him — laughing weakly — staring at the carnage around them.

Across the ring — Trey Mack and Clovis Black remain down — unmoving — destroyed by the battle.

The cage begins to rise slowly as officials rush toward the ring.

Ross pulls himself to his feet — raising one arm.

Mayhem stands beside him — crooked grin — soaked in chaos.

Mark Bravo: "Violence. Survival. Destruction. That's what this was."

The camera lingers on the wreckage — broken weapons — blood — bodies — steel — the aftermath of war.

The bell has already rung... the war already ended... but the damage remains.

Chris Ross slowly rises to his feet, chest heaving, blood running down his face. Beside him, Maxx Mayhem sits on his knees — laughing weakly — soaking in the chaos, the violence, the victory.

John Phillips: "Somehow... they survived it."

Mayhem pushes himself up, wobbling, but grinning wide. He looks at Ross — eyes wild — adrenaline still surging.

Maxx throws his arm out toward Ross — looking for celebration — looking for shared triumph.

Maxx Mayhem: "HAHA— We did it, Chrissy—"

Ross doesn't even look at him.

Without hesitation — without emotion — Chris Ross **SHOVES** Mayhem backward.

Hard.

Mayhem stumbles, nearly falling, confusion flashing across his face.

Mark Bravo: "Oh... wait a minute."

Ross says nothing.

Does nothing.

He simply turns... walks to the cage door... and steps out.

No celebration.

No partner.

No acknowledgment.

Just cold silence.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross just walked away from Maxx Mayhem."

Inside the cage — Mayhem stands alone.

The grin fades slightly.

Head tilting.

Processing.

Then—

A crooked smile slowly returns.

He begins to laugh again... quiet at first... then louder... standing alone in the wreckage of war.

The cage begins to rise.

Ross disappears up the ramp.

Mayhem remains.

Alone.

Laughing.

Fade to black.

END OF SHOW

## **Conclusion**

CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE

## **Show Credits**

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite