

Jackpot: 02.27.2026

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
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Preview

The Las Vegas Residency carries on in the go-home show for No Love Lost. With only two matches announced for the PLE so far, Jackpot is set to be a big night for the UTA Universe.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen fades in from black. A slow aerial shot of the Las Vegas Strip glows beneath the desert night, neon lights pulsing like a heartbeat in the darkness. The camera sweeps toward the Palms Casino and Resort — the now-familiar home of the United Toughness Alliance's Las Vegas Residency. A low rumble of anticipation builds under the soundscape.

Inside the Pearl Theater, the crowd is already alive — thousands on their feet, signs waving, camera flashes sparkling across the arena like stars. The lighting rig circles the packed house before bursting into motion as the UTA theme hits hard. Pyro erupts across the stage in gold and crimson, smoke curling upward as the roar of the UTA Universe shakes the building.

John Phillips: Welcome... to JACKPOT!

Mark Bravo: Ohhh listen to this place, John! Vegas is HOT tonight!

John Phillips: We are live from the Pearl Theater inside the Palms Casino and Resort in Las Vegas, Nevada, and tonight... everything changes. This is the go-home show for No Love Lost — and the stakes could not be higher.

Mark Bravo: You can feel it, man. The tension, the pressure, the electricity. Everybody wants momentum heading into No Love Lost, and tonight is the last chance to grab it.

John Phillips: Only two matches have been officially announced for the Premium Live Event so far... which means tonight could reshape the entire landscape of the United Toughness Alliance.

The camera cuts across the crowd — fans chanting, waving signs for Maxx Mayhem, Tyger II, Valentina Blaze, and more.

John Phillips: Let's talk about what we have in store tonight.

Mark Bravo: Oh, it's STACKED.

John Phillips: Maxx Mayhem goes one-on-one with Dante Rivera. Rivera has heart, no question... but stepping into the ring with Maxx Mayhem is like stepping into a hurricane.

Mark Bravo: Rivera better have a survival plan, because Mayhem doesn't wrestle matches — he creates disasters.

John Phillips: Troy Lindz returns to singles competition against Kairo Bex. Lindz says they're rebuilt, refocused... reborn.

Mark Bravo: And Bex is still searching for his moment. Tonight could be it — or it could be a long night for the young man.

John Phillips: Legacy meets darkness when Tyger II collides with Kaine. Two completely different forces... one ring.

Mark Bravo: That one gives me chills, John. Tyger II is precision and discipline... Kaine is something else entirely.

John Phillips: Tag Team action will see Trey Mack and Clovis Black — Mack & Black — return to face the Rich Young GRAPLRZ.

Mark Bravo: Mack & Black always bring chaos, always bring intensity. The GRAPLRZ better be ready for a fight.

John Phillips: And in our main event... the UTA Women's United States Championship will be on the line as Valentina Blaze defends against Shannon Ray.

The crowd reacts loudly at the mention of the championship.

Mark Bravo: That is HUGE. Valentina Blaze has been unstoppable lately... but Shannon Ray has been waiting for this opportunity.

John Phillips: Momentum... pride... championship gold... and the shadow of No Love Lost looming over everything.

Mark Bravo: You don't want to blink tonight, folks. Anything can happen — and usually does — on Jackpot.

John Phillips: The road to No Love Lost reaches its final stop... and it begins... right now.

The camera cuts to the stage as the arena lights dim slightly, signaling the beginning of the first match presentation.

Maxx Mayhem vs. Dante Rivera

Match

The arena lights dim slightly, shifting from bright gold into a deeper, focused glow. The energy inside the Pearl Theater hums — anticipation building as the first contest of the night is about to begin.

John Phillips: Here we go — opening contest of the night, and what a way to start. Dante Rivera takes on Maxx Mayhem.

Mark Bravo: Talk about a contrast in styles, John. Rivera fights with heart. Mayhem fights with... whatever's broken and nearby.

A single guitar note cuts through the arena.

Then—

“Rise Today” by Alter Bridge erupts from the speakers.

The crowd instantly comes alive.

Dante Rivera bursts through the curtain — full of fire, full of energy — slapping hands with fans on both sides of the ramp as he moves forward with purpose.

John Phillips: Listen to this reaction! Dante Rivera always brings the people with him.

Mark Bravo: That's because they believe in him. Underdog. Second-generation. Heart-on-the-sleeve kind of fighter.

Rivera continues down the ramp, connecting with the crowd — pointing to fans, nodding, feeding off their energy — before reaching ringside.

He climbs onto the apron in one smooth motion... pauses... then looks upward toward the arena lights.

His hand rises... pointing toward the sky — a quiet tribute to his family legacy.

John Phillips: That moment right there — that's bigger than wrestling for Dante Rivera.

Mark Bravo: Yeah... but tonight he's got a storm waiting on him. Maxx Mayhem doesn't care about legacy — he cares about chaos.

Rivera steps through the ropes and moves toward the center of the ring, bouncing lightly on the balls of his feet, focused but fired up. The crowd continues to rally behind him.

John Phillips: Dante Rivera knows what this opportunity means. A win tonight — especially over someone like Maxx Mayhem — could change everything heading into No Love Lost.

Mark Bravo: Or it could be the beginning of a very painful night.

Rivera backs into his corner, eyes now shifting toward the entrance — waiting.

The atmosphere tightens.

The lights inside the Pearl Theater flicker once.

Then again.

A distorted burst of static rips through the speakers, followed by the sharp, wailing cry of a siren.

Mark Bravo: Oh no...

John Phillips: You know what that means.

The opening riff of "Holiday" by Green Day explodes through the arena — loud, chaotic, reckless.

White strobes flash rapidly across the stage as smoke bursts outward.

Then—

Maxx Mayhem launches through the curtain.

Wild-eyed. Crooked grin stretched across his face. A trash can lid clutched in one hand.

Mark Bravo: The Mayhem Machine has arrived!

John Phillips: And he looks exactly like you'd expect — completely unhinged.

Mayhem doesn't walk — he stomps forward, dragging the edge of the trash can lid along the ramp, the metal screeching loudly as sparks threaten to fly.

He suddenly stops mid-ramp... turns toward the hard camera... and licks the lens.

Mark Bravo: Why does he do that?!

John Phillips: I don't have an answer for you.

Mayhem bursts into laughter — high-pitched and manic — before pointing directly at Dante Rivera inside the ring.

He begins mock clapping slowly... exaggerated... sarcastic.

Maxx Mayhem (shouting toward the ring): Awwww, look at the hero!

The crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and laughter.

Mayhem suddenly sprints the rest of the way down the ramp, sliding under the bottom rope and popping to his feet in one chaotic motion.

He immediately climbs the nearest turnbuckle — standing tall — holding the trash can lid above his head like a championship.

Mark Bravo: He brought hardware, John.

John Phillips: The referee is already warning him — this is a standard singles match. No additional stipulations.

The referee approaches and demands the trash can lid.

Mayhem clutches it tighter... shakes his head dramatically... then suddenly kisses it before reluctantly handing it over.

Maxx Mayhem: Take care of her.

The referee hands the lid to a ringside official while Mayhem hops down and begins pacing wildly around the ring.

He bounces off the ropes once... twice... then suddenly drops to the mat and rolls under the bottom rope — popping back up behind Dante Rivera with a loud “BOO!”

Mark Bravo: He’s already playing games.

John Phillips: Rivera can’t let that get in his head.

Dante Rivera doesn’t flinch. He steps forward, calm but focused, eyes locked on Mayhem.

Mayhem tilts his head... grins wider... then spreads his arms.

Maxx Mayhem: Let’s make some mayhem!

The referee steps between them, forcing separation as the music fades out.

John Phillips: Passion versus chaos. Heart versus disorder. This is how we’re starting Jackpot.

Mark Bravo: Rivera fights for legacy. Mayhem fights for laughs and broken furniture.

The referee looks to both men... checks their corners... and signals for the bell.

DING DING!

The bell echoes through the Pearl Theater as the crowd settles into a buzz of anticipation. Dante Rivera steps forward first — composed, measured, eyes locked on Maxx Mayhem. Across from him, Mayhem sways slightly, shoulders loose, grin crooked, bouncing in place like a man who might explode at any second.

John Phillips: Here we go. Dante Rivera looking to keep this grounded — traditional wrestling approach.

Mark Bravo: Good luck with that. You can’t wrestle chaos, John.

Rivera raises his hands, circling slowly. Classic stance. Respectful distance. He gestures forward — inviting the tie-up.

Mayhem mirrors him... sort of.

He circles wildly... then suddenly drops to the mat and rolls away laughing.

Mark Bravo: See? Already nonsense.

Rivera exhales, resetting, refusing to bite. He steps forward again, reaching for a collar-and-elbow tie-up.

This time Mayhem engages — quick — sudden — locking up.

Rivera transitions smoothly, taking control with a standing side headlock — textbook form — grounding the match immediately.

John Phillips: Beautiful technique from Rivera — slowing the pace, forcing Mayhem into structure.

Mayhem grimaces... then suddenly bites Rivera’s shoulder.

John Phillips: Oh come on!

Mark Bravo: That’s one way out of a headlock!

The referee immediately steps in, warning Mayhem. Rivera recoils, clutching his shoulder — shocked more than hurt.

Mayhem raises both hands innocently... then sticks his tongue out at the referee.

Maxx Mayhem: Tasted like hero.

The crowd laughs. Rivera does not.

Rivera steps back in — focused now — locking up again, this time transitioning quickly into a wrist control, twisting the arm behind Mayhem's back.

John Phillips: Rivera staying disciplined.

Mayhem hops... twists... suddenly flips forward — rolling out of the hold — then immediately pokes Rivera in the eyes.

Mark Bravo: There it is.

John Phillips: That is NOT how a wrestling match is supposed to start!

Rivera stumbles backward, vision blurred. Mayhem charges — wild forearm smash — sending Rivera into the ropes.

Rivera rebounds — Mayhem swings wildly again — Rivera ducks — rebounds again — flying forearm smash connects flush.

John Phillips: Rivera answers with speed!

Mayhem drops — rolls — pops back up laughing.

Maxx Mayhem: Again!

Rivera shakes his head, resetting, trying to regain control. He steps in and hooks Mayhem clean — tilt-a-whirl — backbreaker.

John Phillips: That's wrestling right there!

Mayhem arches in pain — then laughs through it — slapping the mat wildly.

Mark Bravo: I don't think pain works on this guy.

Rivera pulls him up — Irish whip — Mayhem rebounds — Rivera leapfrogs — Mayhem suddenly stops mid-ring.

Rivera turns—

Mayhem sprays imaginary mist into his face.

Mark Bravo: ...What?

Rivera hesitates — confused — Mayhem explodes forward with a running discus elbow that rocks him.

John Phillips: Distraction into impact — that's Mayhem's world!

Rivera staggers into the corner. Mayhem charges — running shoulder smash into the turnbuckles — then begins unloading wild strikes, mixing punches with slaps and mock applause.

Maxx Mayhem: WRESTLE ME! WRESTLE ME!

Rivera shoves him off and fires a sharp enzuigiri — Mayhem drops to one knee.

John Phillips: Rivera refusing to lose control!

Rivera hits the ropes — slingshot crossbody — connects.

Cover.

ONE!

Mayhem kicks out instantly — rolling sideways and laughing again.

Mark Bravo: This is not a normal match, John.

John Phillips: And Dante Rivera is learning that very quickly.

Rivera rises, breathing steady, eyes locked, realizing now — this will not be a wrestling match.

This will be survival.

Dante Rivera rises slowly, resetting his stance — but the rhythm of the match has changed. Across from him, Maxx Mayhem is no longer circling... no longer playing. He's pacing. Twitching. Eyes wide. Smiling.

John Phillips: You can feel the shift. This is no longer Dante's kind of match.

Mark Bravo: No — this is where Mayhem lives.

Mayhem suddenly lunges forward — no tie-up — no structure — just a wild swinging forearm. Rivera blocks, but Mayhem keeps coming — another forearm — then a clubbing blow to the back — then a shove that sends Rivera stumbling into the ropes.

John Phillips: Pure brawling now!

Rivera tries to reset — stepping forward to re-engage technically — but Mayhem rakes the eyes again, drawing a warning from the referee.

Mark Bravo: He's not trying to win pretty — he's trying to win messy.

Mayhem grabs Rivera by the head and hurls him through the ropes — Rivera crashes onto the apron, barely hanging on.

Mayhem hits the ropes — charges — shoulder blasts Rivera off the apron and down to the floor.

John Phillips: Rivera hits hard on the outside!

The referee immediately begins the count as Mayhem rolls out after him, ignoring the official entirely.

Mark Bravo: This is where Rivera is in real danger.

Mayhem stalks Rivera, who is pushing himself up near the barricade. Mayhem grabs him — SMASHES his head against the steel railing — once — twice — then mockingly dusts off his hands.

Maxx Mayhem: Ring's overrated!

Rivera fires back — sharp right hand — then another — fighting through the chaos — refusing to fold. The crowd rallies loudly.

John Phillips: Rivera answering back with heart!

Rivera hooks Mayhem — snap powerslam onto the thin ringside padding.

Mark Bravo: That shook both men!

The referee's count continues climbing.

Referee: FIVE! ... SIX!

Rivera pulls Mayhem up, trying to return this to the ring — but Mayhem suddenly drives a knee into Rivera's ribs, then whips him spine-first into the ring apron.

John Phillips: That is the hardest part of the ring!

Rivera collapses to one knee, gasping.

Mayhem grabs him — dragging him toward the steel steps — but Rivera explodes with a sudden enzuigiri, stunning Mayhem.

Mark Bravo: Rivera is surviving!

Rivera grabs Mayhem and rolls him back into the ring just before the count reaches eight.

Rivera climbs to the apron... takes a breath... then springboards — flying crossbody connects clean.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Mayhem kicks out — but slower this time.

John Phillips: That was close!

Mark Bravo: Rivera's adapting. He's learning how to fight chaos.

Rivera rises, fired up now, feeding off the crowd. He pulls Mayhem up — looking for momentum — but Mayhem suddenly headbutts him — then laughs — then unloads with wild punches again, dragging the fight right back into disorder.

John Phillips: And just like that — chaos again!

Both men are trading now — structure gone — survival mode taking over.

The fight is escalating.

Both men are on their feet — trading in the center of the ring. Dante Rivera's strikes are tight, disciplined. Maxx Mayhem's are wild, reckless, unpredictable. The contrast is unmistakable.

John Phillips: Rivera is fighting to bring this back under control.

Mark Bravo: And Mayhem is fighting to make sure that never happens.

Mayhem swings — Rivera ducks — fires a sharp forearm. Mayhem stumbles. Rivera follows — another forearm — then a snap kick to the midsection.

Rivera hits the ropes — rebounds — running enzuigiri connects clean to the side of Mayhem's head.

John Phillips: That rocked him!

Mayhem drops to one knee — blinking — trying to reset — but Rivera doesn't give him space.

Rivera pulls him up — Irish whip — rebound — tilt-a-whirl backbreaker lands perfectly.

Mark Bravo: That's Dante Rivera wrestling his match!

The crowd begins to rally loudly — clapping — chanting — feeding Rivera's momentum.

Crowd: RI-VER-A! RI-VER-A! RI-VER-A!

Rivera feeds off it — nodding — energy building — comeback igniting.

John Phillips: Here comes Rivera's surge!

Mayhem staggers to his feet — Rivera charges — flying forearm smash drops him flat.

Rivera doesn't stop — he hits the ropes — rolling thunder legdrop across Mayhem's chest.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Mayhem kicks out — barely.

Mark Bravo: That was close.

Rivera exhales — focused — knowing he's close. He pulls Mayhem up — setting for something bigger — whip toward the ropes — preparing for his signature rebound setup.

But Mayhem suddenly collapses dead weight, rolling out under the bottom rope to the floor.

Mark Bravo: Oh come on.

John Phillips: Mayhem buying time.

Mayhem staggers along ringside, clutching his ribs, shaking his head — laughing weakly — trying to recover.

Rivera watches... then decides — he won't let him escape.

Rivera hits the ropes — builds speed — launches through the ropes with a suicide dive — CRASH into Mayhem at ringside.

John Phillips: Rivera takes him out!

Mark Bravo: That was desperation and heart!

Both men crash hard into the barricade — crowd erupting — momentum fully swinging toward Rivera.

Rivera slowly pulls himself up — breathing heavy — adrenaline surging — dragging Mayhem back toward the ring.

He rolls Mayhem inside... climbs onto the apron... preparing to strike again.

Rivera springboards —

Mayhem suddenly hurls himself forward — mid-air collision — brutal shoulder smash catching Rivera out of the sky.

John Phillips: He cut him off!

Mark Bravo: That was ugly!

Rivera crashes hard to the mat — momentum halted instantly.

Mayhem crawls toward him... laughing... eyes wild again.

Maxx Mayhem (breathing heavy): Told ya... chaos wins.

He pulls Rivera up violently — driving him into the corner — unloading wild strikes — fists, forearms, slaps — dragging the match back into madness once more.

John Phillips: Rivera had control — and just like that — Mayhem shattered it.

Maxx Mayhem is unloading in the corner — wild, reckless, relentless. Dante Rivera is absorbing the blows, arms up, trying to weather the storm — trying to survive the chaos.

John Phillips: Mayhem is trying to overwhelm him now.

Mark Bravo: This is where matches fall apart. You either break... or you push back.

Mayhem grabs Rivera by the head — attempting to slam him face-first into the turnbuckle — but Rivera blocks, planting his foot.

Rivera fires a sharp elbow backward — then another — creating space.

John Phillips: Rivera fighting out!

Rivera spins — fires a forearm — Mayhem answers with one of his own — both men stagger but stay upright.

Rivera swings again — Mayhem ducks — snap DDT plants Rivera hard into the mat.

Mark Bravo: That was sudden!

Mayhem rolls onto his knees — breathing heavy — shaking his head wildly — then suddenly slaps himself across the face twice, trying to wake himself up.

Maxx Mayhem: STAY CRAZY!

The crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and disbelief.

Rivera slowly pushes up to his hands and knees — dazed but fighting. Mayhem grabs him — pulls him up — swinging neckbreaker — connects.

John Phillips: Mayhem chaining offense together now!

Mayhem crawls into a loose cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Rivera kicks out — strong.

Mark Bravo: Rivera's still got fight.

Mayhem nods slowly... then suddenly grins.

He pulls Rivera up again — whipping him toward the ropes — but Rivera reverses — Mayhem rebounds — Rivera leapfrogs — Mayhem stops short — Rivera turns —

Dropkick into the corner connects clean.

John Phillips: Rivera finding timing again!

Rivera charges — standing moonsault — lands across Mayhem's chest.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Mayhem kicks out — but slower.

Mark Bravo: That took something out of him.

Rivera sits up — breathing hard — sweat dripping — but determination in his eyes. The crowd begins rallying again.

Crowd: RI-VER-A! RI-VER-A! RI-VER-A!

Rivera pulls Mayhem up — forearm strike — another — another — building momentum — backing Mayhem toward the ropes.

He whips Mayhem — rebound — flying forearm smash drops him again.

John Phillips: Rivera surging again!

Rivera signals — the crowd rises — sensing something big. He drags Mayhem toward position — preparing for his

finisher setup.

But Mayhem suddenly grabs the referee's shirt — pulling him into the path.

John Phillips: Oh no!

Rivera halts instantly — refusing to strike — and that hesitation is enough.

Mayhem lunges forward — eye rake — then a wild discus elbow that drops Rivera.

Mark Bravo: Opportunistic chaos!

Mayhem laughs again — crawling toward Rivera — but slower now — both men exhausted — both damaged.

He pulls Rivera up — looking for something bigger — but Rivera suddenly fires a desperation enzuigiri that rocks Mayhem again.

John Phillips: Neither man can keep the other down!

Both stagger.

Both breathing heavy.

Both refusing to fall.

The crowd is fully invested now.

Mark Bravo: This has turned into a fight of will.

John Phillips: And neither man is giving in.

Both men stagger in the center of the ring — exhausted, breathing heavy, sweat pouring — but neither willing to stay down. The Pearl Theater is alive, the crowd fully locked into the struggle unfolding before them.

John Phillips: This has become a war of endurance.

Mark Bravo: No structure left, no rhythm — just survival.

Dante Rivera steps forward first — firing a forearm. Maxx Mayhem answers with one of his own. Rivera again — Mayhem again — back and forth — neither backing down.

The strikes grow heavier.

Harder.

Louder.

Crowd: YEAH! ... YEAH! ... YEAH!

Rivera swings — Mayhem ducks — hooks — snap suplex — floats over into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Rivera kicks out.

Mark Bravo: That was close!

Mayhem pounds the mat in frustration — then suddenly laughs again, shaking his head like the whole thing is a game.

He pulls Rivera up — lifts — attempting a powerbomb — but Rivera slips out — lands behind — rolling schoolboy.

ONE!

TWO!

Mayhem kicks out — both men scramble to their feet.

John Phillips: Rivera almost stole it!

Rivera charges — Mayhem counters with a sudden spinning back elbow — staggering Rivera — then grabs him — swinging sidewalk slam.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Rivera kicks out again.

Mark Bravo: How is he still kicking out?

Mayhem sits up — eyes wide — breathing heavy — clearly feeling the toll now.

He slaps the mat — once — twice — then pulls Rivera up again, looking for something bigger — something definitive.

He hooks Rivera — attempts a lifting facebuster — but Rivera blocks — fires rapid body shots — breaks free — then hits the ropes.

Rebound — springboard — flying forearm smash — connects flush.

John Phillips: Rivera again!

Mayhem collapses — Rivera immediately climbs — top rope — crowd rising — breath held.

Mark Bravo: This could be it!

Rivera launches — diving crossbody — connects.

Hook of the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Mayhem barely kicks out — shoulder up at the last possible moment.

John Phillips: That was inches from over!

Mark Bravo: Rivera threw everything into that!

Rivera sits up — disbelief flashing across his face — knowing how close he just was.

He pulls Mayhem up again — signaling now — setting the stage — the crowd rising once more.

John Phillips: Rivera looking for the Borderline Breaker!

Rivera positions — hooks — begins the lift —

Mayhem suddenly bites his hand.

John Phillips: Oh come on!

Rivera recoils — Mayhem explodes forward — brutal running clothesline flips Rivera inside out.

Mark Bravo: Chaos answers again!

Both men collapse — bodies spent — neither moving for a moment as the crowd roars.

John Phillips: This match has reached its breaking point.

Mark Bravo: And someone is about to snap.

Both men lie on the mat, chests heaving, the crowd buzzing with anticipation. Slowly... painfully... Dante Rivera begins to stir first, pulling himself up using the ropes. Across from him, Maxx Mayhem rolls onto his back — then sits up suddenly, eyes wide, grin slowly creeping back across his face.

John Phillips: Whoever hits first may walk out of here with it.

Mark Bravo: This has been a fight, John. No other way to say it.

Rivera steps forward, still determined — still composed despite the war. He throws a forearm. Mayhem fires one back. Rivera again. Mayhem again. The crowd rises as the exchange grows louder, heavier, desperate.

Rivera ducks a wild swing — hooks Mayhem — tilt — setting for the Borderline Breaker —

John Phillips: Rivera's got him!

Mayhem suddenly rakes the eyes — unseen by the referee from the far angle.

John Phillips: Oh no—

Rivera stumbles blindly forward — Mayhem spins —

MAXXIMUM CARNAGE! (Spinning lifting facebuster) drives Rivera violently into the mat.

Mark Bravo: He got ALL of it!

Mayhem hooks the leg — deep — pressing down with everything he has left.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The bell rings as the crowd erupts — mixed reaction — shock, cheers, groans.

John Phillips: Maxx Mayhem steals it!

Mark Bravo: He said chaos wins — and tonight, it did.

Mayhem rolls off Rivera, breathing heavy, laughing weakly to himself as he stares up at the arena lights.

Dante Rivera lies still, exhausted, beaten but not broken.

Mayhem slowly sits up — wiping sweat from his face — then suddenly throws both arms into the air, cackling.

Mark Bravo: Listen to him... he's proud of this mess.

Mayhem crawls toward Rivera... nudges him with his boot.

Maxx Mayhem: Good fight, hero... real good fight.

The crowd begins to rally behind Rivera as he slowly rolls onto his side, trying to recover.

John Phillips: Dante Rivera gave everything tonight. Absolutely everything.

Mayhem backs toward the ropes — laughing — then suddenly rolls out of the ring, grabbing his discarded trash can lid from ringside.

He raises it high like a trophy — soaking in the chaos — before backing up the ramp, still laughing, still unhinged.

Mark Bravo: Mayhem walks out with momentum heading into No Love Lost.

John Phillips: But Rivera proved tonight — heart can stand toe-to-toe with chaos.

Inside the ring, Rivera pulls himself up using the ropes — the crowd applauding his effort.

The camera lingers on him for a moment... battered... breathing heavy... but standing.

The road to No Love Lost continues.

Continue the Build

Segment

Black screen.

No crowd. No arena noise. Just a faint hum — distant, controlled — like breath inside a quiet room.

Fade in.

A dim training space somewhere inside the Pearl Theater. Concrete walls. Low lighting. No spectacle. No performance. Just preparation.

Troy Lindz sits on a bench, hands taped, elbows resting on their knees. Focused. Breathing slow. Measured.

Standing a few feet away — calm, composed, hands folded behind his back — is Eli Creed.

He watches. Observes. Teaches.

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

Troy doesn't look up — but they're listening.

Eli Creed: Last week was not victory.

Eli Creed: It was confirmation.

Eli Creed: You applied pressure... and something changed.

A pause.

Eli Creed: Break... was necessary.

Eli Creed: Bend... was survival.

Eli Creed: And now...

Eli Creed: We continue to build.

Troy finally lifts their head. Eyes clear. Focused. Calm.

Troy Lindz: I don't feel finished.

Eli Creed: Good.

Eli Creed: Finished means comfortable.

Eli Creed: Comfortable means stagnant.

Eli slowly begins pacing — not dramatic — measured, deliberate.

Eli Creed: Tonight... you face something new.

Eli Creed: Kairo Bex.

Troy's jaw tightens slightly.

Eli Creed: Young. Fast. Hungry.

Eli Creed: And tonight... this is his home.

Cut briefly — flashes of the Pearl Theater crowd earlier — signs, cheers, anticipation — then back to the quiet room.

Eli Creed: The noise will belong to him.

Eli Creed: The emotion will belong to him.

Eli Creed: The distraction... will try to belong to you.

Eli stops — now standing directly in front of Troy.

Eli Creed: But rebuilding requires discipline.

Eli Creed: Not contempt.

Eli Creed: Not emotion.

Eli Creed: Progress.

Troy stands slowly — calm, centered — no hesitation.

Troy Lindz: Then I stay focused.

Eli Creed: Yes.

Eli Creed: Because this isn't about him.

Eli Creed: This is about... what you are becoming.

A long beat.

Eli places a light hand on Troy's shoulder — not forceful — guiding.

Eli Creed: One step at a time.

Eli Creed: Continue the build.

Troy nods once.

Troy Lindz: Break.

Eli Creed: Bend.

Troy Lindz & Eli Creed (quietly, together): Build.

Fade to black.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

UP NEXT — TROY LINDZ vs KAIRO BEX

Simple Game Plan

Segment

Backstage. The camera fades in to the interview area. Melissa Cartwright stands composed, microphone in hand. Behind her, the lighting is slightly dimmer than usual — the atmosphere heavier.

To her right stands Trey Mack. No bounce tonight. No playful looseness. He's calm... but coiled.

Behind him, towering and silent, is Clovis Black. Arms at his sides. Eyes forward. A statue carved from threat.

Melissa Cartwright: "Trey, last week inside that steel cage you and Clovis went to war with Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem. You came up short in the end. After everything that happened — the weapons, the blood, the chaos — how are you processing that loss?"

Trey lets out a slow breath through his nose. No frustration. No denial. Just measured energy.

Trey Mack: "See... that right there? That word. Loss."

He shakes his head slightly.

Trey Mack: "Ain't nothin' but a thing."

Trey Mack: "You step into a cage like that? You don't go in askin' for a pretty win. You go in askin' if you left a mark."

He taps his knuckles together slowly.

Trey Mack: "And I did what I came to do. I made impact."

Trey Mack: "Chris Ross still breathin'? Cool. But he ain't walkin' the same."

Behind him, Clovis slightly cracks his neck. The sound is faint... but intentional.

Melissa Cartwright: "Chris Ross shoved Maxx Mayhem after the bell. There's tension there. Does that change anything for you? Do you see opportunity?"

Trey smirks.

Trey Mack: "Oh, I see everything."

Trey Mack: "When pressure hits? People show you who they really are."

Trey Mack: "Ross ain't got friends. Mayhem ain't got loyalty. That ain't my concern."

Trey Mack: "My concern is momentum."

He leans slightly closer to the camera.

Trey Mack: "And momentum don't come from feelin' sorry for yourself."

Trey Mack: "You don't sit in regret. You don't sit in contempt."

Trey Mack: "You continue."

Melissa nods, pivoting.

Melissa Cartwright: "Tonight you and Clovis face the Rich Young GRPPLRZ in tag action. A fast-paced, highly energetic team. After the punishment you took last week, is this the right time for that kind of matchup?"

Trey rolls his shoulders slowly — a faint grin returning.

Trey Mack: "That's exactly the right time."

Trey Mack: "See, them Rich Young boys? They quick. They flashy. They wanna run."

Trey Mack: "That's cute."

He cracks his knuckles.

Trey Mack: "But when I hit the gas? Everybody feels it."

He points subtly toward his chest.

Trey Mack: "That's the Mack Attack."

Clovis shifts forward just slightly. His shadow almost swallowing Trey from behind.

Melissa Cartwright: "And Clovis? What role does he play tonight?"

Trey doesn't even look back.

Trey Mack: "Clovis don't talk."

Trey Mack: "Clovis ends conversations."

Clovis' jaw tightens. Eyes unblinking.

Trey Mack: "Game plan's simple."

Trey Mack: "We build speed..."

Trey Mack: "We collide..."

Trey Mack: "And we leave somebody laying so they remember this night when they try to breathe."

Melissa takes a half step back — not fear, but awareness.

Melissa Cartwright: "So no distractions. No looking back."

Trey Mack: "Forward only."

He looks directly into the lens now.

Trey Mack: "Impact over outcome."

Trey Mack: "Always."

Trey turns and walks off frame, boots heavy against the floor.

Clovis lingers for a moment longer... staring directly into the camera.

Then he turns and follows.

The screen fades.

Troy Lindz vs. Kairo Bex

Match

The arena lights dim slowly, the buzz inside the Pearl Theater already alive with anticipation. A low electric hum rolls through the crowd — not loud, but building — like the city itself is waking up under neon skies.

Then — a pulse.

Blue light flickers across the stage.

Pink follows.

White strobes snap in rhythm with a crisp, bass-heavy beat.

John Phillips: "Listen to this place... they know exactly who's about to walk through that curtain."

Mark Bravo: "Hometown kid, Phillips. Vegas doesn't forget its own."

The opening beat of "Neon Pulse" hits — sharp, clean, electric — and the stage floods in shifting neon color. The crowd rises almost instantly, a wave of sound rolling forward.

Then — he steps through.

Kairo Bex.

He pauses at the top of the ramp, bathed in neon light, shoulders loose, expression calm but focused. No over-the-top theatrics — just presence. The roar grows louder, deeper — pride mixed with expectation.

John Phillips: "Kairo Bex — born right here in Las Vegas — and tonight, he walks out in front of his city once again."

Mark Bravo: "And not the same Kairo we saw months ago. He went toe-to-toe with Tyger II — didn't win, but he earned respect. That matters in this business."

Kairo lifts a hand — not waving, not celebrating — acknowledging. The response is immediate. Fans along the barricade reach out as he begins his walk down the ramp, smooth and rhythmic, gliding more than stepping.

He taps hands. Nods. Points toward the upper deck where the chants are starting to build.

Crowd: "KAI-RO! KAI-RO! KAI-RO!"

John Phillips: "Confidence. Growth. Momentum. Kairo Bex is starting to believe he belongs on this stage."

Mark Bravo: "He's fast, he's fearless, and when this crowd gets behind him? He becomes dangerous."

Kairo reaches ringside and circles the apron once, eyes locked on the ring — focused, calculating. He hops onto the apron in one smooth motion, wipes his boots deliberately, then steps through the ropes.

Inside the ring, he springs once off the ropes — light, balanced — then climbs to the second turnbuckle and throws a sharp salute toward the hard camera.

The Pearl Theater ERUPTS.

Mark Bravo: "You feel that? That's belief, Phillips. That's a city backing its fighter."

John Phillips: "But tonight... he faces something very different."

Kairo drops down, pacing lightly, bouncing on the balls of his feet, shaking out his arms — eyes shifting toward the entrance ramp.

The neon fades.

The mood begins to change.

The hometown energy remains... but something heavier is coming.

The neon glow fades from the arena, replaced by a stark white wash of light. The energy inside the Pearl Theater shifts — not louder, not quieter — just heavier.

A single sustained tone hums through the speakers — low, controlled, almost ceremonial.

John Phillips: "And here comes the guide behind Troy Lindz... Eli Creed."

Mark Bravo: "You don't just face Troy anymore, Phillips. You face the philosophy."

The entrance curtain parts slowly.

Eli Creed steps through.

Dressed in a pristine white suit, untouched and immaculate, he stands still at the top of the ramp — head slightly bowed — eyes calm, calculating.

Then — he raises his arms outward.

Not dramatic. Not exaggerated. Controlled. Purposeful. Evangelical.

White light intensifies behind him, creating a near silhouette — a figure bathed in purity... or control.

John Phillips: "Creed presenting himself like a spiritual leader once again."

Mark Bravo: "And to Troy... that's exactly what he is."

Eli begins walking down the ramp slowly, arms still slightly extended, head turning calmly from side to side — not acknowledging cheers or boos — simply observing.

The crowd reaction is mixed — unease, resistance, tension.

Some boos. Some silence. Some chants beginning for Kairo.

Crowd: "LET'S GO KAIRO!"

Eli stops halfway down the ramp... lowers his arms... and looks toward the ring where Kairo stands ready.

No fear. No urgency. Just belief.

John Phillips: "Creed believes completely in the transformation of Troy Lindz."

Mark Bravo: "And tonight, that belief gets tested against a hometown fighter with momentum."

Eli resumes walking, reaching ringside. He steps onto the apron slowly — then into the ring — calm, composed.

He turns toward the stage... and waits.

Arms lowering to his sides.

The moment stretches.

The tone shifts darker.

The sustained tone cuts.

Silence.

Then — a sharp drum strike.

Another.

Then rhythmic Muay Thai percussion — deep, primal, deliberate.

The lights dim into a darker amber glow — grounded — intense.

John Phillips: "And here comes the rebuilt Troy Lindz."

Mark Bravo: "Not the same fighter we knew. This version... is sharpened."

The curtain parts.

Troy Lindz steps through.

Braided hair tight. Expression cold. Focus absolute.

Their gear — Muay Thai inspired — skirted shorts flowing lightly with movement, sports bra, taped hands and feet — built for striking, for pressure, for damage.

No posing.

No acknowledgment.

Just purpose.

John Phillips: "You can see the transformation. The stance alone — more striking, more Muay Thai influence."

Mark Bravo: "Creed rebuilt them from the ground up."

Troy walks down the ramp with measured steps — shoulders squared — breathing slow — eyes locked on Kairo Bex in the ring.

The crowd begins rallying for Kairo, louder now — pushing back against the presence approaching the ring.

Crowd: "LET'S GO KAIRO!"

Troy never looks away.

They reach ringside. Pause.

Climb the steps slowly.

Step through the ropes.

Eli moves beside them — not speaking — simply present.

Troy rolls their shoulders... lifts their guard slightly... and begins a slow Muay Thai bounce — testing footing, measuring distance, calm and dangerous.

John Phillips: "Focus. Discipline. Control."

Mark Bravo: "And Kairo Bex is about to feel every bit of it."

Across the ring — hometown energy vs rebuilt purpose.

The referee steps in.

The bell is coming.

The referee steps between them one final time, looking at Kairo first — then Troy — then Eli at ringside.

Kairo rolls his neck once, bouncing lightly.

Troy stands still.

No bounce.

No twitch.

Just a measured guard position.

Referee: "Keep it clean. Listen to my instructions."

A nod from Kairo.

A slow blink from Troy.

DING DING.

John Phillips: "And here we go!"

Mark Bravo: "Hometown energy versus cold calculation."

Kairo circles immediately — wide arcs, light feet — cutting angles, testing distance.

Troy barely moves.

Just a half-step pivot.

John Phillips: "Look at the stance difference. Kairo wants movement. Troy wants impact."

Mark Bravo: "And the first mistake decides this kind of fight."

Kairo darts in — quick feint jab — then backs out.

Troy doesn't bite.

Kairo tries again — low kick toward the thigh —

Troy checks it clean.

SMACK.

John Phillips: "Good check!"

Mark Bravo: "That hurts the kicker more than the target."

Kairo resets, nodding slightly to himself.

The crowd begins clapping rhythmically, trying to build tempo.

Crowd: "LET'S GO KAIRO! LET'S GO KAIRO!"

Kairo suddenly bursts forward — quick combination — spinning back kick aimed at the ribs —

Troy absorbs it — barely gives ground — and answers immediately with a brutal inside low kick to Kairo's lead leg.

CRACK.

Kairo: "Ah—!"

John Phillips: "That landed flush!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Muay Thai, Phillips. Chop the tree."

Kairo shakes the leg out, bouncing again, but more cautious now.

He changes approach — darts left — rope rebound — springboard feint — lands behind Troy —

Snap kick to the back of the thigh!

John Phillips: "There's the speed advantage!"

Mark Bravo: "You can't hit what you can't catch."

Kairo hits the ropes again — faster this time — slingshot attempt —

Troy steps forward mid-air — catches him in a Muay Thai clinch as he lands.

John Phillips: "Oh no—"

KNEE.

KNEE.

KNEE.

Kairo's body jolts with each strike.

Mark Bravo: "That's the discipline! No wasted movement!"

Troy releases and sweeps the leg — Kairo crashes to the mat.

The crowd gasps.

John Phillips: "Kairo tried to accelerate — and Troy shut it down immediately."

Troy doesn't rush the cover.

They step back.

Let Kairo rise.

Mark Bravo: "That's psychological. Make him stand back up. Make him feel it."

Kairo pushes to a knee — breath heavier now — eyes locked upward.

He smirks.

Kairo: "You're gonna have to do better than that."

Troy steps forward.

Troy Lindz: "Good."

Low kick to the ribs.

Kairo stumbles sideways — but rebounds off the ropes — sudden basement dropkick to Troy's knee.

John Phillips: "Smart counter!"

Mark Bravo: "Attack the base before it attacks you."

Troy drops to one knee briefly — Kairo sees the opening — runs — tilt-a-whirl headscissors attempt —

Troy plants their feet mid-spin.

Refuses to rotate.

Instead — lifts Kairo straight up —

And dumps him hard with a modified powerbomb.

THUD.

John Phillips: "What strength!"

Mark Bravo: "That's 232 pounds of rebuilt punishment."

Troy finally goes for a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

Kairo kicks out.

John Phillips: "Still alive!"

Mark Bravo: "But he felt that."

Troy rises slowly — calm — measured.

Eli Creed stands outside the ring, hands clasped, watching intently.

Eli Creed (softly): "Pressure creates clarity."

John Phillips: "Creed coaching from ringside."

Mark Bravo: "He doesn't yell. He never yells."

Kairo crawls toward the ropes, pulling himself up.

The crowd starts clapping again, louder now.

Crowd: "KAIRO! KAIRO! KAIRO!"

Troy advances.

Kairo suddenly explodes — spinning back kick to the ribs — snap German suplex — Troy lands hard!

John Phillips: "There it is! That burst offense!"

Mark Bravo: "He strings it together fast — that's his story!"

Kairo hits the ropes — springboard crossbody — connects clean!

The crowd roars.

Kairo hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Troy kicks out with force.

John Phillips: "Near fall!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the first time Troy's had to react."

Kairo rises, adrenaline building, nodding to the crowd.

But Troy is already sitting up.

Already recalibrating.

John Phillips: "The difference here is fascinating. Kairo thrives on rhythm. Troy thrives on breaking it."

Kairo rises, feeding off the crowd — adrenaline high — but across the ring Troy Lindz is already standing. Calm. Still. Watching.

John Phillips: "Kairo got momentum — but look at Troy. No panic. No rush."

Mark Bravo: "They don't chase speed. They remove it."

Kairo darts forward again — quick jab feint — step-in kick —

Troy catches the leg.

And immediately drives a crushing Muay Thai low kick into Kairo's standing leg.

CRACK.

Kairo: "Ah—!"

John Phillips: "That leg again!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not offense — that's erosion."

Troy releases and steps back — forcing Kairo to stand.

Kairo shakes the leg, bouncing — but the bounce isn't the same now.

Eli Creed slowly walks along ringside — hands clasped behind his back — voice calm, almost prayer-like.

Eli Creed (soft, controlled): "Speed fades... structure remains."

John Phillips: "Creed speaking to Troy — but Kairo can hear every word."

Kairo charges anyway — rope rebound — springboard attempt —

Troy steps forward — another low kick — same leg.

CRACK.

Mark Bravo: "Same target. Same damage."

Kairo stumbles — tries to pivot — but his base gives slightly.

Troy closes distance — Muay Thai clinch —

KNEE to thigh.

KNEE to ribs.

KNEE to thigh again.

Kairo's leg visibly buckles.

John Phillips: "This is calculated dismantling!"

Troy sweeps the leg — Kairo crashes down.

Troy doesn't cover.

They grab the leg.

And begin driving short, brutal shin kicks into the hamstring.

THUD.

THUD.

THUD.

Kairo: "Agh—!"

Mark Bravo: "That's surgical."

Eli kneels slightly at ringside now — calm — observant — guiding.

Eli Creed: "Remove the foundation... the structure collapses."

John Phillips: "No interference — but constant influence."

Kairo claws toward the ropes — crowd clapping, urging him on.

Crowd: "KAIRO! KAIRO! KAIRO!"

Troy releases — stands — waits again.

Kairo pulls himself up using the ropes — leg trembling — breathing heavier now.

Troy steps forward — low kick — same leg —

Kairo jumps — catches Troy with an enzuigiri out of desperation.

John Phillips: "He needed that!"

Mark Bravo: "But he had to sacrifice balance to do it."

Troy staggers half a step — not down — but interrupted.

Kairo limps forward — hooks — snap DDT — Troy hits the mat.

John Phillips: "Momentum shift!"

Kairo crawls into the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

Troy kicks out — firm.

Mark Bravo: "Still too early."

Kairo pushes up — adrenaline still there — but the leg damage now visible in every step.

Troy rolls to a knee — breathing slow — focused.

Eli Creed (quiet): "Discipline."

Troy rises.

Kairo tries to run — but his leg gives slightly — and Troy capitalizes instantly —

Brutal inside low kick.

CRACK.

Kairo collapses to one knee.

John Phillips: "That leg may be going!"

Mark Bravo: "And when speed is gone... Kairo's in deep trouble."

Troy steps forward slowly — measuring — stalking — controlling tempo completely now.

The crowd senses danger — rallying harder for Kairo.

Crowd: "LET'S GO KAIRO! LET'S GO KAIRO!"

Kairo looks up — defiant — refusing to stay down.

Kairo (through breath): "Not done..."

Troy nods once.

Troy Lindz: "Good."

They step forward again.

The dissection continues.

Kairo Bex remains on one knee — breathing hard — leg trembling — sweat pouring — but his eyes are still locked forward.

Troy Lindz stalks slowly, calm, methodical, ready to strike again.

John Phillips: "Kairo's in trouble — that leg has taken serious damage."

Mark Bravo: "But look at his face... he's not quitting."

Troy steps in — low kick incoming —

Kairo suddenly catches the leg.

John Phillips: "He caught it!"

Kairo grits his teeth — forces himself upward — driving a desperation forearm into Troy's jaw.

Then another.

Then another.

Crowd: "YEAH! ... YEAH! ... YEAH!"

Kairo releases the leg — limps — but surges forward — spinning back fist connects.

Mark Bravo: "That's pure heart!"

Troy staggers — Kairo hits the ropes — one-legged — but still fast — springboard crossbody — connects.

John Phillips: "Kairo fighting through the pain!"

The Pearl Theater erupts.

Crowd: "KAIRO! KAIRO! KAIRO!"

Kairo pulls himself up using the ropes — feeding off the noise — adrenaline overriding damage.

Troy rises — Kairo explodes forward — running forearm smash — then a snap kick — then a second — then a third.

John Phillips: "He's stringing offense together!"

Mark Bravo: "The hometown energy is carrying him!"

Kairo ducks a strike — hooks — snap suplex — floats into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Troy kicks out — but slower.

John Phillips: "Near fall!"

Kairo pounds the mat once — rallying — crowd rising again.

But outside the ring — Eli Creed stands still — watching — calm — unshaken.

Eli Creed (soft, deliberate): "Pain is temporary. Structure is eternal."

John Phillips: "Creed continuing the psychological pressure."

Kairo hears him.

Just enough distraction.

Just enough doubt.

Kairo charges again —

Troy steps forward — brutal knee strike to the ribs.

THUD.

Kairo doubles over.

Mark Bravo: "And Troy shuts it down again!"

Troy grabs the Muay Thai clinch — drives a knee into the injured thigh —

CRACK.

Kairo collapses to one knee again.

The crowd groans.

Eli Creed: "Break..."

Troy pulls Kairo up — knee to ribs.

Eli Creed: "Bend..."

Troy sweeps the leg — Kairo crashes down.

Eli Creed: "Build."

John Phillips: "Creed guiding every moment!"

Troy grabs the leg again — twisting — grinding — forcing Kairo toward submission territory.

Mark Bravo: "Kairo is running out of time."

Kairo screams — reaching — crawling — fighting — refusing.

The crowd claps louder — faster — stronger.

Crowd: "KAIRO! KAIRO! KAIRO!"

Kairo suddenly rolls — kicks Troy away — desperation mule kick connects — Troy stumbles back.

John Phillips: "He's still alive!"

Kairo pulls himself up — adrenaline surging again — limping badly but standing tall.

Troy resets — calm — composed — stalking again.

Mark Bravo: "This is willpower vs discipline now."

Kairo charges.

Troy advances.

Collision coming.

Kairo Bex limps forward — every step painful — but fueled by the roar of his city. Across from him, Troy Lindz stands calm, measured, ready.

John Phillips: "This is the moment, Mark. Kairo has to capitalize now."

Mark Bravo: "One opening. One burst. That's all he gets."

Kairo explodes forward — sudden spinning heel kick — CONNECTS to Troy's jaw.

CRACK.

Troy staggers — the biggest reaction we've seen from them all match.

John Phillips: "That stunned Troy!"

Kairo pushes through the pain — rope rebound — flying forearm — Troy drops to one knee.

The crowd erupts.

Crowd: "KAIRO! KAIRO! KAIRO!"

Kairo doesn't hesitate — he hooks Troy — struggles — lifts — snap brainbuster — Troy CRASHES into the mat.

John Phillips: "He got it! He got ALL of it!"

Kairo crawls — hooks the leg — deep cover.

ONE!

TWO!

— TROY KICKS OUT AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT —

John Phillips: "NO! SO CLOSE!"

Mark Bravo: "That was inches!"

Kairo sits up — disbelief — exhaustion — but determination burning stronger than ever.

The crowd rises — sensing it.

Crowd: "THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME!"

Kairo drags himself up using the ropes — signals — pointing down — preparing for his finisher.

John Phillips: "Kairo looking to finish this!"

But outside the ring — Eli Creed steps forward slightly — calm, composed — voice soft but piercing.

Eli Creed: "Emotion is weakness."

Kairo hesitates for half a second — just enough.

He looks toward Creed — frustration flickers — the crowd boos loudly.

John Phillips: "Don't look away, Kairo!"

Kairo turns back — too late —

Troy EXPLODES forward — brutal Muay Thai knee to the ribs.

THUD.

Kairo collapses forward — gasping — momentum shattered.

Mark Bravo: "That one hesitation cost him everything."

Troy grabs the Muay Thai clinch — drives a knee into the injured thigh.

CRACK.

Kairo screams — leg buckling completely.

Eli Creed (quiet, steady): "Break."

Troy spins — devastating low kick — same leg.

CRACK.

Eli Creed: "Bend."

Troy sweeps the leg — Kairo collapses flat.

Eli Creed: "Build."

The crowd shifts from hope... to fear.

John Phillips: "Kairo was seconds away — and now he may be finished."

Kairo crawls — dragging himself — refusing to quit — but the damage has caught up.

Troy stands over him — calm — composed — dominant.

Kairo Bex crawls forward — dragging himself — leg barely responding — breath ragged — but refusing to stop.

The Pearl Theater tries to rally — but the sound is thinner now... strained... worried.

John Phillips: "Kairo is still fighting... but I don't know how much he has left."

Mark Bravo: "Heart can carry you far... but damage eventually collects."

Troy Lindz watches calmly — breathing slow — waiting for the moment.

Kairo pulls himself up using the ropes — barely standing — turning back toward Troy — refusing to fall.

Kairo (through breath): "Still... here..."

Troy nods once — almost respectful.

Troy Lindz: "Good."

Troy steps forward — lightning-fast Muay Thai low kick to the injured leg.

CRACK.

Kairo collapses instantly.

Troy grabs the leg — twisting — transitioning smoothly into a brutal kneebar variation — hips driving down — pressure applied with surgical precision.

John Phillips: "Submission locked in!"

Mark Bravo: "That leg has nothing left!"

Kairo screams — reaching — clawing toward the ropes — but Troy pulls him back to center.

The pressure increases.

The crowd gasps.

Kairo tries to fight... tries to push up... tries to hold on...

But the damage is too much.

Kairo: "AH—!"

He taps.

DING DING DING.

John Phillips: "Troy Lindz wins!"

Mark Bravo: "Disciplined. Calculated. Brutal."

Troy releases immediately — no celebration — no emotion — just control.

Kairo rolls to his side, clutching his leg — breathing hard — the reality setting in.

The Pearl Theater... falls quiet.

The air has left the building.

Eli Creed slowly steps into the ring, white suit untouched, expression calm, composed, unwavering.

He stands beside Troy — placing a hand lightly on their shoulder.

The crowd boos softly — but without fire — more sorrow than anger.

Eli Creed: "Pain... reveals truth."

Kairo struggles to sit up — eyes filled with frustration, disappointment, exhaustion.

Eli Creed: "You fought with spirit."

Eli Creed: "But spirit... without structure... collapses."

Eli slowly begins pacing — calm — sermon-like — voice steady and controlled.

Eli Creed: "Tonight... you felt what rebuilding requires."

Eli Creed: "Not emotion."

Eli Creed: "Not noise."

Eli Creed: "Discipline."

He turns back toward Troy.

Eli Creed: "Break."

Troy lowers their stance slightly — controlled.

Eli Creed: "Bend."

Kairo lowers his head — the loss settling in.

Eli Creed: "Build."

Troy stands tall — calm — transformed.

The crowd remains quiet — their hometown fighter defeated once again.

John Phillips: "Another hard lesson for Kairo Bex."

Mark Bravo: "But sometimes... losses are where careers begin."

Troy and Eli exit the ring together — slow, composed, unified.

Inside the ring, Kairo remains seated — staring at the mat — disappointment heavy — but not broken.

The road forward just became harder.

A Major Challenge

Segment

Backstage. The Pearl Theater hums beyond the concrete walls, the energy of Las Vegas pulsing faintly through the corridor. A UTA backdrop stands illuminated under soft lighting. Melissa Cartwright faces the camera, microphone in hand, composed and professional as ever.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... the reigning UTA Women's United States Champion... Valentina Blaze."

A confident reaction can be heard faintly from the arena as Valentina Blaze steps into frame, the championship draped over her shoulder. The gold catches the light. She adjusts the strap slightly, posture relaxed but eyes focused.

Melissa Cartwright: "Valentina, tonight you defend the Women's United States Championship against Shannon Ray. A competitor many have called one of the most technically sound athletes in the division. How are you feeling heading into this defense?"

Valentina Blaze: "I'm feeling ready."

She nods once, calm and sincere.

Valentina Blaze: "Shannon Ray is the real deal. She's disciplined. She's smart. She doesn't waste motion in that ring. And that's the kind of competition I want. I didn't fight my way from back-alley lucha rings to this stage to duck challenges."

Melissa smiles slightly at the edge in Valentina's voice.

Melissa Cartwright: "There's been a lot of talk about the depth in this division right now. Does that add pressure to

every title defense?”

Valentina Blaze: “Pressure is part of the job. When you carry this—”

She pats the faceplate of the championship.

Valentina Blaze: “—you carry expectations. And I respect that. Shannon earned this opportunity. So tonight? We go out there, we fight, and we give these people something worthy of the Women’s United States Championship.”

Melissa Cartwright: “Do you see this as just another defense... or a statement?”

Valentina Blaze: “Every defense is a statement. Not about dominance. Not about ego. About consistency. About proving I belong here. And Shannon’s going to bring her best. That means I have to bring mine.”

A gentle knock echoes from just off camera. Melissa glances over her shoulder as another figure steps into frame.

Susanita Ybanez: “I’m sorry— I don’t mean to interrupt.”

Susanita offers a respectful nod first to Melissa, then to Valentina. The two women share a look of mutual recognition.

Melissa Cartwright: “Susanita, of course. Please.”

Susanita Ybanez: “Valentina... I just wanted to say, first, good luck tonight. Shannon’s tough. You know that. But you’ve been carrying that championship with pride.”

Valentina’s expression softens slightly, appreciative.

Valentina Blaze: “Thank you. That means a lot coming from you.”

Susanita Ybanez: “I won’t take much of your time. I just... I’ve been watching this division grow. Watching you lead it. And if you walk out of tonight still champion...”

She pauses, steady and composed.

Susanita Ybanez: “I’d like to challenge you at No Love Lost. For the Women’s United States Championship.”

The air shifts slightly — not tense, but significant. Melissa’s eyes widen just a fraction at the announcement.

Melissa Cartwright: “That’s a major challenge.”

Valentina doesn’t hesitate.

Valentina Blaze: “Susanita... I’ve seen what you can do in that ring. Your heart. Your resilience. Your fight.”

She adjusts the title on her shoulder again, meeting Susanita eye to eye.

Valentina Blaze: “If I’m still champion after tonight... I would love to face a woman of your caliber at No Love Lost.”

Susanita smiles — not cocky, not arrogant. Just appreciative.

Susanita Ybanez: “Then I hope you win tonight. Because I want the best version of Valentina Blaze across from me.”

Valentina Blaze: “And I’d expect nothing less from you.”

The two women extend hands. A firm handshake. Respectful. Competitive. Earned.

Melissa Cartwright: “There you have it. If Valentina Blaze retains tonight against Shannon Ray, we could be looking at Valentina versus Susanita Ybanez at No Love Lost for the Women’s United States Championship.”

Susanita gives one last nod and steps out of frame. Valentina turns back toward Melissa, expression sharpening once more — focus returning to the immediate task.

Valentina Blaze: “First things first. Shannon.”

She taps the championship once and walks off camera, leaving Melissa to face the lens as the crowd noise swells faintly in the distance.

Melissa Cartwright: "A respectful challenge issued... but a title defense comes first. Back to you at ringside."

Real Perfection

Segment

The arena lights dim.

A single white spotlight hits the stage like a red-carpet flash. A smug arena-rock riff bleeds into heavy trap drums as "Gold Standard" hits the speakers. The crowd immediately responds with heavy boos.

John Phillips: "Well... speak of the devil."

Mark Bravo: "Get your earplugs ready, JP. The Platinum Pretender has something to say."

Maxwell "Max" Jett steps through the curtain in a designer robe, smug grin already plastered across his face. He pauses under the spotlight, slowly turning in a half circle as if cameras are flashing from every direction.

The boos grow louder.

Max mouths silently toward the hard camera: "Keep it coming."

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett unsuccessful in the Contract Ladder Match at Brand New Day... but judging by that expression, you wouldn't know it."

Mark Bravo: "In his mind? He's undefeated. Always."

Max takes his time walking down the ramp, no urgency whatsoever. He points at a random fan in the front row and shakes his head slowly as if disappointed in them personally.

He steps onto the apron, wipes his boots deliberately, then slides into the ring in one smooth motion. He climbs the second rope and sneers at the crowd before hopping down and pacing.

A microphone is handed to him. The music fades. The boos remain.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Cut it."

He waits. The noise continues.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "No, no, no. You misunderstand me. I didn't say 'please.' I said cut it."

The boos intensify. Max smiles wider.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Brand New Day... I didn't win a contract."

He shrugs dramatically.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "And yet here I am."

He spreads his arms slowly.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "You see, while five other desperate individuals were out there throwing themselves into steel, hoping for a job... the United Toughness Alliance brass had a very serious problem."

He begins pacing.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "They realized that not signing me would be the biggest travesty of the millennium."

The crowd boos loudly.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "You think I needed to win that ladder match?"

He laughs once, short and sharp.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Passing on a once-in-a-generation talent like Maxwell 'Max' Jett would have cost this company a fortune. Merchandising. Ratings. Headlines. Lawsuits from jealous Hall of Famers."

He rolls his eyes exaggeratedly.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Everyone else comes out here and says they've got something to prove. They're looking to make an—"

He makes air quotes.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "—impact."

He smirks.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "I have nothing to prove."

He lowers the mic slightly, letting that sit.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Unlike some so-called Hall of Famers who had to scratch and claw and politic their way into relevance... it is simply fact that I am the epitome of perfection."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, that's going to ruffle some feathers."

John Phillips: "He's taking shots already."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "You don't debate gravity. You don't debate the sunrise. And you certainly don't debate that I am the best wrestler in the world."

He looks directly into the hard camera now.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "At No Love Lost... I plan to show each and every one of you exactly what that looks like."

He slowly lowers the mic and scans the crowd.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "So here's what's going to happen."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "March 7th. T-Mobile Arena. Right down the road."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "I'm laying out a challenge to anyone in that locker room who wants to be made a mockery of in front of the entire world."

He tilts his head slightly.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Step up."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "Be the first to fall to the chosen one."

The crowd roars with boos.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "But don't misunderstand me... I'm not standing here waiting."

He looks toward the entrance ramp briefly.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "I'm not here on your time."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "I don't beg for fights. I don't chase moments. I create them."

He smirks again.

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "No Love Lost won't be about proving I belong."

Maxwell "Max" Jett: "It'll be about proving you were stupid for ever doubting me."

He drops the microphone.

The mic hits the mat with a loud thud.

John Phillips: “And just like that—he’s done.”

Mark Bravo: “He didn’t even give anyone a chance to answer.”

Max doesn’t look back. He steps through the ropes, jumps down to the floor, and walks up the ramp without waiting. The crowd showers him in boos, though a small scattering of cheers can be heard from those who appreciate the audacity.

John Phillips: “Maxwell Jett issuing an open challenge for No Love Lost at the T-Mobile Arena... but he’s not sticking around to see who accepts.”

Mark Bravo: “That’s the most on-brand thing he’s done all night. He throws the match out there and leaves. He doesn’t need validation. He needs an opponent.”

John Phillips: “Whoever answers that challenge on March 7th is going to have their hands full. Because if there’s one thing you can’t deny...”

Mark Bravo: “...it’s that the kid believes every word he just said.”

Max reaches the top of the stage, turns just slightly toward the ring, and mouths one final sentence toward the hard camera.

I’m better than you.

He disappears through the curtain as the crowd continues to boo.

The Story Isn't Over

Segment

Backstage. The camera fades in to the familiar interview position, UTA backdrop behind. The energy from the arena hums faintly through the corridor. Melissa Cartwright stands poised, microphone in hand.

Melissa Cartwright: “Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome at this time... the reigning UTA Women’s Champion... Marie Van Claudio.”

Marie Van Claudio steps into frame, the Women’s Championship resting proudly over her shoulder. Her posture is confident, but her expression carries focus — sharp, composed, determined.

Melissa Cartwright: “Marie, at No Love Lost you defend the UTA Women’s Championship against Amy Harrison. This is not just another title defense — there’s deep history between you two. What is going through your mind as that match approaches?”

Marie exhales slowly, adjusting the championship on her shoulder.

Marie Van Claudio: “History.”

Marie Van Claudio: “That’s the right word, Melissa. Amy Harrison and I... we didn’t just cross paths. We built this division in the same fire.”

Her voice is calm, but layered with emotion.

Marie Van Claudio: “We’ve pushed each other, broken each other, tested each other in ways most people will never understand. And every time we’ve stood across from one another, it’s meant something.”

Melissa Cartwright: “Amy has made it very clear that she believes that championship belongs to her. That she’s going to take it back at No Love Lost.”

Marie smirks faintly — not dismissive, but confident.

Marie Van Claudio: “Amy believes a lot of things.”

Marie Van Claudio: “But belief doesn’t win championships. Preparation does. Sacrifice does. Surviving does.”

She taps the faceplate of the title once.

Marie Van Claudio: “I didn’t come back to UTA to be a moment. I came back to remind this division who set the standard. And if Amy wants this title... she’s going to have to take it from me. Not talk about it. Not promise it. Take it.”

Melissa Cartwright: “You’ve faced Amy at different points in both of your careers. Is this version of Amy Harrison different?”

Marie nods slowly.

Marie Van Claudio: “Yes. She’s more focused. More dangerous. More... desperate.”

Marie Van Claudio: “And that makes her a real threat.”

Melissa Cartwright: “Does that change your approach?”

Marie Van Claudio: “No. My approach never changes.”

She looks directly toward the camera.

Marie Van Claudio: “I endure. I adapt. And I win.”

Melissa pauses, letting the weight of that statement settle.

Melissa Cartwright: “Final question — when you stand across from Amy Harrison at No Love Lost... what does that moment mean to you personally?”

Marie’s expression softens just slightly — reflective.

Marie Van Claudio: “It means the story isn’t over.”

Marie Van Claudio: “It means two women who helped shape this division are about to write its next chapter.”

Marie Van Claudio: “And when that bell rings... only one of us walks out with this.”

She raises the championship slightly.

Marie Van Claudio: “I intend for it to be me.”

Melissa nods respectfully.

Melissa Cartwright: “Marie Van Claudio. Amy Harrison. The UTA Women’s Championship. No Love Lost is shaping up to be something very special.”

Marie gives one final composed nod before stepping out of frame, championship glinting under the lights. Melissa turns back toward the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: “Back to ringside.”

Tyger II vs. Kaine

Match

The arena lights suddenly cut to black.

A low bass rumble vibrates through the Pearl Theater. Red light bleeds in from the floor panels, slowly crawling across the stage like spreading blood.

John Phillips: "And here we go. Undead versus Legacy."

Mark Bravo: "You want atmosphere? You got it. Kaine doesn't enter arenas... he infects them."

Smoke pours across the stage as the opening of "Dead Bite" hits the speakers. The crowd erupts — loud cheers mixed with an eerie tension.

From the smoke — crawling.

Kaine drags himself forward on hands and knees, skeletal face paint glowing under the red light. His head twitches unnaturally before he slowly rises to one knee.

He tilts his head toward the hard cam. Eyes wide.

Kaine: "DEAD... BUT ALIVE!"

The crowd ROARS.

John Phillips: "Kaine coming off a loss to Gunnar Van Patton — but if you watched that match, you know the story wasn't defeat. It was survival."

Mark Bravo: "He got suplexed into another zip code and kept getting up. That's who this guy is."

Kaine suddenly sprints halfway down the ramp — then stops dead — staring at the ring.

He pounds his chest once. Twice.

John Phillips: "He pushed Tyger II's own fighting spirit in their last big performance against Hakuryu. Now he's looking to derail legacy momentum tonight."

Kaine slides under the bottom rope and pops to his feet in one fluid motion. He climbs the second rope, throws his arms wide, and screams again.

Kaine: "DEAD BUT ALIVE!"

He drops down and begins pacing — twitchy, erratic, eyes never leaving the entrance ramp.

Mark Bravo: "And the question is — can chaos overcome discipline?"

John Phillips: "Because Tyger II does not get rattled easily."

The arena falls into darkness once more.

Not red.

Not chaos.

Silence.

Then — a single, distant drum.

...THOOM.

A cold blue mist begins to roll across the stage, low and slow, like fog over still water. The faint sound of a bamboo flute echoes through the arena, haunting... ancient... deliberate.

John Phillips: "Listen to this place... completely different atmosphere."

Mark Bravo: "That's not fear. That's reverence. Tyger II doesn't just enter — he arrives."

The drum hits again.

...THOOM.

Through the mist — a silhouette.

Still. Motionless. Watching.

The lights rise just enough to reveal Tyger II standing at the top of the stage, mask gleaming under a cold blue spotlight. His posture is calm. Centered. Focused.

John Phillips: “Legacy in motion. The son of Tyger — carrying the mask, carrying the name, carrying the expectation.”

Mark Bravo: “And coming off one of the toughest battles of his career against Hakuryu. He didn’t just fight — he earned respect.”

The music swells — taiko drums layered with rising orchestral tension.

Tyger II steps forward.

Measured. Controlled. Every step deliberate.

The camera cuts to Kaine in the ring — twitching, pacing, staring — a predator watching another predator.

John Phillips: “Kaine feeds on chaos. Tyger feeds on discipline. Something has to give tonight.”

Tyger reaches the ring and pauses at the base of the steps, looking up toward Kaine. The two lock eyes.

No movement.

No words.

Just tension.

Mark Bravo: “There it is. That moment before violence.”

Tyger ascends the steps slowly, wipes his boots on the apron, then steps through the ropes with precision. He removes his entrance robe and folds it neatly in the corner — never taking his eyes off Kaine.

Kaine grins. Twitching. Waiting.

John Phillips: “Undead versus Legacy. Chaos versus Control. This one could go anywhere.”

The referee checks both competitors. The bell is about to ring.

The referee steps back.

DING DING.

Kaine immediately begins circling — twitchy, uneven, shoulders loose — head tilting side to side like something not entirely human.

Tyger II does not rush.

He stands tall. Centered. Watching.

John Phillips: “No rush from Tyger II. He’s reading him.”

Mark Bravo: “Kaine doesn’t get read. He gets survived.”

Kaine suddenly lunges forward — wild swing —

Tyger slips it clean.

Low kick.

THUD.

Kaine stumbles — then laughs.

Kaine: “Good... GOOD...”

He rushes again — faster — swinging reckless hooks —

Tyger blocks. Redirects. Counters with a sharp mid kick.

John Phillips: “Precision. Every strike measured.”

Mark Bravo: “Yeah but Kaine doesn’t feel pain the same way normal people do.”

Kaine absorbs the kick — grabs Tyger suddenly —

Headbutt.

CRACK.

Tyger staggers half a step.

Kaine screams and fires rapid forearms — wild, chaotic, relentless.

John Phillips: “And here comes the storm!”

Tyger covers — blocks — absorbs — then fires a snapping roundhouse to the ribs.

WHACK.

Kaine folds slightly — but then SMILES.

Kaine: “MORE!”

He charges — Tyger sidesteps — arm drag — clean — controlled —

Kaine rolls through instantly and pops back up — laughing.

Mark Bravo: “See? Chaos. You can’t slow chaos down.”

John Phillips: “But Tyger is trying to control the pace. Keep this technical. Keep this grounded.”

The two circle again — slower now — tension rising.

Kaine feints high — then dives low — double leg —

Tyger sprawls — front headlock — knee to body —

THUD.

Kaine absorbs it — grabs Tyger’s wrist — twists violently — pulling him into a short-arm lariat attempt —

Tyger ducks — spins —

SNAP kick to the chest.

CRACK.

Kaine drops to one knee — breathing heavier now — but still grinning.

John Phillips: “Tyger landing clean shots now.”

Mark Bravo: “Yeah but Kaine wants this. He thrives in pain.”

Kaine slowly rises — eyes locked — nodding.

Kaine: “Again.”

Tyger steps forward — controlled — focused —

Low kick —

Kaine catches it.

Sudden yank — Tyger pulled forward —

SPINNING BACK ELBOW —

CRACK.

Tyger stumbles back into the ropes.

John Phillips: “Big strike from Kaine!”

Kaine rushes — clothesline attempt —

Tyger ducks — rebounds —

Running dropkick — clean —

Kaine crashes to the mat.

Mark Bravo: “And there’s the discipline!”

Kaine rolls to the apron — breathing — smiling — clutching ribs — but laughing under his breath.

John Phillips: “Very even early. Chaos versus control exactly as advertised.”

Kaine slowly pulls himself up using the ropes... eyes burning.

Tyger waits — calm — ready.

Kaine pulls himself back through the ropes — and instead of resetting — he explodes forward.

John Phillips: “No pause from Kaine!”

He charges Tyger II and drives a forearm straight into the jaw.

CRACK.

Tyger’s head snaps sideways. Before he can recover — another forearm. And another.

Mark Bravo: “This is what he wants! Ugly! Fast! No rhythm!”

Kaine grabs Tyger by the mask and hurls him into the corner — sprinting in after him —

Diving cannonball into the turnbuckles!

THUD!

The ring shakes. The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: “Cannonball connects! Kaine just crushed him!”

Tyger drops to a seated position in the corner, stunned. Kaine backs up — chest heaving — then sprints again —

Running senton into the corner!

Mark Bravo: “He’s overwhelming him!”

Kaine drags Tyger out by the mask and hooks the leg.

Referee: “ONE! ... TWO—”

Tyger kicks out firmly.

John Phillips: "Strong kickout. Tyger's not rattled yet."

Kaine rises, pacing, nodding wildly.

Kaine: "Yes! Stay up! Stay up!"

He grabs Tyger and lifts him — whipping him hard into the ropes. On the rebound — Kaine launches a pump kick.

CRACK.

Tyger goes down flat on his back.

Mark Bravo: "That one landed clean!"

Kaine immediately rolls through, stalking. He measures Tyger rising —

Flying knee strike —

Tyger ducks!

Kaine stumbles past — Tyger spins — sharp roundhouse to the ribs.

WHACK.

John Phillips: "Counter strike!"

Kaine snarls through the pain — turns — throws a wild right hand —

Tyger blocks — answers with a low leg kick.

THUD.

Kaine stumbles but immediately charges again — reckless —

Springboard cutter attempt —

Tyger shoves him mid-air!

Kaine crashes awkwardly to the mat.

Mark Bravo: "That could've ended it right there!"

Tyger doesn't hesitate. He steps in and delivers two sharp body kicks — controlled — precise.

John Phillips: "Now Tyger targeting the core. Slowing the chaos down."

Kaine rolls away, clutching ribs — but he's smiling again.

Kaine: "You're good... I like you..."

He pulls himself up on the ropes — but his movements are slightly slower now.

Mark Bravo: "The longer this goes, the more it favors Tyger's discipline."

Kaine suddenly lunges again — desperation surge —

Running apron knee attempt as Tyger stands near ropes —

Tyger sidesteps!

Kaine's knee slams into the apron edge.

CRACK.

John Phillips: "Oh that knee hit hard!"

Kaine collapses to one knee on the floor, grimacing — but refusing to stay down.

Inside the ring, Tyger steadies himself, breathing measured.

Mark Bravo: "Momentum just shifted."

John Phillips: "Chaos came fast... but control is catching up."

Kaine pounds the apron once — furious — then pulls himself back inside.

Tyger stands ready.

Kaine rolls back into the ring, pushing himself up to one knee. His breathing is heavier now. The chaotic grin is still there — but there's a hitch in his step.

John Phillips: "That knee might be the first real crack in the armor."

Mark Bravo: "And Tyger II is not the kind of competitor who misses cracks."

Tyger steps forward calmly — no rush — no wasted motion.

Low kick.

THUD.

Kaine winces — but stays upright.

Another low kick — same leg.

WHACK.

John Phillips: "Target acquired."

Kaine swings wildly in response — Tyger slips outside the arc — and snaps a sharp mid kick into the ribs.

CRACK.

Kaine drops to one knee again — but immediately pounds the mat and forces himself up.

Kaine: "That all you got?!"

Mark Bravo: "He feeds on this. That's the problem."

Tyger closes distance and ties up — transitions smoothly into a wrist lock — torque applied — then rolls it into a hammerlock.

John Phillips: "Textbook control. No theatrics."

Kaine tries to spin out — Tyger follows the movement — snaps him down with a tight arm drag and immediately floats over into a grounded side headlock.

Mark Bravo: "You can't brawl if you can't stand."

Kaine thrashes — elbows the body — bridges up — forces a scramble — but Tyger uses the moment to trap the bad leg and twist it into a grounded single-leg hold.

John Phillips: "Now he's isolating that knee!"

Tyger cranks the leg — controlled pressure — no wild wrenching — just steady punishment.

Kaine slaps the mat in frustration — not tapping — just angry — then claws his way toward the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "This is discipline versus desperation."

Kaine grabs the bottom rope and forces the break. The referee steps in.

John Phillips: "Clean break from Tyger."

Tyger backs away immediately, hands raised, eyes locked.

Kaine pulls himself up using the ropes — limping now.

Mark Bravo: "That knee is compromised."

Kaine suddenly lunges forward anyway — throwing a reckless forearm —

Tyger blocks — counters with a stiff elbow of his own.

CRACK.

Kaine stumbles backward — Tyger steps in and snaps off a clean snap suplex.

John Phillips: "Beautiful execution!"

Tyger floats into a cover.

Referee: "ONE! ... TWO—"

Kaine kicks out.

Mark Bravo: "He's not going quietly."

Tyger rises again, pulling Kaine up with him — controlling the wrist —

Short-arm knee to the midsection.

THUD.

Then a sharp spinning back kick to the body.

WHACK.

John Phillips: "Every strike is calculated."

Kaine backs into the corner, breathing hard — face paint smeared slightly now.

Tyger charges — corner knee strike connects.

Kaine slumps — but grabs Tyger's head suddenly — pulling him into a desperate headbutt.

CRACK.

Mark Bravo: "He refuses to stay controlled!"

Kaine fires two wild forearms — trying to ignite chaos again — but the leg gives slightly when he plants.

John Phillips: "The damage is slowing him down."

Tyger sees it — steps in — low chop to the thigh —

Kaine collapses to one knee once more.

Mark Bravo: "Now it's becoming survival."

Tyger backs up a few steps, measuring.

Kaine struggles upright, refusing to kneel.

The tension builds again.

Kaine is on one knee.

Breathing heavy. Leg compromised. Ribs bruised.

Tyger II stands in front of him — poised. Balanced. Ready to end it.

John Phillips: "This is where discipline closes the door."

Mark Bravo: "Unless chaos kicks it off the hinges."

Tyger steps in for another calculated strike —

Kaine suddenly grabs his wrist.

Slowly... Kaine looks up.

And smiles.

Kaine: "I'm not done."

The crowd begins to stir.

Tyger tries to yank free — Kaine fires a brutal forearm from his knees.

CRACK.

Tyger stumbles half a step.

John Phillips: "Where did that come from?!"

Kaine pushes up — limping — but fueled.

Another forearm. Louder reaction.

Mark Bravo: "He's feeding off this building!"

Kaine limps forward and fires a pump kick — it lands flush.

THUD.

Tyger staggers back into the ropes.

Kaine roars.

Kaine: "DEAD! BUT! ALIVE!"

The Pearl Theater explodes.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd!"

Kaine charges — flying knee strike — connects clean.

Tyger drops to the mat.

Mark Bravo: "That might've knocked the mask sideways!"

Kaine doesn't cover immediately. He limps toward the corner instead — adrenaline overriding pain.

He climbs.

John Phillips: "He's going high risk!"

Tyger begins to rise — shaking off cobwebs —

Kaine leaps — top-rope clothesline!

BOOM.

Both men crash to the mat.

Kaine crawls over and hooks the leg.

Referee: "ONE! ... TWO—"

Tyger kicks out.

John Phillips: "Close!"

Mark Bravo: "That was close!"

Kaine pounds the mat once in frustration — but immediately drags Tyger up.

Snap dragon suplex attempt —

Tyger blocks!

Elbow to the side of Kaine's head.

CRACK.

Kaine staggers but won't fall.

Tyger fires a spinning backfist — Kaine ducks —

Springboard cutter!

WHAM!

Tyger hits the mat hard.

John Phillips: "Springboard cutter! He hit it!"

Kaine covers again.

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

Tyger kicks out at the last second.

Mark Bravo: "That was two and nine-tenths!"

Kaine rolls to his back, staring at the lights — breathing heavy — almost laughing through exhaustion.

Kaine: "Good... good..."

The crowd chants softly — building.

Tyger slowly rolls to his side — pushing himself up with discipline and focus.

John Phillips: "This match has shifted again."

Mark Bravo: "Kaine refuses to die. But Tyger refuses to lose."

Both men begin to rise.

The air is electric.

Both men rise slowly.

The Pearl Theater is buzzing — a low roar building — anticipation thick in the air.

John Phillips: "Neither man willing to stay down."

Mark Bravo: "This is where fights stop being matches... and start becoming battles."

Kaine pushes up first — limping — chest heaving — eyes burning.

Tyger follows — calm... focused... mask tilted slightly but spirit unwavering.

They lock eyes.

No theatrics now.

Just violence.

Kaine swings first — wild forearm.

CRACK.

Tyger absorbs it — returns with a sharp body kick.

THUD.

Kaine fires again — another forearm.

Tyger answers — roundhouse to the ribs.

WHACK.

Kaine roars and throws a spinning back elbow —

Tyger ducks — counters with a stiff knee to the midsection.

CRACK.

John Phillips: "Back and forth! Nobody giving an inch!"

Kaine suddenly grabs Tyger — SNAP GERMAN SUPLEX —

Tyger lands hard — but rolls through to his feet.

Mark Bravo: "How did he land that?!"

Tyger charges — flying forearm smash —

Kaine collapses but instantly rolls away, clutching ribs.

Tyger doesn't stop — he grabs Kaine and lifts — dragon suplex attempt —

Kaine blocks — elbows wildly — spins —

SUPERKICK!

CRACK!

Tyger drops to one knee.

Kaine screams — adrenaline surge —

Kaine: "DEAD! BUT! ALIVE!"

The crowd ERUPTS.

Kaine charges for the finish — running knee —

Tyger sidesteps.

Kaine's knee buckles slightly on landing.

Tyger seizes the moment.

LOW KICK — injured leg.

THUD.

Kaine stumbles.

SECOND LOW KICK.

WHACK.

Kaine drops to one knee — but still swinging wildly.

Tyger steps in — catches the wrist — spins —

DRAGON SCREW LEG WHIP.

CRACK.

John Phillips: “He’s dismantling the base!”

Kaine collapses — leg compromised — but he claws forward anyway.

Tyger backs into the corner — measuring — breathing steady.

Mark Bravo: “This might be it.”

Kaine pulls himself up — barely standing — refusing to fall.

Kaine (hoarse): “Come on...”

Tyger explodes forward.

RUNNING KNEE STRIKE TO THE CHEST.

BOOM.

Kaine collapses — but instinctively grabs Tyger — pulling him down into a desperate roll-up.

Referee: “ONE! ... TWO—”

Tyger kicks out!

John Phillips: “Kaine almost stole it!”

Kaine tries to stand — leg buckles —

Tyger rises faster — grabs him —

SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX.

Kaine lands hard — but still tries to crawl.

Tyger stalks.

No rush. No anger.

Just inevitability.

Mark Bravo: “This is legacy closing the door.”

Tyger lifts Kaine one final time.

He pulls him into position.

Spins.

TIGER DRIVER.

THUNDEROUS IMPACT.

The ring shakes.

John Phillips: "TIGER DRIVER CONNECTS!"

Tyger hooks both legs tightly.

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

DING DING DING.

John Phillips: "Tyger II wins!"

Mark Bravo: "But Kaine made him earn every inch of it."

Tyger releases slowly and rises — breathing controlled — composed.

Kaine lies on his back — staring at the lights — chest rising and falling.

For a moment... silence.

Then Kaine begins... laughing.

Kaine (weak, smiling): "Good fight..."

Tyger kneels beside him.

Not triumphant.

Respectful.

Kaine slowly pulls himself up — using Tyger's arm — unsteady but standing.

The two lock eyes.

Kaine nods once.

Tyger returns the nod.

No handshake.

No theatrics.

Just warriors acknowledging survival.

John Phillips: "Sometimes victory isn't about domination. It's about endurance."

Mark Bravo: "Kaine didn't win... but he didn't die either. And for him... that might be enough."

Tyger exits the ring calmly — legacy intact — momentum rising.

Inside the ring, Kaine sits in the corner — breathing — smiling faintly — still... Dead But Alive.

Empty Handed and Not United

Segment

The camera cuts to The Empire locker room.

The atmosphere is thick. Heavy. Silent except for the faint hum of the arena outside.

Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex sit on the bench, still in partial gear, tension written across their faces. Dahlia Cross

stands nearby, arms folded, posture guarded. The door SLAMS open.

Amy Harrison storms in.

Her expression is furious — eyes burning — jaw clenched tight.

Amy Harrison: “Unbelievable.”

No one speaks.

Amy Harrison: “Scott Stevens throws me into that Fighting Championship match last week... and what happens?”

She paces — fast — sharp — anger barely contained.

Amy Harrison: “Rosa... Selena... you lose your titles.”

Rosa looks down. Selena exhales quietly.

Amy Harrison: “Dahlia wins... but can't bring home the Women's Championship.”

Dahlia's jaw tightens slightly.

Amy Harrison: “And now here we are.”

Amy stops pacing and turns toward them — eyes cutting through the room.

Amy Harrison: “Empty handed.”

Silence.

Amy Harrison: “I can't believe... I have to do everything myself.”

Rosa shifts uncomfortably. Selena watches cautiously.

Amy Harrison: “How DARE any of you stand there... look me in the eyes... and say you tried your best.”

Dahlia finally steps forward slightly.

Dahlia Cross: “Amy, I—”

CRACK.

The sound echoes through the locker room.

Amy's hand still hangs in the air.

Dahlia freezes — eyes wide — slowly bringing a hand to her cheek.

Shock.

Rosa and Selena stare — stunned — unable to process what just happened.

The room is dead silent.

Amy Harrison: “Anyone else?”

She scans the room — daring — challenging.

Amy Harrison: “Any more excuses?”

No one speaks.

Dahlia still holds her cheek — breathing shallow — disbelief turning slowly into something darker.

Amy Harrison: “Good.”

Amy adjusts her gear — cold now — controlled.

Amy Harrison: “Because at No Love Lost... it’s up to me.”

Amy Harrison: “I will do what none of you seem capable of doing.”

She turns toward the door.

Amy Harrison: “Bring gold home to The Empire.”

Amy Harrison: “And keep it there.”

She exits.

The door closes.

The camera lingers.

Dahlia lowers her hand slowly — eyes no longer shocked... but cold.

Rosa and Selena exchange a look — something has shifted.

The Empire... is not united.

Back in the Saddle

Segment

The camera fades back to ringside.

The arena feels different now. Heavy. Uneasy. The echo of what just happened in The Empire locker room still hanging in the air.

John Phillips: “I... still can’t believe what we just saw.”

Mark Bravo: “A slap heard around the world. The Empire might be cracking from the inside out.”

John Phillips: “Amy Harrison furious... Dahlia Cross humiliated... and now you have to wonder what that means heading into No Love Lost.”

The lighting above the ring dims slightly.

The crowd murmurs.

Mark Bravo: “...Wait.”

The lights drop further.

The camera turns toward the stage.

John Phillips: “What’s this?”

Silence for half a second.

Then—

BOOM.

“Made You Look” by Nas blasts through the Pearl Theater.

Mark Bravo: “NO WAY—”

John Phillips: “HOLY HELL!”

Mark Bravo: “IT’S ERIC DANE JR.!”

John Phillips: "HE'S BACK!"

The arena ERUPTS — a thunderous, chaotic mixed reaction shaking the building.

Spotlights explode across the stage — sweeping gold and white beams cutting through the darkness.

And then...

ERIC DANE JR. steps out.

Flash. Swagger. Presence.

He pauses at the top of the stage, soaking in every ounce of sound — cheers, boos, shock — none of it matters. This is HIS moment.

John Phillips: "We have not seen Eric Dane Jr. since that devastating injury months ago!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at him — like he never left — like the spotlight was waiting for him!"

Dane smirks — cocky — confident — untouchable.

He adjusts his jacket slowly, deliberately — then begins the walk.

Not fast.

Not urgent.

Grand.

Every step exaggerated. Every movement theatrical. He points to himself — again and again — reminding the world who this is about.

John Phillips: "The confidence... the presence... the ego... Eric Dane Jr. has always been larger than life."

Mark Bravo: "He doesn't want the spotlight — he IS the spotlight."

Dane reaches ringside, slowly walking around the ring once — making sure every camera angle catches him.

He climbs the steel steps.

Steps through the ropes.

And begins his ritual.

Corner one — climbs — arms wide — soaking in the reaction.

Corner two — louder reaction — bigger pose.

Corner three — smug grin — nodding — owning the moment.

Corner four — arms stretched wide — head tilted back — this is HIS arena.

Mark Bravo: "He's drinking this in like oxygen."

John Phillips: "And the reaction is deafening!"

Dane drops down and slowly walks to the center of the ring. A microphone is handed to him.

He doesn't speak yet.

He waits.

Lets the noise breathe.

Lets the moment grow.

Finally—

Eric Dane Jr.: “Miss me?”

Huge reaction.

Eric Dane Jr.: “Yeah... I know you did.”

He smirks, pacing slowly.

Eric Dane Jr.: “You tried to move on without me. You tried to fill the void. You tried to convince yourselves the show could go on.”

He stops. Looks around.

Eric Dane Jr.: “But let’s be honest...”

Eric Dane Jr.: “It never shines the same without the star.”

The crowd reacts loudly — mixed, intense.

John Phillips: “He hasn’t lost a step...”

Eric Dane Jr.: “Now I’ve heard the whispers. I’ve heard the speculation. ‘Is he done?’ ‘Is he finished?’ ‘Will he ever come back?’”

Dane laughs softly.

Eric Dane Jr.: “Not only am I back...”

Eric Dane Jr.: “I’m right on time.”

He pauses — letting it sink in.

Eric Dane Jr.: “Because tonight... I am OFFICIALLY cashing in my WrestleZone bounty... granted to me by Scott Stevens.”

The crowd reacts — loud — shocked.

Eric Dane Jr.: “And at No Love Lost... the main event just changed.”

He smiles wider.

Eric Dane Jr.: “It will no longer be Chris Ross... versus Gunnar Van Patton.”

He raises one finger.

Eric Dane Jr.: “It will be...”

Two fingers.

Eric Dane Jr.: “Chris Ross.”

Three fingers.

Eric Dane Jr.: “Gunnar Van Patton.”

He points to himself.

Eric Dane Jr.: “...and the MAIN EVENT.”

The arena explodes.

Eric Dane Jr.: “Triple. Threat. For the UTA Championship.”

John Phillips: "I can't believe this!"

Mark Bravo: "Chris Ross... Gunnar Van Patton... and now Eric Dane Jr.!"

Dane paces slowly, shaking his head with a smirk.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Chris... don't misunderstand me."

Eric Dane Jr.: "There's respect there. Always has been."

Eric Dane Jr.: "But respect doesn't shine brighter than destiny."

He looks into the hard camera.

Eric Dane Jr.: "And destiny... is me."

Eric Dane Jr.: "No Love Lost won't be about Ross."

Eric Dane Jr.: "It won't be about Gunnar."

Eric Dane Jr.: "It will be about the moment the spotlight returned... and took everything back."

He lowers the mic slowly.

Raises both arms.

Soaking in the chaos.

Cheering. Booming. Shock.

None of it matters.

This... is his moment.

John Phillips: "The main event at No Love Lost just became something massive."

Mark Bravo: "And love him or hate him... Eric Dane Jr. just made himself the center of the universe again."

Dane stands tall in the spotlight as the camera fades.

Hall of Fame Announcement

Segment

Back from the Eric Dane Jr. shockwave, the arena settles into that loud, uncertain buzz — fans still arguing with each other in real time — when the screen above the stage flickers again.

Black.

A single low note rolls through the Pearl Theater like a distant thunderclap.

Old film grain bleeds onto the screen — the image warps like a memory being rewound.

UTA HALL OF FAME

CLASS OF 2026

The music shifts — heavier now — a prestige tone with an undercurrent of danger.

John Phillips (V.O.): "We told you earlier tonight... another name would be added to the Class of 2026."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "And this one? This one isn't just a name, John... it's an entire era of tag team violence."

The footage starts with stills — late 90s, grainy, raw — two young men in a world that didn't give anything away for free.

A shot of Tyrone Walker — reckless, fearless — the kind of wrestler who throws his whole body into everything, like pain is just part of the paycheck.

A shot of Stephen Greer — big, powerful, built like a modern heavyweight before “modern heavyweight” was a thing — the kind of presence that makes people step back without realizing it.

John Phillips (V.O.): “It started in 1998... two young wrestlers finding their footing in the National eWrestling Alliance...”

Mark Bravo (V.O.): “Walker was already making a reputation as a ‘balls-to-the-wall’ risk taker... Greer was collecting championships and climbing fast.”

The screen flashes to the chaos of 1999 — Walker in a tournament graphic: KING OF THE DEATH MATCHES.

Then Greer with a world title — and the shadow of a faction forming behind him.

John Phillips (V.O.): “Friendship... forged in violence.”

Mark Bravo (V.O.): “And tested by betrayal.”

Quick cuts: a darker chapter. A rival named Nightmare. A feud that got personal in the ugliest way. A revelation that made it worse. The feeling that everything could’ve ended before it truly began.

The music dips — then swells back up.

The footage changes tone: brighter. Faster. More confident.

ON SCREEN: TEAM DANGER — THE RISING

Clips of them together now — not just allies, but a unit. Timing. Balance. A blend of Greer’s heavyweight dominance and Walker’s recklessness that made their offense unpredictable.

John Phillips (V.O.): “When Team Danger became a team... it wasn’t a partnership.”

Mark Bravo (V.O.): “It was a takeover.”

Montage: title belts stacking. Different arenas. Different regions. Different promotions.

One belt. Then another. Then another. The footage almost can’t keep up.

ON SCREEN: “At one point... FIVE tag team championships... at the same time.”

The crowd inside the Pearl Theater pops at the sheer absurdity of it.

John Phillips (V.O.): “They collected titles across the map... including multiple reigns with the WfWA World Tag Team Championships.”

Mark Bravo (V.O.): “That’s not ‘great tag team’ territory. That’s ‘generational’ territory.”

Then the story turns — the cost of that kind of run.

Greer injured. A back injury that nearly crippled him. Walker trying to carry the torch alone. Individual success. Separate paths. The chemistry still there — but the world pulling them in different directions.

A clip of Walker in mid-flight — the kind of risky move he’s known for — the kind of moment that makes the crowd gasp even in a highlight reel.

John Phillips (V.O.): “They survived the separation.”

Mark Bravo (V.O.): “They survived the injuries.”

The footage snaps into a later chapter — a return with an edge. A colder focus. A more dangerous purpose.

ON SCREEN: TEAM DANGER — THE RETURN

Clips: them arriving on a bigger stage and immediately taking out champions. The kind of entrance that isn't an entrance — it's a warning.

John Phillips (V.O.): "They came back... and reminded everyone why the name 'Danger' was never branding."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "It was a promise."

More footage: travel, different styles, different worlds — Japan, MMA training, the feeling of legends still chasing dreams even after they've already conquered everything else.

John Phillips (V.O.): "They lived out the dreams that kept them going."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "And still — they kept coming back to what they did best. Together."

Now the screen shifts to UTA history.

Photos and clips — Team Danger in a UTA ring. UTA banners. UTA crowds. UTA gold.

John Phillips (V.O.): "And while their legacy spans the wrestling world..."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "UTA fans remember this part loud and clear."

A freeze-frame hits: Greer and Walker holding up the UTA Tag Team Championships.

The crowd roars — some in surprise, some in recognition, some because the name alone carries weight.

The music reaches its peak.

UTA HALL OF FAME — CLASS OF 2026

STEPHEN GREER

TYRONE WALKER

TEAM DANGER

The final note lands like a gavel.

Back to ringside — the Pearl Theater is buzzing again, a different kind of electricity now.

John Phillips: "Team Danger. Stephen Greer. Tyrone Walker. Officially to be inducted into the UTA Hall of Fame Class of 2026."

Mark Bravo: "From the late 90s chaos... to holding piles of tag gold... to making history everywhere they went... and yes — UTA Tag Team Champions. That's legacy."

John Phillips: "And now they join their comrade — Eric Dane Sr. — in this year's class. The Hall of Fame is stacking up fast."

Mark Bravo: "And John... if you know anything about Team Danger... the words 'Hall of Fame announcement' and 'quiet night' do not belong in the same sentence."

The camera lingers on the crowd, still reacting, still chanting, still living in the moment as Jackpot rolls on.

Mack & Black vs. Rich Young GRPLRZ

Match

Back inside the Pearl Theater, the energy has shifted again. The surprise return of Eric Dane Jr. still lingers in the air, but the night rolls forward — tag team action up next.

John Phillips: "We've got tag team action coming your way, and this one has personality written all over it."

Mark Bravo: "Oh yeah — two very different kinds of chaos, JP. Mack & Black bring violence... Rich Young GRPLRZ

bring... whatever the hell they think this is.”

Then—

“Lifestyle” by Rich Gang hits.

The boos begin immediately — loud, rolling, unapologetic.

John Phillips: “And there’s your answer.”

Gold light floods the stage through drifting smoke.

Out step the Rich Young GRPLRZ.

Jacoby Jacobs leads — designer joggers, oversized shades, varsity jacket hanging off one shoulder — phone already raised, recording, documenting, narrating his own moment like the world is his livestream.

Behind him — Darian Darrington explodes through the smoke, bouncing in place, flexing wildly.

Darian Darrington (shouting): “WE UP! WE UP! LET’S GO!”

Mark Bravo: “He screams like somebody just told him pizza rolls are ready.”

John Phillips: “Darrington is... enthusiastic, to say the least.”

At the top of the ramp, they stop — soaking in the hate like it’s applause.

Jacoby gives a smug finger-gun salute to the crowd.

Darian hits a loud, exaggerated dab.

The boos intensify.

Jacoby Jacobs (to his phone, off-mic): “Say hi to the haters.”

They begin strutting down the ramp — synchronized swagger — convinced they own the building.

Darian (to a fan): “Y’all could NEVER!”

Mark Bravo: “He believes that. Deeply.”

Jacoby slowly pans his phone across the crowd, eye-roll exaggerated, mouthing “embarrassing.”

They reach ringside.

Jacoby slides in smoothly and drapes himself across the ropes like he’s poolside.

Darian sprints the ropes once... twice... then stops center-ring — FLEXING HARD.

Darian: “LET’S GO!”

The crowd showers them in boos.

John Phillips: “Obnoxious, arrogant... but dangerous.”

Mark Bravo: “And just annoying enough to make you want to see somebody hit them really hard.”

Jacoby leans over the ropes, winks at the camera.

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

The music fades... but the jeers only grow louder.

The Rich Young GRPLRZ are ready.

The jeers toward the Rich Young GRPLRZ continue to echo as the camera shifts toward the stage once more.

John Phillips: "And now... a very different kind of presence is about to enter this arena."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah... this ain't gonna be selfies and flexing, John. This is violence walking."

The lights dim slightly.

A slow, heavy beat begins to pulse through the arena.

No flashing lights. No spectacle.

Just pressure.

Then—

Trey Mack steps through the curtain.

Loose shoulders. Calm face. Smirk sitting just beneath the surface.

Behind him...

Clovis Black.

Silent.

Still.

Intimidating.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack told Melissa earlier tonight — last week wasn't a loss... it was impact. And judging by that look, he still believes that."

Mark Bravo: "Mack always believes it, JP. That man could get hit by a truck and tell you he won the collision."

Mack slowly nods to himself... soaking in the reaction — mixed, tense, uncertain.

Clovis doesn't react at all.

He just stares forward.

Cold.

They begin walking down the ramp.

Mark Bravo: "And Clovis Black... doesn't talk... doesn't smile... doesn't blink... he just hurts people."

John Phillips: "And that might be the biggest contrast in this match — chaos versus intimidation."

Inside the ring, Darian is still flexing — trying to hype himself up.

Jacoby lifts his phone, recording the incoming team, mouthing "content."

Mack reaches ringside first.

He pauses.

Looks at the GRPLRZ.

Smirks wider.

Trey Mack (quiet, to himself): "Yeah... this gonna be fun."

Clovis steps onto the apron.

Jacoby's smirk fades... just a little.

Mack slides into the ring.

Clovis steps over the ropes — towering presence filling the space.

Darian tries to flex again — but hesitates when Clovis doesn't react.

Mark Bravo: "Yeah... flex now, big man."

John Phillips: "This one feels combustible."

Mack leans against the ropes, rolling his shoulders, staring across the ring with confident swagger.

Clovis stands behind him.

Unmoving.

The bell is moments away.

The referee signals both teams to their corners. The energy in the Pearl Theater shifts — less spectacle now... more tension.

John Phillips: "And here we go. Tag team action continues here tonight on Jackpot."

Mark Bravo: "This is gonna be chaos, JP. Swagger versus smashmouth."

The bell rings.

Trey Mack steps forward first — loose, confident, bouncing lightly on his feet.

Across from him, Jacoby Jacobs raises his phone... filming... mouthing something to the camera.

Mark Bravo: "Is he... is he filming right now?"

John Phillips: "It appears so..."

Jacoby smirks... tosses the phone outside the ring toward ringside staff... then points to the hard cam.

Jacoby Jacobs (taunting): "Watch this, baby."

He darts forward — lightning quick.

Springboard attempt—

Mack sidesteps.

Jacoby lands — spins — goes for a quick enzuigiri—

Mack ducks.

Jacoby lands again — showboats — finger guns at the camera.

Mark Bravo: "Yeah... that's gonna get you hurt."

Mack suddenly lunges forward — fast.

Hard forearm to the jaw!

Jacoby stumbles backward — shocked.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack wasting no time — heavy strike early!"

Mack grabs Jacoby — pulls him in — short-arm lariat—

Jacoby ducks and rolls through!

Jacoby hits the ropes — running hurricanrana—

Mack blocks!

Catches him mid-air — POWER toss across the ring!
Jacoby crashes and rolls to a knee — stunned.
Mark Bravo: “That right there? That’s the difference between viral and violent.”
Jacoby quickly scrambles — tags Darian.
The crowd reacts louder as the powerhouse steps in.
John Phillips: “And now... size meets swagger.”
Darian storms forward — chest puffed — yelling.
Darian Darrington: “LET’S GO!”
He charges — massive running shoulderblock—
Mack meets him head-on!
Both men collide — neither moves.
Mark Bravo: “Ohhh that’s meat right there.”
Darian flexes — yelling louder — hits the ropes again — bigger shoulderblock—
Mack staggers this time.
Darian flexes again — shouting “LET’S GO!”
John Phillips: “Darrington leaning into that smashmouth offense!”
Darian grabs Mack — Oklahoma Slam attempt—
Mack slips behind — shove—
Darian turns—
BIG boot from Mack!
Darian stumbles into his corner.
Mack turns...
Tags.
The arena reacts — low rumble.
John Phillips: “Here comes Clovis Black.”
Mark Bravo: “Uh oh.”
Clovis steps through the ropes.
Slow.
Unblinking.
Darian tries to hype himself up again — slapping his chest.
Darian Darrington: “C’mon! Let’s GO!”
Clovis says nothing.
He just walks forward.

And the mood... changes.

John Phillips: "This just got very real."

Clovis Black stands center ring.

Darian Darrington bounces in place, slapping his chest, trying to psych himself up.

Darian Darrington: "LET'S GO! THAT'S ATTITUDE!"

He charges — running clothesline—

Clovis doesn't move.

The impact lands — but Clovis barely shifts.

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

Darian backs up — confused — then yells louder.

Darian Darrington: "AGAIN!"

He hits the ropes — bigger running clothesline—

Clovis absorbs it — still standing.

Now... Clovis moves.

Sudden, violent step forward — huge forearm smash!

Darian staggers backward — rocked.

John Phillips: "Massive strike from Clovis Black!"

Clovis grabs Darian — body lock — lifts—

PLANTS him with a crushing slam!

Darian rolls, groaning — clutching his back.

Mark Bravo: "That man just got folded."

Clovis stalks forward again — silent... calculating.

Darian tries to rise — Clovis grabs him — headbutt!

The sound echoes.

Darian collapses to one knee.

John Phillips: "Clovis is just dismantling him piece by piece!"

Clovis drags Darian toward the ropes — looks toward Mack—

Mack nods.

Tag.

Mark Bravo: "Smart. Wear him down, keep him trapped."

Mack enters — quick stomp to Darian's chest — then another.

Darian tries to fight back — wild swing—

Mack ducks — spinning elbow to the jaw!

Darian stumbles into the corner.
Mack charges — running corner strike—
Darian collapses to the mat.
John Phillips: “Mack and Black working with clear control now!”
Mack grabs Darian — lifts for a suplex—
Darian blocks!
Second block!
Darian suddenly explodes — lifts—
Big counter suplex!
Both men hit hard.
Mark Bravo: “There it is! Big man power!”
Darian crawls — reaching —
Mack crawls — reaching —
Hot tags incoming—
Darian leaps—
TAG TO JACOBY!
Mack dives—
TAG TO CLOVIS!
John Phillips: “Here comes the chaos!”
Jacoby springboards — missile dropkick to Clovis—
Clovis stumbles back!
Jacoby kips up — points at hard cam — smirks—
Jacoby Jacobs: “Clip that.”
He runs — springboard arm drag—
Clovis lands awkward — rolls — rising slowly.
Jacoby hits ropes — sliding clothesline—
Clovis gets taken down to one knee!
Mark Bravo: “Okay! Speed is giving him problems now!”
Jacoby charges — meteora attempt—
Clovis catches him mid-air!
HUGE sit-out slam!
The crowd gasps.
John Phillips: “What power from Clovis Black!”

Jacoby writhes — clutching his back.

Clovis stands — looming.

Mack leans in from the apron — smirking.

Darian pounds the mat — trying to rally his partner.

Mark Bravo: “This thing is starting to turn ugly.”

Clovis stands over Jacoby — silent, towering, unrelenting.

Jacoby crawls, clutching his back, trying to regroup — but Clovis grabs him by the wrist and drags him back toward center ring.

John Phillips: “Clovis Black is cutting the ring in half — no wasted movement, no emotion — just damage.”

Mark Bravo: “Jacoby’s speed got him here... but now he’s trapped in the storm.”

Clovis lifts Jacoby — gut wrench — hoists him high—

Jacoby squirms mid-air — lands behind!

Superkick to the back of Clovis’ knee!

Clovis drops to one knee.

Jacoby rebounds — springboard enzuigiri—

Clovis staggers!

Jacoby explodes — running Spanish Fly attempt—

Clovis blocks!

Shoves Jacoby backward—

Jacoby lands — spins —

Clovis charges—

Jacoby ducks!

Clovis crashes into the turnbuckles!

Mark Bravo: “There it is! There it is!”

Jacoby runs — Trackstar Stomp (Metora) connects in the corner!

Clovis slumps forward!

Jacoby grabs him — rolls—

Jacoby Cutter attempt—

Clovis shoves him off!

BIG forearm smash from Clovis!

Jacoby flips backward — stunned.

John Phillips: “Every time Jacoby builds momentum — Clovis shuts it down with pure force!”

Clovis reaches — tags Trey Mack.

Mack enters — immediately striking — hard forearm, then another, then a sharp knee to the ribs.

Jacoby staggers — tries to roll out — Mack drags him back.

Trey Mack (low, confident): “Stay right here.”

Mack lifts Jacoby — snap suplex — floats over — cover—

ONE—

TWO—

Jacoby kicks out.

Mark Bravo: “Tough kid. I’ll give him that.”

Mack pulls Jacoby up — whips him hard into the ropes—

Jacoby rebounds — sudden springboard backflip fakeout — lands — taunts hard cam—

Jacoby Jacobs: “We goin’ viral!”

Mack charges—

Jacoby ducks — running hurricanrana—

Mack flips forward — rolls — back to feet!

Jacoby sprints — sliding clothesline takes Mack down!

John Phillips: “Jacoby creating separation!”

Jacoby crawls — reaching —

Darian slaps the turnbuckle — shouting.

Darian Darrington: “TAG ME! TAG ME!”

Jacoby dives—

TAG TO DARIAN!

Darian storms in — roaring — huge running shoulderblock to Mack!

Mack gets flattened.

Mark Bravo: “Freight train!”

Darian lifts Mack — Oklahoma Slam — plants him hard!

Darian flexes — shouting.

Darian Darrington: “THAT’S ATTITUDE!”

He grabs Mack — whips him to the corner — charges — repeated shoulder tackles (Credit Check)!

John Phillips: “Darrington unloading with those corner drives!”

Darian lifts Mack — Alabama Slam attempt—

Mack slips out — shove—

Darian turns—

BIG running knee from Mack!

Darian stumbles backward — dazed.

Mack lunges — tags Clovis.

Clovis storms in.

Mark Bravo: “Uh oh... momentum just flipped again.”

Clovis grabs Darian — lifts — massive spinebuster!

The ring shakes.

John Phillips: “THE TRUST FALL — RIGHT ON TARGET!”

Darian writhes — clutching his back — barely moving.

Jacoby leaps in — springboard dropkick—

Clovis catches him mid-air again!

Throws him into Mack — both GRPLRZ down!

The crowd reacts loud.

Mark Bravo: “This is turning into destruction.”

Clovis stands tall.

Mack nods slowly.

The energy inside the Pearl Theater rises as all four men begin to stir — bodies worn, impact etched across every movement.

John Phillips: “We are deep into this one — and Mack & Black look poised to close the door.”

Mark Bravo: “GRPLRZ better find something quick, because this is slipping away fast.”

Clovis Black grips Darian by the wrist and hauls him upward — the big man barely able to stand.

Darian throws a desperate forearm — weak.

Clovis answers with a crushing elbow.

Darian stumbles into the ropes — bouncing back into Clovis—

Clovis lifts — massive Bossman Slam motion—

Darian slips out!

Desperation lariat—

Clovis absorbs it!

Clovis grabs Darian — pulls him in — brutal headbutt!

Darian collapses to his knees.

Mark Bravo: “That’s it... that’s the beginning of the end.”

Clovis drags Darian toward the corner — looks at Mack — nod.

TAG.

Trey Mack enters — calm, focused.

Jacoby suddenly springs in — missile dropkick to Mack!

Mack stumbles!

Jacoby explodes — running Spanish Fly connects!

The crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "WHAT A COUNTER FROM JACOBY JACOBS!"

Jacoby scrambles — drags Mack — cover—

ONE—

TWO—

Clovis dives in — breaks it!

Mark Bravo: "Close! That was close!"

Clovis grabs Jacoby — throws him through the ropes to the floor!

Darian staggers up behind Mack — lifts — Alabama Slam connects!

Darian collapses into the cover—

ONE—

TWO—

Mack kicks out!

John Phillips: "Trey Mack survives!"

Darian pounds the mat — shouting — trying to rally — lifts Mack again—

Mack suddenly slips behind — shove—

Darian turns—

Mack blasts him with a spinning elbow!

Darian wobbles — barely upright.

Mack grabs him — pulls him in — devastating lariat!

Darian drops hard.

Jacoby climbs the apron — desperate — springboard attempt—

Clovis steps in — BIG boot mid-air!

Jacoby crashes to the mat.

Mark Bravo: "That's game."

Mack lifts Darian one final time — plants him with a crushing finishing strike combination — impact echoing through the arena.

Mack covers.

ONE—

TWO—

THREE.

John Phillips: "It's over! Mack & Black win!"

Mark Bravo: "Violence wins tonight."

The bell rings.

Trey Mack rises slowly, breathing heavy, smirk returning.

Clovis Black stands beside him — silent — imposing.

Jacoby crawls toward Darian — both shaken, frustrated.

John Phillips: "Another statement from Trey Mack and Clovis Black tonight — and after last week's chaos, they continue building momentum."

Mark Bravo: "You don't gotta like 'em... but you better respect 'em."

Mack throws his arms out slightly — soaking in the reaction.

Clovis remains still.

Unmoving.

Dangerous.

The camera fades as Mack & Black stand tall.

Patterns Repeat. Systems Crash.

Segment

Backstage. The El Fantasma locker room is dimly lit, shadows crawling along the walls like living things. A faint, unnatural chill seems to hang in the air. El Fantasma Oscuro I and II stand motionless side-by-side — silent, masked, unmoving... watching. Madman Szalinski paces in front of them, muttering to himself and occasionally glancing at the door like he expects something — or someone — to emerge from the darkness.

Suddenly — three sharp knocks.

Madman freezes. Slowly... he turns toward the door.

Madman Szalinski: "...Nope. Don't like that. Don't like that at all. That's horror-movie knocking. That's 'we opened the door and everybody dies' knocking."

The knocking comes again. Slower this time. Intentional.

Madman Szalinski: "...Okay. Maybe it's pizza. Ghosts don't order pizza. Probably."

The door creaks open.

Standing in the doorway — Dex Raines and Theo Sparks. Calm. Focused. Determined.

Theo Sparks: "Yo. We're not here for a jump scare. We're here for the boss fight."

Madman exhales dramatically, clutching his chest.

Madman Szalinski: "Oh thank God. Gamers. I can handle gamers. You had me thinking it was... y'know... something with claws."

Dex steps forward slightly, eyes scanning the room — studying — calculating.

Dex Raines: "No tricks. No theatrics. Just facts. At No Love Lost... we're coming for the UTA Tag Team Championships."

Theo smirks, stepping beside him.

Theo Sparks: "You two? You're the final boss. The nightmare level. The dark mode nobody wants to load into. And honestly? That's perfect. Because we didn't come here to grind side quests..."

Theo Sparks: "...we came to clear the game."

Behind them, the Osucros do not move. Do not blink. Do not breathe.

The silence grows heavy.

Madman Szalinski: "Y'know... most people knock on this door and run away screaming. You two walked in here like you were ordering coffee. That's... concerning."

Theo leans slightly forward, confident.

Theo Sparks: "Respect where it's due. You're champions for a reason. But every reign has an end screen."

Dex tilts his head slightly toward the silent figures.

Dex Raines: "Patterns repeat. Systems crash. Even ghosts... glitch."

A long pause.

Then — slowly — El Fantasma Oscuro I tilts their head.

Oscuro II steps forward one single pace.

The lights flicker.

Madman grins... half nervous... half thrilled.

Madman Szalinski: "Ohhhh I like this. I like this a lot. Boss fight accepted."

Theo nods once.

Theo Sparks: "Good. See you at No Love Lost."

Next Level turns and exits. Calm. Confident.

The camera lingers on El Fantasma.

Silent.

Unmoving.

Watching.

The lights dim slightly as the scene fades...

Evolution in the Crosshairs

Segment

The hallway was quiet in that late-night way only arenas could manage—fluorescent lights humming, distant echoes of production crews packing up, the faint metallic scent of sweat and steel lingering in the air. Gunnar Van Patton rounded the corner with his duffel bag slung over one shoulder, boots heavy, posture loose but dangerous. He looked like a man who'd fought a war and was ready to sleep in the ashes.

He wasn't expecting company. He wasn't expecting anything at all.

But fate had a habit of throwing wolves into the same den.

Troy Lindz and Eli Creed stepped into the intersecting hallway at the exact same moment. Lindz's posture was straight, shoulders squared, movements tight and efficient—no wasted motion, no theatrical flourish, no hint of the performer they used to be. Creed stood beside them like a stone pillar, silent, unreadable, the kind of presence that didn't need to speak to command a room.

The air thickened instantly. A tension so sharp it could've cut the lights in half.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Well, ain't this somethin'. Ah reckon the Good Lord's got a sense o' humor, puttin' all three of us in the same damn hallway."

Lindz didn't blink. Didn't smirk. Didn't pose. Their eyes stayed locked on Gunnar-calm, disciplined, deliberate. A far cry from the flamboyant performer who once lived for applause.

Troy Lindz: "You leaving?"

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah was. Bag's packed. Night's over. But look at ya, Troy ... standin' tall, breathin' steady. Almost didn't recognize ya without the bullsh*t."

Lindz's jaw twitched-just once. A flicker of pride, restraint, and the faint sting of old humiliation. Creed watched silently, eyes sharp, absorbing every detail like a surgeon studying anatomy.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah mean, hell ... one good 'Fist of Defiance' an' suddenly you're a whole new creature. Guess Ah knocked the devil clean outta ya."

Lindz's breath tightened, but the discipline held. No flinch. No ego. Just focus.

Troy Lindz: "I'm not that person anymore."

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ain't that the damn truth. An' Ah ain't bein' cute about it neither. Yer tighter. Cleaner. Movin' with purpose instead of' prancin' around like a clown at the circus. That's what y'all needed to survive in this place."

Creed finally spoke-calm, measured, voice like a scalpel slicing through noise.

Eli Creed: "They're rebuilding. Not performing."

Gunnar Van Patton: "Sure are. Creed, ya stripped the glitter off 'em and made'em a killer. It's goddamn miraculous."

Lindz stepped forward-not aggressive, but intentional, like a chess piece moved with purpose.

Troy Lindz: "I didn't change because of you."

Gunnar Van Patton: "Sure ya did." A slow, needling smirk. "Just not in the way ya think."

Lindz's eyes narrowed, but the restraint remained ironclad. Creed's gaze flicked between them, tracking micro-tensions like a scientist studying a volatile reaction.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah didn't remake ya. Ah just ... opened the door. Yer the one who marched yer ass through it. That's the difference."

Lindz held his stare-steady, controlled, disciplined. A new version of themselves forged in pressure and stripped of vanity.

Troy Lindz: "I'm not done."

Gunnar Van Patton: "Good. 'Cause if ya keep this up-this version of ya, the one that don't need cheers to breathe-then maybe, just maybe, ya can go ask Avril for another shot at me with the WrestleZone title AND the UTA title on the line."

Lindz's eyes sharpened, a spark of competitive fire beneath the discipline.

Troy Lindz: "I don't need permission."

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ain't about permission. It's about protocol. Ya want another crack at me? Ya go through Avril. She handles the paperwork. Ah handle the punchin'."

Creed stepped forward-not confrontational, but firm, like a wall shifting into place.

Eli Creed: "If they come for you again, it won't be the same fight."

Gunnar chuckled low, a gravelly sound that echoed off the concrete.

Gunnar Van Patton: "For their sake, Ah hope yer right. Who knows what'll happen, if Ah scramble their brain again."

He adjusted his duffel bag, giving Lindz one last look-respectful, but edged with challenge.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Keep doin' what yer doin', Troy. It suits ya better than the glitter ever did."

He walked past them, boots echoing down the hall like distant thunder.

Lindz exhaled slowly. Creed remained still, unreadable, but there was a faint nod-approval earned, not given.

Then, from the far end of the hallway, a figure emerged.

Avril Selene Kinkade stood perfectly still, arms folded, posture immaculate. Her expression was carved from pure aristocratic disdain. She had been watching the entire exchange—watching Gunnar show respect to someone she considered beneath contempt.

Her lip curled. Her eyes narrowed. She said nothing.

But the disgust radiating from her was unmistakable. It was the kind of silent judgment that could freeze blood.

Lindz noticed her. Creed noticed her. Neither bowed. Neither flinched. Neither cared.

Avril turned sharply and walked away, heels clicking like a verdict being delivered.

The hallway stayed tense long after all four had gone.

Try Me

Segment

Backstage. The lighting is low, casting long shadows across concrete walls. The camera steadies on the UTA Fighting Champion, Hakuryu, standing motionless — the championship draped across his shoulder like a sacred relic. His breathing is slow, controlled, ritualistic. Beside him stands Sinja, face painted, posture relaxed but eyes sharp — amused, almost offended.

Sinja: "Disrespect. That's the word for it. Pure... unfiltered disrespect."

Hakuryu does not move. Not a blink. Not a shift. Only stillness.

Sinja: "The Fighting Champion stands ready. The White Dragon waits. And yet... Scott Stevens has prepared no offering. No challenger. No sacrifice."

Sinja tilts his head, smirking faintly.

Sinja: "Strange, isn't it? A champion without a challenger. A throne without a fool brave enough to climb the steps."

Hakuryu slowly lifts his eyes toward the camera — cold, unreadable.

Hakuryu (quiet, in Japanese): ??????????????????

Sinja: "Only the worthy step forward."

A voice breaks the silence from off-camera.

Jarvis Valentine: "Did somebody say they needed a challenger?"

The camera pans — and the reaction is immediate. Former UTA Champion Jarvis Valentine steps into frame. Calm. Focused. Determined. No theatrics. Just presence.

Sinja (smirk widening): "Well... well. Look what wandered back into the light."

Hakuryu turns slowly, facing Jarvis fully now. No emotion. No fear. Just observation.

Jarvis Valentine: "Seems like you need a dance partner for No Love Lost..."

Jarvis steps closer, eyes locked on the championship.

Jarvis Valentine: "And I... well... I need a path back to the UTA Championship."

Sinja studies him, circling slightly, intrigued.

Sinja: "You lost your crown. You lost your throne. And now you come begging for a different kind of pain?"

Jarvis doesn't flinch.

Jarvis Valentine: "Not begging. Earning."

A long silence fills the space. Thick. Heavy. Hakuryu steps forward — slow, deliberate — until he stands directly in front of Jarvis.

Hakuryu (softly, in Japanese): ????????????????????

Sinja: "Hakuryu asks... are you ready to break?"

Jarvis smirks faintly — confident, unshaken.

Jarvis Valentine: "Try me."

Hakuryu raises the UTA Fighting Championship slightly — not in celebration, not in warning — but in quiet acceptance.

Sinja (grinning, almost delighted): "Then it seems... No Love Lost has found its ritual."

The camera tightens on the three men — champion, disciple, challenger — locked in silent tension.

The path to war has been chosen.

Fade out.

Valentina Blaze vs. Shannon Ray

Match

The house lights dim slowly inside the Pearl Theater. The buzz of the Las Vegas crowd shifts into anticipation. A thin red laser dot flickers onto the stage... scanning.

John Phillips: "And here we go. Main event time."

Mark Bravo: "United States Championship on the line, John. And we already know what's looming over this."

John Phillips: "That's right. Earlier tonight, Valentina Blaze accepted Susanita Ybanez's challenge for No Love Lost — but that only happens if she makes it through this match first."

Mark Bravo: "And Shannon Ray is not the type you overlook. She only needs one shot."

"Lock and Load" hits the speakers. The red laser dot intensifies, scanning across the crowd before snapping center stage.

Shannon Ray steps through the curtain — calm, composed, focused. No wasted movement. No theatrics. Just precision in human form.

John Phillips: "From Vancouver, British Columbia — Shannon Ray!"

Ray doesn't play to the crowd much. She simply adjusts the wrist tape once, rolls her shoulders, and starts down the ramp at a measured pace. The laser dot trails ahead of her boots like a target being acquired.

Mark Bravo: "Olympic-level archer background. Surgical in the ring. She targets one limb, isolates it, and finishes. She doesn't brawl. She dismantles."

John Phillips: “And she forced three submissions in under four minutes once. That’s not hype — that’s record.”

Ray stops halfway down the ramp, looking directly into the hard cam.

Shannon Ray (calm, direct): “One shot is all I need to end your night.”

She continues to the ring, sliding underneath the bottom rope smoothly and rising to her feet in one fluid motion.

No taunts. No poses. She moves to a corner and begins stretching her shoulder deliberately, eyes never leaving the entrance ramp.

John Phillips: “This woman does not show mercy.”

Mark Bravo: “And she doesn’t miss often.”

The laser fades. The challenger waits.

The arena lights dim once more... then shift to a warm, radiant gold. A low, rising hum builds beneath the crowd noise — anticipation, recognition. The champion is coming.

John Phillips: “Listen to this reaction...”

Mark Bravo: “She has carried this division with pride, John. And tonight, she walks in knowing what’s waiting at No Love Lost if she survives.”

“Unbreakable Flame” hits the speakers.

Valentina Blaze steps onto the stage — UTA Women’s United States Championship draped proudly over her shoulder. Focused eyes. Calm confidence. A champion who understands both the responsibility and the fight ahead.

John Phillips: “The reigning UTA Women’s United States Champion — Valentina... BLAAAZE!”

She pauses at the top of the ramp, looking out across the Pearl Theater. The crowd rises — cheers rolling through the arena. Valentina nods once, acknowledging them... but her eyes quickly lock onto Shannon Ray inside the ring.

Mark Bravo: “Earlier tonight she showed nothing but respect when Susanita Ybanez stepped forward... but make no mistake — Valentina knows this comes first.”

John Phillips: “She told Melissa Cartwright she respects Shannon Ray. That usually means we’re about to see a fight.”

Valentina begins her walk down the ramp — steady, purposeful, championship gleaming under the lights. She slaps a few hands at ringside but never breaks focus for long.

Inside the ring, Shannon Ray watches — expression unchanged.

Valentina climbs the steel steps, enters between the ropes, and raises the championship high above her head.

John Phillips: “Champion versus challenger. Respect... but no hesitation.”

Mark Bravo: “And if Valentina walks out still champion tonight... it’s Valentina Blaze versus Susanita Ybanez at No Love Lost.”

The referee steps forward, receiving the championship belt. Both women move to center ring.

Valentina extends a hand.

Shannon looks at it... pauses... then shakes.

Respect — but tension.

The bell rings.

DING DING.

The bell echoes through the Pearl Theater as both women begin to circle. Slow. Careful. Calculated.

John Phillips: "Here we go — main event of Jackpot. United States Championship on the line."

Mark Bravo: "Precision versus fire. Shannon Ray breaks you down piece by piece... Valentina Blaze fights through anything."

They close distance.

Collar and elbow tie-up — tight, immediate pressure from both sides.

Shannon quickly shifts her weight — twisting the wrist, transitioning into a standing wristlock. Clean. Technical. Controlled.

John Phillips: "Textbook opening from Ray."

Mark Bravo: "She wants control early — slow the pace, isolate, dissect."

Valentina rolls forward — flips through — reverses into her own wristlock, then transitions into a hammerlock.

Shannon drops low, spins out, and snaps into a side headlock — tight.

Valentina pushes to the ropes — sends Shannon off.

Rebound — SHOULDER BLOCK from Shannon — Valentina staggers back a step but stays upright.

Mark Bravo: "Not enough to drop the champ."

Valentina smirks slightly.

They circle again.

Second tie-up — faster this time. Shannon drops low — SINGLE LEG — quick trip — Valentina hits the mat.

Shannon immediately hooks the ankle, twisting — testing the knee.

John Phillips: "Already targeting the leg — just like we expected."

Mark Bravo: "That's her blueprint. Take the base away... the rest collapses."

Valentina kicks free — rolls backward — pops to her feet — fires a sharp forearm.

Shannon absorbs it — answers with a stiff palm strike to the shoulder.

Forearm from Valentina — palm strike from Shannon — forearm — palm — forearm —

John Phillips: "Strike exchange early!"

Valentina suddenly steps in — SNAP SUPLEX — clean!

Shannon rolls through quickly — back to her feet — drop toe hold — Valentina hits the mat again — Shannon floats over — knee pressing into the back — grounding the champion.

Mark Bravo: "No wasted motion. None."

Shannon traps the arm — cranking the shoulder — forcing Valentina to grind toward the ropes.

Valentina reaches... reaches... grabs the bottom rope.

The referee forces the break.

Shannon releases immediately — steps back — calm.

John Phillips: "Clean break. Respectful. But still dangerous."

Valentina rises slowly, rolling her shoulder... eyes locked on Shannon.

Mark Bravo: "This is exactly where Shannon wants her — slowed down... thinking."

They circle again — tension building — crowd buzzing louder.

The match is only beginning.

The two circle again, slower now — the opening chess match giving way to something more deliberate. Shannon Ray watches every movement, every shift of weight from the champion.

John Phillips: "You can feel the tempo changing. Shannon Ray is starting to settle into control."

Mark Bravo: "And once she gets comfortable, she doesn't rush. She dismantles."

They engage — Shannon shoots low again — captures the leg — DRAGON SCREW!

Valentina hits the mat hard, clutching the knee.

John Phillips: "There it is — direct attack on the leg!"

Mark Bravo: "She doesn't just hurt you — she limits you."

Shannon rolls through, maintaining grip — twists the ankle — torque applied — Valentina grimaces, reaching toward the ropes.

Shannon transitions — knee across the thigh — grinding pressure.

John Phillips: "Surgical control."

Valentina clenches her jaw — turns — drives a forearm into Shannon's face once... twice... three times — forcing separation.

Both women rise — Shannon charges — LOW CHOP BLOCK!

Valentina drops again.

Mark Bravo: "Relentless. No wasted energy."

Shannon pulls Valentina upright — hooks — SNAP DDT targeting the shoulder!

COVER!

ONE!

TWO—

KICKOUT.

John Phillips: "Champion still in it!"

Shannon remains calm — not frustrated — simply adjusting.

She drags Valentina toward center ring — traps the arm — shoulder lock applied — grinding torque.

Mark Bravo: "You can see the plan. Take the leg... take the arm... remove her weapons."

Valentina grimaces — breath heavy — crowd beginning to rally.

Crowd: "LET'S GO VAL-EN-TI-NA!"

Valentina fights — pushes upward — Shannon tightens —

Valentina suddenly ROLLS THROUGH — spins — BACK ELBOW!

Shannon staggers — Valentina fires again — FOREARM — another —

Valentina limps forward — LARIAT — Shannon down!

John Phillips: "Champion fighting through pain!"

Mark Bravo: "That's heart — not strategy — HEART!"

Valentina pulls Shannon up — attempts a vertical suplex — leg buckles — Shannon slips free —

ENZUIGIRI from Shannon — Valentina drops to one knee!

Shannon rebounds — RUNNING KNEE STRIKE to the shoulder!

Valentina falls to the mat again.

John Phillips: "Every time Valentina builds momentum — Shannon shuts it down."

Shannon hooks the leg again — twisting — isolating — pressure building.

The champion is in trouble.

Shannon Ray maintains control of the leg, twisting and grinding the knee against the canvas. Valentina Blaze claws at the mat, jaw tight, breathing heavier now.

John Phillips: "The champion is being methodically taken apart."

Mark Bravo: "And if Valentina's base goes, so does her offense. That leg is everything."

Shannon transitions smoothly — stepping over — leg hook abdominal stretch applied. She leans back, cranking the torso and knee simultaneously.

John Phillips: "That's the setup she likes — this is where she dazes you before going for the kill."

Mark Bravo: "Last Shot could be moments away."

Valentina winces — the torque bending her sideways. The crowd grows louder, sensing the danger.

Crowd: "VAL-EN-TI-NA! VAL-EN-TI-NA!"

Valentina fights — shifting her hips — trying to create slack in the hold.

Shannon tightens it — pulling harder —

Valentina suddenly swings her free elbow backward — cracks Shannon in the jaw!

Another elbow — Shannon staggers — the hold loosens —

Valentina drops to a knee — then SURGES upward with a desperation short-arm clothesline!

John Phillips: "There's the opening!"

Mark Bravo: "She created space! That's a veteran champion!"

Both women are down momentarily. The referee begins a count.

Referee: "One! Two! Three!"

Valentina pushes to a knee first. Shannon rises slower this time.

Valentina fires — forearm! Shannon answers — palm strike! Valentina — forearm! Shannon — knee strike!

Valentina blocks the next knee — spins Shannon — SNAP GERMAN SUPLEX!

John Phillips: "What a suplex!"

Shannon rolls to her knees — dazed —

Valentina charges — RUNNING METEORA in the corner!

Shannon collapses forward — Valentina hooks the leg —

ONE!

TWO!

SHANNON KICKS OUT!

Mark Bravo: “That was close!”

John Phillips: “Very close!”

Valentina nods — focused — not frustrated.

She pulls Shannon upright — attempts a spinning back elbow — Shannon ducks — spins — CRITICAL HIT DDT!

Valentina spikes hard!

John Phillips: “DDT! DDT from Ray!”

Shannon crawls into position — hooks the leg — deep cover!

ONE!

TWO!

VALENTINA KICKS OUT!

Mark Bravo: “You’ve got to be kidding me!”

John Phillips: “The heart of a champion!”

Shannon exhales slowly — recalculating.

She rises — lines up the shot — measuring the spinning knee.

Mark Bravo: “Last Shot incoming...”

Valentina slowly gets to her feet — unsteady —

Shannon spins —

VALENTINA DUCKS!

SPINEBUSTER!

John Phillips: “Countered!”

The crowd explodes.

Both women are down again.

The champion may have just bought herself another chance.

The Pearl Theater is on its feet. Both women lie on the canvas, breathing hard, the championship hanging in the balance.

John Phillips: “What a main event we are witnessing on the go-home show for No Love Lost!”

Mark Bravo: “And remember — if Valentina retains tonight, Susanita Ybanez is waiting. That challenge has already been accepted.”

The referee begins the count.

Referee: "One! Two! Three!"

Valentina rolls toward the ropes, using them to pull herself up — clearly favoring the leg Shannon has punished all match.

Across the ring, Shannon Ray pushes to her knees, eyes sharp despite the damage.

John Phillips: "Who wants it more?"

Valentina limps forward — forearm! Shannon answers with a chop! Valentina — forearm again! Shannon — palm strike!

Strike for strike now, center ring.

Mark Bravo: "No more chess. This is willpower."

Shannon suddenly snaps a sharp Targeted Knee Strike to Valentina's injured leg!

The champion drops to one knee.

Shannon seizes it — spins — BULLSEYE NECKBREAKER!

Hook of the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

VALENTINA GETS A SHOULDER UP!

John Phillips: "Still alive!"

Shannon doesn't panic. She drags Valentina to center — crosses the arm — grapevines the leg —

EYE OF THE STORM!

The modified crossface is locked in tight!

Mark Bravo: "This might be it! Nowhere to go!"

Valentina screams, clawing at the canvas. Shannon leans back, cranking the pressure — knee trapped, shoulder torqued.

John Phillips: "The champion is in serious trouble!"

The crowd rises in volume — chanting, pleading.

Crowd: "DON'T TAP! DON'T TAP!"

Valentina drags herself inch by inch — fingertips stretching — the rope just beyond reach.

Shannon tightens the grapevine.

Valentina digs deep — rolls her hips — shifts her weight — and with a desperate surge, she rolls Shannon onto her shoulders!

Referee: "ONE!

TWO!"

Shannon releases the hold to avoid the three — both women scramble to their feet.

Shannon charges —

VALENTINA CATCHES HER — SPINNING BACK ELBOW!

Shannon staggers —

VALENTINA HOOKS — FALCON ARROW!

Bridges!

Referee: "ONE!"

"TWO!"

SHANNON KICKS OUT!

Mark Bravo: "This is championship caliber!"

Valentina doesn't hesitate this time.

She rises — measuring.

Shannon pushes up — unsteady —

Valentina charges forward —

FLAME STRIKE!

The spinning knee connects flush to the jaw.

Shannon collapses.

Valentina hooks the leg — deep.

Referee: "ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

DING DING DING!

John Phillips: "She did it! Valentina Blaze retains the United States Championship!"

Mark Bravo: "And now it's official — at No Love Lost, it will be Valentina Blaze versus Susanita Ybanez!"

Valentina rolls off slowly, clutching her leg but smiling — exhausted and relieved.

The referee hands her the championship.

She rises — lifting the title high.

Shannon Ray sits in the corner, disappointed but composed — no excuses, no theatrics — just absorbing the loss.

John Phillips: "Shannon Ray pushed her to the limit tonight."

Mark Bravo: "But the heart of the champion carried her through."

Valentina walks over to Shannon... extends a hand.

Shannon looks at it... then accepts.

Respect.

Valentina climbs the turnbuckle, raising the title again as the crowd roars.

John Phillips: "No Love Lost is just one week away!"

Mark Bravo: "And the United States Championship picture is set!"

The camera zooms in on Valentina Blaze holding the gold high as the show fades to black.

Jackpot goes off the air.

Conclusion

Also scheduled: El Fantasma with Madman Szalinski, Susanita Ybanez, Maxwell "Max" Jett, UTA Fighting Champion Hakuryu, and more.

CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Show Credits

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