

Jackpot: 02.20.2026

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: February 20, 2026
Location: Pearl Theater — Las Vegas, NV

Preview

The 2026 Las Vegas Residency Carries on.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen is black. A low hum builds beneath the silence — the distant echo of a Las Vegas crowd still buzzing from the night before. Then... a sharp burst of static.

FLASH.

Clips from the February 19th episode of Jackpot fire rapidly across the screen — bodies crashing, fists flying, officials rushing, rivalries igniting. The pace is relentless. The energy hasn't cooled. It's only grown hotter.

The final shot: the Pearl Theater crowd on their feet... roaring.

"WELCOME... TO JACKPOT."

Pyro ERUPTS across the stage in a violent burst of gold and white as the camera sweeps over a packed Pearl Theater inside the Palms Casino & Resort in Las Vegas, Nevada. The crowd is electric — louder than usual, hotter than usual — because this isn't just another show... this is night TWO of a back-to-back residency.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are LIVE once again from the Pearl Theater in Las Vegas, Nevada, and after what we witnessed just twenty-four hours ago — I can promise you one thing... the energy in this building has NOT gone down!"

Mark Bravo: "Not gone down? John, these people barely slept! Vegas doesn't sleep, and neither does Jackpot! Fights started last night, grudges got deeper, and tonight? Ohhh tonight we're gonna see things explode!"

The camera pans across screaming fans, signs waving, lights flashing. The Vegas residency banner hangs above the stage as gold lighting washes over the arena.

John Phillips: "The 2026 Las Vegas Residency rolls on, and tonight we've got championship gold on the line, rising stars looking to make their mark, and tensions that carried over from last night ready to boil over!"

Mark Bravo: "You said it — and we already know Amy Harrison is in the building tonight after what Scott Stevens announced last night. If you think she's in a good mood after everything going on around the women's division... you haven't been paying attention."

Quick match graphics flash across the screen.

John Phillips: "Kicking things off tonight — newcomer Kairo Bex steps into the ring against second-generation standout Tyger III!"

Mark Bravo: "That kid Bex picked one hell of a mountain to climb, John. Tyger II isn't just legacy — he's dangerous."

John Phillips: "In women's division action — Kaida Shizuka goes one-on-one with Emily Hightower!"

Mark Bravo: "Two completely different styles... and neither woman likes backing down. That's gonna be a fight."

John Phillips: "And in our main event — championship gold is on the line... Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado defend the UTA Tag Team Championships against the mysterious and unpredictable El Fantasma!"

Mark Bravo: "Nobody ever knows how many of them are coming... or from where. That's what makes El Fantasma terrifying."

The camera cuts to the stage as the crowd continues roaring, anticipation building.

John Phillips: "Night two. High stakes. Championship implications. And after everything that unfolded last night... anything can happen."

Mark Bravo: "Buckle up, Vegas. Jackpot starts... RIGHT NOW."

The camera zooms toward the entrance stage as the music hits and the show officially begins.

Kairo Bex vs. Tyger II

Match

The Pearl Theater hums with energy following the explosive show just twenty-four hours earlier. The camera glides across the crowd — neon signs, tiger masks, flashing lights — anticipation building as the opening contest approaches.

John Phillips: "What a way to start the night — speed, legacy, and momentum all colliding in our opening contest."

Mark Bravo: "Vegas' own Neon Ace versus the silent hunter, Tyger II. This one's gonna move FAST, John."

The arena lights dim... then suddenly ignite in waves of electric blue, pink, and white. A crisp bassline hits — sharp, modern, alive.

"Neon Pulse."

The crowd ERUPTS.

Kairo Bex steps onto the stage, calm grin across his face, soaking in the hometown reaction. He rolls his shoulders once, eyes scanning the ring like a blueprint already forming in his mind.

John Phillips: "The hometown favorite — Kairo Bex. The Neon Ace thrives in this environment."

Mark Bravo: "And he's riding momentum, John. Every time this kid steps in the ring, something spectacular happens."

Kairo glides down the ramp with dancer-like rhythm, tapping hands along the barricade before sliding into the ring in one smooth motion. He pops up instantly, springs to the second rope, and throws a confident salute toward the hard camera.

The crowd roars.

Kairo drops down, bouncing lightly, loose, ready.

The neon fades.

Silence.

A deep taiko drum echoes through the arena — slow, deliberate, ancient.

"Claw of the Yokai."

Cold blue light washes over the stage as smoke curls across the floor. A distorted roar rips through the speakers.

Tyger II steps forward through the haze — masked, still, composed. His posture is ritualistic, controlled, dangerous.

John Phillips: "Second-generation warrior. Former WrestleZone Champion. Tyger II carries legacy — but fights like something entirely his own."

Mark Bravo: "You don't hear him talk. You feel him fight."

Tyger lowers into a crouch at the top of the ramp, one hand touching the stage — then rises and begins his slow walk to the ring, every step heavy with intent.

At ringside, he pauses... bows slightly... then steps through the ropes.

Across the ring — Kairo watches, bouncing lightly, eyes sharp.

The referee gives final instructions.

Nod from Kairo.

Silent stare from Tyger.

DING DING.

John Phillips: "And here we go!"

Mark Bravo: "Speed versus patience. Let's see who dictates first."

Kairo circles immediately — light, bouncing, shifting angles. Tyger remains centered, slow steps, tracking, measuring. They close.

Collar-and-elbow tie-up.

Tyger absorbs the contact, grounding his base — but Kairo pivots, slipping free and forcing separation before the strength advantage can take hold.

John Phillips: "Smart escape by Bex. He's not letting this become a power fight."

Reset.

Kairo darts in — quick low kick to the thigh.

Tyger doesn't react.

Another kick — harder.

Tyger steps forward — sudden palm strike to the chest.

Kairo stumbles back a step — surprised more than hurt.

Mark Bravo: "That was fast. Tyger doesn't waste motion."

Kairo nods, adjusts, then explodes forward — rapid kick combo to the thigh and ribs.

Tyger absorbs — then catches the final kick.

Sweep.

Kairo hits the mat.

The crowd pops.

John Phillips: "First takedown goes to Tyger II!"

Tyger follows — grounded control — but Kairo rolls through, springs up instantly, and fires a sudden spinning back kick to the ribs.

Tyger steps back.

Kairo hits the ropes — rebounds — springboard crossbody!

Both men crash to the canvas.

The crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "There it is! First flash from the Neon Ace!"

Kairo rolls through to a knee — Tyger already rising — both men locking eyes again.

John Phillips: "Opening minutes and neither man backing down."

Kairo wipes sweat from his brow, bouncing, energy building.

Tyger lowers his stance — calm, predatory.

The pace is about to change.

The Pearl Theater buzzes as both men rise at nearly the same time — neither giving ground, neither showing hesitation.

John Phillips: "You can feel the tempo starting to build now."

Mark Bravo: "And that favors Kairo Bex — but only if he survives long enough to control it."

Kairo moves first — quick feint left, dart right — snapping a sharp kick to Tyger's thigh.

Tyger absorbs.

Kairo fires again — spinning back kick — grazing the ribs.

Tyger steps forward, cutting off the angle.

Palm strike — chest.

Kairo exhales sharply.

Mark Bravo: "Tyger doesn't chase — he traps."

Kairo resets, bouncing — then bursts forward.

Rapid kick combo — thigh, ribs, thigh — finishing with a snap enziguri.

Tyger staggers half a step — first visible disruption.

The crowd pops.

John Phillips: "There we go — Bex finding rhythm!"

Kairo sees the opening — sprints to the ropes — leaps — springboard missile dropkick!

Tyger crashes backward into the mat.

Kairo pops up instantly, adrenaline surging.

He hits the ropes again — rebounds — basement dropkick to the chest!

Cover.

Referee: "ONE!"

Tyger kicks out immediately.

Mark Bravo: "Not even close — but that's pressure."

Kairo stays aggressive, pulling Tyger up — whip to the corner.

Charge — running forearm smash!

Kairo hops to the middle rope — balances — then leaps backward — springboard moonsault attempt—

Tyger rolls.

Kairo crashes hard.

The crowd gasps.

John Phillips: "Risk didn't pay off!"

Kairo clutches his ribs, rolling — and Tyger is already rising.

Tyger steps in — sharp kick to the spine.

Kairo arches in pain.

Tyger pulls him up — snap suplex — clean, controlled, heavy impact.

Kairo hits hard.

Mark Bravo: "And just like that — Tyger slows the storm."

Tyger doesn't rush.

He stalks.

Kairo pushes to a knee — Tyger fires a brutal low kick to the thigh.

Kairo winces.

Another kick — same leg.

Kairo drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Tyger targeting the base now — taking flight away from Bex."

Tyger steps forward — lifts — SITOUT FIREMAN'S CARRY SPINEBUSTER — Yokai Driver!

The ring THUNDERS.

The crowd explodes.

Mark Bravo: "BIG impact!"

Tyger doesn't cover.

He watches.

Kairo rolls, coughing, fighting through pain.

John Phillips: "That was a statement — but Tyger wants more."

Kairo pulls himself to the ropes — breathing hard — shaking out the leg Tyger has been punishing.

Tyger approaches — calm — calculating.

Kairo suddenly explodes — slingshot off the ropes — sudden cutter attempt!

Tyger shoves him off mid-air.

Kairo lands rough, stumbling forward —

Tyger spins — FLASH SNAP SUPERKICK — GHOST FANG KICK!

CRACK.

Kairo collapses.

The Pearl Theater ERUPTS.

Mark Bravo: "HE CAUGHT HIM CLEAN!"

Tyger drops to one knee beside him — not covering — measuring.

Kairo barely moves, eyes blinking, trying to clear the fog.

John Phillips: "Kairo Bex is in serious trouble early here tonight."

The crowd begins rallying — chanting — trying to will the Neon Ace back into the fight.

Tyger rises slowly... stalking again.

Kairo grabs the ropes... dragging himself upward.

The momentum has shifted.

The fight is getting heavier.

The Pearl Theater roars, trying to will Kairo Bex back into the fight. Tyger II stands calm, composed, watching like a silent hunter as his opponent struggles upward using the ropes.

John Phillips: "Kairo Bex has taken serious damage — especially to that leg — but listen to this crowd!"

Mark Bravo: "They're trying to breathe life back into him, John. And sometimes... that works."

Kairo reaches his feet — barely steady.

Tyger steps forward.

Kairo explodes first.

Sharp kick to the thigh — another — then a rapid chest kick that echoes through the arena.

Tyger absorbs — but gives ground half a step.

John Phillips: "There's the spark!"

Kairo surges — spinning back kick to the ribs — then sprints to the ropes.

Rebound — flying forearm smash!

Tyger staggers backward.

Kairo keeps moving — adrenaline taking over — springboard off the ropes — twisting crossbody!

Both crash to the mat — but Kairo rolls through and hooks the leg.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Tyger powers out.

Mark Bravo: "First real scare for Tyger II!"

Kairo pulls himself up, limping but alive — the crowd feeding him energy.

Tyger rises — Kairo strikes first — rapid kick combo to thigh and ribs — finishing with a sharp enziguri that snaps Tyger's head sideways.

Tyger drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "He rocked him!"

Kairo sees it.

He hits the ropes — leaps — springboard cutter attempt—

Tyger catches him mid-air.

The arena gasps.

Tyger transitions — but Kairo wriggles free mid-motion — lands behind — rope-walk feint — spins —

SLINGSHOT CUTTER CONNECTS!

Tyger spikes into the canvas.

The Pearl Theater ERUPTS.

Mark Bravo: "OUT OF NOWHERE!"

Kairo hooks both legs — deep cover.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Referee: "TH—"

TYGER KICKS OUT.

The crowd explodes in disbelief.

John Phillips: "SO CLOSE!"

Kairo sits up, breathing hard, stunned — but not defeated.

The crowd chants louder.

Kairo nods once.

He knows what comes next.

Tyger rolls toward the ropes, trying to recover — but Kairo sprints forward.

Tope Con Hilo — suicide dive through the ropes!

Both crash hard against the floor.

The crowd roars even louder.

Mark Bravo: "That's the risk — that's the Neon Ace!"

Kairo rolls, clutching his ribs — the dive hurting him as much as Tyger.

The referee begins counting.

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

Kairo drags Tyger up and rolls him back into the ring.

Kairo climbs the apron — breathing heavy — limping — but determined.

He springboards —

Tyger explodes upward mid-flight —

GHOST FANG KICK IN MID-AIR!

Kairo collapses on impact.

The Pearl Theater erupts in shock.

John Phillips: "WHAT A COUNTER!"

Both men are down now.

Breathing heavy.

Exhausted.

The pace has taken its toll.

Mark Bravo: "That might've changed everything."

Tyger rolls to his knees first.

Kairo slowly stirs — dazed.

Tyger watches... waiting... measuring.

The next phase is coming.

The Pearl Theater hums with anticipation. Both men are down — drained, battered, running on instinct. Tyger II kneels first, breathing controlled despite the war. Kairo Bex stirs, clutching his ribs, dragging himself toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "This opening match has turned into a fight of will."

Mark Bravo: "And both guys have already taken enough punishment to end most matches."

Kairo reaches the ropes, pulling himself up — barely standing.

Tyger rises... slow... stalking.

Kairo fires first — desperation — spinning back kick to the ribs.

Tyger absorbs — steps forward.

Kairo fires again — rapid kick combo — thigh, chest, jaw.

Tyger's head snaps — but he doesn't fall.

Mark Bravo: "He won't stay down!"

Kairo surges — hits the ropes — leaps — SPRINGBOARD NEON SKYLINE ATTEMPT—

Tyger catches him mid-rotation.

The crowd gasps.

Tyger shifts — lifts — but Kairo wriggles free, landing behind — MIRAGE KICK!

CRACK.

Tyger drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "HE STUNNED HIM!"

Kairo sees the opening.

He rushes the ropes — leaps —

NEON SKYLINE CONNECTS!

Tyger spikes to the canvas.

The Pearl Theater ERUPTS.

Kairo hooks the leg — deep — tight.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Referee: "THR—"

TYGER KICKS OUT.

The arena explodes in disbelief.

John Phillips: "HOW DID HE SURVIVE?!"

Mark Bravo: "That was the kill shot!"

Kairo rolls onto his back, exhausted, disbelief written across his face.

The crowd chants his name — louder — louder — louder.

Kairo nods weakly... forcing himself up.

Tyger rolls... slow... controlled... then pushes to his knees.

He looks at Kairo.

For the first time — intensity rises.

Tyger bows slightly.

Respect.

John Phillips: "That tells you everything about this fight."

Kairo rushes — looking to finish —

Tyger explodes.

Ghost Fang Kick — SUPERKICK!

Kairo collapses.

Tyger pulls him up instantly — hooks — lifts —

TIGER ECLIPSE!

The ring SHUDDERS.

Tyger bridges into the hold — dragon sleeper locked — torque applied.

Kairo struggles — fading — arm weakening —

Referee: "Kairo! Stay with me!"

The crowd rallies desperately —

Kairo's arm drops... once... twice...

No response.

DING DING DING.

John Phillips: "It's over!"

Mark Bravo: "What a fight!"

Tyger releases immediately, rolling away, breathing heavy.

Medical checks Kairo — he slowly stirs.

Tyger rises... composed... then offers a respectful bow toward Kairo.

The crowd applauds both men.

John Phillips: "Tyger II survives an incredible battle — but Kairo Bex proved tonight he belongs on this stage."

Mark Bravo: "If that's how we start Jackpot... tonight's gonna be wild."

Tyger exits calmly as Kairo is helped to a knee, receiving a strong ovation from the Vegas crowd.

The opening war is complete.

No Match Needed

Segment

Backstage — The camera settles outside a polished office door. A gold nameplate reads: SCOTT STEVENS. Inside, the General Manager sits calmly behind his desk, reviewing paperwork, completely unfazed by the chaos of the night.

Suddenly —

SLAM!

The door flies open violently.

Amy Harrison storms in — furious, eyes burning, pacing like a storm barely contained.

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

Amy Harrison: "Look, I already did YOUR job for you! Marie and I are going to settle this at No Love Lost... and MY title is coming back with me to The Empire."

Scott doesn't react. He leans back in his chair, unimpressed, studying her like this is routine.

Amy Harrison: "So whatever match you had planned tonight — it's not needed. Go ahead and let whoever know they can go hit the casino floor."

Scott Stevens: "Is that right?"

Amy Harrison: "Yeah. It is."

Scott slowly folds his hands on the desk, calm... deliberate.

Scott Stevens: "That's not how things work around here, Amy. Yeah... you may have got your PLE match set... but you are going out there tonight... and you are going to have a match."

Amy Harrison: "WHY?! THAT'S NOT FAIR!"

Scott Stevens: "Nothing in life is fair."

Amy scoffs loudly, pacing, furious, barely keeping control.

Amy Harrison: "At least tell me who I'm going to face."

Scott leans back in his chair... a slow grin forming across his face.

Scott Stevens: "I think things will be much more interesting... if I don't."

Amy SCREECHES in frustration — a raw, furious scream — before spinning toward the door.

She storms out, slamming it behind her.

Scott Stevens sits quietly for a moment... then exhales, clearly satisfied with himself.

The camera fades.

Win Some... Lose Some

Segment

Backstage — The camera cuts to Melissa Cartwright standing near the interview set, microphone in hand. The noise of the arena hums faintly in the distance. Beside her stands Kairo Bex, still sweaty, ribs taped, breathing slightly heavy but upright and composed.

Melissa Cartwright: "Kairo, just moments ago you went toe-to-toe with Tyger II in a match that pushed both of you to the limit. It didn't end in your favor... but how are you feeling right now?"

Kairo exhales, wiping sweat from his brow, a tired but genuine smile forming.

Kairo Bex: "You win some... you lose some. That's the game."

He rolls his shoulder slightly, wincing for just a second, then nods.

Kairo Bex: "Tyger II is the real deal. Everybody knows that. Tonight? I threw everything I had at him... and he still had something left. That's what great fighters do."

Melissa nods, listening closely.

Kairo Bex: "But I didn't get walked through. I didn't fold. I made him fight. And when a warrior like Tyger bows to you after the match..."

Kairo smiles a little wider now.

Kairo Bex: "You know you earned his respect."

The crowd can be heard faintly cheering somewhere in the arena, as if the sentiment carries through the building.

Melissa Cartwright: "So what's next for The Neon Ace?"

Kairo looks toward the arena entrance... focused... determined.

Kairo Bex: "I keep moving. I keep flying. And next time... the lights stay on me a little longer."

Kairo nods once to Melissa before stepping out of frame, leaving her watching as the camera slowly fades.

Kaida Shizukavs. Emily Hightower

Match

The camera returns to ringside. The Pearl Theater crowd hums with anticipation as the ring is reset. John Phillips and Mark Bravo sit at commentary, headsets on, watching closely.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, still to come tonight — we will finally learn who Amy Harrison will face in action here on Jackpot. And remember, Amy is already set to challenge Marie Van Claudio for the UTA Women's Championship at No Love Lost on March 7th."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and after the scene she caused earlier? She's furious, she's dangerous, and whoever Scott Stevens picked for her tonight might regret showing up to work."

John Phillips: "But right now, our focus turns to the ring. The former United States Champion, Emily Hightower, is in

action — looking to rebuild momentum after losing that title just weeks ago."

Mark Bravo: "And that is never an easy climb, John. Once you fall from the top, everybody wants to see if you still belong there."

The arena lights dim.

A slow, ceremonial drumbeat echoes through the Pearl Theater — deep, deliberate, cold.

Kaida Shizuka steps onto the stage.

Stoic. Calm. Unreadable.

No emotion crosses her face as she surveys the arena. No theatrics. No wasted movement. Only purpose.

John Phillips: "Kaida Shizuka — one of the most dangerous strikers in the entire women's division."

Mark Bravo: "Everything she does is calculated. No flash, no noise — just damage."

Kaida begins her slow walk to the ring, each step steady, grounded. The crowd buzzes — not loud cheers, not loud boos — but a tense respect for what she brings inside those ropes.

At ringside, she pauses.

She wipes the soles of her boots carefully against the mat — ritualistic — then bows once toward the ring.

She steps through the ropes.

Kaida moves to the center, lowering slightly into a ready stance, eyes forward — already focused on the fight to come.

The drums fade... silence returns.

The arena rests in a tense hush following Kaida Shizuka's cold, composed arrival. She stands motionless in the center of the ring, eyes fixed on the entrance stage... waiting.

Then —

A hard, driving guitar riff rips through the Pearl Theater.

The crowd reacts instantly — louder, sharper, alive.

Emily Hightower steps onto the stage.

No smile.

No theatrics.

Only focus.

John Phillips: "There she is — former United States Champion Emily Hightower. And you can feel the difference tonight."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah. This isn't celebration Emily. This is fight-through-it Emily. Losing that title lit something in her."

Emily stands at the top of the ramp for a moment, breathing steady, eyes locked on Kaida. She slaps her chest once — hard — a signal to herself more than anyone else.

John Phillips: "Champions don't stay down long... and tonight might be the first step in her climb back."

Emily begins her walk to the ring — purposeful, heavy, deliberate. She doesn't acknowledge the crowd much — only a quick glance left and right — her focus never drifting far from Kaida.

Kaida remains perfectly still, watching, studying.

Emily reaches ringside... pauses... then slides under the bottom rope.

She rises slowly, never breaking eye contact with her opponent.

The two women now stand across from each other — intensity building — calm versus fire.

The referee steps between them, checking both competitors.

Emily rolls her shoulders once.

Kaida lowers slightly into stance.

The tension is thick.

The bell is moments away.

The tension in the Pearl Theater is thick as both women stand ready. The referee looks between them... then signals.

DING DING DING

Neither woman rushes.

They circle slowly — eyes locked — reading, measuring.

John Phillips: "Two very different competitors — but both known for one thing... impact."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, this isn't gonna be pretty. This is gonna be stiff."

Kaida strikes first.

A sharp shoot kick to Emily's thigh.

SMACK

Emily absorbs it... nods once... then steps forward and fires a brutal forearm that snaps Kaida's head sideways.

John Phillips: "Heavy contact already!"

Kaida answers instantly — spinning elbow — catching Emily on the jaw.

Emily stumbles half a step — Kaida follows with a stiff kick to the ribs.

Emily exhales sharply — then explodes forward.

She drives Kaida backward into the corner — shoulder thrust to the midsection — once — twice — three times — grinding, punishing.

Mark Bravo: "That's power wrestling — take the breath, take the fight."

Emily pulls Kaida out of the corner — suplex attempt —

Kaida blocks — shifts — SNAP SAITO SUPLEX!

Emily crashes hard on her neck and shoulders.

John Phillips: "Kaida Shizuka turns it in an instant!"

Kaida rises calmly.

Emily pushes to a knee — Kaida fires a brutal chest kick.

SMACK

Emily rocks backward — but refuses to fall.

Kaida fires another kick — same spot.

Emily winces — then suddenly surges upward and SMASHES Kaida with a lariat that turns her inside out.

The crowd pops loudly.

Mark Bravo: "She just ran THROUGH her!"

Emily doesn't slow down.

She pulls Kaida up — hard whip to the ropes — rebound — SPINNING POWERSLAM.

The ring shakes.

Emily hooks the leg.

ONE!

Kaida kicks out quickly.

John Phillips: "Not enough yet — but Emily establishing control early."

Emily rises — breathing heavy but focused.

Kaida rolls to a knee — calm, composed, eyes sharp.

Emily charges forward —

Kaida explodes with a sudden spinning back-kick — SILENT FLASH — catching Emily flush on the jaw.

Emily collapses.

John Phillips: "Kaida strikes back!"

Mark Bravo: "And that changes everything!"

Kaida rises slowly... stalking... waiting for Emily to move.

Emily stirs, pushing up, dazed but fighting.

The pace is building.

The fight is turning.

Emily Hightower pushes herself upright, shaking the fog from the Silent Flash. Across from her, Kaida Shizuka stands poised — calm, balanced, ready to strike again.

John Phillips: "Both women have landed heavy shots — and neither is backing down."

Mark Bravo: "This is turning into a straight fight now."

Kaida advances first — low kick to the thigh.

Another — harder.

Emily grits her teeth... then fires back with a crushing forearm.

Kaida answers — rolling elbow.

Emily — forearm.

Kaida — chest kick.

Emily — HEADBUTT.

The crowd reacts with every impact.

John Phillips: "Neither woman giving an inch!"

Kaida spins — ROUNDHOUSE —

Emily ducks — grabs — BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

Kaida crashes hard.

Emily crawls into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kaida kicks out — calm, controlled.

Mark Bravo: "Close — but Kaida's still composed."

Emily pulls Kaida up — lifts — attempted vertical suplex —

Kaida slips free mid-air — lands behind — hooks — GERMAN SUPLEX!

Emily folds on impact.

Kaida bridges into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Emily powers out.

John Phillips: "Emily still fighting — still refusing to stay down!"

Kaida rises first, breathing controlled. Emily pushes to her knees — and Kaida fires a brutal chest kick that echoes through the arena.

SMACK

Emily winces — but doesn't fall.

Another kick — same spot.

Emily roars — surges upward — and blasts Kaida with a thunderous lariat.

The crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "That's former champion power!"

Emily pulls Kaida up again — whip to the ropes — Kaida rebounds —

Emily catches her — SPINEBUSTER!

The ring shakes.

Emily hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Kaida kicks out — barely.

John Phillips: "That was close!"

Emily rises, breathing heavy — stalking — waiting.

Kaida slowly pulls herself up using the ropes.

Emily charges — looking for the finish —

Kaida explodes — sudden knee strike — RISING DRAGON!

Emily collapses instantly.

John Phillips: "RISING DRAGON CONNECTS!"

Mark Bravo: "THIS COULD BE IT!"

Kaida hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Emily kicks out — just in time.

The crowd roars.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower survives!"

Kaida sits back slightly — still calm — but now watching carefully. Emily rolls to her side, clutching her ribs, breathing heavy but alive.

The fight has reached its turning point.

The finish is coming.

The Pearl Theater crowd buzzes with anticipation as both women lie battered on the canvas. Kaida Shizuka sits upright first — breathing steady, eyes cold, calculating. Across from her, Emily Hightower rolls onto her side, clutching her ribs, forcing herself to move.

John Phillips: "This has been a hard hitting war... and somehow both women are still standing."

Mark Bravo: "Not just standing — still swinging. That's championship grit."

Kaida rises first.

Emily pulls herself up using the ropes — slow, unsteady — but determined.

Kaida steps forward — low kick to the thigh.

Another — harder.

Emily winces... then steps into it and SMASHES Kaida with a brutal forearm.

Kaida answers — spinning elbow.

Emily — forearm.

Kaida — chest kick.

Emily — HEADBUTT.

The crowd rises with each impact.

John Phillips: "Neither woman willing to give ground!"

Kaida spins — ROUNDHOUSE —

Emily ducks — grabs — URANAGE SLAM!

Kaida crashes hard.

Emily drops to a knee, breathing hard — then rises slowly, something shifting inside her.

Focus.

Fire.

Purpose.

Kaida pushes herself up — staggered.

Emily explodes forward — RUNNING LARIAT — turning Kaida inside out.

The crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "That might've knocked the fight out of her!"

Emily doesn't cover.

She pulls Kaida up — lifts — POWERBOMB — crushing impact.

Emily stacks the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

Kaida kicks out.

The crowd reacts loudly.

John Phillips: "Kaida refuses to stay down!"

Emily nods slowly... not frustrated... focused.

She pulls Kaida up once more.

Kaida swings weakly — Emily blocks — spins —

FINAL ASCENT — devastating running knee strike to the jaw!

Kaida collapses instantly.

The Pearl Theater explodes.

Mark Bravo: "THAT'S IT!"

Emily hooks both legs — deep — tight.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower is back on track!"

Mark Bravo: "That was a fight — and Emily just proved she's still one of the toughest women in this division!"

Emily rolls off, breathing heavy, exhausted but victorious. The referee raises her hand as the crowd applauds loudly.

Kaida sits up slowly across the ring — calm, stoic — accepting the outcome without emotion.

John Phillips: "A huge win for Emily Hightower tonight — and coming up next... we finally find out who Amy Harrison will face."

The camera lingers on Emily — standing tall once again — determined, rebuilding, dangerous.

Fade.

Hall of Fame Class of 2026 — Inductee Announcement

Segment

The screen fades to black.

Soft piano notes begin — slow, reflective.

Film grain rolls across the screen as old arena lights flicker into view, like memories resurfacing through time.

White text fades in.

UTA HALL OF FAME

CLASS OF 2026

NEW INDUCTEE

The music deepens — piano layered with a subtle orchestral swell.

Quick flashes appear — archival footage style.

A roaring crowd in Montreal.

A young man raising a championship high.

A devastating running knee in the corner.

A hand placed over his heart as the Canadian flag waves behind him.

A deep documentary-style voice begins.

Voiceover: "Some men arrive... chasing glory."

Voiceover: "Others... become it."

Clips flash faster now — battles, moments, triumph.

The Legacy Championship raised overhead.

A war inside the ring — sweat, blood, pride.

A crowd chanting in unison.

Voiceover: "He carried the weight of expectation... and turned it into legacy."

Voiceover: "A symbol of pride. A symbol of resilience. A symbol of excellence."

The music swells.

The Canadian flag fills the screen.

Then — one final image.

Claude Baptiste Ranier — Legacy Championship raised high — eyes filled with fire.

Text fades in.

THE CANADIAN STAR

CLAUDE BAPTISTE RANIER

"CBR"

FORMER LEGACY CHAMPION

UTA HALL OF FAME — CLASS OF 2026

The Pearl Theater crowd erupts in applause.

John Phillips: "Claude Baptiste Ranier — CBR — a true legend of this company."

Mark Bravo: "Legacy Champion, trailblazer, and one of the toughest competitors to ever step into a UTA ring. Well deserved."

The screen fades to black... the Hall of Fame legacy grows.

No Love Lost

Segment

? "Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow hits. The Pearl Theater erupts.

Chris Ross steps through the curtain, UTA Championship slung over his shoulder. He marches down the ramp with purpose, soaking in the energy of the Las Vegas crowd before sliding into the ring. A microphone is handed to him. Ross stands center ring... and lets the noise build.

The crowd chants.

CROWD: "ROSS! ROSS! ROSS! ROSS!"

Ross nods slowly, pacing once, letting them have their moment.

Chris Ross: "Last night... Trey Mack and Clovis Black found out exactly why Chris Ross... is the Boss."

Huge reaction.

Chris Ross: "They got their very own... Harrisburg welcome... right here in Las Vegas!"

The arena explodes at the mention of Las Vegas.

Chris Ross: "Now... I also wanna come out here and acknowledge Maxx Mayhem."

Loud boos fill the building. Ross nods, half-smirking.

Chris Ross: "Yeah... he a son of a bitch, ain't he?"

Massive pop.

Chris Ross: "But... he didn't screw me over last night. Now don't get it twisted... there ain't no love lost..."

The crowd reacts loudly at the name drop.

Chris Ross: "...between me and Maxx. But in my eyes? That chapter's closed. Time to move on."

Ross lifts the UTA Championship high. The crowd roars.

Chris Ross: "So now the question is simple... who's next in line... to get a shot at THIS?"

Another huge reaction.

Suddenly — a sharp, elegant throat clear echoes through the arena sound system.

The crowd murmurs. Ross looks toward the stage.

The camera rises — revealing a statuesque figure stepping into the spotlight.

Avril Selene Kinkade.

Impeccably dressed. Tall. Composed. Cold. She adjusts her glasses and raises a microphone, speaking with precise, aristocratic calm.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Christopher... allow me to extend my most sincere congratulations... on vanquishing your opponents last evening."

Mixed crowd reaction.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "And... on realizing that Maxx Mayhem... is not of the calibre the audience seeks... when evaluating a challenger for your championship."

Ross smirks slightly.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "In fact... there is only one name that comes to mind... when constructing the perfect main event for *No Love Lost*..."

She pauses — letting the moment breathe.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "My client... the current... reigning... and defending... WrestleZone Champion... Gunnar Van Patton."

Mixed reaction — cheers and boos.

Ross looks thoughtful... amused.

Chris Ross: "GVP, huh? You think he ready to step up... and get in the ring with the UTA Champion?"

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Oh Christopher... he has been ready... since the day he was born. He has proven — time and time again — that the future of the United Toughness Alliance rests... solely... upon his shoulders."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Gunnar is prepared... to fulfill his duty... and his destiny."

Ross chuckles, shaking his head.

Chris Ross: "Well lady... anybody who can't come out here and challenge me themselves? I don't see why I should waste my time."

Avril stiffens — clearly offended.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Waste... your time?"

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Christopher... your time is borrowed... and the clock now strikes... 11:59."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Do you accept Gunnar's challenge... or do you simply prove... what many already whisper... that you are nothing more than a coward... who has grown fortunate?"

The crowd gasps.

Ross' demeanor instantly changes.

Chris Ross: "I ain't no god damn coward — that's for sure!"

Chris Ross: "You know what? GVP ready to shoot his shot? Then tell him get ready... because at *No Love Lost*... I'm gonna stomp a mud hole in his ass!"

? "Black Flame" hits again. The crowd erupts.

Ross raises the UTA Championship high.

On the stage — Avril Selene Kinkade smiles faintly... satisfied... knowing she got exactly what she wanted.

John Phillips: "It's official!"

Mark Bravo: "Chris Ross... Gunnar Van Patton... UTA Championship... No Love Lost!"

John Phillips: "That is a MAIN EVENT!"

The camera fades as Ross stands tall in the ring... championship raised... war looming.

Part of the Story

Segment

The camera cuts backstage.

Dim lighting. A flickering overhead bulb. The hum of the arena somewhere in the distance.

Standing in the middle of the hallway — wild eyes, crooked posture, slightly-too-big suit — Madman Szalinski.

On either side of him... perfectly still... El Fantasma Oscuro I and El Fantasma Oscuro II.

Identical masks. Identical silence. Identical presence.

Szalinski rubs his hands together, pacing in a small circle like a man talking to invisible ghosts.

Madman Szalinski: "You boys feel that? Huh? You hear it?"

He tilts his head dramatically toward the arena, as if listening to something only he can hear.

Madman Szalinski: "That's destiny... whisperin'. That's history knockin' on the door... and tonight... TONIGHT... the house opens."

Fantasma I slowly turns his head toward Szalinski.

Fantasma II does the same... half a second later.

Neither speaks.

Madman Szalinski: "Selena Vex... Rosa Delgado... oh they think they're champions. They think they survived the haunting. But boys... you don't *survive* ghosts."

He leans in close to both of them, whispering like a conspirator.

Madman Szalinski: "You become part of the story."

The Fantasmas remain silent.

Szalinski suddenly straightens up — almost proud.

Madman Szalinski: "Tonight... we take back what belongs to the shadows. Tonight... El Fantasma becomes UTA Tag Team Champions... AGAIN."

He pauses. Looks between them.

No response.

Szalinski blinks once.

Madman Szalinski: "...You guys are gonna say something dramatic now, right? Something spooky? No? Nothing?"

Fantasma I slowly tilts his head.

Fantasma II mirrors him.

Still silent.

Szalinski sighs.

Madman Szalinski: "Right. Silent terror. I forget sometimes. You two are more the... 'ominous presence' types."

He nods to himself like this makes perfect sense.

Madman Szalinski: "That's fine. That's good. That's scary. I like scary."

He suddenly spins toward the camera, eyes wide.

Madman Szalinski: "And tonight? Vegas gets haunted."

Fantasma I and II step forward in perfect sync — standing shoulder to shoulder behind him.

The three figures form a single, unsettling silhouette.

Szalinski grins beneath his mask.

Madman Szalinski: "Champions again, boys... let's go collect what's ours."

The lights flicker once... twice...

Then the trio walk off into the darkness of the hallway.

Confrontation

Segment

The camera follows as The Empire bursts through the curtain.

Amy Harrison rips herself free from Dahlia's grip and SHRIEKS at production assistants in the hallway.

Amy Harrison: "OUT OF MY WAY! MOVE!"

She storms forward, still shaking from the beating she just endured.

Amy Harrison: "STEVENS! SCOTT! GET OUT HERE!"

Officials scatter. The tension backstage is thick.

From around the corner... Scott Stevens calmly steps into frame. Hands folded. Expression measured.

Scott Stevens: "Amy... Amy... you can't just walk out of a match like that."

Amy stares at him in disbelief.

Amy Harrison: "Match?! That was a hit job!"

Amy Harrison: "What's your deal, Scott?!"

Stevens exhales slowly.

Scott Stevens: "What's my deal? I handed you a title match on a silver platter... and this is the appreciation I get?"

Amy lunges forward in fury — but Dahlia and Rosa grab her arms while Selena steps in front of her.

Amy Harrison: "You set me up!"

Scott raises one finger — wagging it slowly.

Scott Stevens: "Now, Amy... you wouldn't want to do anything that jeopardizes that match at No Love Lost... would you?"

Amy freezes.

Her breathing heavy. Rage simmering.

Stevens shifts his attention to Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex.

Scott Stevens: "Don't you two have something you should be getting ready for? I mean... it is next."

Rosa and Selena exchange a look — tension rising.

Amy jerks her arms free from Dahlia's grip.

She straightens herself — posture rigid — pride wounded but intact.

She steps forward slowly... pointing her finger inches from Stevens' face.

Amy Harrison: "This isn't over, Stevens. Not by a long shot."

Scott Stevens doesn't flinch.

He simply grins.

Scott Stevens: "See you at No Love Lost."

Amy turns sharply — signaling The Empire to move.

The four women storm down the hallway toward the locker room area.

Stevens remains in frame, hands behind his back, satisfied.

The camera fades on his knowing smile.

We'll See

Segment

Backstage. The locker room is quiet except for the faint hum of the arena beyond the walls. Chris Ross is lacing his wrist tape tighter, Valentina Blaze nearby gathering her gear. The mood is focused... tense... until—

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Two heavy, deliberate knocks slam against the door. Not rushed. Not hesitant. Controlled.

Chris and Valentina both look toward it.

The handle turns.

The door opens.

Gunnar Van Patton fills the frame.

He leans casually against the doorway, one shoulder pressed to the frame, arms folded across his chest. There's the faintest trace of a smirk — not friendly... not mocking... just knowing. His one visible eye studies the room like he already understands everything inside it.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Leavin' already?"

Chris immediately steps forward — instinct, not fear — but Valentina's arm shoots across his chest, stopping him. She doesn't take her eyes off Gunnar.

Gunnar doesn't move. Doesn't tense. Doesn't blink.

Just watching.

Then slowly... he pushes off the frame and stands upright.

He looks at Valentina first.

Then at Chris.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Relax. Ah ain't here fer trouble."

He pauses... measuring.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah just wanted ta look a man in the eye... a man who signed his name ta walk straight into the fire."

He nods once. Respect. Real... but cold.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Takes a soldier ta do that."

Chris exhales slowly. Jaw tight. Eyes locked.

Gunnar Van Patton: "But listen close, Ross..."

He steps forward. One step only. Enough to tighten the air.

Gunnar Van Patton: "You're a soldier..."

Beat.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah'm a leader."

Silence fills the room.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah don't follow wars. Ah decide 'em."

His voice lowers, steady, certain.

Gunnar Van Patton: "An' at No Love Lost... this company don't march behind you no more."

Another step closer.

Gunnar Van Patton: "There will be a new regime."

Chris scoffs — sharp, dismissive.

Chris Ross: "That so?"

Gunnar meets his eyes without hesitation.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Yup."

Chris cracks his neck. Steps forward. Now they're close. Too close.

Chris Ross: "We'll see."

Gunnar steps forward to meet him — no fear, no anger, just inevitability.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah guess we will."

The two men stand inches apart. No shouting. No movement.

Just a stare down.

War without a bell.

The camera lingers on their locked eyes...

...and fades to black.

Selena Vex/Rosa Delgado vs. El Fantasma

Match

The lights inside the Pearl Theater dim as a low, eerie hum rolls through the arena. The crowd buzz grows louder... anticipation building... knowing the main event has arrived.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is time. The main event of Jackpot! The UTA Tag Team Championships are on the line!"

Mark Bravo: "This one's been boiling all night, John. The Empire wants more gold... but to get it, they have to survive the haunting."

The arena lights flicker... once... twice... then drop into near darkness.

Fog begins to spill down the entrance ramp like smoke crawling out of the underworld.

A distorted, metallic echo rings through the arena.

Then—

CRACK!

A flash of white light hits the stage.

And they are there.

El Fantasma Oscuro I and II stand side by side, motionless. Identical masks. Identical posture. Twin shadows standing where one should be. :contentReference[oaicite:0]{index=0}

John Phillips: "You feel it every time they appear. That shift in the air... like something unnatural just stepped into our world."

Mark Bravo: "Two bodies... one ghost. And when they move, people get hurt."

The crowd erupts — cheers mixed with unease.

Behind them, stepping through the mist in his worn suit and battered mask... Madman Szalinski appears.

He spreads his arms wide... presenting his monsters to the world.

John Phillips: "And there is the architect of chaos — Madman Szalinski — guiding El Fantasma into yet another war."

Mark Bravo: "You don't manage ghosts... you unleash them."

The Fantasmas begin their slow, deliberate walk to the ring. Silent. Mechanical. Predatory.

The fog trails behind them like something alive.

They reach ringside.

Oscuro I vanishes beneath the ropes in one smooth motion.

Oscuro II follows without a sound.

The two stand in opposite corners — heads tilted — scanning the arena like hunters studying prey.

Szalinski remains outside, pacing slowly... eyes wide... mind racing.

John Phillips: "The challengers are here... and they look ready."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah... but the champions are coming with an empire behind them."

The lights shift... gold and crimson now washing over the arena.

The crowd begins to boo.

The champions are next.

The eerie fog still lingers in the ring as El Fantasma stand motionless in their corners. Madman Szalinski paces slowly outside, whispering to himself, eyes darting between shadows and light.

Then—

The arena suddenly erupts in crimson and gold.

Sharp, commanding music hits.

The crowd immediately rains down heavy boos.

John Phillips: "And here come the champions."

Mark Bravo: "Not just champions, John... an empire."

Stepping onto the stage — composed, dangerous, united — Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado.

The UTA Tag Team Championships gleam around their waists.

Behind them... Dahlia Cross.

No panic. No fear. Just cold confidence.

The three women pause at the top of the ramp, surveying the ring... the shadows... the challengers waiting in silence.

John Phillips: "Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado have ruled this division through dominance, control, and unity. Tonight... they defend against chaos itself."

Mark Bravo: "And don't overlook Dahlia Cross. She may not be in the match, but her presence changes everything."

Selena removes her title, raising it high with a cold smirk.

Rosa taps her championship, nodding once — focused, ready.

Dahlia says nothing — just watches the ring with sharp, predatory calm.

The trio begins their walk down the ramp.

The boos grow louder with every step.

Inside the ring — El Fantasma do not move.

Do not react.

Do not blink.

Just watching.

Selena climbs onto the apron first — staring across at Oscuro I.

Rosa circles the ring slowly before sliding in — locking eyes with Oscuro II.

Dahlia remains outside — pacing — calculating — watching both men and shadows alike.

The champions hand their titles to the referee.

The belts are raised high.

The crowd roars.

John Phillips: "UTA Tag Team Championships on the line!"

Mark Bravo: "This one's going to be violent."

The referee checks both teams.

Selena and Rosa exchange a nod.

Across from them — El Fantasma stand... still... waiting.

The Pearl Theater is electric.

The bell is about to sound.

The Pearl Theater hums with electricity as both teams stand in their corners. The referee looks left... then right... then signals.

DING DING DING

The main event is underway.

John Phillips: "And here we go! UTA Tag Team Championships on the line!"

Mark Bravo: "This one's been brewing all night, and now — war."

Selena Vex steps forward first — composed, confident — eyes locked on Oscuro I.

Across from her — motionless — silent — unreadable — Oscuro I tilts his head slightly.

They circle.

Slow.

Measured.

The crowd quiets, sensing the tension.

Lock-up.

Selena tries to drive forward — but Oscuro doesn't budge.

Not an inch.

John Phillips: "Unbelievable strength from Oscuro!"

Mark Bravo: "It's like trying to move a statue."

Oscuro suddenly shifts — twisting Selena's wrist — torque — control — methodical.

Selena rolls, counters, reverses — snapping into a side headlock.

Technical precision.

John Phillips: "Selena Vex is one of the most technically sound competitors in this division."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but technique doesn't stop ghosts."

Oscuro shoves her off — Selena rebounds — ducks a strike — fires a kick to the ribs.

Another kick.

Oscuro barely reacts.

Selena frowns — then charges —

Oscuro suddenly EXPLODES — shoulder block — Selena hits the mat hard.

John Phillips: "Huge impact!"

Mark Bravo: "That was sudden!"

Selena rolls quickly — pops back up — unfazed — nods once — recalibrating.

She tags.

TAG

Rosa Delgado enters — faster — sharper — aggressive.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado now — bringing speed into this fight."

Rosa circles Oscuro I — feints — darts — rapid strike combination — kick, forearm, elbow —

Oscuro absorbs... then swings — Rosa ducks — springboards — flying forearm!

Oscuro staggers back a step.

The crowd reacts loudly.

Mark Bravo: "Okay! She rocked him!"

Rosa runs the ropes — returns — crossbody —

Oscuro catches her mid-air.

Holds her.

Then... SLAMS her down.

John Phillips: "Power over speed!"

Mark Bravo: "And gravity always wins."

Outside the ring — Dahlia Cross paces, shouting instructions.

Opposite side — Madman Szalinski rocks back and forth, whispering encouragement to his silent warriors.

Inside the ring — Rosa begins to rise... shaking it off... the fight just beginning.

The tension is building.

The war is coming.

Rosa Delgado rolls to her knees after the slam, clutching her ribs but refusing to stay down. Oscuro I stands over her, looming, measuring his next move.

John Phillips: "Rosa took a hard landing there, but you can't question her toughness."

Mark Bravo: "She's resilient — but resilience only gets you so far against something like that."

Oscuro reaches down to pull Rosa up —

Rosa snaps a forearm up into his jaw.

Another.

And another.

The crowd begins to rally.

John Phillips: "Rosa firing back!"

She creates space — hits the ropes — comes back with a low dropkick to the knee.

Oscuro buckles slightly.

Rosa follows with a spinning back kick to the midsection — then a snap DDT!

Oscuro's mask snaps against the canvas.

John Phillips: "Beautiful counter combination!"

Mark Bravo: "That's championship teamwork in motion!"

Rosa crawls into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Oscuro powers out just before three.

John Phillips: "First real near fall of the match!"

Mark Bravo: "You're not pinning them that easy."

Rosa wastes no time — dragging Oscuro toward her corner.

TAG

Selena Vex enters smoothly.

The Empire begins isolating Oscuro I — quick tags — sharp strikes — controlled aggression.

Selena drives a knee into his ribs.

Rosa follows with a running boot.

Selena hooks him into a snap suplex — floats over — cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kick out.

John Phillips: "Smart strategy from the champions — cut the ring in half."

Mark Bravo: "They learned from last time. Don't let the ghosts breathe."

Dahlia Cross applauds from ringside, nodding approvingly.

Across the ring, Oscuro II grips the top rope, watching — waiting — patient.

Selena pulls Oscuro I up for another maneuver —

But Oscuro suddenly drives her backward into the corner.

Hard.

Rosa reaches for the tag —

Oscuro lunges — stretches —

TAG!

The crowd erupts as Oscuro II vaults into the ring.

John Phillips: "The other half is in!"

Mark Bravo: "Now the tempo changes."

Oscuro II charges — spinning elbow to Rosa — knocking her off the apron.

Selena staggers out of the corner —

Oscuro II scoops her — sidewalk slam.

He hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Selena kicks out.

John Phillips: "The champions survive!"

The Pearl Theater is fully engaged now — chants breaking out.

This is no longer tense.

This is escalating.

Selena Vex rolls to her side after the kickout, breathing hard. Oscuro II rises slowly, head tilting as he studies her like prey calculating its next strike.

John Phillips: "Selena just survived, but I don't know how much she has left."

Mark Bravo: "That was inches from new champions."

Oscuro II pulls Selena up by the wrist — Irish whip — she rebounds —

She ducks a lariat.

Springboards off the middle rope — flying crossbody!

Both crash to the mat.

John Phillips: "Incredible athleticism from Selena Vex!"

Selena crawls — reaching — desperate.

Rosa is back on the apron now, holding the tag rope, shouting.

Dahlia Cross (ringside): "Get up! Get up!"

Oscuro II begins to rise as well.

Selena lunges—

TAG!

Rosa Delgado explodes into the ring.

Running knee to Oscuro II.

Spinning back elbow.

Low sweep to take him off his feet.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado cleaning house!"

Mark Bravo: "She's moving like a bullet right now!"

Oscuro I steps through the ropes to intervene—

Selena cuts him off with a running dropkick, sending him tumbling back outside.

The crowd roars.

Rosa grabs Oscuro II — hooks him — snap brainbuster!

She stacks the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

Oscuro I dives in and breaks it up.

John Phillips: "Broken up at the last second!"

Mark Bravo: "That was three! That had to be three!"

The referee begins trying to restore order.

All four competitors are in the ring now.

Selena and Oscuro I trade strikes.

Rosa and Oscuro II exchange forearms in the center.

The pace is frantic.

John Phillips: "This is breaking down!"

Mark Bravo: "Main event chaos!"

Outside the ring — Madman Szalinski inches closer, eyes wide, whispering.

Dahlia Cross circles to the opposite side — calculating — watching for an opening.

Oscuro I launches Selena over the top rope — she crashes onto the apron and tumbles to the floor.

Inside the ring — Rosa ducks a strike and shoves Oscuro II toward the ropes.

He rebounds — she leaps for a cutter —

He shoves her off —

She crashes chest-first into the turnbuckle.

Oscuro II steps back... measuring.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Something big is coming!"

Dahlia suddenly hops onto the apron, yelling at the referee.

Dahlia Cross: "Watch him! He's choking her!"

The referee turns to argue with Dahlia.

On the opposite side — Madman Szalinski pounds the mat wildly, urging his team forward.

Mark Bravo: "Managers are getting involved!"

Oscuro I slides back into the ring.

He and Oscuro II lift Rosa together — double-team powerbomb!

The crowd gasps.

John Phillips: "Massive impact!"

Selena scrambles back into the ring —

Oscuro I intercepts her with a brutal knee strike.

Both champions are down.

Oscuro II hooks Rosa's leg.

The referee turns back just in time.

ONE!

TWO!

Selena dives — breaking it up at the last possible second.

John Phillips: "The champions survive again!"

Mark Bravo: "This is unbelievable!"

All four competitors are down now.

The crowd is on their feet.

The tension is unbearable.

All four competitors are down.

The Pearl Theater is on its feet, buzzing, roaring, living and dying with every movement inside the ring.

John Phillips: "This is what a main event looks like!"

Mark Bravo: "Nobody has anything left!"

Rosa Delgado rolls to her stomach first, dragging herself toward Selena.

Across from them, Oscuro I pushes up to one knee. Oscuro II rises beside him.

The Fantasma's lock eyes.

Silent understanding.

Oscuro I grabs Rosa by the wrist — pulling her upright.

Oscuro II turns toward Selena — lifting her off the mat.

Simultaneously — they whip both women into opposite corners.

Rosa hits hard.

Selena collapses to a seated position.

John Phillips: "The challengers are lining something up!"

Oscuro II charges first — crushing running knee into Rosa's midsection in the corner.

Oscuro I follows on the opposite side — driving a thunderous forearm into Selena.

The crowd explodes.

Mark Bravo: "They're dismantling them!"

Rosa stumbles forward out of the corner — dazed.

Oscuro I lifts her — hoists her onto his shoulders.

Oscuro II hits the ropes — rebounds —

DOUBLE TEAM — elevated cutter off the shoulders!

The impact shakes the ring.

John Phillips: "WHAT A COMBINATION!"

Selena rushes forward — desperate — swinging wildly.

Oscuro II ducks.

Oscuro I grabs her from behind —

German suplex — bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

Selena kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "How is she still in this?!"

Outside the ring, Dahlia Cross jumps onto the apron again, shouting frantically.

Dahlia Cross: "Finish them! Don't let them regroup!"

Madman Szalinski claps wildly, laughing.

Madman Szalinski: "Yes! Yes! The shadows close in!"

Oscuro II drags Rosa back to the center of the ring.

Oscuro I positions Selena on her knees beside her partner.

The Fantasma step back... synchronized.

John Phillips: "No... no..."

They charge forward together —

DOUBLE RUNNING KNEE STRIKES — one to each champion.

Both Rosa and Selena collapse flat to the canvas.

The arena explodes.

Oscuro I hooks Selena's leg.

Oscuro II hooks Rosa's.

The referee drops to count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

John Phillips: "IT'S OVER! WE HAVE NEW CHAMPIONS!"

Mark Bravo: "El Fantasma have reclaimed the UTA Tag Team Championships!"

The crowd roars as the referee hands the titles to Oscuro I and Oscuro II.

The Fantasma stand in the center of the ring, holding the championships high.

Madman Szalinski slides into the ring, raising his arms, eyes wide, almost trembling with satisfaction.

John Phillips: "The haunting is complete."

Mark Bravo: "And The Empire just lost control."

Dahlia Cross helps Selena and Rosa retreat from the ring, furious, stunned, regrouping at the ramp.

Inside the ring, under the crimson lights, El Fantasma stand tall once again — champions.

The main event ends with gold in the shadows.

Fade out.

Conclusion

CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite