

Seasons Beatings: 2025

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: December 28, 2025
Location: Allstate Arena — Rosemond, Illinois

Preview

The final show of 2025 is one near and dear to our hearts. It's that time of year again for Seasons Beatings.

Results

Package

Segment

Snow drifts past a frosted window. A wreath hangs on the glass door with a polished plaque beneath it:

UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE — CORPORATE OFFICES

Inside, the hallway is a glorious mess of holiday chaos: tinsel on the ceiling tiles, garland wrapped around handrails, a fake tree in the corner with ornaments shaped like championship belts. Someone has taped a “NICE LIST” and “NAUGHTY LIST” to the wall... but both lists are already covered in scribbles, crossed-out names, and doodles of ladders and steel chairs.

From around the corner, a pair of black boots crunch through stray candy canes like gravel.

Chris Ross appears in full Santa gear—red coat, white trim, a massive belt buckle, and a Santa hat pulled low. The beard is clearly fake, but the confidence is not. He strolls like he owns the season, carrying a red velvet sack over one shoulder like it's filled with secrets instead of presents.

Chris Ross: "Ahh... that's the thing about this time of year."

He gestures warmly at the office like a man hosting a TV special.

Chris Ross: "You hear the songs. You see the lights. You feel it in the air... family, love, togetherness... caring about the people around you."

As Ross passes a framed poster of the UTA Championship, the camera widens—revealing the “togetherness” behind him.

Two office workers are arguing in hushed voices near a copier. A third worker—unlucky enough to be wearing reindeer antlers—steps between them to calm things down.

From off-screen, a heavy hand lands on the reindeer-antler worker's shoulder.

The worker turns.

It's Maxx Mayhem... wearing a Christmas sweater that reads: “MERRY CHAOS.”

Maxx Mayhem: "Ho."

Ross keeps walking, smiling serenely into the camera like he doesn't hear the sudden panic behind him.

Chris Ross: "Because in the end, no matter what you've been through... no matter what kind of year you've had..."

A loud THUD.

The camera catches it in the background: Maxx has scooped the reindeer-antler worker up and absolutely powerbombed him through a stack of flattened cardboard boxes that were clearly labeled “HOLIDAY DECOR — FRAGILE.” Glitter erupts into the air like confetti. A single ornament rolls across the floor, somehow still intact.

Maxx looks down at the chaos, satisfied.

Maxx Mayhem: "...Ha."

Ross doesn't break stride.

Chris Ross: "...you always find your way back to what matters."

Ross turns into the break room, which has been transformed into a holiday war zone. Someone tried to make gingerbread houses... and the attempt has become a battlefield of icing and broken candy windows. A plastic mistletoe hangs from the light fixture, swinging slightly like it's afraid.

At the coffee machine, Jarvis Valentine stands with a paper cup, staring at it like it personally offended him. His expression is calm, but the eyes say he's one spilled peppermint mocha away from a main event.

Behind Jarvis, a hand-written sign reads: “DO NOT TOUCH JARVIS' COCOA. (SERIOUSLY.)”

Ross leans in beside him with gentle, storybook warmth.

Chris Ross: "Jarvis. The champ. Even you gotta admit... it's a special season."

Jarvis doesn't look at him. He simply takes a sip, slow and deliberate.

Jarvis Valentine: "...If you call me 'buddy' in that beard, I'm pouring this on you."

Ross beams, delighted like Santa just got threatened by a mall cop.

Chris Ross: "See? Boundaries. Healthy. Love that."

Ross exits the break room. In the hallway, a group of interns dressed as elves hustle past carrying a ladder that's clearly too tall for the building. One elf struggles at the back, wobbling under the weight.

Gunnar Van Patterson steps into frame with the casual menace of a man who thinks physics is a suggestion. He's wearing green-and-red athletic tape like he's been gift-wrapped against his will. An elf bumps into him and mumbles an apology.

Gunnar stares at the elf for a beat.

Gunnar Van Patterson: "You're light."

Before anyone can respond, Gunnar scoops the elf up and—like a shot-put—tosses him down the hallway. The elf sails in a perfect arc and lands harmlessly into a pile of oversized plush stockings, popping back up with a thumbs up like this is totally normal workplace behavior.

Gunnar turns to the camera like he's proud of his form.

Gunnar Van Patterson: "Nailed it."

Ross glides into the foreground again, unfazed, continuing his monologue like he's narrating a holiday classic.

Chris Ross: "Because when you really think about it, the holidays are about giving."

He passes a conference room. Inside: a long table, neatly arranged... and at the head of it sits Amy Harrison like a queen presiding over a winter court. A small plastic crown perches on her head. A glittering, red-and-gold holiday centerpiece rests in front of her like an offering.

Behind Amy, members of The Empire stand like statues, holding wrapped “gifts” that look suspiciously heavy.

Marie Van Claudio stands at the opposite end of the table, arms crossed, eyes locked on Amy. The air feels colder in there than it does outside.

Ross pauses by the glass, peeking in like a nosy neighbor.

Chris Ross: "Giving people what they deserve..."

Amy slowly turns her head toward the camera. She smiles, sweet as poison.

Amy Harrison: "Tell them I want my throne polished before tonight."

Marie doesn't blink.

Marie Van Claudio: "You keep playing queen. I'm coming to take the crown."

Ross nods, impressed, and keeps moving.

Chris Ross: "...and sometimes, giving them what they've got coming."

Down the hallway, two teams are in the middle of a full-on argument over a set of hanging decorations shaped like tiny championship belts. One group insists they belong on the tree. The other insists they belong in a briefcase. A third group is already measuring the ceiling like they're planning a ladder match in the lobby.

Someone has taped a sign to a nearby pillar:

"HOLIDAY HEIST: NO RULES. NO MERCY. PLEASE DO NOT CLIMB THE FICUS."

Ross strolls past the lobby's enormous Christmas tree. Beneath it sits a toy train set circling the base... except the "train" is a tiny ring cart dragging miniature ladders behind it, because of course it is.

Ross stops at the center of the lobby and turns fully to the camera, spreading his arms as if embracing the entire UTA universe at once.

Chris Ross: "So from our family... to yours..."

Behind him, the chaos continues. An elf sprints by clutching wrapping paper like it's a steel chair. Gunnar is still practicing tosses with a plush snowman. Maxx is trying to hang mistletoe over the doorway like it's a trap. Jarvis stands near the coffee machine in the distance, staring at everything like a man wondering how he ended up defending a championship in the middle of a holiday fever dream.

Ross leans in closer, voice warm and sincere—just enough to make you almost forget he's wearing that beard.

Chris Ross: "The United Toughness Alliance wishes you a Merry Christmas and happy holidays filled with love and joy..."

He pauses. The smile sharpens. The eyes flash with that familiar edge.

Chris Ross: "...and most importantly... Season's Beatings."

Ross winks.

SMASH CUT to the UTA logo over twinkling lights as the sound of distant commotion rises—someone yelling about a ladder, someone else yelling about "two titles," and a very tired office worker whispering, "Why do we do this every year?"

Prelude to Chaos

Segment

The broadcast begins not with pyro, but with raw handheld footage outside the arena. Snow swirls under floodlights. Illinois State Troopers form a barricade at the doors. Scott Stevens stands at the front, arms folded, flanked by Kimo

and Keanu Fatu — PAS, immovable and intimidating.

John Phillips: "We promised chaos tonight, but nobody expected it to begin in the parking lot!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at this, John — Stevens has the Troopers and the Fatu twins standing guard like a fortress. He's making sure the Unholy Wolf Brigade doesn't even step foot inside the building."

The camera pans as Avril Selene Kinkade enters, aura colder than the temperature outside, her voice sharp and venomous.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Scott, this is beneath you. Contractually, my client is entitled to compete this evening. The Brigade are approved guests of record, sanctioned to accompany him. To deny their entry is inequitable, transparently self-serving, and frankly unbecoming of your station. You manipulate the field because you know your twins cannot resist meddling."

Scott Stevens: "The Unholy Wolf Brigade isn't under contract, and as the man in charge, it's my call to deny them entry. This is my building, my show, and I won't have them running wild. PAS and the Troopers enforce it. That's the order."

Kimo steps forward, his massive frame casting a shadow across the barricade. His voice is slow, deliberate, each word like a hammer strike.

Kimo Fatu: "Gate shut. Path closed. None pass."

Keanu's tone is clipped, surgical.

Keanu Fatu: "No contract. No entry. Simple."

Immediately, Theron Tkachuk steps forward, nose-to-nose with Keanu. He says nothing, his silence heavier than words, eyes locked in cold threat. The tension between them is palpable, the air thick with menace.

From the shadows, Arkady Bogatyr crouches low among the Brigade, feral, his eyes darting in every direction, scanning the barricade with twitching intensity. Torunn Sigurjonsson steps beside Avril, warpaint streaked, a Valkyrie in the snow — fierce beauty forged into a warrior's shield. For a moment, it looks like the Brigade will hold their ground. Then Arkady erupts.

He springs forward, vaulting onto the hood of a nearby car. His boots slam against the metal, the impact echoing through the lot. In one fluid burst he sprints across the roof, reckless parkour energy carrying him like a predator unleashed. With a wild cry, Arkady dives off the far edge — colliding with Kimo in mid-air and driving the Samoan to the pavement. The crowd outside erupts.

John Phillips: "Bogatyr just launched himself off a car onto Kimo! The fight is on!"

Theron barrels into Keanu, fists flying. Keanu fires back with cold precision — a slap that echoes, a superkick that staggers the giant. Kimo surges up from the asphalt, roaring, swinging heavy palms. Arkady scrambles, twisting, landing sharp elbows and low kicks in chaotic rhythm. The melee is primal, four titans colliding in the snow.

Mark Bravo: "This is bedlam! Arkady and Theron against Kimo and Keanu — and the Troopers are caught in the storm!"

Troopers rush in, but the fighters are too massive, too violent. One Trooper is shoulder-checked by Theron, sent sprawling into the barricade. Another is slapped aside by Keanu, collapsing to the ground. A third is shoved violently by Kimo, skidding across the icy pavement. A fourth is clipped by Arkady's spin, crashing into a squad car. The officers shout commands, but the brawl rages on, bodies crashing into metal and snow.

John Phillips: "The Troopers can't contain them! They're being tossed around like rag dolls!"

More Troopers swarm, but the fighters resist — Kimo hurling one into a hood, Theron ripping free of a grapple, Arkady vaulting over two officers only to strike again, Keanu driving a boot into another's chest. The scene is chaos, a storm of fists, boots, and primal roars. Finally, sheer numbers overwhelm them. Troopers swarm, pinning each man down, forcing cuffs onto wrists with brutal effort.

Mark Bravo: "It's taking half the State Troopers in Illinois to break this up! Look at the struggle — they're barely holding these monsters down!"

Kimo and Keanu are dragged toward squad cars, still snarling and thrashing. Theron fights against the restraints until six officers force him inside. Arkady kicks wildly, screaming, before being shoved into the back of another cruiser. The Brigade's fury is caged in steel and flashing lights.

Torunn never flinches. She remains free, immovable, a shield beside Avril, her eyes locked on Stevens with cold menace. The fighters are hauled away, but Torunn stands tall, untouched, her presence a silent promise of vengeance.

Scott Stevens: "Your wolves aren't contracted, Avril. They're trespassers. And now look what you've done — my brothers are in cuffs because of this stunt. Gunnar fights alone tonight, and it's on you."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You don't call upon behemoths like the Fatus unless you intend to speak without words. You declared war, and now the Troopers have taken them all. Your brothers, the wolves — gone. The field is level. Gunnar will proceed, and should you attempt to tip the scales yourself, I shall bury you beneath filings before dawn. You may command brute force, Scott, but I command law."

Scott Stevens: "Level? You cost me my brothers. This chaos is on you."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Not chaos, Scott — it is balance. Gunnar stands alone, and now, so do you. Should you dare involve yourself personally, you will lose more than this match. You will lose your position of power. Please be moronic enough to force my pen to parchment."

Scott's rage cannot be hidden and his gaze is solely upon Avril. Making her presence felt, Torunn's voice cuts through, blunt and final, her warpaint stark against the snow. The lone female wolf more than willing to die in battle, protecting Van Patton's advisor.

Torunn Sigurjonsson: "Another step, and I will banish you to Helheim myself."

The argument spikes, voices overlapping, Trooper radios crackling. The handheld camera whips between squad cars and the confrontation. Static tears the frame. The feed cuts to black.

John Phillips: "What a start! Arrests, chaos, and Stevens and Avril at each other's throats. Seasons Beatings hasn't even begun, and it already feels like war."

Mark Bravo: "If this is the prologue, John, imagine the carnage inside. Gunnar Van Patton fights alone tonight, but the Brigade's shadow is going to hang over every second."

Introduction

Segment

The screen is black for a beat—then the feed snaps back in with the familiar UTA broadcast package. Snowy city shots. Holiday décor. Quick cuts of championships being raised, bodies crashing, and faces staring down the lens with end-of-year intensity.

The music swells, then abruptly cuts—

BOOM.

We smash to a wide, live shot inside the Allstate Arena in Rosemont, Illinois. Garland wraps the barricades.

Red-and-gold lighting washes the stage. "SEASON'S BEATINGS" banners hang above the entrance, and artificial snow drifts from the rafters as pyro cracks near the screens. The crowd is loud, festive... and still buzzing about what just happened outside.

John Phillips: "We are LIVE! Welcome to the final show of 2025—SEASON'S BEATINGS!"

Mark Bravo: "Merry Christmas, happy holidays, and apparently... happy felony season, because we just watched the parking lot turn into a crime documentary!"

The camera sweeps the crowd—holiday sweaters, "SEASON'S BEATINGS" signs, and a lot of fans still pointing toward the concourse as security and staff hustle at the edges of the floor.

John Phillips: "Before we even got to pyro, before we even got to this packed arena, it was raw chaos outside—Scott Stevens, Illinois State Troopers, and the Fatu twins blocking entry... and then all hell broke loose!"

Mark Bravo: "The Unholy Wolf Brigade tried to force their way in, Arkady Bogatyr launched himself off a car like a man possessed, Theron Tkachuk started throwing hands—troopers got tossed, squad cars got rocked—then everybody got cuffed!"

On the big screen above the stage, the broadcast replays quick, shaky clips from the cold open: bodies colliding in the snow, Troopers swarming, cuffs snapping shut, flashing lights painting the lot in blue and red.

John Phillips: "And in the middle of it—Stevens and Avril Selene Kinkade nearly at each other's throats. Stevens says the Brigade aren't contracted, Avril says the field is finally level, and Torunn Sigurjonsson—still free—promised Helheim to anyone who stepped wrong."

Mark Bravo: "Which means this, John—whether you like Gunnar Van Patton or not—he's walking into his WrestleZone Championship match tonight without the Brigade. No wolves. No safety net. Just Gunnar."

The camera cuts to ringside as the commentary team stands at their desk: John Phillips in a sharp suit with a red tie, Mark Bravo dressed festive with a gold-and-black jacket—both of them wearing that "this show is going to go off the rails" look.

John Phillips: "And if that was the prologue... imagine what the rest of this night looks like."

Mark Bravo: "I'm already stressed and we haven't even had the first bell!"

Phillips gestures toward the ring as the camera cuts to the canvas, gleaming under the lights. A holiday-themed set frames the stage, but there's a tension in the building that no amount of tinsel can hide.

John Phillips: "We have championships on the line all night long. The UTA Tag Team Titles hang above the ring in the Holiday Heist Ladder Match—six teams, no rules!"

Mark Bravo: "We've got Amy Harrison defending the UTA Women's Championship against Marie Van Claudio—six months of venom, betrayal, and payback coming due!"

John Phillips: "And in our main event—Chris Ross challenges Jarvis Valentine for the UTA Championship. The final word of 2025, with the biggest prize in the company on the line."

Phillips leans in, voice tightening as he points toward the ramp.

John Phillips: "But right now... we start this night the only way Seasons Beatings can—ten women enter, one falls out with the gold. The UTA Women's United States Championship is on the line in a first-fall-wins Cluster Match!"

Mark Bravo: "No eliminations, no waiting your turn—one mistake and your whole year ends face-first on the mat!"

The crowd roars as the lights dim slightly and the entrance area begins to glow.

John Phillips: "I'm being told that Melissa Cartwright is backstage with a very special guest."

Cookies and Milk

Segment

Backstage, the camera cuts to a festive corner of the interview area—more holiday décor than usual: a big red chair, a fake fireplace backdrop, stockings with UTA logos on them, and a small sign that reads: "UTA SANTA STATION."

Melissa Cartwright stands in front of it all with her microphone, trying very hard to look professional... while the scene behind her looks like a holiday-themed ambush waiting to happen.

Melissa Cartwright: "Alright... apparently this is happening. Ladies and gentlemen, I am joined right now by—"

A loud HO! HO! HO! booms off-camera.

Melissa's eyes narrow.

Melissa Cartwright: "...Santa Claus."

The camera widens and reveals Santa stepping into frame.

It is very obviously Maxx Mayhem in a Santa suit. The beard is slightly crooked. The hat is pulled down too tight. The belly is either padded—or Maxx is committing to the bit with alarming dedication. He's wearing red gloves that don't fit, and his boots look like they were borrowed from a mall display. Even worse... the Santa coat is stretched across his shoulders like it's barely surviving him.

He waves at the camera like he's a celebrity on a parade float.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "HO! HO! HO!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Maxx. That is one hundred percent Maxx Mayhem."

John Phillips: "I don't think he's even trying to hide it."

Maxx leans toward the camera, squinting like he's reading a teleprompter that isn't there.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "MELISSA CARTWRIGHT! My favorite little... uh... helper person!"

Melissa takes a slow breath through her nose and forces a smile that says "this is my job."

Melissa Cartwright: "Maxx."

Maxx gasps—offended.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Whoa! WHOA! It's Santa. Okay? Santa. Claus. North Pole. Magic. Reindeer. Respect the lore!"

He points at the sign behind him like it's official documentation.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "See? Station."

Melissa Cartwright: "Right. Santa."

Maxx claps his hands together, the gloves making an awkward squeak.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Yes! Now we're cookin'! We're festive!"

Melissa tries to keep this on rails.

Melissa Cartwright: "Santa—"

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "THANK YOU."

Melissa Cartwright: "—it's going to be a wild night here at Season's Beatings. Championships might be changing hands, chaos everywhere, and in the main event: Jarvis Valentine versus Chris Ross for the UTA Championship. But you... are here backstage dressed like this for a reason. What are you doing?"

Maxx spreads his arms wide, like it's the most obvious thing in the world.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Melissa, I am spreading joy."

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "I am spreading cheer."

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "I am spreading fear into the hearts of anyone who's been naughty in the UTA locker room."

Melissa blinks.

Melissa Cartwright: "...Fear."

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Yes. Because Santa sees everything."

He taps the side of his head like he's brilliant.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "And I got a list, Melissa."

He reaches into the Santa coat and pulls out a crumpled sheet of paper labeled in thick marker: NAUGHTY LIST.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "I been checkin' it twice!"

He squints dramatically at it.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "First of all... whoever stole my cookies from catering?"

Maxx looks around, dead serious.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "You are done."

Melissa Cartwright: "Maxx, please—"

Maxx holds up a gloved hand.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Second... anyone who thinks 2026 is startin' without Maxx Mayhem makin' noise?"

He points at the camera.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "You're on the list too."

Melissa tries to pull a coherent question out of this.

Melissa Cartwright: "Are you making a statement about Brand New Day?"

Maxx's eyes widen like she finally said the magic phrase.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "OH! Now you're speakin' my language!"

He steps closer to the camera—beard wobbling, voice suddenly more intense under the comedy.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Brand New Day is two nights."

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Two nights means twice the chaos."

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "And if there's one thing I do better than anybody in this company—"

He smacks his chest.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "—it's chaos."

Melissa's face tightens. She knows Maxx well enough to hear the real threat in the joke.

Melissa Cartwright: "So what are you promising?"

Maxx tilts his head, the Santa hat bobbing.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "I'm promising... a gift."

He leans in, voice dropping.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "To myself."

Beat.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Because in 2025, a lotta people got spotlight. A lotta people got moments. A lotta people got opportunities."

He points at the camera again.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "And in 2026? Santa's takin' his turn."

Melissa tries not to laugh, but she can't help the smallest exhale.

Melissa Cartwright: "...Santa."

Maxx beams.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "YES!"

He suddenly drops into the red chair like he owns it, spreading his arms wide.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Now who wants to sit on my lap and tell me what championship they want for Christmas?!"

Melissa's eyes go wide—immediate panic.

Melissa Cartwright: "Absolutely not."

Mark Bravo: "Smart choice, Melissa!"

John Phillips: "We are not insuring that."

Maxx laughs loud, throws up his hands, and stands back up.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Fine! Fine! I'll deliver the gifts the old fashioned way!"

He points down the hallway dramatically.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Through violence!"

Melissa turns back to the camera, regaining control of the segment by force.

Melissa Cartwright: "Maxx Mayhem... as Santa Claus... has declared 2026 is going to be his year of chaos. Back to ringside for our first match."

As the camera starts to fade, Maxx is still in the background, squinting at his crumpled list and muttering.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "...Whoever touched my cookies is definitely catchin' a chair."

Women's United States Championship Match

Match

The arena lights dim back down after the holiday vignette, and the Allstate Arena is buzzing—Santa hats in the crowd, ugly-sweater signs, and a sea of phones already up. A giant Seasons Beatings graphic shimmers across the big screen as snowflake pyro pops along the stage.

In the ring, a cluster of ladders and candy-cane themed set dressing sit far off to the side like ominous promises for

later. Right now, though, there's only one promise:

Ten women. One fall. One champion.

A ringside graphic flashes:

UTA WOMEN'S UNITED STATES CHAMPIONSHIP — CLUSTER MATCH

FIRST PINFALL OR SUBMISSION WINS

The championship is displayed on a velvet stand at ringside, glinting beneath the lights.

John Phillips: "Welcome back inside the Allstate Arena in Rosemont, Illinois—Seasons Beatings is underway, and we are starting with absolute chaos. Ten women, one fall, winner leaves as the UTA Women's United States Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "One fall. Ten bad intentions. I love the holidays, Phillips—some people bake cookies, UTA women bake each other's faces!"

The ring announcer steps in with a deep breath, already bracing for what's coming.

Ring Announcer: "The following contest is a CLUSTER MATCH... and it is for the UTA WOMEN'S UNITED STATES CHAMPIONSHIP!"

A sharp, cold pulse hits the speakers—synthetic, clean, almost soothing.

"Resonance" by HOME.

The lights wash into a soft neon haze as JUNO SAGE emerges, hood up, eyes forward, calm like a surgeon walking toward an operating table. She pauses at the top of the ramp, rolls her wrist once, then glances down at her own wrist like she's checking an internal clock only she can read.

John Phillips: "Juno Sage—submission artist, clinical as they come. She doesn't get loud, she doesn't get flashy... she just breaks the math until the answer is 'tap.'"

Mark Bravo: "She looks like she's about to solve a Rubik's Cube using someone's shoulder joint."

Juno enters the ring without acknowledging the crowd, head on a swivel, posture composed. She takes one corner and stands still—waiting.

A hard, blue-collar drum beat hits and the crowd rises with a gritty roar.

NANCY RHODES steps out with her jaw set, shoulders rolling, elbows already twitching like she's shadowboxing a memory. She slaps hands down the ramp like she's punching timecards.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes—Detroit fight scene grit. She's relentless, and she loves to make you pay for every inch."

Mark Bravo: "You can't spell 'holiday cheer' without 'here comes an elbow,' baby!"

Nancy slides in and immediately points across the ring like she's picking a target in advance. Juno doesn't react—just watches.

A single, crisp sound—like an arrow released.

SHANNON RAY emerges with a composed stare, chin lifted, moving with the calm of someone who believes mistakes are for other people. She stops at the ramp, takes an imaginary bowstring draw, and lets it "fly" toward the ring.

John Phillips: "Shannon Ray—precision, execution, no wasted movement. If you blink, she's already two steps ahead."

Mark Bravo: "She's the type who would wrap a present with perfect corners... then choke you out with the ribbon."

Shannon steps through the ropes, eyes sweeping the bodies already present, then backs into a corner like she's lining

up a shot.

The opening guitar and swaggering rhythm hit, and the crowd gets loud.

NANCY RHODES rolls her neck again—then the camera catches SUSANITA YBANEZ stepping into view at the top of the stage, bouncing on her toes, feeding off the noise. She points down at the ring and then taps her chest—pride, roots, fight.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez—heart for days, fearless style, and she's been in the thick of the war with The Empire. Survivor left scars on everybody."

Mark Bravo: "She's not here for cookies. She's here for somebody's soul—and a title. Preferably both."

Susanita runs the last few steps and slides in, immediately jawing toward ringside like she's searching for Dahlia Cross before Dahlia even arrives.

The arena shifts as the lights snap into deep violet.

"Venom" by Little Simz.

D A H L I A C R O S S appears, violet hair glowing under the lights, a slow smile on her face like she's already enjoying the pain she's about to cause. She holds the ropes at the top of the ramp for a moment, looking down at the ring like it's a chessboard—and she's already seen the ending.

John Phillips: "And there's heat. Dahlia Cross—The Empire's cruel technician. Survivor was a battlefield between Team MVC and The Empire... and Dahlia doesn't forget."

Mark Bravo: "She smiles like she's reading your medical chart."

As Dahlia walks, Susanita paces inside the ring, pointing and yelling. Nancy Rhodes steps closer to the ropes too, chin up. Dahlia just laughs quietly to herself and steps up onto the apron.

The second she enters, Susanita charges—referees rush in to keep them apart—but Dahlia leans back, hands up, grinning like a cat behind glass.

A thunderclap hits the speakers—literal storm audio—and the stage lighting flickers like lightning.

ANGELA HALL bursts out to a huge reaction, sprinting in place at the top of the ramp like she's about to run through the entire match in thirty seconds. She throws the "Let's go" motion to the crowd, and the sound effects roll again—wind, thunder, crackle.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall—explosiveness personified. She hits like a storm front and disappears before you can recover."

Mark Bravo: "Storm sound effects? That's my kind of Christmas music!"

Angela's eyes lock immediately on Dahlia. The Survivor tension is right there—Team MVC versus The Empire, unfinished business, bad blood still warm.

Angela slides in and beelines for Dahlia. Dahlia smirks... and backs away just enough to force Angela to turn her head—because in a match like this, every second of tunnel vision gets you caught.

"Thunder" by Imagine Dragons hits and the crowd starts clapping to the beat.

ATHENA STORM dances out with vibrant energy, throwing the "Let it rain!" arm motion as the fans chant back at her. She bounces, shadow-kicks at the air, then sprints down the ramp with the kind of speed that makes the camera feel late.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm—Muay Thai and Capoeira, lightning-quick striker. She turns momentum into a party and

the party into a fight."

Mark Bravo: "If she starts raining on people, I'm bringing an umbrella and a camera!"

Athena slides in, pops to her feet, and immediately spins in a tight circle, eyes wide—reading nine opponents at once.

The lights dim into a cold, ceremonial tone.

Kaida Shizuka steps onto the stage, stoic and composed, wearing a calm expression that never changes—even as the crowd roars. She walks with measured steps, then stops at ringside, wipes the soles of her boots carefully against the mat edge, and bows once toward the ring.

John Phillips: "Kaida Shizuka—strong-style strikes, stealthy submissions, and discipline that never cracks."

Mark Bravo: "She wiped her boots before getting in—meanwhile, Maxx Mayhem probably wiped his boots on a person earlier."

Kaida enters with quiet precision. Dahlia watches her with a tilted head—recognizing danger in discipline.

A holiday-bright guitar riff and a burst of warm lighting hit the stage.

NANCY RHODES turns—and SHANNON RAY narrows her gaze—because NANCY RHODES isn't who's coming out now.

Nancy Rhodes already came out... this is the other crowd favorite.

It's SHANNON RAY's music still playing in the arena? No—wrong. The lighting shifts again.

VALENTINA BLAZE explodes onto the stage to "Firestarter" by The Prodigy, throwing up the "Light it up!" gesture as the crowd pops. She points at the title on the stand at ringside, then makes a belt motion around her waist like she's already feeling the weight.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze—explosive kicks, fearless dives, and she loves the moment as much as she loves the fight."

Mark Bravo: "Firestarter in December? That's called 'heating costs,' Phillips!"

Valentina sprints down and slides into the ring like a missile, popping up and immediately exchanging words with Athena—competitive but respectful—before both women turn toward the larger threats around them.

Now the arena hushes a little—because the last entrance is the champion's.

The big screen flickers into grit and Americana.

"The Outsiders" by Eric Church hits, and EMILY HIGHTOWER steps out with the UTA Women's United States Championship around her waist. She pauses at the top of the ramp and raises the title high—an All-American smile on her face, but the eyes of a fighter who grew up in scrap yards and learned to swing first.

John Phillips: "And here comes the champion—Emily Hightower. The Junkyard Bitch. Rugged, athletic, and mean when it matters. She's held that Women's United States Championship like it's welded to her."

Mark Bravo: "And after Survivor? You know she's got Dahlia Cross in her sights. Team MVC versus The Empire still isn't settled—this is just the next battleground!"

Emily walks with purpose, slapping the title once before sliding into the ring. She stands up and immediately turns toward Dahlia and Angela—eyes flicking between them. Angela stares right back, intense. Susanita points across the ring at Dahlia again. Dahlia... smiles.

Emily unclasps the championship and hands it to the referee with a firm nod—no fear, no ceremony.

The referee raises the title high. Ten women lean in, each in a different stance—brawlers, technicians, flyers, strikers—all coiled and ready.

Ring Announcer: "Introducing first... the challenger—"

The announcer doesn't even get to finish the formality before bodies start shifting forward, shoulders bumping, trash being talked.

John Phillips: "One fall to a finish. No eliminations, no second chances. Somebody makes one mistake and their year ends watching another woman celebrate with that championship!"

Mark Bravo: "Ten women in there and I'm telling you right now—somebody's getting unwrapped like a gift!"

The referee checks corners—more out of tradition than function—then backs away and calls for the bell.

DING DING DING.

The bell hits and the match detonates—no feeling-out process, no circling, no polite lock-ups. Ten women surge at once like a riot breaking through the ropes.

John Phillips: "HERE WE GO!"

Mark Bravo: "MERRY CHRISTMAS—SOMEBODY'S GETTING COAL TO THE FACE!"

Emily Hightower doesn't hesitate. She charges straight for Dahlia Cross, and Angela Hall meets her halfway—because Survivor is still in their bones and Dahlia is the spark.

Dahlia's smile vanishes under impact as Emily and Angela crash into her like a two-car pileup, driving her backward into the corner. Susanita Ybanez sprints in and adds a fourth shoulder—pistoning Dahlia deeper into the turnbuckles.

THUD—THUD—THUD.

Dahlia's arms come up late. Her body folds under the barrage. The crowd roars with every hit.

John Phillips: "Team MVC has not forgotten Survivor! Dahlia Cross is getting swarmed!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not a swarm, that's a holiday mob!"

Dahlia snaps out of it with pure instinct—she ducks low and grabs Susanita's wrist, yanking her forward into the buckles. Susanita's chest hits hard, and Dahlia immediately rakes a forearm across her throat, smiling again as she chokes just long enough to make the point.

Emily reaches in—Dahlia twists—wrenching Emily's arm across the top rope and yanking it downward like she's trying to pull a tendon out by the root.

Angela leaps up the second rope, storm sound effects crackling over the speakers—she launches into a Gale Force Knee aimed at Dahlia's head—

Dahlia slips out.

Angela's knee CRACKS into the turnbuckle padding and she lands awkward, clutching her leg for a half-second—just long enough for Dahlia to pounce and stomp that knee with wicked glee.

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross just turned one burst of offense into a limb target—she's ruthless!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the Empire special: ruin your wheels and laugh while you crawl!"

Across the ring, Athena Storm and Valentina Blaze lock eyes—two speed demons, two storms—then they both explode into motion like they agreed to race without saying a word.

Athena darts first—roundhouse kick—Valentina ducks and answers with a spinning back kick that grazes Athena's ribs.

Athena rebounds off the ropes, springing into a rope-walk feint—Valentina steps in—Athena flips into a tilt-a-whirl headscissors and sends Valentina flying!

Valentina pops up fast, hair whipping—Athena rushes—Valentina hits a running bulldog and plants Athena, then points to the crowd and throws the “Light it up!” gesture like she just struck a match in the middle of the ring.

John Phillips: "Athena and Valentina are moving at a different speed!"

Mark Bravo: "Somebody put a seatbelt on the ring, Phillips!"

Kaida Shizuka steps into the fray like a blade sliding out of its sheath. She catches Shannon Ray mid-step with a shoot kick to the thigh—Shannon grimaces, disciplined enough not to show weakness, but it’s there.

Kaida follows with a rolling elbow that snaps Shannon’s head sideways—then a second kick, harder, higher. Shannon backs into the ropes, hands up—Kaida’s eyes remain cold.

Shannon slips under a third strike and clamps Kaida’s wrist, trying to turn it into a targeted arm control—but Kaida pivots and drops her with a crisp snap Saito suplex that rattles the mat.

Shannon rolls to her knees, blinking. Kaida bows—just slightly—then turns away like the exchange is already finished.

John Phillips: "Kaida Shizuka—measured violence. Every strike has a purpose."

Mark Bravo: "Purpose? That purpose was ‘delete Shannon Ray.’"

Nancy Rhodes, meanwhile, is doing what she does best—turning the match into a street fight. She blasts Juno Sage with a spinning razor elbow that nearly takes Juno’s head off.

Juno staggers, eyes glassy for a heartbeat. Nancy charges again—Juno drops levels and snatches a leg, transitioning with surgical speed—ankle trapped—knee aligned—trying to fold Nancy into a kneebar before Nancy even realizes she’s in danger.

Nancy snarls and starts hammering down elbows—one, two, three—into Juno’s shoulder and side of the head, forcing Juno to release and roll away like a lab experiment that just caught fire.

John Phillips: "Juno Sage almost had Binary Lock territory in seconds!"

Mark Bravo: "And Nancy Rhodes just said ‘I don’t believe in science!’"

Back in the corner, the Survivor heat boils over again—Emily Hightower grabs Dahlia by the violet hair and yanks her out of the ropes, spinning her into the center of the ring.

Emily swings a short, brutal forearm—Dahlia ducks and snaps a leg sweep, then pops up with a palm thrust toward Emily’s throat—

Emily eats it, coughs, and then smiles.

Not a nice smile. A mean one.

Emily lunges, wraps Dahlia up and just starts throwing hands—scrap-yard fists, brawl-style—forcing Dahlia backward, backward—

Angela Hall charges in with a thunderclap spear—aimed at Dahlia—

Dahlia slips away at the last second.

Angela SPEARS EMILY instead!

The collision is sickening—Emily folds and flips, landing hard on her back. The crowd erupts in a mix of shock and noise.

John Phillips: "ANGELA HALL JUST TOOK OUT THE CHAMPION!"

Mark Bravo: "Friendly fire in a ten-woman one-fall match is a felony!"

Angela scrambles up, stunned, hands out like she wants to apologize and fight at the same time—Emily sits up, eyes wide, chest heaving—then she rises to a knee and points at Angela, jaw tight.

Dahlia Cross, already behind them, grins like she just opened the perfect gift.

She darts in, clamps onto Emily's arm, and yanks her down into a twisting wrench—trying to isolate the limb for Violet Vice early—

But Susanita dives onto Dahlia's back and starts raining forearms, prying her off like she's ripping a parasite away.

Athena Storm sees bodies stacked and senses opportunity—she sprints, rebounds off the ropes, and launches into a standing shooting-star press—

Nancy Rhodes steps in at the last second and catches Athena mid-rotation with a brutal forearm smash across the ribs, stopping her cold and dumping her sideways.

John Phillips: "This is a car crash! Everyone's hunting the one opening!"

Mark Bravo: "One fall means you don't 'build' anything, Phillips—you steal it!"

Valentina Blaze climbs to the second rope in a blink and leaps—Firefly Plancha—but Kaida Shizuka steps forward and meets her in mid-air with a sharp forearm, knocking Valentina off balance so she lands on her feet—staggering—just long enough for Shannon Ray to hook her with an abdominal stretch from behind, trying to drain her before she can ignite again.

Juno Sage slides in low and tries to trap Shannon's arm—three women tangled—then Nancy barrels into all of them with a Bloodletting Clothesline, turning the knot into a pile.

The crowd is losing it. Ten bodies, none of them safe. And the champion—Emily—still trying to shake off that spear, still trying to keep her head on a swivel while Survivor ghosts keep grabbing at everyone's ankles.

Emily pushes up to her feet—and the camera catches Dahlia Cross in the corner, rubbing her own jaw, eyes locked on Emily's arm like it's the only thing she sees in the world.

John Phillips: "Early chaos favors the opportunists, and I promise you—Dahlia Cross is the worst kind of opportunist!"

Mark Bravo: "And somewhere in all this, somebody's gonna get pinned and we'll all go 'WAIT—THAT'S IT?!'"

As if on cue, Athena Storm suddenly snaps upright, seeing Valentina down on a knee and Shannon Ray recovering near the ropes—Athena points, rallies the crowd with the "Let it rain!" motion—then takes off at full speed—

—and the ring becomes a blur of motion again.

Athena Storm explodes off the ropes—full sprint—eyes locked on the first opening she sees. Shannon Ray is rising near the ropes and Valentina Blaze is still shaking out her balance from the earlier collision.

Athena cuts left—then snaps right—using her feet like she's drawing lines on the mat. She leaps—

—Standing Shooting-Star Press toward Shannon!

Shannon rolls at the last possible heartbeat and Athena lands on her feet—clean—only to eat a sharp, surgical chop across the chest from Shannon the second she turns.

John Phillips: ""Athena landed on her feet—Shannon Ray had the answer waiting!""

Mark Bravo: ""That's a human calculator, Phillips. Athena just got graded!""

Shannon steps in for a Deadeye Dropkick—Athena swats it aside with a forearm and answers with a brutal Jumping Knee Strike that pops Shannon upright like a snapped bowstring.

Valentina Blaze charges in with a running bulldog aimed at Athena—Athena plants, pivots, and slips free—Valentina crashes chest-first into the ropes, rebounds—

—and Kaida Shizuka nails her with a crisp shoot kick to the ribs, folding Valentina in half.

Kaida follows with a Tiger Feint Knee that catches Valentina on the rebound, and Valentina drops to a knee, one hand on the mat, teeth grit.

John Phillips: ""Kaida Shizuka is carving people up with those strikes!""

Mark Bravo: ""She's making sushi out here—everybody's getting sliced!""

Across the ring, Nancy Rhodes has Juno Sage in the corner and is peppering her with short, mean elbows—Detroit rhythm. Juno absorbs, eyes wide but calm, like she's counting the beats instead of feeling them.

Nancy winds up for one big swing—Juno ducks under, spins behind, and yanks Nancy down by the wrist like she just hit a switch.

Juno immediately steps through, isolating the arm—trying to fold it into a trap—Binary Lock setup territory—

Nancy snarls and rolls, trying to kick free, but Juno stays glued, wrist cinched, shoulder compressed. Nancy reaches the ropes instinctively—then remembers there are no rope breaks that matter here unless the hold breaks. She panics for a beat, then blasts backward with a mule kick that catches Juno in the chest and forces separation.

John Phillips: ""Juno Sage is terrifying—she doesn't need speed, she needs one mistake!""

Mark Bravo: ""Nancy just kicked the lab equipment off the table!""

And then the Survivor heat ignites again—center ring.

Emily Hightower is back up, rolling her shoulder, eyes burning. Angela Hall is apologizing with her hands and her posture... and Susanita Ybanez is pointing directly at Dahlia Cross like she's calling out a criminal.

Dahlia Cross, of course, is smiling.

Angela steps forward—storm sound effects crackle—she throws a Lightning Bolt Lariat at Dahlia—

Dahlia ducks and hooks Angela's arm, twisting it behind her back like she's wringing out a towel, then drags Angela down into a sudden, ugly torque that makes Angela's face flash with pain.

Susanita charges—Dahlia releases and snaps a single-leg dropkick into Susanita's knee, chopping the leg out from under her.

Emily sees red.

She storms in and throws a wild forearm—Dahlia slips—Emily grabs anyway, catches fabric, catches hair, catches whatever she can, and just starts clubbing Dahlia like a junkyard brawl in a ring full of ornaments.

John Phillips: ""Emily Hightower turning this into a fight—this is her world!""

Mark Bravo: ""That's not wrestling, that's 'meet me behind the shed!'""

Dahlia tries to escape by dropping low and yanking Emily's arm into another wrench—Emily refuses to give it—so Dahlia does the next cruelest thing:

She grabs the fingers and bends them backward one by one, grinning straight at the hard cam.

Emily howls and swings an elbow—Dahlia slips it—Emily swings again—Dahlia slips again—

—until Angela Hall comes back like a lightning strike and blasts Dahlia with a Thunderclap Spear that cuts her in half.

The crowd erupts as Dahlia flips and skids on her back.

Angela pops up and roars—then immediately points at Emily like, “That one’s on purpose.”

Emily nods once.

Susanita limps in, adrenaline overriding the knee shot, and she and Angela drag Dahlia toward the center like they’re hauling a grudge.

Emily steps in, pulls her elbow pad down, and blasts Dahlia with Ode To My Father—a bull hammer elbow that lands flush.

Dahlia collapses to her side.

Emily hooks the leg!

John Phillips: ““CHAMPION GOING FOR IT EARLY—ONE FALL!””

ONE—

TWO—

Kaida Shizuka dives in and stomps Emily’s hooking arm off the leg, breaking the pin like she’s snuffing out a match.

Mark Bravo: ““NOPE! Kaida said ‘not yet!’””

Emily whips her head up, furious. Kaida stares back, emotionless, and bows just slightly—as if to say, “Nothing personal. Everything is opportunity.”

Emily lunges—Kaida pivots—snap Saito suplex attempt—Emily blocks, plants her feet, and fires a short headbutt that stuns Kaida long enough for Emily to bull her into the corner.

Emily throws a nasty shoulder into Kaida’s ribs—then another—then drags her out and tries to turn it into a rough suplex.

Kaida floats behind on the way down and clamps a quick hold around Emily’s waist, trying to steal position—
—but Emily elbows free and shoves her away.

That shove sends Kaida stumbling right into Valentina Blaze, who’s back on her feet and angry about the earlier kicks. Valentina swings a spinning back kick—Kaida blocks with her forearm—Valentina rebounds off the ropes—
—and Athena Storm meets her with a rope-walk enzuigiri that cracks across Valentina’s jaw like a whip.

Valentina stumbles, dazed.

Athena scoops her—trying for Tempest Driver—

Valentina fights out, lands behind, and blasts Athena with a sudden Apron Meteora setup—driving knees into Athena’s back and sending her spilling through the ropes to the apron.

John Phillips: ““Valentina just saved herself—Athena’s teetering on the apron!””

Mark Bravo: ““Somebody’s about to get gift-wrapped around the ring post!””

Valentina charges to finish it—Athena drops low on the apron, then slingshots back in with a snapping kick that catches Valentina’s chest.

Valentina stumbles into Shannon Ray—Shannon catches her by the arm and yanks her into a Precision Armbar attempt—

—but Nancy Rhodes barrels in and crushes Shannon with a forearm that breaks it up instantly.

Shannon staggers back, furious, and Nancy steps toward her like she wants more.

Juno Sage appears behind Nancy like a ghost, hooks the waist, and tries to drag Nancy down into another trap—

Nancy throws her weight backward and squashes Juno into the corner pads, then turns and levels Juno with a sharp elbow that drops her to the mat.

John Phillips: "“No alliances, no mercy—everybody’s interrupting everybody!”"

Mark Bravo: "“That’s the whole match! It’s ten women playing keep-away with the finish!”"

In the center, Dahlia Cross is crawling—still rattled from Emily’s elbow—still smiling through it. She finds Susanita’s leg and yanks, tripping her to the mat with a nasty tug.

Dahlia rolls over Susanita’s body and starts to lace the legs—going for Desaparecer territory? No—Dahlia’s got her own idea. She’s hunting that knee. She wants to snap something.

Susanita kicks and claws, reaching for the ropes out of instinct. Angela Hall dives in to stomp Dahlia’s hands away—

Dahlia releases at the last second and whips up, grabbing Angela by the head and snapping her down with a sudden, dirty pull that sends Angela face-first to the mat.

Emily storms back into frame—Dahlia backs up—Kaida’s there—Nancy’s there—Valentina’s there—Athena’s there—Shannon’s there—Juno’s there—Susanita’s there—

Ten bodies converge again.

And for a split second... the entire ring freezes as everyone realizes the same truth:

One clean move. One clean cover. It’s over.

Then the storm hits all over again.

The ring turns into a human pinball machine—everybody colliding, everybody grabbing, everybody trying to steal two seconds of control.

Emily Hightower swings a forearm at Dahlia Cross—Dahlia ducks and shoves Emily forward—Emily rebounds off the ropes and nearly runs into Kaida Shizuka, who snaps a sharp kick up that thuds into Emily’s midsection.

Emily doubles over—Angela Hall tries to rush Kaida—Kaida sidesteps and redirects Angela into Nancy Rhodes, and Nancy responds with a brutal elbow that staggers Angela sideways.

John Phillips: "This is breaking down fast—nobody can keep control for more than a breath!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what happens when you put ten women in one ring with one fall, Phillips—everybody’s a thief!"

Near the ropes, Shannon Ray tries to snatch Valentina Blaze into a quick arm control—Valentina twists free and answers with a stiff back kick that pops Shannon’s head back.

Athena Storm darts in with a jumping knee that clips Valentina’s shoulder—Valentina stumbles into the ropes—Athena grabs her, trying to sling her over—Valentina hooks the top rope and skins the cat back in, landing on her feet with fire in her eyes.

Juno Sage slides in low behind Athena, reaching for the ankle—Athena hops out—Juno follows—Nancy Rhodes blasts Juno with a clubbing forearm that knocks her sideways into Susanita Ybanez.

Susanita doesn’t go down—she grabs Nancy by the wrist and yanks her forward like she’s pulling someone into a street fight. Nancy shoves back. Susanita shoves harder.

Dahlia Cross sees the tangle and glides in like a shark, catching Susanita's arm and yanking her into a nasty torque—Susanita screams and throws an elbow behind her head—Dahlia slips it and shoves Susanita toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross is trying to turn the chaos into limb targets—she's hunting joints!"

Mark Bravo: "She's hunting Christmas presents, too—except her gifts are pain!"

Emily Hightower charges from behind and slams into Dahlia with a shoulder, driving her into the ropes—Angela Hall follows, storm sound effects crackling as she hits a running strike that rocks Dahlia's head back.

Dahlia spills through the ropes—half on the apron, half in the ring—trying to keep her balance.

Kaida Shizuka steps in and boots Dahlia's legs out from under her—Dahlia drops to the floor on the outside with a thud.

And that's the spark.

Susanita sees Dahlia hit the floor and immediately dives through the ropes after her—no hesitation. Angela follows, sliding out to the apron and dropping down. Emily steps through the ropes with purpose, eyes locked, fists clenched.

On the opposite side, Nancy Rhodes shoves Juno Sage toward the ropes—Juno catches herself, but Nancy barrels in and knocks her through. Shannon Ray gets clipped in the scramble and tumbles out after them.

Athena Storm and Kaida Shizuka collide mid-ring—Kaida shoves Athena—Athena rebounds and ducks—Kaida's momentum carries her into Valentina Blaze—Valentina shoves Kaida toward the ropes—Kaida catches herself, but Athena clips her legs and Kaida spills to the apron, dropping to the floor.

One after another, bodies pour out—like the ring is rejecting them.

John Phillips: "Everybody's going to the floor! This is turning into a parking-lot fight without the parking lot!"

Mark Bravo: "Good! The ring's too small for this kind of holiday violence!"

Outside, the brawl spreads—then compresses. Angela Hall throws stiff shots at Dahlia Cross near the barricade—Dahlia answers with a sly rake across Angela's face and a stomp to the knee. Susanita charges in and Dahlia bails, only to get grabbed by Emily Hightower—Emily slams Dahlia back-first into the barricade with pure scrap-yard strength.

Nancy Rhodes is trading elbows with Juno Sage a few steps away—Juno tries to snatch the wrist and twist into a hold—Nancy rips free and cracks Juno with another forearm, and Juno stumbles into Shannon Ray.

Shannon tries to steady herself—Athena Storm flies in with a sharp kick that catches Shannon on the shoulder—Kaida Shizuka answers with a kick of her own to Athena's thigh—Athena stumbles—Valentina Blaze isn't there.

Because Valentina is still inside the ring.

The camera snaps back to the ring—Valentina Blaze stands alone for the first time all match, chest rising, eyes wide, hearing the crowd roar as the chaos spills entirely to the floor. She looks left. She looks right. Then she looks down at the pile forming on the hard cam side as all nine other women collide and shove and swing and fall into each other.

Outside, the brawl shifts like a tide—everyone getting dragged to the same side, shoulder to shoulder, a knot of bodies against the barricade. Dahlia ducks away from a punch and shoves Susanita into Angela. Emily grabs somebody—Nancy grabs somebody—Kaida kicks somebody—Athena shoves somebody—Shannon tries to pull someone off—Juno reaches for a leg—

And the entire mess stacks up on one side of the ring.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze is the only one left in the ring—look at this!"

Mark Bravo: "She's looking at nine targets like it's a fireworks finale!"

Valentina takes two steps back. Then three. Then she breaks into a full sprint—pure acceleration, pure intent—she hits the ropes and rebounds like she got launched out of a cannon.

She runs again—faster—arms pumping—eyes locked on the pile.

Valentina plants a foot, leaps, and throws her body over the top rope in a fearless arc—

FIRE FLY PLANCHA!

Valentina crashes down like a flaming comet onto the entire pile of women below—bodies explode outward, everyone tumbling over everyone else, barricade rattling, fans leaping back in shock as the impact echoes through the arena.

John Phillips: "VALENTINA BLAZE JUST WIPED OUT THE ENTIRE FIELD!"

Mark Bravo: "SHE JUST WRAPPED NINE WOMEN IN ONE GIANT PRESENT AND DROPPED IT OFF THE ROOF!"

The crowd is at a fever pitch—chants rising as Valentina rolls off the wreckage, clutching her ribs but grinning through it. Around her, bodies are scattered: Emily pushing up on an elbow, Angela dragging herself toward the apron, Dahlia blinking with that same hateful smile, Susanita shaking out her knee, Nancy sitting up like she's offended gravity exists, Juno recalibrating, Shannon grabbing the barricade to stand, Kaida staring through the noise, Athena crawling toward the ring.

And with nine women down on the floor and the ring suddenly empty... the title feels closer than ever.

The arena is losing its mind—half the crowd chanting "HOLY—" before the other half turns it into something broadcast-friendly. The barricade is still rattling from the impact of Valentina Blaze's flight, and for a moment it looks like the entire match got hit by a sleigh.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze just sacrificed herself to wipe out the entire field—this is absolute madness!"

Mark Bravo: "Somebody check the roof for reindeer tracks!"

Valentina rolls over, clutching her ribs, teeth grit as she forces herself to a knee. She pounds the mat once—trying to will air back into her lungs—then looks up and realizes the most important thing:

No one is in the ring.

Not the champion. Not Dahlia. Not Angela. Not Susanita. Nobody.

The title doesn't care how you got there—only who gets there first.

Valentina plants a palm on the apron and starts dragging herself toward the ring.

But she isn't the only one moving.

Athena Storm—shaking off the crash—pops up behind her and sprints, the crowd rising as she makes the "Let it rain!" motion mid-run like she's calling down thunder. She tries to leap past Valentina and slide in—

Valentina hooks her ankle at the last second and yanks.

Athena's feet fly out and she slams to the floor.

Athena snarls, rolling right back and firing a kick into Valentina's thigh—sharp, stinging—then grabbing the apron and hauling herself up anyway.

John Phillips: "This is the whole match—no loyalty, no hesitation! Everyone sees the empty ring!"

Mark Bravo: "First one in gets the lottery ticket, Phillips!"

On the other side of the pile, Kaida Shizuka rises slowly, stoic as ever, brushing her hair from her face and stepping forward like she's walking through snowfall. She delivers a measured kick to Shannon Ray's ribs as Shannon tries to stand, then another kick to the thigh that drops Shannon back down.

Shannon reaches for Kaida's leg—trying to trap it—Kaida yanks free and stomps Shannon's hand, then turns toward the ring with that calm, ruthless intent.

Nancy Rhodes is up next—sitting up like the floor insulted her. She wipes her lip, sees Juno Sage nearby, and cracks her with a short elbow just because she can.

Juno's head snaps, but her eyes stay locked—she grabs Nancy's wrist and tries to twist into control—Nancy rips free and shoves Juno into the apron.

Juno bounces off the edge, momentarily stunned.

Mark Bravo: "Nancy Rhodes just hit "delete" on the submission scientist!"

John Phillips: "But it only takes one opening—one hold—one mistake!"

And then the Survivor feud pulls the camera like a magnet.

Emily Hightower is pushing up, eyes wild, the champion refusing to stay down. Angela Hall is right there too, still breathing hard from the storm-speed collisions, and Susanita Ybanez is limping but furious—each of them fighting like this isn't just a match, it's repayment.

Dahlia Cross is on her feet—smiling through the wreck—hair slightly messy now, expression still amused like she enjoys being hated.

Emily lunges first, grabbing Dahlia and slamming her into the barricade again—hard.

Angela follows with a sprint and drives a knee into Dahlia's midsection, storm sound effects rolling like thunder as the crowd roars.

Susanita comes in with a forearm that cracks across Dahlia's jaw.

Dahlia stumbles—then laughs—and as Susanita steps in again, Dahlia catches her wrist and yanks her forward into the barricade, smashing Susanita's shoulder against the metal.

Angela swings—Dahlia ducks and clips Angela's knee again with a low, nasty kick.

Emily throws a right—Dahlia catches the arm and wrenches it, trying to isolate it against the railing.

John Phillips: "Survivor fallout exploding right here! Emily, Angela, Susanita—they want Dahlia Cross!"

Mark Bravo: "And Dahlia wants ligaments! Everybody wants something!"

But the ring—still empty—keeps calling.

Athena and Valentina both reach the apron at the same time, dragging themselves upward. Athena throws a quick forearm—Valentina answers with a slap to the chest—Athena fires a kick—Valentina blocks, grimacing, then shoves Athena backward.

Athena hits the floor again, but she springs up—fast—too fast—she slides in under the bottom rope—

Valentina dives after her, hooking the ankle and yanking her back out like she's pulling her from a burning building.

Athena lands on her feet this time, and both women stare at each other, realizing the same thing:

They can't both go in first.

They start throwing hands—quick, sharp shots—until Kaida Shizuka arrives and cracks both of them with alternating kicks: one to Athena’s thigh, one to Valentina’s ribs, turning their sprint into a stagger.

Kaida steps onto the apron—wipe of her boot soles again out of habit—then slides into the ring with a calm that feels almost disrespectful in a match this chaotic.

John Phillips: "Kaida Shizuka is in the ring—first one back in!"

Mark Bravo: "She’s about to steal Christmas!"

Kaida turns, scanning for a body to capitalize on—because one fall is all she needs.

But Shannon Ray—despite the kicks and the stomp—pulls herself up and darts in behind her, sliding into the ring like she’s taking aim. Shannon grabs Kaida’s waist, trying to roll her into a quick cradle—

Kaida rolls through, pops up, and blasts Shannon with a rolling elbow that snaps Shannon’s head sideways.

Kaida follows with a snap Saito suplex, dumping Shannon hard—then she covers immediately.

ONE—

TWO—

Nancy Rhodes slides in and boots Kaida in the shoulder, breaking it up with a snarl.

John Phillips: "First cover of the match inside the ring—Kaida almost stole it!"

Mark Bravo: "That was almost 'happy new champion' right there!"

Nancy hauls Kaida up and blasts her with a forearm, then another. Kaida absorbs, then fires back with a kick that thuds into Nancy’s thigh—Nancy barely flinches—she answers with an elbow that rocks Kaida back.

Juno Sage slips in now too, moving like a shadow, and the second Nancy swings big, Juno ducks and snatches the arm—twisting Nancy down, trying to cinch the shoulder and trap her in a hold before Nancy can base.

Nancy roars and yanks away—Juno transitions—low—trying to catch a leg—Nancy stomps down—Juno rolls—Kaida kicks—Shannon crawls—Valentina and Athena are both dragging themselves back toward the apron—

The ring starts filling up again, one by one, like the storm is being sucked back into the eye.

Outside, Emily finally breaks free from Dahlia’s grip and shoves her away—Angela and Susanita are right there—Emily points at the ring and screams something that the camera doesn’t catch... but the message is clear:

"Not out here. In there."

Emily turns and heads for the apron.

Dahlia Cross wipes her mouth, smiles wide, and follows—because she’s not done hurting anybody yet.

And as the champion climbs back toward the ring, the crowd rises again—because the next person to land one clean move might end the year holding gold.

The ring refills like a storm surge—Nancy Rhodes trading elbows with Kaida Shizuka, Juno Sage hunting wrists like a shark, Shannon Ray trying to re-center her base, Athena Storm shaking out her legs, Valentina Blaze breathing fire through bruised ribs... and then the champion steps back through the ropes.

Emily Hightower climbs in with the title on her mind and Survivor in her blood. She doesn’t pace. She doesn’t posture. She just starts throwing hands.

John Phillips: ""The champion is back in, and Emily Hightower is coming in like a wrecking ball!""

Mark Bravo: ""She's not here to out-wrestle anybody—she's here to out-fight everybody!""

Emily barrels into the center and levels Shannon Ray with a short lariat that flips Shannon inside out. Shannon rolls toward the ropes instinctively, clutching her neck—Emily follows and boots her once more for good measure, then grabs the back of Shannon's head and shoves her through the ropes.

Shannon tumbles to the apron, hanging on—Emily leans over and shoves again, and Shannon drops to the floor to regroup, wincing as she hits the mats outside.

One down—at least for now.

Juno Sage steps in to capitalize, reaching for Emily's arm—Emily rips it free and blasts Juno with a forearm that cracks like a board snapping. Juno stumbles back, eyes blinking like she just lost her place in an equation.

Emily doesn't let her reset. She grabs Juno by the wrist, yanks her in, and snaps her down with a rough suplex—then drags her toward the ropes and dumps her out onto the apron.

Juno clings with both hands—Emily swings a boot toward the fingers.

Juno drops fast to the floor, landing on her feet and backing up, recalibrating.

John Phillips: ""Emily is clearing space—she's trying to thin the ring out!""

Mark Bravo: ""That's champion behavior! Less traffic, more murder!""

Kaida Shizuka steps in with measured intent, firing a sharp kick into Emily's thigh—Emily barely flinches. Kaida kicks again—Emily steps forward anyway, eats it, then answers with a headbutt that stuns Kaida just long enough for Emily to grab her and sling her into the ropes.

Kaida rebounds—Emily catches her with a brutal shoulder block that drops her flat. Kaida rolls, trying to rise with discipline—Emily grabs her by the waistband and heaves.

Kaida spills through the ropes to the apron—boots scraping—she tries to keep her balance.

Emily charges and blasts her with a running boot to the chest.

Kaida drops to the floor, landing hard on a knee, grimacing—but still stoic.

Nancy Rhodes sees it and jumps on Emily's back with a forearm club. Emily stumbles forward, but she stays standing—Nancy swings again—Emily turns and catches Nancy by the head and just starts grinding her face into the top rope like she's sanding down a problem.

Nancy shoves off, furious, and fires an elbow—Emily eats it, then responds with one of her own that rocks Nancy back.

Nancy hits the ropes for a rebound—Emily steps forward and drops her with a nasty spinebuster-style slam that rattles the mat.

Emily hauls Nancy up immediately and shoves her through the ropes, sending her crashing to the apron and then the floor when Nancy can't steady herself.

Four women have been forced out in less than a minute, and the ring suddenly breathes.

John Phillips: ""Look at what the champion just did—Shannon, Juno, Kaida, Nancy all forced out! Emily Hightower is taking control!""

Mark Bravo: ""She's cleaning the ring like it owes her money!""

But the ring doesn't stay quiet. It never does.

Athena Storm springs in off the ropes and cracks Emily with a jumping knee strike that snaps the champion's head

back. The crowd pops—Athena senses the opening and tries to keep moving, chaining speed to momentum.

Athena grabs Emily's wrist and yanks her into a rope run—Emily rebounds—Athena leaps for a headscissors—Emily catches her.

For a split second, Athena is suspended sideways, eyes wide.

Emily snarls and hurls her through the ropes like she's throwing scrap into a bin.

Athena lands awkward on the apron, tries to steady—Emily follows with a forearm that knocks Athena to the floor.

Five forced outside.

Now the ring is down to the core of the story: Emily Hightower, Valentina Blaze, Angela Hall, Susanita Ybanez, and Dahlia Cross.

And it turns ugly fast.

Dahlia Cross slinks in behind Emily and yanks on the champion's arm, trying to isolate it—Emily grits her teeth, twisting against the pressure. Dahlia's grin returns, and she starts bending the fingers again, one by one.

Emily roars and throws a back elbow—Dahlia ducks—Angela Hall charges in with a sudden burst, storm audio cracking, and drills Dahlia with a running strike that sends her stumbling.

Susanita follows with a forearm that spins Dahlia into the ropes.

Emily steps in and blasts Dahlia with another bull hammer elbow—Dahlia's knees dip.

Valentina Blaze watches from a step back, clutching her ribs, eyes darting between bodies like she's waiting for a door to open.

John Phillips: ""This is the Survivor fallout right here—Emily, Angela, Susanita all converging on Dahlia Cross!""

Mark Bravo: ""Dahlia's got three ghosts and they all brought receipts!""

Dahlia tries to slip away, but Emily grabs her—hauls her in—then cracks her with a short headbutt. Dahlia staggers, and Emily hooks her for Total Loss—muscle tensing as she tries to drive Dahlia down.

Dahlia fights it, but she's fading—Emily forces her through and drops the champion's finisher with a thud that shakes the ring.

Emily doesn't waste a heartbeat—she hooks the leg.

John Phillips: ""TOTAL LOSS! CHAMPION'S GOT HER—THIS COULD BE IT!""

ONE—

TWO—

Angela Hall dives in and breaks it up.

The crowd gasps—then erupts—because it looked like Emily was seconds from retaining, and Angela just risked everything to keep her own hopes alive.

Mark Bravo: ""ANGELA! ANGELA JUST BROKE UP THE CHAMPION'S WIN!""

John Phillips: ""One fall to a finish—Angela had no choice!""

Emily sits up slowly, staring at Angela like she can't decide whether to respect the move or fight her in the parking lot.

Angela takes a step back, hands up, breathing hard—then she points at the title and shouts something the camera doesn't catch, but her face says it clearly:

This is mine too.

Emily rises, jaw tight, and swings—Angela ducks and fires a lightning-fast lariat that clips Emily's shoulder and spins her halfway around. Susanita rushes in and smashes Angela with a forearm to stop the exchange from becoming a sprint-fest.

Angela stumbles into the ropes—Susanita charges—Angela drops a shoulder and dumps Susanita over the top rope to the apron.

Susanita catches herself—barely—eyes wide.

Angela follows with a shove... and Susanita drops to the floor to avoid getting blasted off the apron.

Six forced out—temporarily.

Dahlia Cross rolls, still stunned from Total Loss, dragging herself toward the ropes. Emily turns to pursue, but Valentina Blaze steps in—finally—snapping a stiff kick into Emily's ribs that makes the champion flinch.

Emily whips her head toward Valentina, surprised at the timing. Valentina doesn't blink. She fires another kick—then a third—each one thudding into body and arm, softening the champion up.

John Phillips: ""Valentina Blaze picking her spot—she waited, and now she's striking!""

Mark Bravo: ""That's a Miami heat wave, baby—she's turning up the temperature!""

Emily steps forward and swings—Valentina ducks, rebounds off the ropes, and leaps—driving a knee up high as she comes back in like a missile.

Emily absorbs it, stumbles a step—then grabs Valentina by the hair and yanks her in close, threatening to turn it into another brawl.

Valentina rakes free and backs up fast, chest heaving.

Outside, Susanita is trying to recover. Angela is pacing. Dahlia is dragging herself up using the bottom rope, eyes narrowed. The champion is still standing tall in the middle of the ring, breathing heavy but in control.

It feels like Emily is about to shut the door and walk out of 2025 with her title intact.

Valentina Blaze looks at her... then looks at the scattered bodies outside... then back at the champion.

And you can see the thought click into place.

Valentina backs into the corner, rolling her shoulders as the crowd rises with her—because she's not waiting anymore.

She points at Emily.

Then she points at the title stand at ringside.

Then she mouths two words, clear as day:

"Light it."

Valentina bursts out of the corner—lining up something big—while Emily sets her feet, ready to swing back...

...and the entire arena can feel the finish starting to form, even if it hasn't arrived yet.

Valentina Blaze rockets forward—pure speed—trying to catch the champion before Emily can set her base.

Emily plants and swings a heavy forearm—Valentina ducks under it and rebounds off the ropes, springing up with that explosive knee aimed high—

Emily catches her at the waist.

The champion grits her teeth and powers Valentina up, looking for a brutal counter—something that ends it right now.

John Phillips: "Emily's got her—champion's strength!"

Mark Bravo: "Don't do it, Valentina—gravity is undefeated!"

Valentina twists mid-air, slipping down Emily's side, landing behind and cracking a sharp spinning back kick into Emily's ribs—Emily staggers forward—Valentina sprints to the ropes and comes back with a running bulldog that spikes the champion down.

The crowd pops as Emily rolls to her side, clutching her face. Valentina doesn't cover—she knows better. One fall means you only cover when you've got it.

Valentina grabs Emily's wrist and drags her toward the center, trying to keep her away from the ropes and away from rescue.

But rescue is already coming.

Angela Hall slides back into the ring like a lightning strike, storm sounds crackling. She charges at Valentina—Valentina turns—Angela cuts her in half with a sudden lariat that sends Valentina flipping to the mat.

Angela immediately hooks the leg.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall—cover!"

ONE—

TWO—

Emily Hightower breaks it up—driving a forearm into Angela's shoulder and shoving her off like the champion refuses to let anyone else touch the finish.

Mark Bravo: "Emily said 'NOT ON MY WATCH!'"

John Phillips: "And that's the problem—everybody's stopping everybody, because one fall ends the year!"

Angela pops up, furious, and she swings at Emily—Emily ducks and tackles Angela into the corner, turning it into a straight-up brawl: forearm, forearm, forearm—Angela answers with quick shots and a sudden knee to the gut.

Susanita Ybanez slides in too, still favoring the knee but running on adrenaline. She charges and blasts Angela with a forearm from the side, knocking her out of the corner.

Angela stumbles into the center, and Susanita follows with a snap DDT attempt—Angela shoves her off—Susanita rebounds into Emily—Emily catches her and slams her down with a rough suplex, then pops up and roars at the crowd like she's calling for the fight to come to her.

Outside, the women who were forced out are stirring—Nancy Rhodes is grabbing the apron to pull herself up, Shannon Ray is on a knee shaking out her neck, Juno Sage is stalking like she's waiting for a limb to present itself, Kaida Shizuka is already upright and calm, Athena Storm is shaking her arms loose and moving back toward the steps.

And Dahlia Cross... is back too.

Dahlia slides in low behind Emily, eyes narrowed, hair messy now, smile gone. She doesn't rush. She goes straight for what she wants: Emily's arm.

Dahlia grabs the wrist and yanks—twisting the arm behind Emily's back—then stomps the elbow joint and laughs as the champion's face tightens with pain.

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross is right back to the limb—she wants to take the champion apart!"

Mark Bravo: "She's trying to steal Emily's steering wheel!"

Emily rips free with brute strength and blasts Dahlia with a headbutt that rocks her. Dahlia staggers—Emily grabs her—bullies her into the ropes—then yanks her back into the center and hammers her with a short, nasty elbow.

Dahlia drops to a knee.

Emily sees it. The opening. The moment where the ring finally feels like hers again.

The champion hauls Dahlia up and drives her down—another violent slam—then pulls her into position.

John Phillips: "Emily's lining it up—she's got Dahlia Cross right where she wants her!"

Emily backs up, pulls the elbow pad down again, and sprints—

ODE TO MY FATHER!

The bull hammer elbow lands flush and Dahlia collapses like the lights got turned off. Emily drops on top, hooking the leg hard, eyes wide as the crowd rises.

John Phillips: "THIS COULD BE IT! CHAMPION'S RETAINING!"

ONE—

TWO—

Valentina Blaze dives in and breaks it up—throwing herself across the pile to stop the count at the last possible second.

The crowd explodes—half shock, half adrenaline—because Emily was milliseconds from walking out still champion.

Mark Bravo: "VALENTINA JUST SAVED THE MATCH—SHE JUST SAVED HERSELF!"

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower had it! She had the retention—and Valentina Blaze refused to let it end!"

Emily sits up, eyes blazing, and she grabs Valentina by the hair with both hands—hauling her up like she's about to throw her out of the building.

Valentina throws a desperation forearm—Emily shrugs it off and slams Valentina down with a heavy spinebuster that shakes the ring.

Emily stands over her, breathing hard, and screams down at Valentina—then turns and drags Dahlia's limp body out of the way with a boot like she's clearing clutter.

Emily points at the ropes, shouting at anyone approaching: stay out.

Then she turns back to Valentina, grabs her, and hauls her up for something decisive—something that ends this year with the same champion it started with.

Emily hooks Valentina—lifts—

TOTAL LOSS!

Emily drives Valentina down hard.

Emily collapses on top for the cover immediately.

John Phillips: "TOTAL LOSS! THAT'S IT! EMILY'S GOT HER!"

ONE—

TWO—

Angela Hall dives in—too late—Susanita tries to slide in—too late—Athena is on the apron—too late—Kaida's stepping through—too late—

But Valentina Blaze's foot finds the rope.

The referee sees it and stops.

The crowd gasps, then surges into a roar as Emily sits up, furious, pounding the mat.

Mark Bravo: "SHE GOT THE ROPE! SHE GOT THE ROPE!"

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze survived Total Loss by an inch—by a toe—by pure instinct!"

Emily slaps the mat again, disbelief turning into anger. She drags Valentina away from the ropes—center ring now—no escape—no miracle toe.

Emily stands, pulls Valentina up again, and looks around at the bodies re-entering—Angela rising, Susanita crawling, Dahlia twitching, Athena stepping in, Kaida stalking, Nancy and Juno and Shannon regrouping—

Emily decides she has to end it right now before the tide swallows her again.

She pulls Valentina in, cocks her elbow back, lining up Ode To My Father again—

Valentina suddenly drops, slips behind, and yanks Emily forward into a stumble.

Emily turns—swinging—

Valentina springs off the middle rope in one motion—knee rising—

BLAZE TRIGGER!

The jumping high-knee detonates off Emily's jaw. The champion's legs go rubber. She falls backward, flat, eyes glassy.

John Phillips: "BLAZE TRIGGER! BLAZE TRIGGER ON THE CHAMPION!"

Mark Bravo: "SHE JUST LIT THE MATCH ON FIRE!"

Valentina collapses onto Emily—hooking the leg with everything she has left.

ONE—

TWO—

And at the last second, bodies start flying in—Angela diving, Susanita crawling, Dahlia reaching, Kaida stepping, Athena springing—everyone trying to stop it—

—but the ring is a fraction too crowded, the angles are wrong, the distance is cruel.

The referee's hand is already falling.

THR—

And the chaos swallows the moment as hands and legs crash into the pile...

...the count hanging in the air like a suspended ornament, seconds from shattering.

The referee's hand SLAPS the mat—

—and at that exact heartbeat, bodies crash into the pile.

Angela Hall dives across the cover, Susanita Ybanez lunges and grabs at Valentina's shoulder, Dahlia Cross throws herself forward with a desperate reach, Kaida Shizuka steps through with a stomp chambered, Athena Storm springs off the ropes—

Too late.

The referee is already pointing.

John Phillips: "THREE! THREE!"

Mark Bravo: "SHE DID IT! SHE DID IT!"

The bell rings in a rapid, decisive burst.

DING DING DING!

The arena erupts—half stunned, half ecstatic—as Valentina Blaze rolls off the champion with wide eyes, disbelief on her face, one arm wrapped around her ribs, the other hand pressed to the mat like she’s checking if reality is still there.

Emily Hightower lies on her back, blinking up at the lights, jaw slack for a moment as the realization crawls in.

The bodies that dove in spill and untangle, all of them freezing when they hear the bell and see the referee’s signal.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner... AND NEW... UTA WOMEN’S UNITED STATES CHAMPION... VALENTINA BLAZE!"

The crowd explodes again as Valentina pushes to her knees, hands over her mouth, eyes wet with shock and adrenaline. She shakes her head like she can’t believe it, then pounds the mat once, hard, like she’s stamping the moment into history.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze stole it! She stole it with the Blaze Trigger! One opening, one perfect strike—Emily Hightower is no longer champion!"

Mark Bravo: "That’s how you win a one-fall cluster match, Phillips! You don’t dominate for ten minutes—YOU STEAL THE LAST THREE SECONDS!"

Angela Hall is on her knees staring at Valentina, jaw clenched, storm in her eyes. Susanita Ybanez sits back on her heels in disbelief, hands on her hair, knee still aching. Kaida Shizuka’s expression doesn’t change, but her eyes narrow—a single respectful nod, like she recognizes the timing.

Dahlia Cross, still hurting from the champion’s elbows, crawls toward the ropes and looks back over her shoulder with a venomous grin—part insult, part promise. Survivor ghosts still whispering.

Athena Storm slaps the mat in frustration, then looks up at Valentina—respect mixed with hunger.

Nancy Rhodes shouts something from the ropes, furious she was a step late. Juno Sage sits against the bottom turnbuckle, eyes unfocused for a moment, then sharply recalibrates—like she’s already filing data for next time. Shannon Ray stands on the apron, exhaling slow, disappointed but composed.

The referee goes to retrieve the title from ringside. Valentina crawls forward and meets him halfway, arms extended like she’s afraid it might vanish.

The referee hands it over.

Valentina Blaze clutches the UTA Women’s United States Championship to her chest and sinks backward, sitting on the mat with it hugged tight like it’s the only warm thing in the world.

John Phillips: "She took flight, wiped out the field, survived Total Loss by the smallest margin—and then she found the one shot that mattered most. Valentina Blaze ends 2025 as champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Somebody call Santa—because Valentina just stole the best gift in the building!"

Valentina finally rises, shakily, and lifts the title overhead. The crowd roars as she throws the “Light it up!” gesture with the belt raised high, eyes wide, breathing hard, grinning through pain.

Behind her, Emily Hightower sits up slowly, holding her jaw, staring at the belt like it just got ripped out of her hands in a dream. Her expression shifts from shock... to fury... to a quiet, dangerous focus.

Emily gets to one knee, eyes locked on Valentina.

Valentina turns and sees her—new champion facing the old champion.

No words. Just a look.

Valentina backs away a step, clutching the belt tighter, then climbs to the second rope and raises it again as the music hits.

Emily stands in the center of the ring, hands on her hips, chest heaving—watching Valentina celebrate, watching the other women retreat and regroup, watching the year slip away.

Seasons Beatings rolls on... but the first shock of the night has already landed:

There's a new Women's United States Champion.

The Empire WILL Fall

Segment

Backstage, we find Melissa Cartwright standing in front of the Season's Beatings backdrop. The festive lights and holiday décor don't reach her expression—this is serious. She stares into the camera for a long beat before lifting her microphone.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are going to open the night with a very important interview. For months, Marie Van Claudio has been on a warpath against The Empire—acting as a one-woman army—and tonight, she challenges Amy Harrison for the UTA Women's Championship. Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome Marie Van Claudio."

The camera pans as Marie Van Claudio steps into frame. She's wearing a version of her signature red ring attire—but tonight it's winter-ready, tights on one side reading "One Woman Army", the other side reading "First Lady of UTA." The gear is shiny, immaculate... but Marie isn't here to show off. Her jaw is tight, eyes burning with focus.

Marie doesn't even wait for the first question.

Marie Van Claudio: "Melissa... you don't need to ask me anything, because everything you could possibly ask me is about to get answered."

Melissa holds her gaze, not blinking.

Marie Van Claudio: "Since WrestleUTA: 25, I have waited—and waited—to get my hands on Amy Harrison one-on-one... without The Empire around."

Marie Van Claudio: "Every time she was in that ring—tag match, singles match—she had them with her. And for someone who loves to talk about an honorable family? She's been showing her true colors every single week."

Marie takes a step closer, voice sharpening.

Marie Van Claudio: "And I often wonder... how her father feels about what she's become."

Marie pauses, breath controlled, eyes still locked on Melissa like she's using the camera to speak straight through to Amy.

Marie Van Claudio: "I get it. I understand it. Ten years of you wanting everything to go your way... and you've made up for those ten years in six months."

Marie Van Claudio: "You've gotten the concerts. The glitz. The glamour. The spotlight. The crown. Everything you

could possibly ask for."

Marie's expression hardens. The temperature of the room drops.

Marie Van Claudio: "But my breaking point was Black Horizon."

The crowd can be heard faintly through the walls—like the arena itself reacts to the name.

Marie Van Claudio: "The same woman I inducted over the summer... got—excuse my French—screwed out of a match with the woman who built this division from the ground up."

Marie Van Claudio: "She got screwed out of what could've been the perfect ending to her career."

Marie Van Claudio: "And most importantly... she got screwed because The Empire decided to take things into their own hands."

Marie's nostrils flare. Her hands curl around the microphone.

Marie Van Claudio: "After that? That's when I saw red."

Marie Van Claudio: "That's when I knew this had gone on long enough."

She exhales through her nose—steady herself.

Marie Van Claudio: "Now... I'm not going to lie."

Marie Van Claudio: "I feel horrible for costing Emily Hightower the chance to become a double champion."

Her eyes flick down for a fraction of a second—then back up, firm.

Marie Van Claudio: "But as talented as Emily is—and she's young, and she's tough, and she brings a lot to this division—the person who should be leading this charge... the person who should be holding the Women's Championship... should be me."

Marie's voice lowers, becoming more personal than angry.

Marie Van Claudio: "That championship means everything to me. I won it in 2016... and then someone told me to drop it because there were 'no women.'"

Her lip curls with disgust.

Marie Van Claudio: "I never lost it."

Marie Van Claudio: "So watching it get tarnished by someone so dishonorable... it makes me sick to my stomach."

Marie Van Claudio: "This whole time, I needed to be the one challenging Amy."

Marie Van Claudio: "And now... I finally get my wish."

Melissa takes a careful breath and steps in—professional, but clearly feeling the intensity coming off Marie in waves.

Melissa Cartwright: "Those are strong words, Marie. But I need to ask you this."

She pauses. Lets it hang.

Melissa Cartwright: "What if you are not successful tonight? What if you don't win the UTA Women's Championship from Amy Harrison?"

Marie's eyes snap—she doesn't like the question. Not because it's unfair... because it's possible.

Marie Van Claudio: "I don't want to think about it."

Marie Van Claudio: "I don't even want to let that thought live in my head."

She steps closer again, and her voice becomes steel.

Marie Van Claudio: "All I know is this..."

Marie stares directly into the hard camera.

Marie Van Claudio: "Tonight... The Empire falls."

Marie Van Claudio: "Amy finally gets what she deserves after years of hiding behind other people."

Marie Van Claudio: "And I... finally... after all this time... take back the championship that I never lost."

Marie lowers the mic and turns—walking out of frame with purpose, like she's already marching toward war. Melissa remains behind, stunned for a beat, watching her leave.

Melissa Cartwright: "Marie Van Claudio is not here for holiday cheer... she's here for a reckoning. Back to ringside."

Brand New Day

Segment

The screen cuts to black.

A single piano note. Slow. Clean. Like the first heartbeat after midnight.

Then a low rumble rolls under it—crowd noise, distant thunder, the sound of a year turning over.

On screen: quick flashes of 2025—titles raised, bodies falling, hands reaching, faces screaming. The UTA logo snaps in and out between shots like a strobe.

A new graphic slams onto the screen in bold, metallic letters:

BRAND NEW DAY: 2026

The music swells—anthemic, modern, electric—then the visuals shift.

Desert sunrise. Orange sky. A wide shot of Tempe, Arizona. The camera sweeps over the city and lands on the arena.

MULLETT ARENA — TEMPE, AZ

JANUARY 17–18, 2026

The narrator's voice comes in—deep, measured, unmistakably UTA.

Narrator: "A new year... demands a new UTA."

Cut to a slow-motion shot of the UTA Championship being raised high—then a hard smash cut of a challenger's hands reaching for it.

Narrator: "Two nights. Every championship on the line."

The screen flashes:

UTA CHAMPIONSHIP

WRESTLEZONE CHAMPIONSHIP

UTA WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

UTA WOMEN'S UNITED STATES CHAMPIONSHIP

UTA TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

Then the screen glitches—like the future forcing its way in—and a new belt silhouette appears in shadow, rotating slowly.

NEW CHAMPIONSHIP

The crowd noise rises.

Narrator: "And one... will be born."

The new belt's silhouette fades into an on-screen title card with stark rules text.

UTA FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP

SUBMISSION OR REFEREE STOPPAGE ONLY

ONE ROPE BREAK PER PARTICIPANT

Quick cuts: a fighter's mouthguard snapping in. Hands getting taped. A referee's gloved hands checking wrists. Sweat dripping to canvas. A choke being sunk in. A hand hovering over the mat—hesitating to tap.

Narrator: "No pins. No flukes. No hiding."

On screen, bold:

DAY 1 — TWO QUALIFIERS

DAY 2 — THE FINAL

Narrator: "Win your qualifier... and you earn a place in history."

Another line appears, ominous and tempting:

DEFEND 5 TIMES... EARN A MAIN TITLE SHOT

Narrator: "Five successful defenses... and the Fighting Champion trades it all in... for a shot at the top of the mountain."

The music punches harder now—more percussive, more urgent—like the weekend itself is calling.

DAY 1 graphic.

BRAND NEW DAY: 2026 — DAY 1

JANUARY 17, 2026

Narrator: "Day One begins with a gauntlet... where survival is the only strategy."

Clips flash of women sprinting, diving, striking—faces in shadow, names snapping in one by one as the music hits each beat:

ATHENA STORM

NANCY RHODES

SHANNON RAY

VALKYRIE KNOXX

TBA

TBA

Narrator: "The Women's Gauntlet Match. Six enter... one survives... and earns a guaranteed championship opportunity in the main event."

Words hit the screen like a stamp:

WINNER EARNS A WOMEN'S TITLE MATCH — SAME NIGHT

Mark Bravo: "You want a shortcut to the top? That's it right there. But you gotta live through five other people trying to take your head off!"

John Phillips: "And that's before the Women's Championship even gets defended. Day One is built to test stamina, heart, and pain tolerance."

Another sharp transition—training footage, hard sparring, mat work, a referee separating two furious competitors.

FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP QUALIFIER

FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP RULES

Narrator: "Two separate qualifiers. Two separate fights. Two winners."

On-screen: a rope break counter appears like a warning light.

Narrator: "One rope break per person. Use it too early... and you have nothing left when the walls close in."

John Phillips: "This is a different world. It's not about three seconds—it's about surviving until the referee has to pull someone off you."

The sound of a bell echoes—then the clank of chains—then the snap of a ladder being unfolded.

TAG TEAM TURMOIL

UTA TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP — ON THE LINE

Narrator: "And if you thought the tag division was safe... think again."

Teams flash across the screen like trading cards tossed onto a table:

EL FANTASMA

IRON DOMINION

VELOCITY VANGUARD

U.S.A

NEXT LEVEL

SELENA VEX / ROSA DELGADO

TBA

Narrator: "Two teams begin. One team falls... another enters. And the champions enter last—because everyone wants the best seat at the end of the line... until the end of the line wants them."

Mark Bravo: "Tag Team Turmoil is the purest kind of stress. You don't know who's coming through the curtain next—and you don't know how many bodies you gotta go through to keep your gold."

The music drops to a low, dramatic hum—then swells again with a single phrase.

MAIN EVENT

UTA WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP — ON THE LINE

Narrator: "And Day One ends... with a crown on the line."

A woman's silhouette holds a championship. Another silhouette steps forward, daring her.

Narrator: "The UTA Women's Championship will be defended... in the main event of Day One."

John Phillips: "And whoever walks into Day Two with that title... walks into a year where nothing is guaranteed."

DAY 2 graphic slams in like a door kicked open.

BRAND NEW DAY: 2026 — DAY 2

JANUARY 18, 2026

Narrator: "Day Two... is where legends are written."

Clank. A ladder hits the floor. A briefcase swings above the ring in slow motion.

UTA CONTRACT LADDER MATCH

SIX UNSIGNED TALENTS

Narrator: "Six unsigned talents. One briefcase. A one-year UTA contract... and a shot at the WrestleZone Championship later that very night."

Mark Bravo: "That match is desperation with rungs on it, Phillips. Somebody's life changes in one climb."

The Fighting Championship belt silhouette returns—now brighter, clearer—still not fully revealed, but closer.

UTA FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP — FINAL

Narrator: "The winners of Day One qualifiers collide... and the first ever UTA Fighting Champion is crowned."

Two competitors' hands grip each other in a clinch. Foreheads pressed. Teeth grit. One rope break indicator flashes red.

Narrator: "Submission... or stoppage. That's it."

A quick hit of championship gold—beautiful, sharp, dangerous.

UTA WOMEN'S UNITED STATES CHAMPIONSHIP — ON THE LINE

Narrator: "The Women's United States Championship... defended under the desert lights."

John Phillips: "After what we just witnessed tonight? You know that title is going to be defended by someone who had to survive hell to earn it."

Another title flashes:

WRESTLEZONE CHAMPIONSHIP — ON THE LINE

Narrator: "The WrestleZone Championship... tested."

And then the biggest one—the UTA Championship—fills the screen, the sound of a heartbeat under it.

UTA CHAMPIONSHIP — ON THE LINE

Narrator: "The UTA Championship... defended."

Quick cuts: a champion's hands tightening tape. A challenger's stare. A referee holding the title high. A crowd roaring. A fist clenching.

Narrator: "Because a new year doesn't begin with promises... it begins with consequences."

The music crescendos. The screen shows the full weekend stamp.

BRAND NEW DAY: 2026

JANUARY 17–18 — MULLETT ARENA — TEMPE, ARIZONA

TWO NIGHTS. EVERY CHAMPIONSHIP. ONE BRAND NEW DAY.

The narrator lowers his voice for the final line—quiet, heavy, unforgettable.

Narrator: "Two days can change a year..."

Beat.

Narrator: "...and one weekend can change a company."

Final hit: the UTA logo snaps onto the screen as the crowd audio swells like a tidal wave.

One Punch

Segment

We return to a festive scene inside the arena — garland wrapped around the barricades, red-and-gold lights washing the stage, and a massive UTA holiday banner hanging above the entrance. Fans are buzzing, holiday signs everywhere, and the energy is warm... until the lights begin to dim.

The cheerful atmosphere falters as the sound in the building shifts. A low, calm piano line replaces the usual bombast. Not a jingle. Not festive. Something slow and clinical.

John Phillips: "Uh oh..."

Mark Bravo: "Nope. Don't like that. That is not sleigh bells, JP."

A single gold spotlight hits the stage. The crowd starts booing before anyone even appears.

Then, stepping through the curtain with measured calm, is Eli Creed.

White dress shirt. Sleeves rolled. No jacket. No tie. Hands folded behind his back like he's walking into a lecture hall. He pauses at the top of the ramp and simply scans the crowd as if he's taking attendance.

John Phillips: "That's him. That's the man we've been seeing in those vignettes for weeks. Eli Creed is here, in person, at Season's Beatings."

Mark Bravo: "I feel like I'm about to get graded, and I didn't study."

As Eli begins walking toward the ring, the boos swell. But then the camera catches movement behind him.

Another figure steps into the spotlight.

Troy Lindz.

The reaction is immediate — shock, cheers, boos, confusion, all at once.

Troy isn't in full glitter-and-confetti mode. The gear is still unmistakably Troy: red-and-black accents, sharp style, presence that demands eyes... but it's streamlined. Clean. Intentional. No extra flourishes. They walk beside Eli, not behind him.

John Phillips: "Wait—Troy Lindz is with him. Troy Lindz is walking down to the ring with Eli Creed!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, that's... that's a bad stocking stuffer. That's coal with a note attached."

Eli and Troy reach the ring. Eli steps through the ropes first, slow and deliberate. Troy follows, posture upright, expression calm—almost serene.

Eli takes a microphone but doesn't speak right away. He just stands center-ring as the crowd rains down boos. Troy watches the crowd like they're watching waves crash on a shore—unmoved.

Finally, Eli lifts the microphone. The boos continue. He waits them out with an unsettling patience.

Eli Creed: "Merry Christmas."

The crowd boos louder.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, he said it like a threat."

Eli Creed: "No, really. Merry Christmas. Happy holidays. Whatever words you use to dress the season up so it feels warm."

Eli paces once, slowly, like a teacher circling a classroom.

Eli Creed: "This is the time of year where everyone pretends. Where everyone puts lights on things that are falling apart... and calls it beautiful."

The crowd buzzes, uneasy.

Eli Creed: "We hang ornaments over cracks. We wrap paper around emptiness. We smile for photographs we'll never look at again."

He looks out at the crowd, voice still calm.

Eli Creed: "And for a few hours... it works."

He turns his head, gesturing toward Troy with an open palm.

Eli Creed: "You all know Troy Lindz."

Mixed reaction. Some cheers. Some boos. Some confused murmurs.

Eli Creed: "You know the music. You know the sparkle. You know the confidence. You know the spotlight."

Troy tilts their head slightly, listening. No smile.

Eli Creed: "And you also know what happened at Survivor."

The crowd erupts at the mention. Eli doesn't flinch.

Eli Creed: "One punch."

Eli holds up one finger.

Eli Creed: "Three seconds."

He lowers his hand.

Eli Creed: "And suddenly... the lights didn't feel so warm anymore."

Troy shifts their weight, jaw tightening for a moment—then steadying again.

Eli Creed: "What you saw was not weakness. It was truth. It was the first honest moment Troy Lindz has had in front of all of you in a long time."

The crowd boos, but Troy finally raises their microphone.

Troy Lindz: "Don't boo him for saying what none of you have the guts to say to my face."

The arena pops—half shocked, half impressed. Eli turns slightly, letting Troy take the center.

Troy Lindz: "Because here's the part nobody wants to admit..."

Troy looks around the Christmas-decorated arena—garland, lights, glitter, all of it.

Troy Lindz: "He's right."

Huge reaction.

Troy Lindz: "This whole season is about dressing things up. Making them look perfect. Making them look happy. Making them look... safe."

Troy takes a slow breath.

Troy Lindz: “And I have spent my whole life being perfect for the room I walked into.”

They glance at the hard camera, voice steady.

Troy Lindz: “I made sure nobody could ignore me. I made sure nobody could overlook me. I made sure I stayed seen.”

They pause. Their tone changes—less theatrical, more real.

Troy Lindz: “But then Survivor happened.”

The crowd reacts again.

Troy Lindz: “And it didn’t just knock me down.”

They tap their chest once.

Troy Lindz: “It knocked something loose.”

Troy turns their head toward Eli briefly, then back to the crowd.

Troy Lindz: “And all of you...”

They gesture out to the audience.

Troy Lindz: “You didn’t ask if I was okay. You didn’t ask what it did to me. You replayed it. You clipped it. You laughed. You posted it. You turned it into a highlight like I was just a moment for you to scroll past.”

That line lands hard. The crowd is loud, but it’s different now—more defensive than mocking.

Troy Lindz: “So yeah. I started watching it too.”

They nod slowly, as if admitting something private.

Troy Lindz: “I replayed it until I hated myself for caring. Until I couldn’t tell where my confidence ended and my fear started.”

Troy’s grip tightens on the microphone. Eli watches closely, composed.

Troy Lindz: “And then Eli Creed showed up.”

Boos swell again. Troy cuts through them.

Troy Lindz: “Not to mock me.”

Troy Lindz: “Not to erase me.”

Troy Lindz: “Not to tell me I shouldn’t be who I am.”

They stare at the crowd, letting that point breathe.

Troy Lindz: “He showed up to ask a question none of you ever cared enough to ask.”

Beat.

Troy Lindz: “Who am I when the spotlight isn’t holding me together?”

The arena hums with tension.

Eli Creed: “And for the first time...”

Eli raises his mic again, voice gentle, almost proud.

Eli Creed: “...Troy stopped answering with a pose.”

He steps closer to Troy, not possessive, but aligned.

Eli Creed: "People keep asking, 'Did Troy join him?'"

He looks out at the crowd like they're children asking a simple question.

Eli Creed: "No."

Troy's eyes narrow slightly.

Eli Creed: "Troy didn't join me."

He points gently toward Troy's chest.

Eli Creed: "Troy joined himself."

Big reaction—boos, chants, disbelief.

Mark Bravo: "That's... that's a line. That's a line right there."

John Phillips: "And I don't know if it's truth or manipulation, but it's working."

Troy steps forward again, now fully owning it.

Troy Lindz: "So here's my Christmas gift to UTA..."

They look around at the decorations one more time.

Troy Lindz: "You don't get the version of me that begs for your approval anymore."

Cheers and boos collide.

Troy Lindz: "You don't get the version of me that dances so you'll clap."

Troy's voice hardens, becoming steel.

Troy Lindz: "You get the version of me that will hurt you for needing me to stay pretty."

The crowd erupts.

Troy Lindz: "You get the version of me that wrestles like the spotlight is a privilege, not a life support machine."

They step back beside Eli.

Troy Lindz: "And if anyone back there thinks I'm 'lost'..."

They point toward the back.

Troy Lindz: "Come find out how focused I've become."

Eli lifts his microphone for one final statement, voice calm as ever.

Eli Creed: "Break."

Troy Lindz: "Bend."

They pause. The crowd is loud, waiting.

Eli Creed: "And now..."

Troy looks directly into the hard camera.

Troy Lindz: "Build."

Eli places a hand on Troy's shoulder—light, deliberate—and raises his other hand slowly, not in celebration, but like a preacher concluding a sermon.

The holiday lights twinkle around them as the boos pour in, and yet, Troy stands taller than they have in weeks.

John Phillips: "Season's Beatings just took a very dark turn."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and Troy Lindz might've just found a whole new kind of confidence... the kind that doesn't need us."

Fade out.

Lump of Coal

Segment

Backstage, not long after the dust settles from the Women's United States Championship match, the camera follows Santa Claus—Maxx Mayhem—walking with purpose down a quieter hallway.

The festive red suit looks a little wrinkled now. The beard sits slightly crooked. The candy cane is still in his hand like a prop he's too committed to abandon.

He stops in front of a black door with a clean, sharp nameplate on it:

THE EMPIRE

Maxx inhales like he's about to walk into the principal's office... then forces a wide Santa grin.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Alright. Time to spread cheer to royalty."

He knocks twice, then immediately opens the door without waiting, like he's Santa and that means he has keys to every room on earth.

Inside, the locker room is immaculate. No clutter. No chaos. Everything is arranged like it belongs in a showroom. The lighting is low and warm—not cozy, but controlled.

And sitting alone, centered like a queen on her throne, is Amy Harrison.

UTA Women's Championship draped across her lap. Gear bag zipped. Hair perfect. Eyes cold.

She doesn't look surprised.

She looks annoyed.

Amy Harrison: "Close the door."

Maxx pauses, still half in the doorway.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Oh! Wow. Okay. Straight to business. I respect that."

He turns and gently pulls the door shut behind him with exaggerated care, like he's trying not to get murdered on camera.

He turns back around, Santa smile locked in.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Empress! Champion! Amy! Ms. Harrison! Your Majesty of Mean! I'm here with a very special holiday message—"

Amy lifts one finger.

Maxx stops immediately, mid-sentence.

Amy Harrison: "If you say 'ho ho ho,' I'm going to hurt you."

Maxx blinks.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Okay. No 'ho ho ho.' Understood. Boundaries. Love boundaries."

He clears his throat, tries a different angle, lowers his voice like he's hosting a late-night talk show.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "I'm doing a little holiday morale tour. Y'know. A little cheer. A little spirit. People are sad tonight, Amy. People lost things."

Amy stares at him without blinking.

Amy Harrison: "Good."

Maxx nods, as if she just gave him something profound.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Right. Right. Tough love. Love it. But see, I thought—since you're the Women's Champion—since you're the... face of power—"

Amy shifts the championship on her lap, the gold plate catching the light.

Amy Harrison: "I'm not the face of power. I'm the hand around its throat."

Maxx's Santa smile falters for a fraction of a second.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "...That's a bar."

He tries to recover quickly, reaching into his Santa sack like he's about to produce a miracle.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Anyway! I brought you a gift. Because it's Christmas. And because even villains deserve—"

Amy Harrison: "Stop calling me a villain."

Maxx freezes, hand still in the sack.

Amy Harrison: "I'm the champion."

Maxx nods rapidly.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Right! Right. Champion. Champion with... strong opinions."

He pulls something out.

It's a small wrapped box, shiny red paper, gold bow—honestly kind of adorable.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Boom. For you. From Santa. Symbolic. Festive. Heartwarming."

Amy looks at the box like it's a grenade.

Amy Harrison: "Put it on the floor."

Maxx slowly places it on the floor between them like he's offering tribute to a warlord.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Okay. Great. Now you open it and we have a moment. You smile. The crowd feels warmth. We—"

Amy doesn't move.

Amy Harrison: "Open it."

Maxx's eyebrows lift.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Me?"

Amy Harrison: "Yes. You."

Maxx swallows. He kneels down, slowly, Santa suit creaking. He peels back the wrapping, opens the box...

And inside is a single lump of coal.

Maxx stares at it.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "...Did you—"

Amy Harrison: "I didn't do anything."

Maxx looks around the room as if the coal might have an accomplice.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "I swear I didn't put that in there. That's... that's not my coal. That's not Santa coal. That's like... villain coal."

Amy leans forward slightly, voice calm and razor sharp.

Amy Harrison: "Do you know why you're in here?"

Maxx straightens up, still kneeling, and gives her a nervous Santa nod.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "To... spread cheer?"

Amy Harrison: "No."

She stands.

And the way she stands makes the air change. It's not loud. It's not aggressive. It's just... control.

She steps closer to Maxx, looking down at him like he's something that tracked mud onto her floor.

Amy Harrison: "You're in here because you think everything is a joke."

Maxx starts to stand quickly, but she stops him with a look.

Amy Harrison: "You think the world ends when someone laughs at you."

Maxx blinks, beard wobbling.

Amy Harrison: "You think dressing up as Santa makes you untouchable."

Maxx tries a weak chuckle.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "I mean... traditionally, Santa is protected by—"

Amy Harrison: "Maxx."

His smile dies instantly.

Amy Harrison: "I am walking into the biggest match of my career tonight, and I am doing it with the weight of this division on my shoulders... and you're in my locker room with a fake beard and a candy cane."

She picks up the candy cane from his hand without asking. It looks ridiculous in her grip.

Then she snaps it in half.

CRACK.

Maxx stares, offended like she just broke his childhood.

Amy Harrison: "That's the last piece of holiday spirit you bring in here."

She drops the broken candy cane into the open box beside the coal.

Amy Harrison: "Now leave."

Maxx stands slowly, hands raised, backing toward the door.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Okay. Yep. Message received. No cheer. No joy. Only... throat hands."

Amy steps back and sits again, lifting the Women's Championship and settling it across her lap like it belongs there—like everything belongs there.

Amy Harrison: "And Maxx?"

Maxx freezes with his hand on the doorknob.

Amy Harrison: "If you even think about bringing that 'Santa' energy anywhere near my match... I will make sure you spend the new year chewing that beard."

Maxx nods quickly, eyes wide.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Totally. Absolutely. Santa's retiring."

He slips out of the room, closing the door quietly behind him.

And the camera lingers on Amy Harrison alone—cold, composed, championship shining—before fading out.

Light It Up

Segment

Backstage, the scene is a contrast to the chaos we just witnessed—twinkling red-and-gold lights draped over equipment cases, a small UTA-branded Christmas tree beside the interview backdrop, and crew members hustling past with headsets and clipboards. The roar of the crowd is muffled here, but it still leaks through the walls like distant thunder.

Standing in front of the UTA step-and-repeat banner is Melissa Cartwright, microphone in hand, wearing a festive red coat that still looks broadcast-professional.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, Season's Beatings continues— and just moments ago, we witnessed ten women collide in one of the most chaotic championship matches we have ever seen. The result... a brand new champion."

Melissa turns slightly as the camera widens.

Valentina Blaze steps into frame—still sweating, hair damp, rib tape visible under her gear, the UTA Women's United States Championship clutched tight against her chest like she's afraid someone will try to take it back.

Valentina's eyes are bright—equal parts exhausted, thrilled, and still a little stunned. She adjusts the title, then throws the "Light it up!" hand gesture toward the camera, but the motion is smaller than usual—because her ribs are absolutely barking.

Melissa Cartwright: "Valentina—congratulations. I don't even know if 'congratulations' is enough after what you survived out there. You had to outlast nine other women, survive Total Loss by inches, and then hit the Blaze Trigger at exactly the right moment. How are you even standing here right now?"

Valentina exhales, then laughs once—short, breathless—like the question itself is ridiculous.

Valentina Blaze: "I'm not standing. I'm... I'm just refusing to fall again."

She shifts the title higher, gripping it tighter.

Valentina Blaze: "Melissa, I swear... I can still hear the count. I can still feel that knee. I can still feel Emily's hands when she dragged me away from the ropes—like she was dragging me away from oxygen."

Valentina glances down at the faceplate of the title, then back up—voice firmer now.

Valentina Blaze: "But I didn't come to UTA to be a highlight. I didn't come here to be a 'good showing.' I didn't come here to almost."

She taps the center plate with her fingertips—gentle, reverent.

Valentina Blaze: "I came here to burn my name into this place."

Melissa Cartwright: "You talked all year about being fearless—about being willing to throw yourself into the fire if it meant winning. Tonight you literally launched yourself over the top rope into nine women on the floor. Was that instinct... or was that calculated?"

Valentina smiles—then winces immediately because smiling hurts right now.

Valentina Blaze: "Instinct with a little... insanity. Look—when you're in a one-fall match with nine other women, you don't get to be patient. If you wait? Somebody else steals your moment and your year is over."

Valentina's expression tightens, eyes sharpening.

Valentina Blaze: "So I saw them all on one side, and I thought... if I'm gonna lose, I'm gonna lose flying. And if I'm gonna win?"

She lifts the belt slightly.

Valentina Blaze: "I'm gonna win like I mean it."

Melissa Cartwright: "You pinned Emily Hightower—one of the toughest champions we've seen—right in the center of the ring. But the moment the bell rang, I saw the look on her face. Emily looked... furious. Do you feel like you just painted a target on your back the size of that championship?"

Valentina's shoulders rise and fall. She nods once.

Valentina Blaze: "Good."

Melissa blinks, caught off guard by how immediate that answer was.

Valentina Blaze: "Because I didn't steal this to run. I didn't win this to hide behind it like it's armor. I won this because I'm tired of being the spark that lights someone else's story."

Valentina takes a step closer to the camera, voice lower, more intense.

Valentina Blaze: "Emily's tough. Emily's proud. Emily's been carrying that title like it belongs to her bloodline. I respect that."

Beat.

Valentina Blaze: "But now it's mine. And if she wants it back... she can come through the flames for it."

Melissa Cartwright: "Last question—Brand New Day is right around the corner. Two days. Every championship on the line. And now you walk into 2026 with gold. What does that mean for Valentina Blaze?"

Valentina looks down at the belt again, almost like she's still checking that it's real. Then she looks back up, eyes locked, voice steady.

Valentina Blaze: "It means 2026 is gonna start the same way 2025 just ended."

She raises the title.

Valentina Blaze: "With everybody trying to put me out."

Valentina smiles—no wince this time. Just resolve.

Valentina Blaze: "And me reminding them... you can't."

She throws the hand gesture again—bigger now, pain be damned.

Valentina Blaze: "Light it up."

Melissa turns slightly as Valentina steps out of frame, still clutching the championship. The camera holds on Melissa for a beat, her expression shifting from interviewer composure to genuine "we just watched the division change."

Melissa Cartwright: "A new champion with a new kind of confidence. Valentina Blaze is walking into 2026 holding gold... and daring anyone to try and take it. Back to ringside."

WrestleZone Championship Match

Match

The crowd falls into a low murmur, anticipation crawling up their spines. Then the music detonates.

"Boots and Blood" by Five Finger Death Punch blasts from the speakers, a ragged scream tearing through the darkness as strobe lights fire like gunshots across the stage.

Gunnar Van Patton steps through the curtain. No theatrics, no pandering. He walks straight ahead, every step measured, every muscle coiled. Shaggy blond hair, tattoos and scars visible under the lights, the black fatigues and tactical gloves completing the image of a soldier turned outlaw. His right eye covered by the leather patch, his gear battle-ready, his presence heavy.

John Phillips: "Here comes Gunnar Van Patton! Undefeated in WrestleUTA, and tonight he gets his very first shot at championship gold."

Mark Bravo: "And remember, John—he earned this shot by winning the WrestleZone Rumble. And he did it after taking a brutal beating from Scott Stevens' Samoan security team. Most men wouldn't have even made it back to their feet, but Gunnar fought through it and still outlasted everyone."

Van Patton hits the apron low, one hand on the mat, then slides under the bottom rope like a soldier sliding into cover. He pops up in one fluid motion, strips off his t-shirt and cap, and launches them into the crowd without ceremony. He paces the ring, bouncing lightly, shadow-boxing with crisp jabs and hooks, testing the air, testing the moment.

John Phillips: "That's the kind of resilience that's defined him since arriving here. But you have to wonder—after a beating like that, are there lingering effects? Is he walking into this title match at one hundred percent?"

Mark Bravo: "That's the question, John. Gunnar's arrogance says he can overcome anything, but the body doesn't lie. If Tyger II can exploit even a fraction of that damage, it could change the entire fight."

Finally, Gunnar crouches low in the corner. He adjusts the straps on his gloves, then tugs at the pads on each arm, cinching them down with practiced precision. Every movement is deliberate, like a soldier checking his gear before battle. His eyes lock dead center. He isn't waiting for applause. He isn't waiting for the bell. He's waiting for the war to start.

The arena plunges into darkness. A single spotlight cuts across the stage as the haunting notes of "Claw of the Yokai" echo through the speakers. The sound is eerie, ritualistic, almost supernatural, and the crowd rises to its feet in anticipation.

Tyger II steps through the curtain, the WrestleZone Championship belt strapped around his waist. His movements are deliberate, his presence heavy with purpose. He pauses at the top of the ramp, head bowed for a moment, then raises his gaze toward the ring—toward Gunnar Van Patton crouched low in his corner, already being checked by the referee.

John Phillips: "And here comes the WrestleZone Champion, Tyger III! The son of a legend, carrying the torch in his own way, and tonight he faces perhaps the toughest challenge of his reign."

Mark Bravo: "Look at that presence, John. Calm, composed, but you can feel the ferocity underneath. Tyger doesn't need to shout or posture—every step he takes tells you he's the champion."

Tyger walks down the ramp with ritualistic precision, eyes locked on the ring. The camera cuts to Gunnar, bouncing lightly, fists clenched, while the referee tugs at his gloves and gear, ensuring everything is secure. Gunnar doesn't look at the referee—his eyes are locked dead on Tyger.

Tyger reaches ringside, climbs the steel steps, and pauses on the apron. He unstraps the belt, steps into the ring, and moves to the center. With both hands, he raises the WrestleZone Championship high above his head, his gaze never leaving Gunnar Van Patton. The crowd erupts, flashes popping across the arena, the image of champion and challenger framed in perfect tension.

The referee approaches. Tyger lowers the belt slowly, then turns to the official. He bows his head in respect, handing the title over peacefully. The referee takes it, raises it high for the crowd, then passes it to ringside.

John Phillips: "Tyger II presenting the championship with respect, but make no mistake—his eyes never left the challenger."

Mark Bravo: "That's the ritual, John. Calm before the storm. Belt raised, bow given, and now it's time for war."

The music fades, the lights return to full, and Tyger lowers into his stance, eyes locked on Gunnar. The referee steps back, both men ready, the crowd roaring louder, sensing the storm about to break.

The masked man shows respect for his opponent with a slight bow, to which the one-eyed Texan spits a glob of tobacco juice down at his feet.

John Phillips: "Tyger II is going to have to earn Van Patton's respect."

Mark Bravo: "No one in UTA has yet."

DING DING DING!

The bell rings and the crowd roars as Gunnar Van Patton and Tyger II step into the center of the wrestling ring. Gunnar's stance is tall, Muay Thai guard high, smirk curling across his face. Tyger slides forward in his tiger-style karate stance, calm, deliberate, eyes locked, his expression unreadable.

They circle, each step deliberate, each breath measured. Tyger flicks a probing jab, sharp and fast, his fist snapping out like a tiger's paw. Gunnar raises his elbow, deflecting it with ease, then answers with a low kick to the thigh, his shin cracking against Tyger's leg with a thud that echoes off the canvas. Tyger absorbs it, shifting his weight back, then resets without a flicker of emotion.

John Phillips: "That's Muay Thai 101—Van Patton testing the leg early, trying to chip away."

Mark Bravo: "And Tyger doesn't even blink. He's measuring, waiting for Gunnar to overcommit."

Tyger steps in again, snapping a straight karate punch. Gunnar tilts his head, lets it glance off his forearm, then flicks another low kick toward the calf. Tyger checks it clean, stoic as ever. Strike, block, counter, reset—the rhythm is deliberate, each man probing for weakness.

Tyger feints high, then darts in with a side kick. Gunnar shifts his weight, lets it graze his ribs, and smirks, tapping the spot with his glove as if mocking the impact. He flicks his glove toward Tyger, daring him to try again. Tyger doesn't react—his mask never breaks.

Mark Bravo: "That's Van Patton telling him that his ribs are fine."

John Phillips: "They're surely still broken, but Van Patton isn't going to show any weakness."

The crowd grows restless, sensing the tension. Gunnar flicks a jab, Tyger slips outside, counters with a knife-hand chop. Gunnar raises his forearm, absorbs it, then throws another probing leg kick. Tyger checks, pivots, and snaps a backfist. Gunnar leans away, smirking, bouncing lightly on the ring canvas.

Mark Bravo: “Tyger’s starting to let his hands go—sharp counters every time Gunnar tests him.”

John Phillips: “And Gunnar’s eating them, but look closely—he’s measuring too. He wants Tyger to commit.”

Tyger strings together a short three-strike combination: jab, straight punch, low kick. Gunnar blocks the first two, absorbs the kick on his thigh, and nods with a grin. He answers with a jab-cross-hook sequence, each punch probing. Tyger slips the jab, parries the cross, ducks under the hook, and resets with calm precision. The crowd reacts—cheers for Tyger’s defense, jeers for Gunnar’s arrogance.

Tyger advances again, firing a crisp four-strike sequence: jab, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, low kick. Gunnar absorbs the jab, raises his guard to block the chop, leans away from the backfist, and checks the kick. The Texan shakes his head, not at all impressed by what he’s seen so far. The wrestling ring rattles as the crowd erupts, half in admiration, half in disdain.

Tyger presses harder, unleashing a jab-cross-hook-side kick-low kick sequence. Gunnar absorbs the punches, eats the hook, and checks the kicks with a grin. He shrugs his shoulders, then beckons Tyger forward with both hands, taunting him to keep coming.

John Phillips: “Van Patton’s toughness is undeniable, but he’s playing with fire. Tyger’s precision can break through.”

Tyger storms in with a six-strike combination: jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, low kick. Gunnar absorbs, blocks, and checks, then counters with a jab-cross-hook-leg kick of his own. The crowd reacts in waves—cheers for Tyger’s precision, gasps for Gunnar’s power, jeers for his arrogance.

Mark Bravo: “That’s the heaviest exchange yet—both men throwing volume, neither backing down.”

The exchanges continue, each sharper than the last. Tyger’s stoic calm never wavers, Gunnar’s smirk never fades. Every strike carries the illusion of speed and power—Tyger’s hands snapping like claws, Gunnar’s kicks thudding like hammers. The wrestling ring shakes under their footwork, the crowd rises and falls with every burst.

The tempo rises inside the wrestling ring. Tyger II advances with sharper intent, his tiger-style karate flowing in bursts of speed. He fires a crisp jab-cross-low kick combination, each strike snapping with precision. Gunnar Van Patton absorbs the punches on his guard, takes the kick flush to the thigh, and grins wide, slapping the spot as if mocking the pain.

Mark Bravo: “Van Patton just absorbed that strike like it was nothing.”

Tyger pivots, unleashing a spinning backfist followed by a roundhouse kick. Gunnar leans away from the fist, lets the kick thud against his ribs, then casually brushes his hand across the area of impact as if wiping away dust. The crowd erupts—half impressed, half outraged—as Gunnar smirks, daring Tyger to try harder.

John Phillips: “There’s only so many of those he’s going to be able to take until those ribs fracture.”

Tyger presses again, unleashing a jab-cross-hook-side kick-low kick combination. Gunnar absorbs the punches, eats the hook, and checks the kicks with a grin. He stomps the ring canvas once, then fires back with a stiff jab-cross-hook of his own. The hook lands clean, snapping Tyger’s head back slightly.

John Phillips: “That’s the difference—Tyger’s landing more, but Gunnar’s shots carry real weight.”

Tyger steadies himself, stoic as ever, and answers with a five-strike burst: jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, low kick. Gunnar absorbs, blocks, ducks, and takes the kick flush. He laughs, waving Tyger forward, then suddenly drives a heavy leg kick into Tyger’s thigh. The sound echoes off the canvas, drawing gasps from the crowd.

Tyger doesn’t flinch. He resets, eyes narrowing, and fires another combination—jab, cross, side kick, spinning backfist. Gunnar absorbs most, but the side kick lands clean to the ribs. This time, instead of brushing it off, Gunnar tilts his head and sneers, a hint of pain hitting him. His voice drips with arrogance, the taunt cutting through the noise of the

crowd, not allowing any weakness to be seen.

Gunnar Van Patton: “Yer gonna need to try harder than that.”

Mark Bravo: “That’s pure intimidation—he’s trying to get inside Tyger’s head.”

Tyger answers with speed, snapping a jab-cross-hook-low kick sequence. Gunnar absorbs the punches, lets the hook graze his chin, then fires back with a crushing leg kick that buckles Tyger’s stance for a moment. The crowd gasps at the thud, but Tyger steadies himself instantly, stoic mask unbroken.

Gunnar presses forward, throwing a jab-cross-hook-uppercut. Tyger slips the jab, parries the cross, ducks under the hook, but the uppercut clips his guard and forces him back a step. Gunnar grins wider, stalking him across the ring.

John Phillips: “Van Patton’s power is starting to show—every shot he lands shakes the ring.”

Tyger fires back with a seven-strike barrage: jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, low kick, high kick. Gunnar absorbs, blocks, and checks, but the high kick grazes his guard and snaps his head slightly. He steadies himself, laughs, and points to the crowd as if to say “See? Nothing.”

The fans erupt—half in awe, half in outrage. Tyger remains calm, shoulders squared, eyes locked. Gunnar bounces lightly on the balls of his feet, smirking, waiting for the next exchange.

Tyger storms in again, unleashing a crisp jab-cross-hook-side kick. Gunnar absorbs the punches, eats the hook, and takes the kick flush. He slaps his ribs, laughing, then drives a heavy jab straight into Tyger’s face. The impact snaps Tyger’s head back, forcing him to reset.

Mark Bravo: “That’s the heaviest exchange yet—Tyger’s speed against Gunnar’s brute force.”

The crowd roars as both men circle again, eyes locked, each waiting for the next opening. Tyger’s strikes come faster, Gunnar’s counters land harder. The wrestling ring rattles under their footwork, every strike echoing like a drumbeat, every taunt feeding the psychology of strength versus speed.

Tyger bursts forward with a crisp jab-cross-knife-hand chop. Gunnar absorbs the punches, blocks the chop, and takes a low kick flush to the thigh. He pats the spot with exaggerated drama, smirk curling, and mutters.

Gunnar Van Patton: “Damn boy, that stung a little.”

The crowd reacts—half laughing, half booing—as Gunnar’s grin widens.

Mark Bravo: “Van Patton’s mocking him—he’s turning defense into intimidation.”

Tyger stays stoic, unleashing a jab-cross-side kick-spinning backfist. Gunnar absorbs, lets the side kick land clean to the ribs, then immediately answers with a stiff jab-cross-hook. The hook lands flush, snapping Tyger’s head back.

Tyger steadies, pivots, and fires a six-strike barrage: jab, cross, knife-hand chop, hook kick, spinning backfist, low kick. Gunnar absorbs most, blocks some, then drives a crushing leg kick into Tyger’s thigh. The sound echoes, drawing gasps as Tyger’s stance buckles for a moment.

John Phillips: “That’s the difference—Tyger’s landing more, but Gunnar’s shots carry real punishment.”

Tyger exhales, resets, and sharpens his focus. He storms in with a seven-strike chain—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, low kick, high kick. Gunnar absorbs, ducks, and lets the high kick graze his guard. He steadies himself, stomps the canvas, then fires back with a heavy uppercut that clips Tyger’s chin and forces him back a step.

The crowd roars, the ring rattles under their footwork. Gunnar stalks forward, voice sharp and mocking.

Gunnar Van Patton: “Keep that sh*t up and yer gonna be eating yer sushi through a straw.”

Tyger answers instantly with speed—jab, cross, spinning backfist, side kick. Gunnar absorbs, ducks, and counters with a jab-cross-hook-leg kick. The hook lands clean, the leg kick thunders against Tyger's thigh, forcing him to reset again.

Tyger steadies, then explodes with a ten-strike flurry: jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, low kick, hook kick, jab, cross, spinning backfist. Gunnar absorbs the first few, blocks the chop, ducks the backfist, takes the side kick flush, and then answers with a brutal hook to the body. The thud echoes, Tyger's stoic mask flickers for a moment.

Mark Bravo: "That's the shot! Gunnar finally broke through."

Tyger exhales, resets, and sharpens his stance. Gunnar grins wider, stalking forward, smirk never fading. He throws a jab-cross-hook-uppercut sequence, each punch heavy, each strike meant to remind Tyger of the difference in power. Tyger slips the jab, parries the cross, ducks the hook, but the uppercut clips his guard and forces him back again.

John Phillips: "And look at Tyger—his calm demeanor just shifted. He knows it's time to get serious."

Tyger steadies, shoulders tightening, stoic mask hardening. Gunnar bounces lightly on the balls of his feet, waiting for the next exchange. The crowd roars louder, sensing the escalation—strength and speed colliding in rhythm, arrogance against calm, each strike a test of will.

Tyger explodes forward, unleashing a blistering chain—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, low kick, hook kick, jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, high kick, jab, cross, side kick, low kick. His strikes snap like lightning, each one flowing into the next, the rhythm overwhelming the eye. Gunnar absorbs the first few, blocks the chop, ducks the backfist, takes the side kick flush, checks the low kick, and eats the hook kick with a grin. He steadies himself, stomps the canvas, then fires back with a heavy jab-cross-hook-uppercut. The uppercut clips Tyger's chin, forcing him back a step.

Mark Bravo: "This is a war of combinations—Tyger's speed against Gunnar's brute force."

Tyger resets instantly, storming in with another barrage—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, low kick, jab, cross, hook kick, spinning backfist, knife-hand chop, high kick, jab, cross, side kick, spinning backfist. Gunnar absorbs, ducks, blocks, and lets the high kick graze his guard. He answers with a crushing leg kick that buckles Tyger's stance, then drives a hook to the body that echoes through the arena.

John Phillips: "Every time Tyger strings ten together, Gunnar answers with one that hurts twice as much."

Tyger exhales, stoic mask unbroken, and fires a fifteen-strike sequence—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, low kick, jab, cross, hook kick, spinning backfist, knife-hand chop, jab, cross, side kick, high kick, spinning backfist. Gunnar absorbs the barrage, blocks the chop, ducks the backfist, takes the side kick flush, checks the low kick, and then slams a heavy hook across Tyger's jaw. The crowd gasps as Tyger staggers, but steadies himself instantly.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Come on. Hit me like ya mean it."

Tyger answers with another storm—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, low kick, hook kick, jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, high kick, jab, cross, side kick, spinning backfist, hook kick. Gunnar absorbs, ducks, and fires back with a jab-cross-hook-leg kick-uppercut. The hook lands clean, the leg kick thunders against Tyger's thigh, and the uppercut snaps his head back.

Mark Bravo: "Van Patton's power is breaking through—Tyger's precision is meeting raw strength head-on."

Tyger steadies, then explodes with a twenty-strike flurry—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, low kick, jab, cross, hook kick, spinning backfist, knife-hand chop, jab, cross, side kick, high kick, jab, cross, spinning backfist, hook kick, knife-hand chop, low kick. Gunnar absorbs the storm, blocks the chop, ducks the backfist, takes the

side kick flush, checks the low kick, and then answers with a brutal hook-cross-uppercut sequence. The uppercut lands flush, snapping Tyger's head back, forcing him to reset.

John Phillips: "This is a clash of wills—Tyger's speed chains against Gunnar's punishing counters."

The crowd roars louder, the ring rattles under their footwork. Tyger's speed overwhelms the eye, Gunnar's counters shake the body. Each exchange escalates, each strike a test of will, arrogance against calm, strength against speed.

Gunnar Van Patton steps forward with swagger, bouncing on his heels, lips twitching into a crooked grin as he spreads his arms wide, daring Tyger to strike. His chin lifts, arrogance dripping from every movement.

Mark Bravo: "Van Patton's getting cocky—he thinks he can walk through everything."

Tyger doesn't hesitate. He surges in with a blistering chain—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, low kick, hook kick, jab, cross, spinning backfist, high kick. Gunnar absorbs the first few, ducks the backfist, but the side kick lands flush to the ribs. He staggers slightly, caught off guard by the sudden precision.

Tyger presses harder, unleashing another barrage—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, jab, cross, hook kick, low kick, high kick. Gunnar tries to absorb, but the strikes come too fast. He blocks the chop, ducks the backfist, but the hook kick rattles his guard and the low kick buckles his stance.

John Phillips: "Tyger's taken control—Van Patton's on the defensive now."

The crowd roars as Tyger keeps the pressure, chaining a fifteen-strike sequence—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, low kick, jab, cross, hook kick, spinning backfist, knife-hand chop, jab, cross, side kick, high kick. Gunnar absorbs desperately, blocking and ducking, but each strike chips away at his arrogance. His grin fades as Tyger's rhythm overwhelms him.

Tyger pivots, eyes sharp, and unleashes another storm—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, hook kick, jab, cross, spinning backfist, low kick, high kick, jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick. Gunnar absorbs the first few, ducks the backfist, but the hook kick rattles his guard and the low kick forces him to stumble.

Mark Bravo: "Van Patton's swagger is gone—Tyger's precision is breaking him down."

Tyger doesn't let up. He drives forward with a twenty-strike flurry—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, low kick, jab, cross, hook kick, spinning backfist, knife-hand chop, jab, cross, side kick, high kick, jab, cross, spinning backfist, hook kick, knife-hand chop, low kick. Gunnar absorbs, blocks, ducks, but the sheer volume forces him backward, his guard cracking under the relentless rhythm.

John Phillips: "This is the danger of arrogance—Van Patton gave Tyger the opening, and now he's drowning in it."

The crowd roars louder, sensing the shift. Gunnar tries to fire back with a jab-cross-hook, but Tyger slips each strike and answers with a spinning backfist that clips Gunnar's jaw. He staggers, shaking his head, crooked grin gone, eyes narrowing.

Tyger pivots again, stoic mask unbroken, and unleashes a final burst—jab, cross, spinning backfist, side kick, hook kick, high kick. Gunnar absorbs the jab, parries the cross, ducks the backfist, but the side kick drives him back. He steadies himself, raising his guard—just as Tyger spins and fires a devastating roundhouse kick.

The impact cracks against Gunnar's jaw, the sound echoing through the arena. His body whips sideways, crashing to the canvas. The crowd erupts, half in shock, half in awe.

Mark Bravo: "Tyger II just dropped Van Patton with that kick!"

John Phillips: "That arrogance cost him—he left himself open, and Tyger made him pay."

Tyger stands tall, stoic mask unbroken, as Gunnar shakes his head on the mat, stunned by the sudden reversal. The

crowd roars louder, sensing the momentum shift—Tyger's speed and precision finally breaking through Gunnar's arrogance.

Gunnar Van Patton sits on the canvas for a moment, jaw tight, then nods his head once—acknowledging he got caught. He rises deliberately, brushing himself off, rolling his shoulders, flexing his neck. His crooked grin flickers back, tempered now with focus. He paces a half-circle, shaking out his arms, then plants his feet and exhales.

Mark Bravo: "Van Patton's admitting it—he knows Tyger nailed him clean."

Tyger II drives forward with a sharp combination—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick. Gunnar absorbs the jab, parries the cross, ducks the chop, and lets the spinning backfist graze his guard. As the side kick drives in, Gunnar pivots, catching Tyger's leg, and fires back with a blistering counter—jab, cross, hook, uppercut, leg kick. The hook lands flush, the uppercut snaps Tyger's head back, and the leg kick thunders against his thigh.

John Phillips: "That's a statement—Van Patton's not just back on his feet, he's firing back hard."

Tyger steadies, stoic mask unbroken, and presses the attack with another chain—jab, cross, spinning backfist, hook kick, jab, cross, knife-hand chop, side kick. Gunnar absorbs the jab, slips the cross, ducks the backfist, and then steps inside the hook kick to deliver his own four-strike burst—jab, cross, hook, body shot. The body shot lands heavy, forcing Tyger to retreat a step.

The crowd roars as Gunnar suddenly shifts his posture. He drops into a boxing-style stance—knees bent, hands high, shoulders loose, bouncing lightly up and down on the balls of his feet. His movement is constant now, circling, feinting, shifting weight from foot to foot. Gone is the stationary Muay Thai base; this stance is alive, mobile, designed to match Tyger's speed.

Tyger exhales, eyes narrowing, and launches another chain—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, hook kick. Gunnar bobs and weaves, slipping the jab, parrying the cross, ducking under the chop, and rolling with the backfist. He sidesteps the side kick, then answers with a crisp jab-cross-hook-uppercut. The uppercut lands clean, forcing Tyger to reset.

Mark Bravo: "Look at that—Van Patton's bouncing, moving, trying to match Tyger's rhythm."

John Phillips: "That knockdown woke him up. He's adjusted, and Tyger's going to have to deal with it."

Tyger presses again, chaining ten strikes—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, jab, cross, hook kick, low kick, high kick. Gunnar's new stance keeps him mobile; he slips left, rolls under, pivots right, bouncing just out of range, then fires back with a jab-cross-hook-leg kick. The hook lands flush, the leg kick cracks against Tyger's thigh, forcing him to stumble.

The crowd roars louder, sensing the shift. Gunnar's arrogance has been tempered into discipline, his stance alive with movement, his counters sharper. Tyger's stoic calm meets Gunnar's newfound rhythm, strength and speed colliding with renewed intensity.

Gunnar Van Patton bounces lightly on the balls of his feet, hands high, shoulders loose, circling with sharp head movement. His earlier Muay Thai stillness is gone—now he's alive, mobile, stalking with rhythm.

Tyger II drives forward with a rapid chain—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, hook kick, jab, cross, hook kick, high kick. Gunnar slips the jab, rolls under the cross, ducks the chop, and pivots away from the backfist. He sidesteps the side kick, then bounces back in with a crisp jab-cross-hook-uppercut. The uppercut lands flush, forcing Tyger to reset.

John Phillips: "Uppercut lands clean—Tyger forced to step back."

Mark Bravo: "That's the adjustment. Gunnar's not standing still anymore—he's moving to break Tyger's rhythm."

Tyger exhales, stoic mask unbroken, and presses again—jab, cross, spinning backfist, side kick, jab, cross, hook kick, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist. Gunnar bobs and weaves, slipping just out of range, then steps inside to deliver a punishing body shot followed by a hook to the jaw. Tyger staggers back a step, crowd gasping.

Mark Bravo: “That’s classic boxing rhythm—slip, counter, punish.”

John Phillips: “Body shot lands, hook follows—Tyger staggered.”

Tyger pivots sharply, eyes narrowing, and launches a fifteen-strike flurry—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, jab, cross, hook kick, low kick, jab, cross, spinning backfist, hook kick, knife-hand chop, high kick. Gunnar bounces, slips left, rolls under, pivots right, weaving through the storm. He answers with a jab-cross-hook-uppercut-leg kick, each strike timed to break Tyger’s rhythm. The hook lands flush, the leg kick cracks against Tyger’s thigh, forcing him to stumble.

John Phillips: “Hook connects, leg kick follows—Tyger’s offbalance.”

Mark Bravo: “That’s Gunnar mixing styles—boxing hands with a Thai leg kick. He’s showing he can blend both worlds.”

John Phillips: “And Tyger’s got to adjust—he can’t let Gunnar control distance like this.”

The crowd roars louder as Gunnar presses forward, bouncing in rhythm, feinting with his shoulders, jabbing to control distance. Tyger tries another chain—jab, cross, spinning backfist, side kick, hook kick, jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, high kick—but Gunnar cuts him off mid-sequence with a stiff jab that snaps his head back. He follows with a cross-hook-uppercut, each punch heavy, each strike asserting dominance.

Mark Bravo: “Van Patton’s dictating pace now.”

John Phillips: “Jab lands, cross follows, uppercut snaps Tyger’s head back.”

Mark Bravo (overlapping): “Tyger’s speed is being smothered by movement and timing—this is Gunnar’s fight right now.”

Tyger steadies, stoic mask hardening, but Gunnar keeps circling, bouncing, feinting, forcing Tyger to chase. Gunnar flicks jabs to measure distance, then darts in with a jab-cross-hook-body shot-uppercut. Tyger absorbs, but the body shot digs deep, and the uppercut forces him upright. Gunnar bounces back out, crowd roaring at the sudden control.

John Phillips: “Van Patton’s bouncing, circling—he’s controlling the center now.”

Mark Bravo: “And Tyger’s the one chasing. That’s a complete reversal of momentum.”

The rhythm has shifted—Tyger’s speed chains are being broken apart, Gunnar’s boxing stance controlling the tempo, arrogance replaced by calculated aggression.

Gunnar Van Patton keeps circling, bouncing lightly, flicking jabs to measure distance. His shoulders roll, his head movement sharp, every step designed to smother Tyger’s rhythm. The crowd roars as Gunnar presses forward, confidence rebuilt.

Tyger II watches, stoic mask unbroken, eyes narrowing as he studies the bounce. He waits, patient, then steps in with a sudden burst—jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick, hook kick, jab, cross, high kick. Gunnar slips the jab, rolls under the cross, ducks the chop, but as he rises into his bounce, Tyger’s spinning backfist clips his jaw. Gunnar stumbles, crowd gasping.

John Phillips: “Backfist lands—Van Patton caught mid-movement.”

Mark Bravo: “Tyger timed the bounce. He’s breaking Gunnar’s rhythm now.”

Gunnar steadies, bouncing again, and fires back with a chain of his own—jab, cross, hook, uppercut, body shot, jab, cross, hook kick, jab, cross. Tyger absorbs the jab, parries the cross, ducks the hook, but the uppercut snaps his head

back. Gunnar drives the body shot in deep, but Tyger answers instantly with a hook kick that cracks against Gunnar's guard, then a jab-cross that forces Gunnar to retreat a step.

Mark Bravo: "They're trading clean—neither man giving ground."

John Phillips: "Uppercut landed, but Tyger answered right back."

Tyger pivots, unleashing a fifteen-strike flurry—jab, cross, spinning backfist, side kick, jab, cross, hook kick, knife-hand chop, jab, cross, spinning backfist, side kick, hook kick, low kick, high kick. Gunnar bounces, weaving through the storm, slipping the jab, rolling under the cross, ducking the chop. Tyger's low kick chops his leg mid-bounce, Gunnar winces, but he answers instantly with jab-cross-hook-uppercut-leg kick. The hook lands flush, the leg kick cracks against Tyger's thigh, forcing him to stumble.

John Phillips: "Hook connects, leg kick follows—Tyger staggered."

Mark Bravo (cutting in): "They're both paying the price for this exchange."

The crowd roars louder as Gunnar presses forward, bouncing in rhythm, feinting with his shoulders, jabbing to control distance. Tyger tries another chain—jab, cross, spinning backfist, side kick, hook kick, jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, high kick. Gunnar cuts him off mid-sequence with a stiff jab that snaps his head back. He follows with a cross-hook-uppercut. Tyger absorbs, steadies, then fires back with jab-cross-hook kick, his strike snapping Gunnar's guard aside.

Mark Bravo: "Neither man's backing down."

John Phillips: "They're trading blow for blow—dead even."

The pace quickens. Gunnar bounces in, firing jab-cross-hook-uppercut-body shot. Tyger absorbs, then answers with jab-cross-knife-hand chop-spinning backfist. Gunnar ducks the chop, but the backfist lands across his temple. He shakes it off, drives forward with jab-cross-hook-leg kick. Tyger absorbs the jab, parries the cross, but the hook lands flush. He steadies himself, then fires a side kick that drives Gunnar back into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Side kick lands—Van Patton forced back."

Mark Bravo: "But Gunnar's still bouncing. He's not slowing down."

The crowd is electric as both men reset. Gunnar flicks jabs, circling, bouncing, feinting. Tyger stands tall, stoic mask unbroken, then launches another chain—jab, cross, spinning backfist, hook kick, jab, cross, knife-hand chop, side kick. Gunnar slips the jab, parries the cross, ducks the backfist, but the hook kick grazes his guard. He answers with jab-cross-hook-uppercut, the uppercut snapping Tyger's head back. Tyger steadies, then fires a jab-cross-hook kick that lands flush, forcing Gunnar to stagger.

Mark Bravo: "They're trading damage now—this is pure attrition."

John Phillips: "Both men staggered, both still standing."

Finally, they step back, circling, breathing hard. Gunnar bounces lightly, guard high. Tyger stands tall, stoic mask unbroken. Sweat drips, the crowd roars, and the arena shakes with anticipation. Neither man ahead, neither man broken.

The arena is shaking as Gunnar Van Patton and Tyger II step forward, sweat pouring, eyes locked. Neither man blinks, neither man breathes without intent. Gunnar bounces sharply, hands high, flicks a jab to test distance. Tyger answers instantly with jab, cross, knife-hand chop. Gunnar slips the jab, parries the cross, ducks the chop, then fires back jab, cross, hook, uppercut. Tyger absorbs, pivots, and answers with spinning backfist, side kick, hook kick. Gunnar blocks the backfist, sidesteps the side kick, but the hook kick grazes his guard. The crowd roars at the speed, the rhythm already faster than anything seen tonight.

John Phillips: "They're trading at full speed—no hesitation."

Mark Bravo: "Pure attrition. Neither man's looking to slow down."

Tyger presses with a blistering ten-strike chain—jab, cross, spinning backfist, side kick, jab, cross, hook kick, knife-hand chop, jab, cross. Gunnar weaves through, slipping the jab, rolling under the cross, ducking the chop, then answers with jab, cross, hook, uppercut, leg kick. The hook lands flush, the leg kick cracks against Tyger's thigh. Tyger staggers a half-step, then fires back immediately—jab, cross, hook kick, high kick. Gunnar absorbs the jab, parries the cross, but the hook kick snaps his guard aside and the high kick glances off his temple. He shakes it off, bouncing in place, jaw tight.

Mark Bravo: "They're hurting each other, John. This is a war of will."

The pace accelerates. Gunnar drives forward with jab, cross, hook, uppercut, body shot, jab, cross, hook kick. Tyger dips, then fires jab, cross, knife-hand chop, spinning backfist, side kick. Gunnar slips the jab, parries the cross, the chop smacks his collarbone hard. He winces, then plants a stiff jab that snaps Tyger's head back. Tyger steadies, stoic mask intact, and whips a hook kick into Gunnar's ribs.

John Phillips: "Hook kick lands—Van Patton rocked to the body."

Mark Bravo: "And Gunnar's still bouncing. He refuses to slow down."

They clash center ring, both refusing to cede ground. Gunnar's uppercut snaps Tyger's head back; Tyger's side kick dents Gunnar's ribs. Gunnar's hook kick rattles Tyger's guard; Tyger's knife-hand chop slashes across Gunnar's chest. Every strike is answered, every opening punished, bodies turning with crisp footwork, heads slipping, guards reacting in microbeats.

John Phillips: "Every strike answered—neither man backing down."

Mark Bravo: "Fastest pace of the night—listen to this crowd."

Gunnar fires jab, cross, hook, uppercut, leg kick. Tyger absorbs and counters jab, cross, hook kick, spinning backfist. Gunnar ducks the backfist, takes the hook kick on the guard, then surges back with jab, cross, hook, uppercut. Tyger absorbs, steadies, then fires jab, cross, knife-hand chop, side kick. Gunnar slips the jab, parries the cross, but the side kick thunders into his ribs again, forcing air from his lungs. He bounces away two steps, then snaps a jab to reassert distance; Tyger parries and slides in with a tight cross to the cheek.

Mark Bravo: "Neither man's taking a step back."

John Phillips: "They're trading in the pocket—no reset, no breath."

The exchange elongates into a blur. Gunnar darts in with a twelve-strike burst—jab, cross, hook, uppercut, jab, cross, body shot, hook, uppercut, leg kick, jab, cross. Tyger's guard absorbs, he slips off-line, then retaliates with fourteen—jab, cross, spinning backfist, side kick, jab, cross, hook kick, knife-hand chop, jab, cross, spinning backfist, low kick, high kick, cross. Gunnar's head snaps from the high kick; he clips Tyger with a short counter hook; Tyger answers with a low kick that hacks Gunnar's lead leg; Gunnar returns a digging body shot that folds Tyger for a heartbeat; Tyger's spinning backfist catches Gunnar as he rises, cracking the jaw at an angle.

John Phillips: "Backfist lands—Van Patton caught coming up."

Mark Bravo: "He's timing the bounce, but Gunnar's still there with counters."

Gunnar denies space with jabs that flick and stab, then stacks a cross and uppercut. Tyger shoulder-rolls the cross, eats the glancing uppercut, and fires back a hook kick that clips Gunnar's temple. Gunnar shakes it off, shoulder-feints, rips a hook to the body, then an uppercut through the guard. Tyger's head pops; he answers with a sudden side kick that bulldozes Gunnar back a stride, then closes with jab, cross, knife-hand chop. Gunnar meets the jab with a parry,

slips the cross, catches the chop on his forearm and blasts a cross-hook across the line.

John Phillips: "Cross lands clean—Tyger forced to reset half a step."

Mark Bravo: "And he's right back in—no retreat."

They spiral into another simultaneous surge: Gunnar's fifteen strikes against Tyger's fifteen, hands blurring, feet whipping, guards shuddering. Gunnar's leg kick bites deep; Tyger's low kick answers in kind. Gunnar's uppercut snaps the chin; Tyger's backfist skids across the cheekbone. The crowd's roar becomes a wall.

Mark Bravo: "Every exchange is split down the middle."

John Phillips: "Neither man separating—pure dead heat."

The peak arrives without warning: both commit to overlapping twenty-strike barrages, breath held, hearts burning. Gunnar's uppercut lands as Tyger's backfist clips; Gunnar's hook kick shakes the guard as Tyger's side kick drives the torso; Gunnar's leg kick chops the thigh as Tyger's high kick snaps the head; both men absorb, both men return.

John Phillips: "They're emptying the arsenal—twenty clean from each!"

Mark Bravo (overlapping): "And neither breaks! This is sheer refusal!"

Hands sag for half a heartbeat, then they reset into one last sprint. Gunnar fires jab, cross, hook, uppercut, body shot. Tyger answers jab, cross, hook kick, knife-hand chop, side kick. Gunnar slips, parries, takes the kick to the ribs, and still plants a cross to the cheek. Tyger absorbs and drops a low kick. Gunnar hacks back at the thigh. Tyger spins into a backfist that skims. Gunnar's uppercut straightens him. Tyger's hook kick shudders the guard. Gunnar's jab restores range. Tyger's cross reclaims it. Neither man yields. Neither man slows.

Mark Bravo: "We're at the ceiling. No give, no quit."

John Phillips: "Stalemate."

They step back together, chests heaving, sweat pouring, eyes locked, neither daring to show the other a crack. Gunnar bounces lightly, guard high. Tyger stands tall, stoic mask unbroken. The crowd is a single, sustained roar. The exchange ends exactly where it began—dead even, a stalemate forged in speed, violence, and defiance.

The crowd erupts.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAP. CLAP. CLAPCLAPCLAP.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Gunnar straightens slowly, breathing hard, grinning now... But this time, it's not cocky.

It's respect. Hard-earned.

They circle again, easing back into the fight. Gunnar rolls his shoulders, smirk creeping back. Tyger remains stone-faced, every movement measured.

John Phillips: "Neither man got the better of that first clash. Now they're looking for the next opening."

Mark Bravo: "And Gunnar's confidence hasn't wavered. He thinks he's got this kid figured out."

Tyger steps in, snapping off a crisp jab, then a low kick. Gunnar absorbs it, answers with a stiff forearm. Tyger pivots, spins—roundhouse incoming—

Gunnar catches the leg mid-swing!

John Phillips: "Oh! Gunnar caught him!"

Mark Bravo: "Bad news for Tyger III!"

With a roar, Gunnar hoists Tyger and launches him overhead with a Capture Suplex that rattles the ring. Tyger crashes hard, clutching his back.

John Phillips: "What a suplex! Gunnar just turned the tide!"

Mark Bravo: "That's veteran instinct. He saw the opening and made Tyger pay for it."

Tyger tries to hurry back up, forcing himself to his feet—

WHAM! Gunnar's trademark roundhouse kick slams into Tyger's chest, the impact echoing like a shotgun blast.

John Phillips: "Good Lord! Gunnar nearly caved his chest in!"

Mark Bravo: "That's one of Van Patton's calling cards. He throws that kick like a weapon, and Tyger just walked right into it."

The force sends Tyger stumbling back into the corner, clutching his ribs but refusing to drop. Gunnar stalks forward, eyes cold now, and drives a knee into Tyger's midsection before hammering him with short elbows against the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Tyger's toughness is unreal — he's still standing after that kick!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but Gunnar's in full control now. This is the veteran grinding him down."

Gunnar yanks Tyger out of the corner, cinches a rear waistlock, and launches him with a release German suplex. Tyger crashes hard, clutching at the back of his neck in pain. Gunnar doesn't let up — he drags Tyger up again, locks the waist, and delivers a second German suplex, snapping Tyger across the canvas with even more force.

John Phillips: "Back-to-back Germans! Gunnar's throwing him around like a rag doll!"

Mark Bravo: "This is brutality, pure and simple. He didn't even try to chain them like he normally does."

Gunnar hauls Tyger up front, locking in tight, and muscles him into a belly-to-belly overhead suplex that sends Tyger skidding across the mat. The crowd groans at the impact. Gunnar sneers, pistol-hand gesture to the fans, then swings for a short-arm lariat—

Tyger ducks! He fires a sudden palm strike, then a spinning backfist that clips Gunnar's jaw. The crowd roars as Gunnar staggers, clutching his jaw, while Tyger steadies himself, chest heaving, eyes still cold and focused.

John Phillips: "Tyger's still alive! He won't stay down!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the never say die attitude. He's hurting, but he's not quitting."

Gunnar staggers from the spinning backfist, clutching his jaw. Tyger steadies himself, chest heaving, eyes cold, and hooks Gunnar's arms, straining to lift him for the Yokai Driver—

John Phillips: "Tyger's going for broke! He swinging for the fences!"

Mark Bravo: "If he hits this, Gunnar's done!"

But Gunnar shifts mid-air, landing on his feet behind Tyger.

John Phillips: "He slipped out!"

Mark Bravo: "It's no secret that Gunnar's a student of the game, he knew how to counter."

Tyger turns—

WHAM! Gunnar's roundhouse kick slams into Tyger's chest, the impact echoing like a shotgun blast. Tyger stumbles backward, bouncing off the ropes—

And Gunnar is waiting. He snatches Tyger's head and arm, pivots, and launches him with a head-and-arm suplex that sends Tyger flying across the ring.

John Phillips: "What a counter! Gunnar just turned Tyger's comeback into disaster!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference between youth and experience. Tyger went big, Gunnar went smarter."

Gunnar stalks forward, dragging Tyger up by the mask. He drives a knee into the ribs, then hooks the leg and twists with a Dragon Screw leg whip, sending Tyger crashing to the mat clutching his knee. Gunnar stomps the joint, then drops into Jigsaw's Death Trap, wrenching the ankle mercilessly.

Tyger thrashes, face twisted in agony, clawing at the mat. Gunnar leans back, torquing the hold, shouting scripture at him with a pistol-hand gesture to the crowd. Tyger claws desperately, inching toward the ropes, but Gunnar drags him back to center, shaking his head.

John Phillips: "He's trying to tear Tyger apart piece by piece!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Gunnar's hybrid style. He'll chain holds until something breaks."

Tyger pounds the mat, refusing to quit. He twists his hips, kicks at Gunnar's arm, and manages to roll halfway over, but Gunnar instantly reapplies the pressure, cinching tighter. The crowd chants Tyger's name, urging him on. Finally, after nearly a minute of agony, Tyger lunges forward, fingertips brushing the bottom rope. Gunnar yanks him back again, but Tyger digs his nails into the canvas, drags his body inch by inch, and clutches the rope with his hand. The ref forces the break. Gunnar releases on four, smirking coldly.

He yanks Tyger away from the ropes by the arm, spins with sudden speed, and locks in the Lament Configuration — rolling through into a Kata Ha Jime choke. Tyger thrashes violently, face reddening, legs kicking. Gunnar rolls with him, maintaining the choke, snarling scripture under his breath. Tyger's arms flail, searching for leverage, but Gunnar squeezes tighter, veins bulging in his forearms.

John Phillips: "He's trying to choke the life out of Tyger!"

Mark Bravo: "This is Gunnar's bloodlust. He doesn't care if Tyger passes out."

Tyger's movements slow, his body sagging. The ref leans in, checking his arm. Gunnar sneers, shouting "Bless yer heart, boy!" as he cranks the hold. The crowd erupts, stomping and clapping, trying to will Tyger back. Tyger's arm drops once... twice... but on the third check, he clenches a fist and surges with adrenaline. He plants his feet and bridges hard, forcing Gunnar's shoulders down for a desperate pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

Gunnar breaks the hold and shoves Tyger to the side, before climbing back to a vertical base.

John Phillips: "Tyger almost stole it! He turned Gunnar's submission into a pin attempt!"

Mark Bravo: "But Gunnar's not rattled. He's meaner than a rattlesnake, and he's enjoying this."

Gunnar hauls Tyger up, whips him into the corner, and charges with the Devil's Rejects — a shining wizard knee followed by a brutal Yakuza kick. Tyger slumps, but refuses to fall. Gunnar snarls, drags him out, and spikes him with a Regal-Plex, bridging for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Tyger kicks out, chest heaving.

John Phillips: "Tyger refuses to stay down! He's tougher than a two-dollar steak!"

Mark Bravo: "And Gunnar's patience is razor thin. He's going to keep cutting until Tyger breaks."

Gunnar rises, fury in his eyes, and whips Tyger hard into the corner again. He charges in, looking for another knee strike—

Tyger slips aside! Gunnar crashes into the turnbuckles, staggering back—

CRACK! Tyger clips him with a Ghost Fang Kick to the jaw. Gunnar stumbles back into the ropes, dazed—

Tyger steadies himself, chest heaving, and fires a second Ghost Fang Kick that smashes Gunnar square in the face, knocking him down to the canvas. The crowd erupts, chanting Tyger's name as he stands tall, eyes cold, refusing to break.

John Phillips: "Tyger finally dropped Gunnar! He's still in this fight!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the second surge — Gunnar's control shattered by pure resilience!"

Tyger drags himself to the apron, battered but unbroken. He steadies himself, chest heaving, eyes cold, waiting for Gunnar to rise.

John Phillips: "Tyger's setting up for something big here!"

Mark Bravo: "He's looking for Feral Descent — that springboard flipping neckbreaker could turn this whole match!"

Gunnar pushes off the mat, shaking his head, rising slowly. Tyger launches — springboard to the top rope, flipping forward for the Feral Descent—

But Gunnar sidesteps! Tyger crashes through, landing in a forward roll, popping up to his feet.

John Phillips: "He missed it! Gunnar had it scouted!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the ring IQ. Gunnar studies tape, he knew that was coming."

Gunnar pivots, firing off a sudden superkick—

Tyger ducks under it! He races to the ropes, rebounds, charging full speed with a lariat—

Gunnar ducks! Both men hit opposite ropes at the same time, the crowd rising to their feet—

They meet in the center—

BOOM! Gunnar explodes with a Busaiku Knee Kick, catching Tyger flush and turning him inside out. Tyger crashes to the canvas, clutching his chest, the impact echoing like a gunshot.

John Phillips: "Good Lord! Gunnar nearly took his head off!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the kill shot knee — Van Patton just folded Tyger in half!"

Gunnar dives into the cover—

ONE!

TWO!

Tyger kicks out, rolling a shoulder defiantly.

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

Mark Bravo: "That's pure toughness. Gunnar thought he had him dead to rights."

Snarling, Gunnar drags Tyger upright. He hoists him across his shoulders—

Go 2 Sleep! The knee cracks Tyger's jaw, sending him collapsing to the mat. Gunnar hooks the leg—

ONE!

TWO!

Tyger kicks out again, the crowd exploding in disbelief.

John Phillips: "Tyger refuses to die! He just kicked out of Gunnar's Go 2 Sleep!"

Mark Bravo: "That's arrogance fuel for Gunnar. He'll keep throwing bombs until something sticks."

Gunnar slams a fist into the mat, muttering scripture under his breath, then drags Tyger up again. He charges—

Ong Bak Knees of DEATH~! Running double knees blast Tyger's chest, sending him flying like a shotgun dropkick.

Gunnar scrambles into the cover—

ONE!

TWO!

Tyger kicks out! Instinct takes over — he immediately rolls to his stomach, avoiding another pin attempt, face pressed to the canvas, chest heaving.

John Phillips: "Tyger's survival instincts are kicking in — he knows if he stays on his back, it's over!"

Mark Bravo: "That's pure fight-or-flight. He's battered, but he's still thinking like a warrior."

Gunnar snarls, crouches low, and circles behind him. He lines up, then launches—

Ghostface Killer! The 720 corkscrew forearm smashes into the back of Tyger's skull while he's prone. The impact echoes like a gunshot, Tyger crumpling face-first into the mat. Gunnar rolls him over, pressing down hard for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Tyger kicks out again, barely, the crowd erupting in disbelief.

John Phillips: "Tyger kicked out of Ghostface Killer! He's still alive!"

Mark Bravo: "Lord have mercy, Gunnar's throwing everything at him and it ain't enough!"

Gunnar rises slowly, eyes narrowing, a steady fire inside them. He snarls, dragging Tyger up by the mask. The crowd senses it — he's lining up for the kill. Gunnar hooks Tyger's arm, cinches tight, and hoists him high, looking for the FUKSZ brainbuster.

John Phillips: "He's going for it! Gunnar wants the FUKSZ — the best brainbuster in the business!"

Mark Bravo: "If he lands this, Tyger's night is over!"

Gunnar lifts—

But Tyger kicks his legs, shifts his weight, and drops down behind him! In one fluid motion, Tyger locks the waist and snaps Gunnar backward with a Tiger Suplex, folding him across the canvas.

John Phillips: "Tiger Suplex! Tyger countered the FUKSZ!"

Mark Bravo: "That's huge — Gunnar thought he had him finished, but Tyger turned it around!"

Gunnar snarls, rolling to his knees, shaking his head, trying to brush it off. He rises, eyes flashing with anger—

Tyger meets him head-on with a barrage of strikes: knife-edge chop, palm strike, spinning backfist, low kick to the knee, then a sharp roundhouse to the ribs. Gunnar staggers, arms wide, trying to absorb it—

John Phillips: "Tyger's unloading everything he has!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the cold precision — every strike is landing flush!"

Tyger spins through, cracking Gunnar with a rolling back elbow to the jaw. Gunnar reels, dazed, stumbling in place.

The crowd surges to its feet as Tyger hooks Gunnar's arms, muscles him up, and drives him down with the Yokai Driver! Gunnar crashes head-first into the mat, the impact echoing through the arena.

John Phillips: "Yokai Driver! He hit it! He hit it!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the move Gunnar tried to avoid earlier — and now Tyger landed it clean!"

Tyger collapses beside him, breathing heavy, the crowd roaring as both men lie battered in the center of the ring.

Gunnar Van Patton pushes off the canvas first, staggering but upright, his legs wobbling beneath him. He snarls through the pain, fangs on display, then motions defiantly for Tyger II to rise.

John Phillips: "Look at Gunnar! He's daring Tyger to stand and fight!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the soldier in him — battered, but still demanding combat."

Tyger steadies himself, eyes cold, and steps forward. The crowd roars as the two meet in the center of the ring.

Gunnar swings first — a stiff forearm smash to the jaw. The crowd jeers loudly. Tyger answers with a sharp palm strike to the chest, and the fans erupt in cheers. Gunnar fires back with a low kick to the thigh, drawing boos. Tyger retaliates with a knife-edge chop that echoes through the arena, the crowd exploding with approval.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd — they're living and dying with every strike!"

Mark Bravo: "They love Tyger, but Gunnar's shots are landing heavy."

The exchange grows stiffer. Gunnar drives a knee into Tyger's ribs, the fans jeering. Tyger spins with a backfist that cracks Gunnar's jaw, the cheers deafening. Gunnar snarls, blasting another forearm across Tyger's face. Tyger answers with a roundhouse kick to the ribs, the crowd roaring louder.

They keep trading — Gunnar with a short elbow to the temple, Tyger with a sharp uppercut palm strike. Gunnar hammers a Muay Thai knee to the gut, Tyger fires back with a spinning heel kick to the thigh. The arena shakes with each blow, the rhythm of boos and cheers rising like waves.

John Phillips: "This is strong style at its stiffest — strike for strike, blow for blow!"

Mark Bravo: "Neither man's backing down, but the people are behind Tyger every step of the way."

Finally, Gunnar swings with another forearm, but Tyger sidesteps, steadies himself, and leaps forward—

CRACK! A leaping Ghost Fang Kick smashes Gunnar flush on the jaw, the impact echoing through the arena. Gunnar crumples to the mat, dazed, as the crowd erupts in thunderous cheers.

John Phillips: "Ghost Fang Kick right on the button!"

Mark Bravo: "And that wasn't just any Ghost Fang Kick — he put some extra oomph behind it. Gunnar's jaw got rattled like a shotgun blast!"

John Phillips: “You can feel the difference — Tyger threw everything into that one, and the crowd knows it!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s desperation mixed with precision. He knew he had to land flush, and he did. Gunnar’s lucky he’s still conscious.”

Tyger II crashes to the mat after delivering the leaping Ghost Fang Kick, chest heaving, sweat dripping, his body trembling from fatigue. The crowd roars, urging him on as he stares across the canvas at Gunnar Van Patton, who lies dazed, clutching his jaw.

Slowly, Tyger begins to crawl — dragging himself inch by inch toward Gunnar. Every movement is labored, the fans clapping in rhythm to will him forward. Finally, he drapes an arm across Gunnar’s chest for the cover—

ONE!

TWO!

Gunnar kicks out, rolling a shoulder defiantly.

John Phillips: “Tyger had to crawl for that cover — he’s exhausted, but still fighting!”

Mark Bravo: “That leaping Ghost Fang Kick took something out of Tyger, so he couldn’t capitalize as quickly as he needed to.”

Tyger steadies himself, rising with stoic focus. He seizes Gunnar’s wrist, twists into an arm-wringer, then yanks him forward and snaps a sharp short-arm kick up into the chin. Gunnar’s head pops back, and Tyger blasts him immediately with a crisp open-palm strike that echoes through the arena. The crowd cheers each precise blow.

John Phillips: “That’s the Tanaka legacy — joint control into clean, high-percentage strikes.”

Mark Bravo: “He’s dissecting Gunnar piece by piece.”

Tyger pulls Gunnar down into a wrist-lock takedown, floats over, and drives grounded knee strikes into Gunnar’s ribs. Each shot lands with surgical precision, the fans roaring louder with every impact. Gunnar groans, trying to roll away, but Tyger drags him back into position.

Tyger hauls Gunnar upright, hooks him, and plants him with a snap suplex, folding him hard into the canvas. Tyger floats over into the cover—

ONE!

TWO!

Gunnar kicks out, chest heaving.

Tyger doesn’t relent. He whips Gunnar into the corner, charges with a rope-assisted knee strike, then follows with a mid-kick into high-kick combination that echoes through the arena. Gunnar stumbles forward, only to be spiked with a Tiger suplex, bridging for the pin—

ONE!

TWO!

Gunnar kicks out again, the crowd groaning.

John Phillips: “Tyger’s chaining offense now, keeping Gunnar grounded!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s smart — don’t let him breathe, don’t let him reset.”

Tyger signals for another strike, charging in with a running single-leg dropkick that sends Gunnar sprawling. He covers again—

ONE!

TWO!

Gunnar kicks out, defiantly growling.

John Phillips: "Tyger's throwing everything at him, but Gunnar won't stay down!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the war Gunnar lives for. He wanted a real fight and he's got one."

Tyger drags Gunnar up once more, stoic expression unbroken. He swings for another palm strike—

But Gunnar suddenly surges forward, catching Tyger's wrist and yanking him into a brutal Muay Thai knee strike to the chest. The impact echoes like a shotgun blast, sending Tyger staggering back. The crowd jeers as Gunnar looks to regain control.

John Phillips: "Gunnar just exploded with a strike out of nowhere!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the soldier's instinct — he'll fight until the last breath."

Gunnar drags Tyger up, looking to follow with a German suplex—

Tyger fires off a trio of back elbows before sending Gunnar into the ropes with an Irish whip. The crowd erupts in cheers as Tyger seizes the moment, hooking him and snapping him over with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker. Cover—

ONE!

TWO!

Gunnar kicks out again, chest heaving.

John Phillips: "Tyger shut him down! Gunnar tried to rally, but Tyger had the counter ready!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference — Gunnar's power versus Tyger's precision. And right now, precision is winning."

Tyger II rises slowly, the mask concealing any hint of fatigue, its expression frozen in ceremonial calm. He drags Gunnar up by the wrist, twisting into a control hold before snapping him down with a snapmare into a penalty kick across the spine. Gunnar arches in pain, collapsing to the mat. Tyger dives into the cover—

ONE!

TWO!

Gunnar kicks out.

John Phillips: "Tyger's precision is cutting Gunnar down piece by piece!"

Mark Bravo: "But Gunnar's too damn stubborn to stay down. He'll take every shot and keep coming."

Tyger doesn't hesitate. He pulls Gunnar up again, whips him to the ropes, and meets him with a leaping calf kick that catches Gunnar flush across the jaw. Gunnar crashes to the mat, the crowd roaring as Tyger scrambles into the cover—

ONE!

TWO!

Gunnar powers out, shaking his head in hopes of clearing any cobwebs.

The stoic mask tilts slightly as Tyger rises, his body language calm but deliberate. He drags Gunnar upright and unleashes a trio of blistering knife-edge chops across the chest. Each one cracks through the arena, driving Gunnar down to one knee. The crowd surges to its feet as Tyger sprints to the ropes, vaults over the top to the apron, and in

one fluid motion launches back inside with Feral Descent — the springboard flipping neckbreaker. Gunnar's head snaps violently against the canvas as Tyger hooks the leg for the cover—

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

Gunnar kicks out at the last instant! The arena explodes in disbelief, fans clutching their heads, convinced it was over.

John Phillips: "Feral Descent! That was it! Everyone thought it was over!"

Mark Bravo: "Closest near fall of the match — Gunnar's survival instinct is unreal."

Tyger doesn't give Gunnar a second to recover. He snatches the arm, spins with fluid precision, and rolls him into a La Magistral cradle, folding Gunnar tight against the mat. The referee dives in—

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

Gunnar just barely kicks out, the crowd gasping as if the bell should have rung. Tyger's mask cannot hide the fire in his eyes, but he stays composed, rising immediately as Gunnar thrashes free, snarling and rolling to his knees, chest heaving.

John Phillips: "That was nearly it again! Tyger almost stole it with the La Magistral!"

Mark Bravo: "Every pin attempt is closer than the last — Gunnar's running out of breath, but he refuses to die."

Tyger rises and motions for Gunnar to stand. He flashes the tiger claw gesture, the crowd roaring in anticipation. Gunnar staggers upright, pointing his pistol-shaped hand back at him. The two go nose to nose, snarling at each other — Gunnar's lycan rage breaking through, and Tyger suddenly snarling back, the sound tearing through the arena, a rare glimpse of the predator beneath the stoic veneer.

Mark Bravo: "The beasts within have been unleashed!"

Tyger strikes first with a sharp palm strike. Gunnar absorbs it, shaking his head, the wolf inside him starting to stir. Tyger fires off a roundhouse kick to the ribs, then another to the chest. Each strike brings Gunnar further into his feral state, his snarl growing louder, fangs on full display.

They collide in the center, trading forearm shots back and forth, the arena echoing with each impact. Neither man backs down and the strikes connect, one after another.

Mark Bravo: "Each of these forearms could break your jaw."

John Phillips: "And neither man is backing down at all."

Tyger finally breaks the rhythm, snapping Gunnar across the temple with a sudden enzuigiri that staggers him.

Without hesitation, Tyger captures Gunnar and hoists him up for the Tiger Eclipse — the spinning Michinoku Driver. The audience surges to its feet, sensing the end.

John Phillips: "This could be it!"

But Gunnar floats over, slipping free behind Tyger.

Mark Bravo: "Close, but no cigar."

In one motion he shoves Tyger forward into the ropes. Tyger rebounds off the middle strand, springing into the air. Twisting to face him—

And Gunnar explodes forward, blasting him mid-flight with a running Superman punch to Tyger II's left eye. The impact is so fierce it tears part of Tyger's mask at the eye hole, fabric ripping as his head snaps back violently. Tyger crumples to the mat, motionless.

John Phillips: "Fist of Defiance!"

Mark Bravo: "Just that quick, that punch can turn the tide of battle."

Gunnar doesn't celebrate. Instead, he drops to one knee, huffing and puffing like a wolf blowing down a house of sticks. His chest heaves with each breath, baring his teeth. Van Patton rises slowly to his feet. Then, with the arena bathed in hostile boos, he throws his head back and lets out a howl like a wolf, joined by a growing number of fans — the Lycan fully unleashed.

Mark Bravo: "That monster inside Van Patton has just broken out of its cage."

He reaches down to his arms, slowly peeling off his elbow pads one by one, his expression locked in, cold and focused. He twirls them briefly, then launches them high into the stands. The atmosphere shifts instantly — this isn't showmanship, it's a signal that things have gotten deathly serious.

John Phillips: "Oh no... Gunnar's stripping away the protection. This is about to get dangerous."

Mark Bravo: "With Van Patton's Muay Thai training, those bare elbows can end careers."

With deliberate steps, Gunnar begins a methodical march toward Tyger II. The challenger is dazed, mask torn, struggling to stand as he clings to the ropes. Tyger stumbles forward, summoning one last burst of defiance, and thrusts a palm strike toward Gunnar.

But Van Patton bats it away with his left arm and simultaneously drives his now unprotected elbow into Tyger's jaw. The impact is sickening. Tyger crumbles instantly, the entire arena horrified by the violence.

John Phillips: "One last glimmer of hope put to a horrifying end."

Gunnar doesn't let Tyger stay on the mat. He stoops down, seizing him by the torn eye hole of the mask, and slowly makes him stand, dragging him up inch by inch. Tyger's legs wobble, barely able to keep him upright, his body swaying helplessly as the crowd watches in horrified silence.

Mark Bravo: "The lights are on but no one is home, Phillips."

Then, with no mercy, Gunnar drives three more crushing elbows into Tyger's face. Each one echoes through the building, each one drawing horrified gasps from the audience. Tyger's body hangs lifelessly, but Gunnar refuses to release his grip, keeping him propped up by the mask as the wolf demands more violence.

John Phillips: "I can't think of a time I've seen such brutality."

Mark Bravo: "Scott Stevens has got to be watching in horror over what he unleashed."

In a rare moment of respect, Gunnar leans in close, his voice low and gravelly, the Texan drawl cutting through the boos.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Boy... ya fought one helluva scrap. Yer sure as hell a warrior worthy of yer daddy's name. And fer that... ya got my respect."

With that, Gunnar moves Tyger into suplex position. The crowd rises in horror as Gunnar hoists him high, then drives him down for good with the FUKSZ brainbuster.

Tyger's body folds violently on impact. Gunnar covers, hooking the leg—

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentleman, we have a NEW WrestleZone Champion."

The arena erupts in shock and outrage, a wall of boos crashing down from every side. A smattering of cheers barely breaks it up. Gunnar Van Patton rises, his body sore, but the wolf is triumphant. He looks down at Tyger II, still motionless on the canvas, and gives a slow, deliberate bow of respect — an acknowledgment of the warrior who stood against him.

John Phillips: "Tyger II gave it all he had. It just wasn't enough to overcome Van Patton."

Mark Bravo: "He earned Van Patton's respect. It's not a title, but it's something the wolf doesn't give out easily."

John Phillips: "He earned everyone's respect, tonight."

Only then does the referee approach, handing Gunnar the belt. Gunnar takes it, then raises the Wrestlezone Championship high into the air, displaying it so everyone can get a good long look at who is its new owner.

Suddenly, the crowd's roar shifts. At the top of the ramp, Avril Selene Kinkade emerges in her flawless business attire, long auburn hair flowing, black square-rimmed glasses catching the light. Her protector for the evening, Torunn Sigurjonsson, positioned behind her. Avril begins to applaud, her elegant composure contrasting the chaos in the ring.

The audience is torn down the middle — half booing Gunnar's brutality, half cheering the sheer dominance of the Lycan unleashed. The split reaction creates a thunderous, conflicted atmosphere, the sound of outrage and admiration colliding in the rafters.

John Phillips: "What a chilling sight... Gunnar Van Patton, the new Wrestlezone Champion, standing tall with Avril Selene Kinkade applauding him!"

Mark Bravo: "The Lycan has arrived, and whether you love it or hate it, Gunnar Van Patton just changed the UTA forever."

What Hightowers Do

Segment

Backstage, the noise of the arena feels far away—like it's happening behind thick glass. The camera finds a quiet corridor near the locker rooms, where the holiday decorations don't reach. No garland. No lights. Just concrete, black curtains, and the hum of the building.

On a bench against the wall sits Emily Hightower.

Still in her gear. Hair damp. Eyes red—not from tears, but from the kind of anger that keeps you from letting them fall. The tape on her wrists is half peeled back. Her hands are locked together like she's holding herself in place.

The UTA Women's United States Championship is gone.

Emily stares at the floor like it personally betrayed her.

Footsteps approach—steady, familiar, heavier than most. The camera shifts and reveals David Hightower stepping into frame.

Older now, but still built like a man who never learned how to lose gracefully. He pauses when he sees her, and for a

moment... he doesn't have words. Just the look.

David Hightower: "Em..."

Emily doesn't look up.

Emily Hightower: "Don't."

David steps closer anyway and sits beside her, careful not to crowd her.

David Hightower: "I'm not here to tell you it's alright."

Emily lets out a bitter laugh through her nose.

Emily Hightower: "Good. Because it's not."

She finally looks up, eyes sharp.

Emily Hightower: "I had it. I had it twice. Total Loss. Ode To My Father. I had Dahlia. I had Valentina. I had my hands on the year and it slipped like oil."

David nods slowly, jaw tight, because he knows what that feels like.

David Hightower: "Yeah."

Emily shakes her head, voice low, heavy.

Emily Hightower: "And it's not just tonight."

She gestures vaguely, as if the whole year is sitting on that floor in front of her.

Emily Hightower: "I lost my shot at the Women's title because of Marie Van Claudio."

Her lip curls when she says the name.

Emily Hightower: "And now I lose the U.S. belt on the last show of the year. The last show, Dad."

David's eyes drop for a moment, because his own wounds are still fresh too.

David Hightower: "I know what it feels like to have something ripped out of your hands when it mattered most."

Emily watches him, waiting.

David Hightower: "That last match..."

David's jaw sets. He's trying not to show it, but the anger is still there.

David Hightower: "I might've had my last shot at gold... and Sean Jackson took it. Interference. Smoke. Smiles. And suddenly my hands were empty again."

Emily's expression tightens. The family anger. The same heat. Different scars.

Emily Hightower: "So what? We just... take it?"

David turns his head toward her, eyes narrowing with something fierce—but protective.

David Hightower: "No."

He leans forward, elbows on knees now, mirroring her posture like they're two versions of the same person.

David Hightower: "We feel it."

David Hightower: "We hate it."

David Hightower: "And then we do what Hightowers do."

Emily finally blinks, just once. David's tone shifts—softer, but with steel underneath.

David Hightower: "2025 ends on a piss poor note. For both of us."

Emily nods faintly, like admitting that out loud makes it real.

David Hightower: "But don't you worry—"

He turns to her fully now.

David Hightower: "Before you know it... the clan will all be here."

Emily freezes.

Her head turns slowly, eyes narrowing with confusion—and something else. Something like hope trying to sneak in where it isn't welcome.

Emily Hightower: "...Wait."

She leans forward, voice lowering.

Emily Hightower: "They're coming?"

David doesn't answer immediately. He just looks ahead, eyes fixed on something we can't see. Like he's already hearing footsteps.

Then he nods once—slow, deliberate.

David Hightower: "Yeah."

Emily swallows, the defeated look starting to crack.

Emily Hightower: "When?"

David's mouth twitches—not quite a smile. More like a warning.

David Hightower: "Soon."

Emily stares at him, trying to read his face—trying to decide if this is comfort... or a promise.

The camera holds on them as the distant crowd swells again—like the arena is calling the next moment forward.

Fade out.

Jackpot

Segment

The screen cuts to black.

A single casino chip clacks across a felt table in slow motion.

Then another.

Dice tumble—end over end—until they hit the table with a sharp, familiar snap.

The sound of a crowd swells underneath it... not an arena roar, but something tighter. Louder. Closer. The kind of noise that happens when a fight is happening ten feet from your face.

On screen: neon lights bloom in the darkness—red, gold, and electric white.

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

The music kicks in—slick, dangerous, rhythmic—like a heartbeat hiding under a bassline.

Quick cuts: The Las Vegas Strip at night. The Palms sign glowing. A marquee flickering. A roulette wheel spinning. A

dealer's hand sliding a card across the felt.

Narrator: "In this city... luck is a lie."

Hard cut: boots hitting a ramp. A spotlight slicing through smoke. A championship belt raised above a sea of hands.

Narrator: "Because in the United Toughness Alliance... you don't win by chance."

On screen, bold:

UTA RETURNS TO LAS VEGAS

The camera glides through the entrance of the Palms Casino and Resort—past the lights, past the noise, past the promise of easy money—then fades into a tighter shot of the venue doors.

PEARL THEATER

The words slam onto the screen like a stamp:

JACKPOT

JANUARY 31, 2026

The music hits a sharp rise—then drops into a heavier, meaner groove.

Narrator: "The residency returns."

Quick cuts of the Pearl Theater—empty seats in dramatic lighting, then a flash of the same seats packed and shaking. A ring post. A hard camera. A stage bathed in red-and-gold.

Narrator: "Another year. Another Vegas season."

We see blurred shots of UTA action—hands slapping canvas, bodies crashing into barricades, a referee sliding into position, faces screaming, fists raised.

Narrator: "And the one show that never asks permission... returns to take what it wants."

The visuals become faster now—chips, dice, lights, ropes, fists—Vegas and violence stitched together.

On screen:

PEARL THEATER — PALMS CASINO & RESORT

LAS VEGAS, NV

John Phillips: "Jackpot is a UTA tradition—one of the loudest crowds we get all year, one of the tightest venues, and every time we come back, something changes."

Mark Bravo: "Vegas doesn't do 'quiet.' Vegas doesn't do 'safe.' Vegas does 'risk'—and UTA does 'consequences.'"

The word "JACKPOT" pulses again on the screen, now with a subtle shimmer—like gold catching the light.

Narrator: "The Pearl Theater... where the fight feels personal."

Cut to a slow-motion shot of a spotlight sweeping across an empty ring—then a smash cut of that same ring bouncing under the weight of chaos.

Narrator: "Where the crowd is close enough to touch you... and loud enough to break you."

One final sequence: a roulette wheel spinning... spinning... spinning... then stopping hard.

The ball drops into place.

On screen:

JACKPOT: 01.30.2026

AIR DATE: JANUARY 31, 2026

The numbers flash. The wheel slows.

Narrator: "The house always wins..."

Beat.

Narrator: "...unless you're tough enough to burn it down."

The UTA logo slams onto the screen, followed by the final stamp:

JACKPOT RETURNS

LAS VEGAS RESIDENCY — 2026 BEGINS

PEARL THEATER — PALMS CASINO & RESORT

Fade out on the sound of dice rolling... and a crowd roaring in anticipation.

Angry Reindeer

Segment

Backstage, the camera catches up in a hurry—handheld, a little shaky—because something just happened and everyone can feel it.

Tyger II storms into frame still in his ring gear, sweat pouring, chest heaving beneath the mask. The WrestleZone Championship is gone, and the way he walks says he can still feel the weight of it missing. His fists are taped, his shoulders tense, and every breath looks like it's scraping his throat.

He rounds a corner hard—almost clips a production assistant—and stops short when he sees...

Santa Claus.

Except this Santa is seven shades too tall, two shades too angry, and his beard is just a little too... Maxx Mayhem.

Maxx is posted up beside a stack of equipment cases like he owns the North Pole. Full red suit. Hat tilted. White gloves. Belly stuffed out. A sack over his shoulder. He's holding a candy cane like a cigar and humming to himself, rocking on his heels.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Ho... ho... hoooooooh—oh no. Look who it is. The Tiger King of the kiddie belt division."

Tyger II just stares at him. The mask doesn't change, but his posture does. The kind of stillness that says, don't.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Hey! Tyger! Tyger! Buddy! C'mere! Let's talk about your year! You been—"

Maxx raises the candy cane and starts wagging it like a microphone.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "—mostly nice. Little bit naughty. Mostly 'mid.' But it's okay, Santa's here. Santa's got gifts. Santa's got cheer. Santa's got—"

Tyger II walks right up until they're almost nose-to-nose. He doesn't raise his voice. He doesn't need to.

Tyger II: "Move."

Maxx blinks. Then smiles wider.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Oooooo, wow. Somebody didn't leave milk and cookies, somebody left... trauma. That's okay. That's okay! Santa understands. Sometimes you lose a title and you lose your spirit. Happens to the best of us."

Tyger II slowly looks down at the candy cane. Then back up at Maxx.

Tyger II: "If you touch me with that thing, I'm going to break it."

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "It's peppermint!"

Tyger II: "I don't care if it's holy water."

Maxx's grin falters for a half-second... then returns, because he can't help himself.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Listen. Look. I got something for you."

He reaches into the sack over his shoulder and rummages dramatically, making a show of it like he's on a children's program.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Let's see... I got a drone—no. I got a scooter—no. I got a signed 8x10 of me flexing—definitely no. Oh! Here we go!"

Maxx pulls out... a tiny toy ladder with a miniature belt taped to it.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "For your comeback. Little WrestleZone Championship ladder match. You can practice climbing it—"

Tyger II doesn't even hesitate. He snatches the toy ladder out of Maxx's hand and crushes it in his grip. Plastic snaps. The tiny belt flops sadly to the floor.

Maxx's mouth drops open.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Okay! Wow! Aggressive holiday energy! I like it! That's—"

Tyger II: "I just lost everything."

Tyger II's voice is low, steady, dangerous. Not melodramatic—real. Maxx's eyes flicker, like he's momentarily unsure if he went too far.

Tyger II: "So if you're here to joke... pick somebody else."

Maxx lifts both hands in surrender, the Santa gloves bright under the lights.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Alright, alright. Respect. Respect. I hear you."

Tyger II turns to walk away.

Maxx can't help himself.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "But hey—if it makes you feel any better—Gunnar Van Patton? Big guy. Mean guy. Probably smells like protein powder and regret. You went toe-to-toe. Santa's proud."

Tyger II stops.

He turns back slowly.

Tyger II: "Don't say his name to me right now."

Maxx nods quickly.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Copy that. Copy that. Different topic."

He leans in conspiratorially, lowering his voice like he's about to share a secret with the camera.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "You know... sometimes when you lose something... it's because the universe is making room for something bigger."

Tyger II just stares at him—dead silent.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Like, say... a little 'main event' energy. A little 'Brand New Day' reset. Maybe Santa pulls some strings—"

Tyger II: "Maxx."

Maxx freezes, still smiling, but his eyes dart like a kid caught stealing cookies.

Tyger II: "Walk away."

Maxx nods again, backs up slowly.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Yep. Yep. I'm going. I'm going. Santa respects boundaries."

He takes one step back... then points a thumb down the hall.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "But hey—if you see a reindeer with anger issues and a vendetta against Chris Ross... you didn't see Santa."

Tyger II's head snaps up.

Tyger II: "What did you just say?"

Maxx raises his hands again like he never said anything at all.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Ho ho ho! Merry Christmas! Happy holidays! I gotta go check my list—"

Tyger II takes one step forward and Maxx practically teleports backward, turning and speed-waddling away down the hallway, sack bouncing behind him.

Tyger II watches him go, breathing hard, then turns back toward the locker room area—eyes forward, jaw set under the mask.

John Phillips: "Tyger II is not in a festive mood, and I don't blame him."

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem dressed as Santa is a bad idea on a good night, JP. On a night you lose your title? That's asking to get put on the naughty list permanently."

The camera lingers a second longer as Tyger II disappears around the corner... and in the far distance, Maxx Mayhem's Santa laugh echoes down the hall—half comedy, half something else.

We're Up

Segment

The screen cuts to black.

A single bass note hums—then the sound of a phone camera shutter.

FLASH.

On screen: an extreme close-up of a gold chain swinging. Another flash. A designer sneaker stepping onto polished marble. Another flash.

We don't see faces yet—only lifestyle.

A private elevator dings.

Doors open.

Neon spills in from outside as the camera reveals the setting: Tempe at night. Luxury. Glass. Clean lines. A rooftop vibe that feels like it costs more than most people's rent.

Text appears, clean and smug:

BRAND NEW DAY: 2026

JANUARY 17–18 • TEMPE, AZ

A phone is held up in selfie mode. The screen shows a live stream interface—view count ticking upward. Comments fly by too fast to read.

The camera pulls focus and for the first time we see him:

Jacoby Jacobs—oversized shades indoors, designer joggers, a loud “RYG” varsity jacket hanging off one shoulder like it’s bored of being worn properly. He chews gum like it’s an insult to oxygen.

Jacoby turns the phone slightly, panning the skyline like it’s his personal backdrop.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Chat... you already know what time it is."

He grins—half smirk, half sneer.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Brand. New. Day."

A beat.

Jacoby Jacobs: "UTA really thought they could start 2026 without us?"

The camera swings and catches the second figure behind him—bigger, louder, already moving like he’s trying to hype up a crowd that isn’t even there.

Darian Darrington. 6’5”. Shirtless under a silk bomber, gold chain bouncing, flexing like he’s taking attendance at a pep rally. He points at the camera and barks immediately.

Darian Darrington: "WE'RE UP! WE'RE UP!"

Jacoby rolls his eyes like Darian is embarrassing him—then subtly angles the camera so it catches Darian flexing anyway, because of course he does.

Quick cut montage begins—shot like a glossy commercial, smug and loud:

—Darian in a gym, slamming a heavy bag and yelling “LET’S GO!” after every punch.

—Jacoby sprinting on a track in designer sneakers, then stopping to film himself like the workout is for content, not conditioning.

—A laptop screen showing charts and crypto graphs... Darian nodding like he understands it, then pointing at the screen confidently while Jacoby laughs behind him.

—Jacoby taking a mirror selfie in a locker room while Darian shadowboxes behind him.

Cut back to rooftop. Jacoby stares into his phone lens like he’s addressing the entire company through a front-facing camera.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Every year UTA talks about ‘new.’"

Jacoby Jacobs: "New stars. New era. New year."

He shrugs.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Cool."

He steps closer, voice lowering—smug becoming sharp.

Jacoby Jacobs: "But the truth? You don’t get to have a Brand New Day without the people who know how to make it

trend."

Darian steps in right beside him, nodding hard like he's agreeing with a lecture he didn't understand.

Darian Darrington: "FACTS. Big facts. Like... macro facts."

Jacoby doesn't even look at him.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Darian... stop talking."

Darian blinks, then immediately points at the camera anyway.

Darian Darrington: "They scared, bro. They scared. They be actin' like they not, but they scared."

Jacoby smirks now—because this is exactly the kind of dumb confidence that gets under people's skin.

The music shifts—heavier beat, more aggressive. The visuals cut to UTA footage—blurred, high-contrast highlights of tag matches, bodies crashing, ropes snapping, referees getting shoved aside.

We hear the faint warble of "Lifestyle" like a ghost of their entrance, just enough to trigger instant boos in the memory.

Jacoby Jacobs: "We're not coming back to 'fit in.'"

Jacoby Jacobs: "We're not coming back to 'earn respect.'"

He lifts the phone like he's raising a belt.

Jacoby Jacobs: "We're coming back to take what should've been ours the whole time."

Darian steps forward, puffing out his chest, flexing so hard his bomber jacket looks offended.

Darian Darrington: "Y'all could never!"

He dabs. Loudly.

Jacoby sighs like this is exhausting... then looks at the camera again, grin widening.

Jacoby Jacobs: "And for everybody in that locker room..."

He points into the lens.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Don't be mad just 'cause we rich and better lookin'."

Hard cut.

The setting changes: Mullett Arena—empty, dark, a spotlight hitting the entrance ramp. The sound of a crowd rises in anticipation like it's being summoned.

We see silhouettes at the top of the ramp—two of them—one tall and broad, one smaller and sharp.

Jacoby holds his phone up, filming the empty seats like he's already claiming them.

Darian bounces in place, shadowboxing, flexing, yelling under his breath like he's about to run through a wall.

Text hits the screen, bold and final:

RICH YOUNG GRPLRZ RETURN

BRAND NEW DAY: 2026

Jacoby's voice is heard over the final shot—calm, arrogant, inevitable.

Jacoby Jacobs: "See you in Tempe."

Darian leans into frame from nowhere, eyes wide, grinning.

Darian Darrington: "WE'RE UP!"

The screen snaps to black on the sound of a camera shutter and the faint echo of boos.

Holiday Heist Match

Match

The camera comes back ringside and the mood flips into something dangerous. Crew members slide ladders into position like they're stocking weapons—one leaned against the barricade, another laid flat near the timekeeper's area, and two more already inside the ring. Above it all, hanging from the rig in the center of the arena lights, the UTA Tag Team Championship titles glint like the cruelest ornaments imaginable.

John Phillips: "Holiday Heist time! Six teams, no rules, and to win you have to climb the ladder and pull down both Tag Team Championships!"

Mark Bravo: "Both belts, JP! No half measures! You gotta steal the whole vault!"

The lights dim, a wash of red-and-gold hits the stage, and the first theme of the match slams through the speakers.

Red, white, and blue strobes ripple across the entrance as U.S.A steps out—Jaxson Ryder leading with a hand over his heart and a confident salute, Carter Durant bouncing on the balls of his feet like the ramp is a starting block.

Jaxson points to the crowd and nods, soaking in the chant. Carter points up at the hanging titles, then back at himself, jaw set—already looking like he's calculating angles and distance.

John Phillips: "U.S.A is first out—Jaxson Ryder and Carter Durant! Two men with speed, heart, and the kind of athletic burst that can change a ladder match in a second!"

Mark Bravo: "Carter Durant's gonna try to take flight tonight. Somebody better file a flight plan with the FAA."

They head down the ramp together—Jaxson slapping hands, steady and focused, while Carter jogs a few steps ahead, pacing himself like he can't stand still. At ringside, Carter glances at the ladders stacked near the apron and taps one with his knuckles like he's testing a weapon.

Jaxson hops to the apron first, holds the ropes open, and Carter springs up beside him with a quick hop, landing light. Both men step through the ropes and immediately look skyward, eyes locked on the gold hanging above them.

John Phillips: "It's not about pinfalls. It's not about submissions. It's about climbing and taking what's hanging above that ring."

Mark Bravo: "And you only win when you take both. You can't just grab one and call it a night. That second belt is where people get hurt."

U.S.A stands center-ring, pointing up at the championships. Carter paces once, then plants himself in the corner, staring down the ramp like he's daring the next team to come out faster than him.

The crowd keeps buzzing as their music fades, and the lights dip again for the next entrance.

A pulsing, digital "startup" tone hits the arena—like a console booting up—and the crowd shifts into a louder, curious buzz as the stage lights strobe in clean, neon patterns.

"Press Start" kicks in, and Next Level bursts through the curtain—Theo Sparks moving like he's already mid-speedrun, pointing to the hard cam with a grin and throwing up an exaggerated "start" gesture, while Dex Raines follows a step behind, quiet, hood up for a beat, eyes scanning the ring like it's a puzzle he intends to solve.

Theo bounces at the top of the ramp and shouts something off-mic that gets a mix of cheers and laughs—then he turns and pumps both fists like he's urging the crowd to "level up" with him. Dex doesn't play to the fans. He just watches the ladders. Watches U.S.A in the ring. Watches the belts hanging above the center.

John Phillips: “Next Level is here—Theo Sparks and Dex Raines! Two men who treat this like an algorithm... and tonight, the only objective is to climb and retrieve both titles!”

Mark Bravo: “Theo’s all energy, Dex is all calculation. That’s a dangerous combo in a ladder match—one guy distracts you, the other guy deletes you.”

Theo leads them down the ramp with a little hop-step rhythm like he’s running a victory animation early. Dex stays close, shoulders tight, taking everything in with that dry, unimpressed stare.

As they reach ringside, Theo points up at the belts and nods fast like he’s already calling the shot. Dex glances at the ladder leaning against the barricade, then taps it once with his fingertips—testing sturdiness like a developer checking hardware.

Theo hops up onto the apron and throws a playful salute to U.S.A. Carter Durant smirks back, but Jaxson Ryder stays locked in. Dex steps up slower, then slides between the ropes without flourish.

Theo springs through and immediately climbs onto the second rope, spreading his arms wide to the crowd like the ring is his streaming stage. Dex, meanwhile, walks to the center and looks straight up—eyes tracing the exact line from mat to titles.

John Phillips: “No room for hesitation in this match. You blink, you’re on the floor.”

Mark Bravo: “And you know Theo’s gonna try something stupid before the bell even rings.”

Theo drops down, still bouncing, and points to Dexter like he’s introducing the final boss. Dex just gives a subtle, almost invisible smirk—then turns his focus back to the ladder stacks around ringside as the lights dip once again.

The arena lighting shifts into a colder, more aggressive wash—steel-gray and deep crimson—and a heavy riff hits the speakers like a sledgehammer. The crowd noise changes too: a ripple of boos, then a rising roar as the next team steps into view.

Iron Dominion.

Gideon Graves emerges first, broad shoulders filling the entranceway like he was built in a mill and forged in anger. Beside him, Magnus Wolfe walks with a predator’s patience—eyes narrowed, jaw set, wearing that smirk like he already knows where the pain is going to start.

They don’t pose. They don’t play to the crowd. Gideon just stares down the ramp like it’s a road to demolition. Magnus glances at the ring, then deliberately rolls his neck, cracking it once, twice—already thinking about joints and leverage.

John Phillips: “And here comes the power—Iron Dominion! Gideon Graves and Magnus Wolfe are not here for highlights... they’re here to break bodies!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s the kind of team that doesn’t climb ladders—JP, they make other people fall off ladders.”

Gideon starts down the ramp with heavy, methodical steps. Magnus keeps pace at his shoulder, eyes darting—watching U.S.A, watching Next Level, watching where the ladders are placed, like he’s already mapping out who to cripple first.

At ringside, Gideon stops near a ladder leaned against the barricade. He doesn’t pick it up. He just puts one massive hand on it and shoves—hard—sending it clattering down to the floor with a loud metallic bang that makes everyone in the ring flinch.

John Phillips: “That’s a message.”

Mark Bravo: “That’s Gideon Graves saying, ‘This is my furniture now.’”

Magnus steps up onto the apron first, looking into the ring like he’s studying prey. Gideon climbs up slower, then steps

through the ropes and immediately squares up with the nearest bodies—Carter Durant and Theo Sparks both instinctively back off a half-step.

Inside the ring, Gideon paces once and stops center, looking up at the titles like they're a prize he intends to rip down with his bare hands. Magnus leans into the ropes and smirks at Jaxson Ryder, then glances at Dex Raines like he's already decided which limb he wants.

John Phillips: "Iron Dominion changes the entire equation. You can't ignore them, you can't out-muscle them, and you can't let them control the pace."

Mark Bravo: "And in a ladder match, pace control means one thing—who gets to decide when you hit the ground."

Graves turns and cracks his knuckles. Wolfe rolls his shoulders and keeps smiling. The crowd grows louder, sensing the collision coming... and the lights drop again for the next entrance.

The stage lights flash to a bold, fast rhythm and the arena surges with cheers as a familiar, high-energy theme hits. The tempo of the room lifts—because everyone knows what comes with this team: speed, swagger, and the kind of aerial insanity that turns a ladder match into a highlight reel.

Velocity Vanguard bursts through the curtain—Tyler Cruz spinning in place at the top of the ramp, clapping in time with the crowd's rhythm, while Jet Lawson points to the sky and then to the ring like he's already got a flight path picked out.

Tyler leans toward the hard cam and grins, mouthing something quick and cocky. Jet bounces on his toes, rolling his shoulders, eyes flicking between the ladders and the hanging gold like he's visualizing the climb before he even touches the first rung.

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard is here! Tyler Cruz and Jet Lawson—two of the fastest, most fearless teams in the UTA!"

Mark Bravo: "If there's a ladder standing upright tonight, I promise you one of these two is going to jump off it like it owes them money."

They head down the ramp together, slapping hands and feeding off the energy. Tyler starts a clap rhythm with the front row and the crowd follows instantly, the sound echoing through the Allstate Arena. Jet breaks off for a second to tap the top of the barricade and spring up onto it for a heartbeat—just to show he can—before hopping down and sliding right back into stride.

At ringside, Tyler crouches and points at a ladder leaned near the apron like he's calling his shot. Jet nods once, then looks into the ring—eyes narrowing as he spots Gideon Graves and Magnus Wolfe already posted up like bouncers at the door of violence.

Tyler hops onto the apron, wiping the soles of his boots on the edge out of habit, then steps through. Jet follows with a quick spring to the apron and a smooth entry, immediately pacing the far side of the ring like he's testing space.

Tyler climbs the second rope and throws his arms out wide, soaking in the cheer—then points up at the belts and makes a little "come down here" motion with his fingers like he's summoning them.

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard has been right on the edge of breaking through for months. Tonight, with six teams and no rules, this might be the perfect storm."

Mark Bravo: "Or the worst storm—because Gideon Graves is standing right there and he looks like he wants to throw somebody into the North Pole."

Jet steps closer to the center of the ring and meets Gideon's stare for a moment—no fear, just calculation—then he turns his head and looks at Tyler like they're silently syncing timing.

The crowd noise keeps building as the music fades, and the lights dim again for the next entrance.

The arena lighting shifts—darker, richer—then snaps into a sharp, imperial red wash. A heavy, ominous beat rolls through the building and the reaction is immediate: boos. Loud, unified, relentless boos.

The Empire's theme—"Sanctify Me"—hits, and Selena Vex steps through the curtain first with a smug, practiced grin, chin lifted like she's walking into a room she already owns. Beside her, Rosa Delgado emerges with a colder energy—tight shoulders, focused stare, hands flexing like she's already feeling for that left arm she loves to dismantle.

Selena pauses at the top of the ramp and soaks in the noise like it's applause. She blows a sarcastic kiss into the crowd and then points at the ring, laughing like this whole match is beneath her.

Rosa doesn't stop. She doesn't smile. She just keeps her eyes on the ring and walks forward with purpose, letting Selena's theatrics happen beside her like background static.

John Phillips: "And here comes The Empire—Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado! They're already getting showered with boos, and you know they love every second of it."

Mark Bravo: "Selena Vex feeds off hatred like it's protein powder. Rosa Delgado? That's the one I'm worried about. She's not here for attention—she's here for damage."

Selena struts down the ramp, pointing at herself and mouthing 'you're welcome' to the camera. Rosa stays half a step behind, eyes cutting left and right—watching ladders, watching bodies, watching who's already starting to get impatient in the ring.

At ringside, Selena stops and gestures toward the ladders like they're dirty furniture, then looks at Rosa and says something off-mic that makes Rosa's jaw tighten.

Rosa reaches down and drags a ladder a few inches with her boot—metal screeching on the floor—then nods once like she's satisfied with where it sits. Selena smirks and does a quick hair flip, then steps up onto the apron with exaggerated grace.

Rosa climbs up after her, wiping her boots once against the apron edge—measured, deliberate—then steps through the ropes.

Inside the ring, Selena immediately starts talking. She points at Tyler Cruz and laughs, then points at Carter Durant and shakes her head like he's a child in a grown-up match. Rosa stands near the ropes and looks across at Magnus Wolfe—two technicians, two hunters—sharing that silent, mutual understanding of what this kind of match really is: opportunity for cruelty.

John Phillips: "This match is already loaded with tension, and we haven't even had the champions enter yet."

Mark Bravo: "And you know The Empire is gonna try to steal it. Selena Vex will grab one belt and claim she won both just by existing."

Selena blows a kiss to a booing fan and points toward the ceiling, then makes a 'wrap it up' gesture like she's ready to end the night on her terms. Rosa rolls her shoulders and keeps her eyes locked on the ladders.

The music fades, the boos continue... and then the lights drop once more for the final entrance.

The noise inside the Allstate Arena swells—five teams already in the ring, ladders scattered like steel skeletons around ringside, bodies circling, jawing, shoving... and then the entire building drops into darkness.

For a moment, the holiday lights around the stage are the only thing visible—twinkling red-and-gold garland, a giant Seasons Beatings banner... all of it suddenly feeling small.

A low fog begins to spill across the entranceway.

Then the first haunting notes of “Cemetery Gates” roll through the arena.

The crowd erupts—boos, uneasy chants, and a wave of noise that doesn’t sound like hatred as much as instinctive warning.

John Phillips: “And here they come... the champions.”

Mark Bravo: “Nope. Nope. I hate this part. I hate when the fog shows up, JP. That’s never good.”

The fog thickens, crawling down the ramp like a living thing. A slow, eerie flute line threads through the music and the stage lights shift into a sickly, dim glow—like the entire Christmas set just got haunted.

Out of the mist, gliding with unnatural calm, appear El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and El Fantasma Oscuro 2.

They move in perfect sync—heads tilted slightly downward, masks gleaming, eyes fixed on the ring with that cold, unblinking stare. They don’t acknowledge the fans. They don’t acknowledge the noise. They simply... advance.

Behind them, stepping into view with the swagger of a man who thinks he owns the shadows, is their manager—Madman Szalinski.

Madman wears a wide, satisfied grin. He raises his arms and turns slowly, soaking in the reaction like he’s conducting it. In one hand, he carries a small velvet bag—dark red, cinched tight—resting casually at his side like it’s just a holiday gift.

John Phillips: “El Fantasma... with Madman Szalinski. The UTA Tag Team Champions enter last, and you can feel the temperature drop in this building.”

Mark Bravo: “Look at that bag. Look at the bag, John. That’s not candy canes. That’s crimes.”

In the ring, every other team reacts—U.S.A backs into a corner, Velocity Vanguard shifts closer together, Iron Dominion stands their ground like statues, Next Level points and shouts warnings to each other, and The Empire just smirks like they’re watching rivals arrive to a mutual sin.

El Fantasma reaches the bottom of the ramp and stops. Both Oscuros slowly lift their heads at the exact same time, staring directly at the ladders in the ring... then up at the championships hanging above.

Madman leans in between them, saying something under his breath—then he points toward the ring like a maestro cueing the first note of violence.

El Fantasma moves again—smooth, silent, sinister. They don’t rush. They don’t sprint. They glide down the rest of the ramp like inevitability.

John Phillips: “Remember, to win this match you have to pull down both titles. It’s not enough to grab one. And in a six-team ladder match, that second belt is where everything breaks down.”

Mark Bravo: “And these two don’t just climb ladders, JP. They appear on ladders. Like—like spooky magic. I don’t know how else to say it.”

At ringside, Madman places one hand on the apron and looks into the ring, grinning like a man who’s already seen the ending. He gives the velvet bag a small shake—just enough for the camera to catch it—then tucks it close again.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 steps onto the apron first. El Fantasma Oscuro 2 follows, both pausing just long enough to look down the line of opponents inside the ring. No taunts. No threats. Just that unnerving stillness.

Then they step through the ropes together.

Madman stays outside, one hand on the lower rope, eyes darting to every ladder and every body like he’s measuring the chaos he’s about to unleash. The fog lingers around their boots as their music fades, but the tension in the ring

grows louder than any theme song.

John Phillips: "Six teams. Two titles. No rules. Holiday Heist is officially loaded."

Mark Bravo: "And the champs are here last... which means everybody else has been waiting to swing first."

Inside the ring, the six teams form a rough circle without even realizing it—shoulders tight, eyes wild, hands twitching. No one blinks. No one backs down.

And then bodies start moving.

The ladders are everywhere—leaned against the barricade, stacked near the ramp, scattered around ringside like the bones of a construction site. In the center of it all, hanging high above the ring, the UTA Tag Team Championship titles sway ever so slightly under the arena lights.

John Phillips: "Folks, this is the Holiday Heist Match—and it's called that for one reason: tonight, any of these teams can steal the Tag Team Titles and walk out champions!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the beauty of it, JP—this isn't 'beat the champs.' This is 'grab the gold.' You don't have to pin anybody, you don't have to be the toughest... you just have to be the one with both belts in your hands!"

All six teams fill the ring now, tension snapping in every direction. U.S.A stands shoulder-to-shoulder, Jaxson Ryder steady and upright while Carter Durant bounces, eyes flicking from ladder to ladder like he's already mapping out flight paths.

Next Level is opposite them—Theo Sparks talking and pointing like he's calling audibles, Dex Raines silent, gaze locked upward like he's measuring the exact number of rungs between him and the prizes.

Iron Dominion stands like a wall—Gideon Graves dead-center, jaw set, and Magnus Wolfe circling a half step behind, smirking like he's already picked a limb to ruin.

Velocity Vanguard keeps moving—Tyler Cruz clapping once to keep his own rhythm, Jet Lawson rolling his shoulders and bouncing in place, both of them stealing glances up at the championships like it's already their destiny.

And The Empire—Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado—wear the boos like perfume. Selena is running her mouth at everyone at once, pointing, laughing, promising theft. Rosa stays colder, focused, eyes tracking ladders and grips like she's ready to carve out an opening the hard way.

Outside the ring, Madman Szalinski paces near the timekeeper's area with that satisfied grin, hands clasped like he's waiting for the first scream. Inside, the champions—El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and El Fantasma Oscuro 2—stand unnervingly still, heads slightly tilted, masks catching the light as they stare at the belts above the ring without a hint of panic.

John Phillips: "And let's be clear about the rules—there aren't many. To win, you have to climb the ladder and retrieve both titles."

Mark Bravo: "And here's the wild part—El Fantasma doesn't even have to be in the finish to lose those championships. That's why it's a heist!"

That line hangs for a beat... and the entire ring seems to tense even tighter as everyone realizes it at the same time. You can almost see the thought flash across faces: I don't have to beat them. I just have to beat the climb.

Jaxson Ryder steps forward first, raising his hands like he's trying to keep it honorable. Selena Vex laughs right in his face. Theo Sparks yells something about "starting the match already." Gideon Graves cracks his knuckles. Jet Lawson takes one step toward the center—then looks up again and points to the belts.

And in the split second that everyone is thinking about ladders... somebody decides to start swinging.

The moment the bell sounds, it doesn't feel like a match starting—it feels like a dam breaking.

Six teams collide all at once, the ring instantly turning into a knot of fists, forearms, boots, and bodies.

Jaxson Ryder steps in and tries to meet chaos with control—hands up, trying to angle himself into space—only for Selena Vex to slap him across the face and scream something at him over the noise. Jaxson's head snaps, his expression hardens, and he fires back with a stiff right hand that sends Selena stumbling into the ropes.

Rosa Delgado doesn't waste a second. She darts in from the side and drills Jaxson with a rolling elbow, then immediately snatches his left wrist, twisting it hard—trying to start her work early. Jaxson grits his teeth and yanks free, but the damage is planted.

John Phillips: "And it's an all-out brawl from the opening bell!"

Mark Bravo: "Nobody's even thinking about ladders yet—this is just six teams trying to survive the first thirty seconds!"

Across the ring, Carter Durant sprints into the fray like a missile and launches a springboard dropkick—catching Magnus Wolfe flush in the chest and sending him crashing backward into Gideon Graves. Magnus hits the ropes, rebounds—only for Carter to snap into a quick hurricanrana, whipping Magnus to the mat.

But the celebration lasts half a breath.

Gideon Graves steps forward like a freight train and simply runs through Carter with a brutal running shoulder, flattening him so hard the crowd gasps. Carter rolls, clutching his ribs, and Gideon leans down to glare at him like he's offended Carter tried it.

John Phillips: "Good lord—Graves just erased him!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what power looks like in a ladder match, JP. You don't fly if the runway gets bulldozed!"

Near the corner, Tyler Cruz and Jet Lawson are trying to build rhythm—quick strikes, fast movement—when Theo Sparks comes bouncing in, shouting and swinging wild like he's pressing buttons too fast. Tyler ducks a clothesline and snaps Theo with a rope-skip enzuigiri that staggers him, and Jet follows with a running sling blade that whips Theo to the mat.

Dex Raines is already there, though—quiet as a glitch. He slides in and clips Jet's leg with a low chop, then yanks him down into the canvas and drives an elbow into his shoulder, trying to slow the Vanguard engine.

John Phillips: "Next Level trying to disrupt the speed of Velocity Vanguard—Dex Raines is surgical!"

Mark Bravo: "Dex ain't here to impress anybody. He's here to uninstall your knees."

And then—like a cold wind through the chaos—El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and El Fantasma Oscuro 2 finally move.

They don't charge. They don't rush. They glide in opposite directions, striking where the openings appear. Oscuro 1 catches Tyler Cruz from behind with a low dropkick to the knee, dropping him. Oscuro 2 slips in and blasts Carter Durant with a slingshot dropkick as Carter tries to stand, knocking him back down.

They never look hurried. Never look rattled. Just efficient—like shadows with timing.

John Phillips: "The champions picking their spots—El Fantasma is methodical!"

Mark Bravo: "They don't brawl like everybody else. They brawl like they planned this in a basement a week ago!"

Jaxson Ryder tries to rally back—he nails Rosa with a forearm, then turns and catches Selena Vex with a dropkick that sends her tumbling through the ropes to the apron. Selena shrieks and grabs at the top rope to keep from falling, fury on her face.

But before Jaxson can follow up, Magnus Wolfe is back up behind him—dragon screw to the knee—and Jaxson hits

the mat hard, clutching his leg as Magnus smirks and stomps once on the thigh like punctuation.

John Phillips: “Wolfe targeting the leg immediately—he wants to keep people off ladders!”

Mark Bravo: “You can’t climb if you can’t stand. That’s Iron Dominion math!”

The ring is pure movement now—teams breaking apart, crashing into each other, reforming, breaking again. Boots thud. Forearms crack. Bodies slam into turnbuckles. The crowd is roaring like they’re watching a riot behind ropes.

Outside, Madman Szalinski paces and laughs, pointing at the chaos like it’s exactly what he ordered for Christmas.

And somewhere in the middle of it all, one ladder inside the ring gets knocked on its side with a loud metallic clang... and every set of eyes flicks toward it for just a heartbeat—because in this match, that’s all it takes for the first heist attempt to begin.

That first glimpse of steel is all it takes.

The brawl starts to spill, like the ring can’t contain it anymore.

Gideon Graves grabs Theo Sparks by the back of the neck and the waistband and launches him through the ropes. Theo hits the apron awkward, stumbles, and drops to the floor in a heap, clutching his side as the crowd pops for the sheer violence of it.

John Phillips: “Graves just threw Theo Sparks out like trash day!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s a man who doesn’t believe in subtlety, JP!”

Dex Raines tries to slide in and chop Gideon’s leg to slow him down, but Gideon catches him—two hands around the throat—shoves him back into the corner, and drives a corner lariat so hard Dex folds and drops to a knee, eyes wide like his whole operating system just rebooted.

Across the ring, Selena Vex rakes at Tyler Cruz’s eyes and tries to whip him into the ropes, but Tyler spins out and snaps her with a back-flip dropkick that sends Selena flying backward and crashing under the bottom rope to the floor. Selena lands hard and immediately starts screaming like she’s been personally wronged by gravity.

Rosa Delgado goes to follow, but Jet Lawson catches her with a springboard knee strike that rocks her on the jaw. Rosa staggers—still upright—so Jet hits the ropes and comes back with a running sling blade that whips her down and skids her toward the ropes.

Jet grabs the top rope, looks down, and hops to the apron—setting up something bigger—but Magnus Wolfe is right there, stepping in like a shark. Magnus grabs Jet by the hair and the wrist and yanks him throat-first into the top rope—an ugly guillotine that stops Jet’s momentum cold.

John Phillips: “Jet Lawson just got hung up—Magnus Wolfe will do anything to keep people from taking flight!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s how you win a ladder match: you ground the planes!”

On the far side, Jaxson Ryder and Carter Durant regroup for a heartbeat—Carter still clutching his ribs—but Carter nods and sprints. Jaxson charges with him, and together they blast through the center like a two-man wave.

Jaxson catches Magnus with a stiff forearm that backs him off Jet. Carter, running pure adrenaline, leaps onto the middle rope and springs off—dropkick to El Fantasma Oscuro 2, snapping him back into the buckles.

But Oscuro 1 slides in behind Carter and clips his knee with a low dropkick. Carter buckles, and Oscuro 1 grabs his head and drives him down into the mat with a sharp snap DDT that makes the crowd gasp at the suddenness.

Jet Lawson, half-choked and coughing on the apron, reaches out for Tyler Cruz—Tyler slaps his hand—and Tyler springs through the ropes, grabbing Jet’s arm and pulling him back inside to safety.

At the same time, Gideon Graves decides he's done waiting for space.

He scoops Rosa Delgado off the mat in a gorilla-press like she weighs nothing—Rosa's legs kicking—then he walks her toward the ropes and dumps her over the top. Rosa crashes to the floor near the ladders, landing hard on her shoulder and rolling, grimacing as she tries to sit up.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado just got tossed like a sack of presents!"

Mark Bravo: "That present is PAIN, JP!"

Selena Vex sees Rosa down and tries to scramble back onto the apron, screaming at the referee even though the referee is basically a decorative item in this match. Tyler Cruz rushes the ropes and knocks Selena's feet out from under her with a low kick—Selena drops again, hitting the floor right next to Rosa, and Rosa glares at her like she's thinking about breaking her own partner's arm out of frustration.

Theo Sparks stumbles up outside, still holding his ribs, and he grabs a ladder and tries to slide it into the ring—only for Carter Durant to spring up behind him and crack him with a forearm, knocking Theo into the barricade. The ladder clatters and skids away on the floor.

Suddenly, the ring is starting to clear. Bodies are collecting on the outside—Selena and Rosa near one set of ladders, Theo near the barricade, Carter and Jaxson teetering between the apron and the floor as they keep swinging.

Inside the ring, only a few remain upright: Gideon Graves like a tower in the center, Magnus Wolfe stalking near the ropes, and El Fantasma—both Oscuros—standing in opposite corners, eerily composed.

Dex Raines crawls toward a fallen ladder inside the ring, fingertips reaching for the steel, while Jet Lawson and Tyler Cruz regroup on one knee, both looking up at the belts again.

John Phillips: "We're starting to get separation—this match is spilling everywhere!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and the moment the ring clears even a little bit... somebody's gonna make a climb."

Dex's hand finally grips the ladder and he starts dragging it toward the center—slow, determined—while Gideon turns his head and notices.

Gideon's eyes narrow.

And the crowd rises, because they know exactly what's about to happen next.

Dex Raines gets the ladder to a knee, hands tight on the side rails, trying to angle it upright in the center of the ring like he's building a solution one rung at a time.

Gideon Graves turns toward him like a storm cloud deciding where to strike.

Dex looks up—sees Gideon coming—and does the only thing he can: he yanks the ladder up fast and swings it like a battering ram.

CLANG!

The ladder cracks Gideon across the chest. The crowd pops at the audacity.

Gideon takes a half-step back... then straightens, staring at Dex like Dex just offended his ancestors. Dex's eyes widen—because he expected that to work.

John Phillips: "Dex just nailed him—did it even faze Graves?"

Mark Bravo: "Dex hit him with a whole ladder and Gideon Graves looked like he got tapped on the shoulder!"

Dex swings again, but this time Gideon catches the ladder with both hands, stopping it dead. Dex pulls. Gideon doesn't move. Gideon yanks once—and Dex is dragged forward like a fish on a line.

Gideon headbutts Dex so hard Dex's legs go loose, and the ladder slips from both their hands and crashes to the mat. Gideon grabs Dex by the waistband and the back of the neck and throws him through the ropes to the floor.

Dex lands near the timekeeper's area in a sprawl, rolling over and clutching his face as Theo Sparks—still outside, still hurting—shouts for him to get up.

John Phillips: "Dex Raines just got launched out of the ring!"

Mark Bravo: "That's why Gideon doesn't climb ladders. He makes ladders out of people!"

Magnus Wolfe sees the opening and immediately turns it into cruelty. He steps in behind Gideon and grabs the ladder that fell, dragging it upright and leaning it in the corner like a weapon rack. Then he stalks toward Tyler Cruz, who's trying to bring Jet Lawson back to full speed.

Magnus hooks Tyler's arm and snaps a dragon screw, twisting Tyler down to the mat. Tyler grimaces and rolls, clutching his leg—Magnus smirking as he stays glued to him, stomping the knee once like he's trying to remove Tyler's ability to jump entirely.

Jet Lawson lunges in with a quick kick to Magnus's ribs to get him off Tyler. Magnus absorbs it, then whips around and catches Jet with a single-arm DDT that plants Jet hard. Jet's head bounces, and the crowd groans.

John Phillips: "Wolfe is dissecting Velocity Vanguard right now!"

Mark Bravo: "He's taking away the springs before the ladder even stands up!"

On the outside, chaos keeps multiplying.

Jaxson Ryder and Carter Durant are fighting near the ramp with Theo Sparks and Dex Raines. Theo tries to grab another ladder and slide it in, but Carter sprints in and cracks him with a springboard dropkick off the apron—Carter launching himself like a cannonball and sending Theo sprawling backward into the holiday-decorated barricade.

John Phillips: "Carter Durant just used the apron like a launchpad!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what he does! He sees a surface and thinks 'yes, jump.'"

The Empire is regrouping near ringside as well—Selena Vex shouting at Rosa Delgado to 'get up' while Rosa pushes hair out of her face and steadies herself with a hand on a ladder. Selena points into the ring, furious that the ring has cleared and the opportunity is slipping away.

Rosa's expression hardens. She grabs the ladder at her side and starts pushing it toward the apron, teeth clenched.

But before Rosa can slide it in, Tyler Cruz—hobbling but alive—dives between the ropes to the apron and swings a boot out, catching the ladder's top and knocking it sideways. It smashes into the apron edge and clatters down, buying a second.

Selena screams, and she and Rosa surge toward Tyler—Selena grabbing at his hair, Rosa trying to hook his arm to drag him out.

Jet Lawson, shaking off the DDT, fires up and sprints—he hits the ropes, leaps, and launches himself through the ropes with a low, darting dive that crashes into Selena and Rosa on the floor, blasting them away from Tyler and sending all three skidding into the scattered ladders.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson just threw himself into The Empire to save his partner!"

Mark Bravo: "Jet Lawson just became a human snowplow!"

Inside the ring, for the first time, the space opens.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 are watching it happen from opposite corners—silent, still. Gideon Graves is near center,

turning and scanning like a predator guarding territory. Magnus Wolfe is dragging Tyler Cruz by the leg, trying to keep him down.

And then, like a nightmare slipping through a crack, Oscuro 2 slides to the center and pulls the ladder upright.

The crowd rises again as Oscuro 2 starts climbing—slow, deliberate—hands steady on the rails.

John Phillips: “We’ve got our first climb—El Fantasma making the first heist attempt even as champions!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s the whole point, JP—steal it before anybody realizes the door’s unlocked!”

Oscuro 2 climbs three rungs... four... reaching upward—

And Gideon Graves simply steps in, grabs the ladder, and tips it.

Oscuro 2 flies off sideways and crashes down chest-first across the top rope, then spills to the floor with a sick thud. The crowd explodes at the impact.

John Phillips: “Graves just cut him out of the air!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s why you don’t climb when Gideon Graves is standing upright!”

Gideon turns from the tipped ladder, eyes wild now, adrenaline rising. He looks down at the ladder like it offended him... then looks out at the bodies outside, the ladders everywhere, the match spiraling.

And with a sudden burst, he grabs the ladder by one side rail and hoists it up like a weapon—ready to swing—
—but he doesn’t get the chance.

Magnus Wolfe shouts something, and Gideon’s attention flicks just long enough for El Fantasma Oscuro 1 to strike from behind—springboard in, slingshot dropkick—catching Gideon square in the back and sending him stumbling forward, ladder clanging out of his hands and collapsing to the mat.

The ring erupts again, bodies starting to rise, everyone sensing the next wave.

Because now? Now the ladders are finally in play.

The moment the ladder collapses, it’s like somebody rang a second bell.

Steel becomes the center of gravity.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 steps through the chaos and snaps a low dropkick into Magnus Wolfe’s knee, buckling him, then whips around and blasts Gideon Graves with a quick running corner knee—just enough to stagger the big man into the turnbuckles for the first time tonight.

The crowd roars at the visual—Gideon Graves rocked, even if only for a second.

John Phillips: “El Fantasma is finally getting momentum on Iron Dominion!”

Mark Bravo: “They’re not trying to out-muscle him, JP—just trying to knock him off balance long enough to climb!”

Outside, Theo Sparks is crawling toward the apron, pulling himself up by the bottom rope like he’s respawning. Dex Raines staggers beside him, eyes narrowed and furious, and together they shove a ladder back toward ringside, trying to re-enter the game.

At the same time, Selena Vex is back on her feet, hair a mess, face twisted in anger. Rosa Delgado is bracing herself against the barricade, breathing hard, but her eyes are locked on Jet Lawson—pure irritation, pure focus.

Selena points into the ring and screams at Rosa to move, and Rosa nods once—then charges.

Rosa slides into the ring under the bottom rope like a shot and immediately finds Tyler Cruz, still hurting from the knee

work. Rosa hooks Tyler's left arm, twists it behind his back, and drives him face-first into the mat with a hammerlock takedown that makes Tyler yelp in pain.

Jet Lawson sees it and dives in—rolling savate kick to Rosa's ribs—forcing her to release. Jet pulls Tyler up by the shoulder and points toward the corner ladder Magnus had leaned earlier.

Jet is trying to create a lane.

But Selena Vex is already sliding in, clutching at Jet's ankle. Jet stumbles, and Selena pops up with a smug grin, throwing a forearm into Jet's back and then raking her nails across his face when the referee isn't even looking—because what's he going to do, disqualify her?

John Phillips: "No rules means no consequences, and Selena Vex is thriving in it!"

Mark Bravo: "Selena's like a raccoon in a dumpster, JP—she is in her natural habitat right now!"

On the far side, U.S.A is back in it.

Carter Durant sprints and springboards in—dropkick to Selena Vex—sending her spinning down. Jaxson Ryder follows immediately with a running bulldog that plants Rosa Delgado, snapping her head into the canvas and buying their team a breath.

Jaxson points up at the belts, then points at a ladder near the ropes.

Carter nods and rushes for it—dragging the ladder toward center—

—only for Gideon Graves to explode out of the corner and meet him halfway.

Gideon grabs the ladder as Carter drags it, and the two tug opposite directions for a heartbeat—Carter straining, boots slipping—before Gideon yanks once and rips it away. Carter staggers forward and Gideon swings the ladder sideways like a battering ram.

CLANG!

Carter gets crushed across the ribs, folding in half. The crowd gasps as he drops to the mat, holding his side.

John Phillips: "Graves just used the ladder like a weapon!"

Mark Bravo: "He's not climbing it, JP—he's committing felonies with it!"

Gideon turns with the ladder still in his hands and swings again—catching Jaxson Ryder in the shoulder. Jaxson drops to a knee, gritting his teeth and clutching the impact point, but he refuses to stay down.

Magnus Wolfe, limping but smiling, moves in behind Gideon and starts pointing—directing traffic like he's a tactician on a battlefield. He stomps Jet Lawson's hand as Jet reaches for Tyler, then yanks Jet up and snaps him into the ropes throat-first again.

And for a moment, Iron Dominion looks like they're about to steamroll everyone into a pile and take the belts by force.

That's when the fog shifts again.

El Fantasma Oscuro 2—back from the fall—slides into the ring with a sudden burst and hits a springboard missile dropkick that cracks Magnus Wolfe across the jaw. Magnus staggers, dazed, and Oscuro 2 follows with a somersault cutter that drops Magnus flat.

Oscuro 1 and 2 exchange a single glance—wordless communication—then both turn toward the ladder.

They pull it upright together, center ring, and Oscuro 1 starts climbing.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma is going for it again!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the champs saying 'we're not waiting for a heist—we're doing the heisting ourselves!'"

Oscuro 1 climbs quickly—hands steady, feet fast—reaching for the first belt...

And from the outside—Theo Sparks springs onto the apron and slingshots in, launching his body into the ladder like a human projectile.

The ladder jolts violently. Oscuro 1 teeters—arms flailing for balance.

Dex Raines slides in right behind Theo and shoves the ladder again—hard—like he's exploiting the "bug" Theo just created.

Oscuro 1 slips—boots scraping rungs—then drops, crashing down on his back in the ring as the ladder clatters and collapses again.

John Phillips: "Next Level just knocked him off the climb!"

Mark Bravo: "Theo Sparks just turned himself into a patch update!"

Theo is already scrambling up, pointing wildly at the belts, shouting at Dex to get the ladder back up.

Dex drags it upright again—slower, controlled, setting the base...

But before Dex can climb, Jet Lawson—still coughing, still angry—charges and drives a running sling blade into Dex, snapping him to the mat and knocking the ladder sideways yet again.

Jet pops up and looks out at the bodies outside the ring—Selena and Rosa regrouping, Carter and Jaxson stirring, Magnus trying to sit up, Gideon turning like a bull looking for something to gore.

Jet's eyes widen like he's just had an idea that scares even him.

He looks to Tyler Cruz.

Tyler nods—clapping once, feeding Jet the crowd.

Jet runs to the ropes...

and this match starts tilting toward something truly reckless.

Jet Lawson hits the ropes and rebounds with speed—fast enough that you can feel the air change—then leaps, planting a boot on the middle rope like he's about to launch into the crowd.

But Gideon Graves sees him.

Gideon surges forward and reaches up—two hands—trying to snatch Jet out of the sky.

Jet twists at the last second, slipping past the grab, and lands on the apron instead. He turns, breathes once, and points out at the floor where bodies are beginning to pile: Selena and Rosa near the ladders, Theo and Dex scrambling to get another one into the ring, Carter and Jaxson on hands and knees trying to regroup, and El Fantasma Oscuro 2 lurking in the fog at ringside like a shadow with intent.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson is thinking something dangerous—look at him!"

Mark Bravo: "If he jumps, he's jumping into a whole parking lot of ladders and angry people!"

Inside the ring, Tyler Cruz claps hard—once, twice—trying to sync the crowd with him. He points toward Jet and shouts, urging him on.

Jet nods, then sprints along the apron, building momentum.

At the same time, outside the ring, Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado are dragging a ladder upright near the

barricade—Selena barking orders, Rosa doing the actual work. Theo Sparks and Dex Raines are trying to slide another ladder in under the bottom rope. Carter Durant is pulling himself up by the apron. Jaxson Ryder is shaking out his arm, grimacing. Magnus Wolfe is crawling toward a ladder like he's hunting for a tool. El Fantasma Oscuro 2 is standing a few feet away, still and watching like he's waiting for the right moment to strike.

They're all on the same side of the ring now—clustered, compressed, trapped by their own scramble for position.

Jet Lawson looks down at the pile... and commits.

He leaps from the apron—throwing his body outward in a twisting corkscrew body press, spinning like a meteor as he flies over the top rope line and out into open space.

The crowd rises as one.

Jet crashes down into the mass of bodies—slamming into Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado first, knocking them backward into the ladder they were setting up. The ladder topples. Theo Sparks gets clipped and flips onto his back. Dex Raines gets crushed under the spill. Carter Durant gets taken out at the knees and tumbles sideways. Even El Fantasma Oscuro 2 staggers back from the shockwave, forced to retreat a step.

The sound is a sick mix of impact and metal—holiday decorations shaking on the barricade as the entire side of ringside becomes a wreckage field.

John Phillips: "JET LAWSON JUST WIPED OUT HALF THE MATCH!"

Mark Bravo: "That man just dove into a clearance aisle of ladders and hatred! Somebody wrap him and put him under a tree!"

Tyler Cruz throws both arms up in the ring, feeding off the explosion. He sprints to the ropes and looks down at Jet—then looks up at the titles still hanging, untouched.

Tyler's eyes narrow.

This is the lane.

Tyler turns and rushes for the ladder inside the ring—the one that keeps getting knocked down. He drags it upright, plants it center ring, and starts climbing fast, rung after rung, urgency in every step.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz is going for the heist—this might be it!"

Mark Bravo: "This is why your partner sacrifices himself! This is the window!"

Tyler climbs... reaches up... fingertips brushing the first belt—

And the ring shakes.

Gideon Graves is back on his feet and he charges into the ladder like a battering ram, shoulder-first, slamming it hard enough that the entire structure jolts.

Tyler's hands slip. His boots scramble for balance. He clings to the top, fighting to stay on.

Magnus Wolfe rises behind Gideon and adds to it—shoving the ladder again, aiming for maximum instability.

Tyler Cruz loses it. He falls—hard—crashing down onto the mat and rolling, clutching his back.

John Phillips: "Iron Dominion just ripped him off the climb!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what veterans do, JP—they don't let the highlight happen!"

Gideon kicks the ladder down, then grabs it and hauls it upright with brute strength like he's setting a monument. He turns his head and shouts something to Magnus—Magnus nods, limping, and slides in close to guard him.

Gideon Graves starts climbing.

Slow. Heavy. Certain.

One rung. Two. Three.

John Phillips: "Graves is climbing—if Gideon gets those belts, it's over!"

Mark Bravo: "This is terrifying. This is a man climbing like he's headed to tear the roof off!"

Gideon reaches halfway... and then El Fantasma strikes again.

Oscuro 1 slides in from behind and springs—slingshot dropkick to the ladder base. The ladder jolts. Gideon's hands tighten. He snarls, trying to stabilize.

Oscuro 2 follows—running corner knee to Magnus Wolfe to knock him away from the base, then turns and grabs the ladder itself, shaking it hard enough to rattle Gideon's grip.

Gideon tries to kick downward, boot swinging blindly, but El Fantasma keeps the ladder moving—never letting it settle.

And outside the ring, bodies begin to rise again—Selena Vex pulling herself up, Rosa Delgado shaking out her arm, Theo and Dex crawling toward the apron, Carter Durant pushing to his feet, Jaxson Ryder climbing onto the apron with fury in his eyes.

The reset is happening.

Gideon is still climbing... but now the match is alive again.

And that means the next crash is coming.

Gideon Graves is halfway up the ladder, jaw clenched, forearms flexed, trying to muscle the whole structure into stillness through sheer will.

Below him, El Fantasma keeps the base moving—Oscuro 1 kicking at the ladder's legs, Oscuro 2 shaking the side rail with sudden jerks like he's trying to rattle Gideon's hands loose.

Gideon snarls and stomps downward, boot slamming the top rung, daring anyone to get close enough to pay for it.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma trying to bring down the tower, but Graves is hanging on!"

Mark Bravo: "He's gripping that ladder like it owes him money!"

On the apron, Jaxson Ryder finally makes it back in—springing over the top rope and landing with purpose. Carter Durant follows him, still tender, but fueled by adrenaline. Across from them, Theo Sparks rolls under the bottom rope and staggers to his feet, Dex Raines right behind him, both of them dragging their breath like they've been through a car crash.

And then Selena Vex slides in—eyes wild, hair everywhere—pointing at Gideon like she just remembered the only thing that matters.

Rosa Delgado steps in after her, calmer, more controlled, scanning the ring like a chessboard.

Magnus Wolfe—still hurt from El Fantasma's shots—leans against the ropes, shaking his head clear, then steps forward again to guard the ladder.

For a second, the ring is a storm with one eye at the center: Gideon climbing.

And that's when the alliances start collapsing.

Selena Vex doesn't care that Gideon is her temporary "help." She charges and swings a forearm at Oscuro 2 to clear space—Oscuro 2 ducks, and Selena's arm slams into the ladder rail instead.

She screams, shakes her hand, and shoves Rosa like it's Rosa's fault.

Rosa's eyes flare. She doesn't argue—she just grabs Selena by the back of the head and shoves her toward the ladder base like a human shield, then turns and snaps a rolling elbow into Oscuro 1's jaw to knock him back.

John Phillips: "The Empire trying to clear the base—no teamwork, just survival!"

Mark Bravo: "That's their entire vibe, JP! 'Me first!'"

Jaxson Ryder sees the ladder wobbling and sprints—he dives in with a dropkick to the base, smashing one leg of the ladder and jolting it hard. Gideon's hands slip for a split second, and the crowd roars as he fights to re-grip.

Magnus Wolfe catches Jaxson by the hair and yanks him backward, then drives a knee lift into Jaxson's jaw that staggers him. Magnus smirks through the pain and hooks Jaxson's arm—trying to set up something cruel—but Jaxson fires a back elbow that clips Magnus and frees him.

Carter Durant springs forward—springboard enzuigiri catches Magnus flush and drops him to a knee. Carter lands and immediately winces from the rib pain, but he keeps moving, adrenaline overriding everything.

Theo Sparks points up and screams at Dex, and Dex nods like he just got a signal.

Theo sprints to the corner, vaults onto the middle rope, and launches himself into the ladder with both feet—dropkick to the side rail. The ladder shudders. Gideon's whole body jolts.

Dex follows immediately—shoulder into the base, adding force, stacking impact.

Gideon finally loses balance.

He doesn't fall clean. He tips forward, chest smashing against the top, arms flailing, and then he tumbles off the ladder—crashing down hard onto the mat in a heap that makes the crowd gasp.

John Phillips: "GRAVES IS DOWN! GRAVES IS DOWN!"

Mark Bravo: "Everybody survived the giant—NOW GO STEAL THE PRESENTS!"

The ladder sways... wobbles... and stays standing.

For the first time all match, it's upright and unattended.

And everyone sees it.

Rosa Delgado lunges first, trying to climb. Selena Vex grabs her ankle and shrieks that it's her turn. Rosa kicks her hand away without even looking, continuing upward, and Selena—furious—jumps onto Rosa's back, trying to drag her down.

Rosa fights the dead weight, gritting her teeth, one rung higher... then two...

Carter Durant sprints in and dropkicks Selena off Rosa, sending Selena crashing to the mat. Rosa slips down a rung, steadying herself.

Jaxson Ryder rushes in behind Carter and grabs Rosa by the waist, yanking her down off the ladder. Rosa lands on her feet—immediately throwing a rolling elbow—but Jaxson ducks it and snaps a forearm into her chest.

Rosa stumbles back.

Dex Raines sees the ladder and starts climbing—measured, controlled, eyes up.

Theo Sparks is bouncing behind him, shouting, pointing, hyping like Dex is about to win a tournament.

Dex climbs rung by rung... reaches up...

And Tyler Cruz—hobbling, battered—flies into frame and drills Dex with a pop-up rana off the side, whipping Dex off the ladder and sending him crashing down onto his back.

The crowd explodes as Tyler lands awkwardly, grabbing his knee, pain flashing across his face—but the sacrifice worked.

Jet Lawson is still outside, still moving slow after the dive, dragging himself upright with one hand on the apron. He looks into the ring and sees the ladder standing, sees Tyler hurting, sees the chaos...

And he slaps the apron, trying to will himself back into the fight.

El Fantasma Oscuro 2 moves next—he's up the ladder fast, ghost-like, hands already reaching toward the belts.

But Magnus Wolfe—limping, snarling—rushes in and tips the ladder just enough to throw Oscuro 2's balance off. Oscuro 2 grabs the top desperately—hanging for a moment—before dropping to land on his feet and roll away.

Magnus turns to climb himself.

And then the ring shakes again—because Gideon Graves sits up like a monster waking from a nap.

He looks at the ladder.

He looks at everyone climbing it.

And he decides he's done letting anybody else try.

Gideon rises—slow, furious—steps toward the ladder...

and the crowd starts roaring, because they know the next wave is going to be violent.

Gideon Graves reaches the ladder and grabs it by the side rail like he's about to rip it out of the canvas.

Magnus Wolfe—still limping—puts a hand out, trying to steady it for his partner, trying to reestablish control.

Gideon doesn't steady it.

He lifts it.

The crowd rises as Gideon hoists the ladder off the mat like a spear, turning with it in his hands. Bodies scatter. The ring suddenly has panic in it.

John Phillips: "Oh no—Graves has the ladder!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not OSHA approved, JP!"

Gideon swings the ladder in a wide arc—an unstoppable sweep of steel.

CLANG!

The ladder catches Jaxson Ryder across the shoulder and chest, knocking him backward. It clips Carter Durant as well, smashing him down to a knee, ribs screaming from earlier damage. It grazes Selena Vex and sends her tumbling, shrieking as she rolls away like she's been struck by lightning.

Rosa Delgado avoids the full impact by diving under the bottom rope, but even she isn't safe—she crawls out to the floor and immediately finds Jet Lawson trying to stand, and she swings a forearm at him to keep him out of it.

Inside the ring, Tyler Cruz tries to spring back with a quick kick, but Gideon's ladder swing forces him to retreat, limping toward the corner to avoid getting crushed.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 don't retreat like everyone else—they slip around the edges. Oscuro 2 grabs the ropes and vaults in with a slingshot dropkick aimed at Gideon's knee, but Gideon turns and smashes the ladder down like a

guillotine.

Oscuro 2 skids to a stop, barely avoiding getting pinned under the steel. He rolls away, eyes locked, emotionless even as the danger spikes.

John Phillips: "Graves is using the ladder like a scythe!"

Mark Bravo: "He's mowing the lawn, JP! And the lawn is PEOPLE!"

Theo Sparks, ever the opportunist, tries to time it. He darts in behind Gideon, hoping Gideon won't see him, hands reaching for the fallen ladder edge to pull it away.

Gideon sees him anyway.

Gideon drops the ladder flat, turns, and boots Theo in the gut—then scoops him up with both arms like he's lifting a bag of cement.

He runs two steps and slams Theo down with an Oklahoma Slam, rattling the ring. Theo bounces and clutches his spine, eyes wide in shock.

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks just got folded!"

Mark Bravo: "Player One just got rage-quit!"

Dex Raines lunges in, trying to chop Gideon down at the knees. Gideon stomps Dex's hand once—hard—then reaches down, hauls Dex up, and shoves him chest-first into the ladder lying flat on the mat.

Dex's body hits the steel with a hollow thud. He curls over it, gasping, and Gideon leans down and snarls something at him that the camera can't quite catch.

Magnus Wolfe steps in beside Gideon now—limping, smirking—like Iron Dominion is finally getting their house in order. Magnus grabs the ladder from one side and helps Gideon stand it back up center ring.

For the first time, it looks like a plan.

Magnus points upward, telling Gideon to climb. Gideon nods.

Gideon starts up again.

One rung. Two. Three.

Outside, Jet Lawson tries to fight Rosa Delgado off—he shoves her back, throws a forearm, and Rosa answers with a rolling elbow that rattles Jet and sends him into the barricade. Selena Vex is up too, pointing and yelling, trying to re-enter the ring and reclaim control.

Carter Durant crawls toward the corner, clutching his ribs, looking for a breath and a reset. Jaxson Ryder tries to sit up, eyes dazed. Tyler Cruz is pulling himself to his feet, limping, refusing to stay out.

And El Fantasma... waits.

Oscuro 1 slides toward the ropes and looks to the outside, where Madman Szalinski is pacing, hands up, screaming instructions like a conductor.

Oscuro 2 moves in behind Magnus Wolfe, silent as a shadow.

Magnus turns—just in time to eat a sudden running corner knee that drives him back into the buckles. Oscuro 2 follows with a somersault cutter that drops Magnus to the mat again.

Oscuro 2 pops up and points to the ladder.

Oscuro 1 is already there—springboarding in and blasting the ladder base with a dropkick that shakes Gideon's climb

mid-step.

Gideon grabs tighter, but the ladder is wobbling again.

And now, outside the ring, Jet Lawson sees Tyler Cruz fighting to stand... and he makes a decision.

Jet sprints—one last burst—slides into the ring under the bottom rope and grabs the ladder with both hands.

Jet and Oscurο 1—enemies, equals, opportunists—shake the ladder together.

Gideon's balance finally goes.

He slips—boots scraping—arms flailing—

And he crashes down to the mat a second time, landing hard enough that the ladder falls with him, collapsing in a heap.

John Phillips: "Graves is down again! They brought him down again!"

Mark Bravo: "That's teamwork you don't see every day—temporary alliances in a Holiday Heist match!"

Jet Lawson stumbles back, breathing hard, and Tyler Cruz limps toward him, slapping his chest once like a touchdown celebration without the showboating—just gratitude.

But there's no time to celebrate.

Because now the ladder is down...

and the whole ring is rushing toward it again.

The collapsed ladder becomes a magnet—everyone converges, everyone reaching, everyone trying to be the first to stand it back up.

Jet Lawson and Tyler Cruz get there first. Jet grabs one side rail, Tyler grabs the other, and together they drag it toward the center like they're hauling a piece of machinery into position.

Across the ring, El Fantasma Oscurο 1 is already moving—quick, silent—sliding in low and launching a sharp kick to Tyler's thigh to slow him. Tyler winces but keeps hold. Oscurο 1 follows with a low dropkick to Jet's knee, forcing Jet to stagger.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma cutting the legs out from under Velocity Vanguard—literally!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the champs saying 'thanks for helping us earlier—now get out of our way.'"

Before El Fantasma can capitalize, Carter Durant dives into frame with a springboard dropkick that catches Oscurο 1 flush and sends him skidding. Carter lands and immediately clutches his ribs again, pain flashing—but he's still upright.

Jaxson Ryder stumbles in behind him, shaking off the ladder shot, eyes narrowed. He and Carter exchange a look—no words needed—then they both grab the ladder and help Velocity Vanguard stand it.

Four hands. One ladder. One objective.

The ladder rises upright center ring—finally stable.

Tyler Cruz starts climbing immediately. He doesn't hesitate. One rung, two rungs, three—fast.

Jet Lawson stays at the base, guarding, throwing short kicks outward at anyone who gets close.

Carter Durant hovers near Jet, watching for threats, while Jaxson Ryder turns and throws a forearm into Selena Vex as she slides in, trying to steal the moment.

Selena tumbles back into the ropes, snarling. Rosa Delgado is up on the apron now, reaching in, trying to hook

someone's ankle to pull them out.

Tyler Cruz climbs higher—eyes locked on the belts. His fingertips graze leather—

And then Iron Dominion returns like a nightmare.

Magnus Wolfe—still limping but angry—slides in and immediately yanks Carter Durant by the tights, dragging him into a knee trembler that snaps Carter's head back. Carter drops hard, clutching his jaw, ribs forgotten in the moment.

Gideon Graves storms in right behind Magnus, eyes burning. He grabs Jaxson Ryder by the throat with one hand and shoves him backward into the corner like he's discarding furniture.

Jet Lawson tries to step to Gideon—tries to meet him—but Gideon swats him aside with a corner lariat that turns Jet inside out and sends him flipping down to the mat.

John Phillips: "Graves just erased Jet Lawson!"

Mark Bravo: "Jet got deleted, JP! That's a full system shutdown!"

Tyler Cruz is still climbing, still reaching—one hand on the rung, the other reaching up for the belt—

Gideon turns and spots him.

Gideon grabs the ladder and starts to tip it—slow, deliberate, cruel—like he wants Tyler to know it's coming.

Tyler's eyes widen. He clings harder, legs wrapping around the ladder for stability.

But Gideon is too strong.

The ladder tilts... and Tyler Cruz is forced to jump to save himself—launching off and landing awkwardly, rolling and clutching his knee with a sharp cry.

John Phillips: "Tyler had to bail—he couldn't risk the fall!"

Mark Bravo: "That knee's been targeted all match! If he eats that landing wrong, he's done!"

Gideon lets the ladder fall, not caring if it collapses. It clatters to the mat again.

Magnus Wolfe smirks, then looks down at Tyler, and stomps Tyler's knee once—nasty, surgical—just to make sure it stays hurt.

Tyler yells out and rolls away, dragging himself toward the ropes.

That's when Selena Vex sees her opening.

Selena slides toward the ladder and starts dragging it upright—fast, frantic. Rosa Delgado slides in beside her, steadying it, eyes focused on the belts above like they're the only thing in the world.

Selena starts climbing.

Rosa guards the base—forearms out, stance wide, ready to fight off anyone who gets close.

John Phillips: "Selena Vex is climbing—The Empire could steal this right now!"

Mark Bravo: "If Selena gets those belts, she's gonna brag about it for ten years, JP!"

Selena climbs quickly—too quickly—hands shaking with adrenaline as she reaches up toward the first belt.

And then she feels it.

A tug.

She looks down—eyes wide—because someone has grabbed her boot.

It's Theo Sparks.

He's crawling, battered, but he's smiling like he just found the cheat code. He yanks Selena's boot and pulls her down a rung.

Selena kicks at him, screaming, but Theo keeps pulling.

Dex Raines slides in behind him and grabs Selena's other ankle—now it's two of them dragging her down like she's a prize in a tug-of-war.

Rosa Delgado steps forward to help Selena—throwing a rolling elbow down at Theo—but Carter Durant, still hurt, leaps in and catches Rosa with a knife-edge chop and then a quick dropkick to the knee, knocking Rosa off balance and forcing her to back up.

Selena loses her grip.

She slips—arms flailing—

And she falls, crashing down to the mat in a furious heap.

The ladder wobbles but stays upright.

Theo Sparks looks up... sees the belts... and starts climbing.

The crowd buzzes—because Theo is suddenly inches from stealing the entire match out from under everybody.

But behind him—Gideon Graves turns.

And Gideon starts charging toward the ladder again, eyes locked, ready to end this attempt the only way he knows how.

Theo Sparks is halfway up the ladder, moving fast—hands flying from rung to rung like he's speed-running the final level.

He looks up at the belts and screams something unintelligible—pure adrenaline—then reaches higher.

Dex Raines stands at the base, one hand on the ladder, the other out like a shield, scanning for incoming threats with that calm, analytical focus. His eyes keep flicking between bodies—Iron Dominion, El Fantasma, U.S.A, Empire—like he's reading patterns.

John Phillips: "Next Level with a real shot here—Theo's climbing!"

Mark Bravo: "Dex is doing the smart thing—guard the base, don't get distracted, don't chase the chaos!"

Too late.

Gideon Graves barrels across the ring like a freight train and slams into Dex with a corner lariat that nearly decapitates him. Dex flips backward and collapses near the ropes, clutching his neck and ribs, eyes wide like the world just glitched.

The ladder shudders as the base loses its anchor point.

Theo panics—clinging tighter, legs wrapping around the ladder as he tries to stabilize himself.

Gideon grabs the ladder with both hands and starts to tip it again—slow and deliberate, like he wants to watch Theo's hope die in real time.

The crowd boos.

Theo's eyes go wide as the ladder leans.

And then—like a flicker in the fog—El Fantasma Oscuro 2 appears at Gideon’s side.

Oscuro 2 drives a short-arm lariat into Gideon’s ribs—an odd choice from a luchador, but it lands with a thud and surprises Gideon enough to make him step back.

Oscuro 1 follows—springboard dropkick into Gideon’s knee—finally chopping the big man down to one knee.

John Phillips: “El Fantasma just stopped Graves—if only for a moment!”

Mark Bravo: “You don’t beat Graves by wrestling him—you beat him by hitting him with surprise and speed until he forgets he’s a tank!”

That moment is enough.

Theo Sparks climbs again—one rung higher—reaches up—hands on the first belt...

He starts tugging at the clasp.

The crowd is rising.

And then Magnus Wolfe gets involved.

Magnus staggers in behind the ladder, limping, face twisted in frustration, and he rams his shoulder into the side rail—hard.

The ladder jolts. Theo’s hands slip off the belt clasp for a split second.

Theo grabs the top rung again, shaking his head, trying to reset.

Magnus shoves the ladder again.

Theo hangs on, legs wrapping tighter, but now he’s stalled—precious seconds bleeding away.

Outside, Jet Lawson is pulling himself up on the apron again, face tight with pain. Tyler Cruz is hobbling beside him, clutching his knee, eyes burning with determination. They’re trying to will themselves back into this.

On the opposite side, Jaxson Ryder is dragging Carter Durant toward the ropes, trying to get his partner breathing again.

Selena Vex is up, furious, screaming at Rosa Delgado to do something. Rosa is trying to fight through Carter’s strikes and Jaxson’s presence, shaking her arm out and stepping toward the ring with intent.

Everything is converging at once.

Inside the ring, Gideon Graves rises again—slowly—eyes locked on the ladder and the man climbing it. He reaches down, grabs Oscuro 1 by the neck, and throws him into the corner like a ragdoll.

Oscuro 2 tries to hit Gideon again—running corner knee—Gideon catches him. For a split second, Gideon holds him in place like he’s deciding what to do.

Then Gideon lifts Oscuro 2—high—gorilla press position—and dumps him over the top rope to the floor in a terrifying toss that makes the crowd gasp as Oscuro 2 crashes into bodies near ringside.

John Phillips: “He just threw him out like trash!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s not a toss, JP—that’s an eviction!”

Magnus Wolfe keeps shaking the ladder—trying to finally dislodge Theo—

But Theo’s stubborn. He adjusts. He reaches up again, fingertips on the belt clasp...

And suddenly, Selena Vex slides in and grabs the ladder from the other side.

Selena doesn't try to steady it. She tries to tip it herself—because if she can't climb, she'll pull everyone down with her.

The ladder sways violently now—Magnus on one side, Selena on the other, chaos at the base.

Theo Sparks clings like his life depends on it.

And then, from the apron—Jet Lawson launches himself back into the ring.

Jet springboards in—Comet Crash rope-walk dropkick—smashing Selena Vex square in the chest and sending her tumbling away from the ladder.

Tyler Cruz follows, limping but exploding with one burst—springboard armdrag into Magnus Wolfe—sending Magnus flipping over and landing hard.

Suddenly the ladder stops shaking.

For one breath, Theo Sparks has stillness again.

He reaches up... gets both hands on the first belt...

And then Jet Lawson looks up at him.

Jet's face tightens, decision made.

Because Jet didn't sacrifice everything tonight to watch someone else steal the holidays.

Jet grabs the ladder... and starts to climb.

Jet Lawson starts climbing fast, rung by rung, eyes locked upward—not at Theo Sparks, but at the belts. Tyler Cruz limps in behind him, one hand on his knee, the other gripping the ladder rail like he's trying to will the pain away.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson is climbing too—Velocity Vanguard is trying to steal this right out from under Next Level!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the Holiday Heist, JP! You blink, you lose your titles!"

Theo Sparks looks down over his shoulder and sees Jet coming up behind him. Theo's face twists—half panic, half fury—because he can feel his moment evaporating.

Theo throws a boot backward, trying to catch Jet in the face.

Jet ducks it, keeps climbing, and snaps a forearm up into Theo's ribs. Theo hisses and clings tighter to the ladder's top section, trying to keep balance.

Tyler Cruz climbs from the other side now—slower, grimacing, but climbing. Three bodies on one ladder. The structure creaks under the combined weight.

Theo reaches up again, fingertips on the first belt clasp—he starts tugging—

And Jet grabs Theo by the waistband and yanks him down a rung.

Theo kicks wildly, heel clipping Jet's shoulder. Jet's grip slips for a second, but he re-hooks his arm around the ladder rail and pulls himself back in.

Tyler climbs one rung higher and reaches out—his fingers brush leather. He's close.

Outside the ring, Madman Szalinski is screaming directions, pointing like a madman conducting an orchestra. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, jaw still rattled from earlier, slides back into the ring low and fast.

Oscuro 1 sprints and dropkicks the ladder's base.

The whole ladder shudders.

Tyler's bad knee buckles for a split second—he clings hard, jaw clenched, refusing to fall. Jet tightens his grip. Theo

screams as his hands slip off the clasp again.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma just shook the ladder with three men on it!"

Mark Bravo: "That is psycho behavior, JP! But it might save their titles!"

Dex Raines drags himself up by the ropes, eyes narrowed, and reaches out—grabbing Oscuro 1 by the ankle. He yanks him backward off balance and snaps him down with a short, nasty pull that sends Oscuro 1 slamming to the mat.

Theo sees Dex and shouts, pointing down like he's calling for help.

Dex tries to move in, but Selena Vex slides in from the side and rakes a forearm across Dex's face, then stomps him down in the corner with frantic anger.

Rosa Delgado follows, more composed, and clamps onto Dex's left arm—wrenching it in a tight angle like she's trying to remove him from the equation entirely.

At the other side of the ring, U.S.A is regrouping. Jaxson Ryder slides in and throws a superkick that catches Jet Lawson in the ribs mid-climb. Jet sucks in air, grimacing, but he doesn't let go. Carter Durant tries to follow with a springboard enzuigiri, but his ribs betray him—he hesitates, lands awkwardly, and stumbles instead of exploding.

Iron Dominion storms back in. Magnus Wolfe limps forward and starts shoving the ladder again—small violent bumps—trying to unseat everyone. Gideon Graves is behind him, eyes cold, hands flexing like he's deciding which body he wants to break next.

And the ladder finally reaches its breaking point.

It tips just enough that Theo Sparks loses his grip first.

Theo falls—crashing down onto the mat with a thud—rolling and clutching his back, eyes wide in disbelief.

Jet and Tyler hang on, but the tilt forces them to slide down a rung. Jet drops to the mat to stabilize, boots skidding. Tyler slips down too, landing on his bad leg and immediately grabbing at his knee with a sharp exhale.

Magnus smirks and steps toward Tyler like he's about to stomp that knee again—

But Jet Lawson steps between them, chest heaving, eyes furious. He throws a rolling savate kick that clips Magnus across the jaw and sends him stumbling back.

Jet turns—and runs straight into Gideon Graves.

Gideon catches Jet with a massive two-hand shove that sends him flying backward into the ladder. Jet hits hard, collapses, and the crowd groans at the impact.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson just got launched!"

Mark Bravo: "He hit that ladder like it was a brick wall, JP!"

Gideon grabs the ladder again—starting to lift it—ready to turn the ring into a war zone one more time.

But before he can swing, Tyler Cruz—limping—snatches a second ladder that had been slid in earlier and rams it forward into Gideon's midsection like a battering ram. It's desperate. It's ugly. It works.

Gideon staggers. The ladder in his hands drops with a clang.

Tyler drops to one knee right after, pain shooting through his leg, but he points up at the belts and looks at Jet Lawson like there's only one thought left in his head.

Jet pushes himself up, breathing hard, and nods back.

Across the ring, Selena Vex is finally shoving Rosa Delgado toward the ladder, yelling for her to climb while she

covers. Rosa nods once—measured—starting toward center.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 rolls back to his feet, shakes his head, and glides toward the ladder too. Madman Szalinski is screaming at them from the outside, pointing wildly upward.

And Iron Dominion is rising again.

Everyone is moving toward the same point.

But Velocity Vanguard moves first.

Jet Lawson grabs the ladder and yanks it upright with Tyler's help—Tyler grimacing through every motion—then Jet starts climbing again, faster than anyone else can react.

Tyler stays at the base, one hand on the ladder, the other gripping his knee, planting himself like a human anchor.

He looks up at Jet.

And the crowd can feel it—this is the opening they've been fighting for.

Jet Lawson climbs with urgency—no showboating, no wasted motion—just hands and boots snapping from rung to rung. Above him, the Tag Team Championships sway slightly, two separate prizes gleaming under the lights like twin targets.

Tyler Cruz braces the ladder at the base, jaw clenched, knee screaming, but he refuses to move. He plants his shoulder into the side rail and keeps it steady like it's the only thing holding his career together.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson has daylight—Tyler Cruz is anchoring that ladder with one good leg!"

Mark Bravo: "That's grit, JP! That's 'I don't care if it hurts, we're leaving champions!'"

Across the ring, chaos surges to catch them.

Selena Vex is up first—sprinting in with a scream, throwing herself at Tyler with a forearm to the back of the head. Tyler's body lurches forward, but he keeps the ladder steady, turning his shoulder into it harder.

Rosa Delgado follows, trying to pry Tyler off the base with a tight grip around his waist—looking to peel him away like a stubborn knot.

Tyler grits his teeth and fires a back elbow—awkward, limited by his leg—but it catches Rosa in the cheek and forces her to loosen for a second.

Selena takes advantage—she stomps Tyler's bad knee once.

Tyler's face twists in agony. He nearly folds.

But he doesn't let go.

He shifts his weight, takes the pain, and stays glued to the ladder.

John Phillips: "Selena Vex is going after that knee—Tyler Cruz is refusing to give up the base!"

Mark Bravo: "It's ugly, it's cruel, and it's effective—if Tyler flinches, Jet falls!"

Jet is near the top now—one hand reaching for the first belt clasp.

He grabs it and starts tugging, fingers working furiously at the fastening.

But below, Iron Dominion is moving too.

Magnus Wolfe limps in from the side, eyes narrowed, and he drives a sharp knee lift into Tyler's ribs, trying to knock him away from the ladder. Tyler coughs, drops to one knee—still holding the rail.

Gideon Graves follows like a shadow—huge, furious, relentless. He grabs Jet’s ladder from the side with both hands and starts to shake it violently.

Jet’s body jolts. His boots slip a rung. He clings tighter, forearms burning as he fights to keep position.

John Phillips: “Graves is shaking the ladder—Jet Lawson is hanging on for dear life!”

Mark Bravo: “If Gideon tips that thing, Jet’s gonna fall through the New Year!”

Jet grinds his teeth and keeps working the clasp anyway—one hand holding the rung, the other wrestling with leather and metal.

And then—like a burst of light through the fog—U.S.A arrives.

Jaxson Ryder sprints in and superkicks Magnus Wolfe in the jaw, snapping his head back and dropping him to the mat. Carter Durant follows with a springboard dropkick that catches Gideon Graves square in the face—Gideon stumbles, stunned for the first time all match.

The crowd explodes at the sight of the big man rocking backward.

John Phillips: “U.S.A just dropped Iron Dominion—Carter Durant with a huge shot on Graves!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s the only way—you gotta hit him with speed and pray!”

Gideon shakes it off quickly—too quickly—and grabs Carter by the throat as Carter lands. But Jaxson Ryder throws another superkick—this one catching Gideon across the jaw and forcing him to release Carter.

Carter stumbles away, clutching ribs, but he stays alive.

Jaxson points up at Jet on the ladder—then turns and starts throwing fists at anyone trying to get near it.

Selena Vex charges Jaxson. Jaxson ducks a wild swing and snaps a forearm into Selena’s mouth, sending her stumbling into the corner.

Rosa Delgado tries to attack from the side—Jaxson catches her with a snap suplex that bounces her off the mat.

At ringside, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 finally regroup, sliding back toward the ring, eyes locked on the ladder like starving wolves.

Madman Szalinski is screaming, pointing frantically at Jet.

Oscuro 1 slides in and sprints toward the base—leaping up and grabbing Tyler Cruz from behind, trying to pull him away from the ladder’s side rail.

Tyler’s body jolts—his bad knee nearly buckles again—

But Tyler grabs Oscuro 1 by the mask and whips him forward into the ladder with a sudden desperate snap, sending Oscuro 1 face-first into the steel.

Oscuro 1 collapses, clutching at his face, mask still on but rattled.

Jet is still at the top, still tugging—

And then it happens.

Jet Lawson yanks hard and the first belt comes free.

The crowd erupts as Jet clutches it tight against his chest like it’s the last thing keeping him alive.

John Phillips: “JET GOT ONE! JET GOT ONE OF THE TITLES!”

Mark Bravo: “ONE DOWN—BUT HE NEEDS BOTH! DON’T COME DOWN YET!”

Jet hooks the belt over his shoulder instinctively—then immediately reaches up for the second belt, hands moving fast, desperate, because he knows the moment he hesitates is the moment someone tips the ladder again.

Below him, Gideon Graves roars and shoves through bodies toward the base.

El Fantasma Oscuro 2 slides in behind Jaxson Ryder and catches him with a sudden somersault cutter, dropping him in an instant.

Carter Durant turns—tries to spring in—Oscuro 2 catches him with a low dropkick to the knees, knocking him down hard.

Selena Vex crawls toward Tyler Cruz again, eyes wild, hand reaching for Tyler's knee like she wants to break him to end this.

Tyler sees her coming—grimaces—and just kicks her away weakly, refusing to let her get a grip.

Gideon Graves reaches the ladder again.

He grabs the side rail.

He starts to tip it.

Jet Lawson's hands are on the second belt clasp—fingers fighting metal—

And the entire building holds its breath, because the next second decides who leaves with everything.

The ladder starts to lean.

Not a violent crash—just a slow, terrifying tilt as Gideon Graves applies his strength with cruel patience. The whole structure groans, shifting under Jet Lawson's boots.

Jet clamps his forearm around the top rung and yanks at the second belt clasp with his free hand, teeth bared like he's trying to rip the year itself off the calendar.

John Phillips: "Graves is tipping it—Jet's got the second title in his hands!"

Mark Bravo: "Come on, Jet! Rip it! Rip it like a gift receipt!"

Tyler Cruz, below, sees the ladder moving and knows exactly what it means.

He doesn't look at his knee. He doesn't look at Selena Vex crawling toward him. He just throws himself into the ladder—shoulder-first—trying to counterbalance the tilt with his body.

Pain shoots through him; his face twists, but he stays planted. He slides his hands up the side rail and braces harder, becoming a human anchor again.

Gideon snarls and shoves Tyler away—one massive forearm to Tyler's chest.

Tyler drops to the mat, gasping.

The ladder tilts more.

Jet's boots slip a rung—he catches himself at the last moment, forearms burning, belt strap biting into his palm.

And then—Tyler Cruz does something desperate.

He grabs Selena Vex by the hair as she reaches for him and yanks her up off her knees—then throws her into Gideon Graves' leg like a human battering ram.

Selena crashes into Gideon's knee and shin, shrieking as she collides. Gideon stumbles—just a half step, but it's enough to disrupt his leverage.

The ladder wobbles back toward center.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz just used Selena Vex as a weapon!"

Mark Bravo: "Holiday spirit is DEAD, JP! It's DEAD!"

Jet takes advantage instantly. He re-hooks both boots, resets his grip, and yanks again at the second clasp.

Metal bites. Leather strains.

Behind Gideon, El Fantasma Oscuro 2 slides in and grabs the ladder's base, trying to jerk it sideways. Madman Szalinski is screaming on the outside, his hands in the air like he's calling for the apocalypse.

Oscuro 1—mask rattled—stumbles back to his feet and joins, shoving the ladder too, trying to shake Jet loose and reclaim what they came in with.

Across the ring, Jaxson Ryder is crawling, dazed, trying to get back in position. Carter Durant is on one knee, clutching ribs, head down, fighting for air.

Dex Raines drags himself up in the corner, eyes narrowed behind sweat—he spots Jet on the ladder, spots the belts, and starts moving toward center like a man who refuses to let the moment pass.

But then Magnus Wolfe intercepts—dragon screw to Dex's leg—yanking him down and twisting him into the mat with a vicious snap. Dex slams the canvas and clutches his knee, trapped again.

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe just cut Dex down—Next Level can't get to the ladder!"

Mark Bravo: "Everybody's fighting for the same ladder like it's the last lifeboat!"

Gideon recovers—furious—and grabs Oscuro 2 by the mask, ripping him off the ladder base with brute force. He hurls Oscuro 2 into the corner, then turns and grabs the ladder again—ready to tip it another time.

But Tyler Cruz—barely standing—springboards off the middle rope with a last-ditch burst of lucha instinct...

And he hits a back-flip dropkick that nails Gideon in the chest.

It doesn't knock Gideon down completely, but it forces him to stumble backward, arms windmilling, losing his grip on the ladder rail again.

Tyler lands and immediately collapses to one knee, clutching his bad leg, breathing hard through the pain.

Jet Lawson looks down at Tyler—sees what he's doing for him—

And Jet stops fighting for a second and starts ripping.

He yanks with everything he has—forearms, shoulders, core—pulling until the clasp finally gives.

POP!

The second Tag Team Championship comes free.

Jet clutches it against his chest—two belts now, one on his shoulder, one in his arms—eyes wide, disbelief flooding his face as the crowd erupts into a roar that shakes the building.

John Phillips: "HE GOT IT! HE GOT BOTH! JET LAWSON GOT BOTH TITLES!"

Mark Bravo: "VELOCITY VANGUARD DID IT! THEY PULLED OFF THE HOLIDAY HEIST!"

Jet carefully starts climbing down, boots searching for rungs, guarding the belts like they might evaporate if he blinks.

Below him, bodies scramble—El Fantasma reaching, Iron Dominion snarling, The Empire furious—

But it's too late.

Jet hits the mat with both championships in hand.

Tyler Cruz pushes himself up, limping, and Jet shoves one belt into Tyler's arms like he's handing him the missing piece of himself.

Tyler stares at it—then lifts it, face contorting with emotion and pain and triumph all at once.

Jet raises the other belt high.

And in the middle of the wreckage—ladders down, bodies scattered—Velocity Vanguard stands tall as the crowd explodes for them.

John Phillips: "New champions in the Holiday Heist—Velocity Vanguard ends the year on top!"

Mark Bravo: "They didn't need pinfalls, they didn't need help—just guts, timing, and one clean opening! That's how you steal Christmas in the UTA!"

Madman Szalinski is losing his mind on the outside, shouting at El Fantasma like his world just collapsed. Selena Vex is screaming at Rosa Delgado, furious and humiliated. Gideon Graves stares up the ramp, seething, like he's memorizing this moment for later punishment.

But in the ring, Tyler Cruz and Jet Lawson turn toward the hard camera and lift their titles higher—breathing hard, battered, and brand new champions.

Season's Beatings rolls on.

Ferocity

Segment

The screen is black.

Silence—then the low, distant sound of wind.

Not arena wind. Not pyro. Real wind. Cold and endless.

A single note hits—deep, metallic—like something ancient being struck in the dark.

The image fades in to a wide shot of Iceland: black volcanic rock, white snow, steel-gray sky. A lonely road cutting through nothing.

Footsteps crunch in the snow.

The camera drops low—boots moving forward with purpose.

Each step is steady. Heavy. Unwavering.

Cut to a close-up: a gloved hand wraps tightly around leather. Fingers flex once—like they're remembering what it feels like to break someone.

Then the camera finds her face.

Valkyrie Knoxx.

Stoic. Unblinking. Breath visible in the cold. Eyes fixed forward like there's a target carved into the horizon.

No smile. No theatrics. Just a quiet, gothic fury under control.

Narrator: "She was... sidetracked."

Quick flashes—blurry, harsh, like memories you don't want but can't delete:

—Valkyrie on the outside of the ring, watching a title raised without her.

—A near win, stolen away.

—A moment where her eyes burn, but the finish slips.

—MVC and Amy Harrison rubbish.

Narrator: "Pulled away from the path."

Cut back to the Iceland landscape—Valkyrie stopping at the edge of a cliff. The wind howls louder now.

She reaches into her coat and removes something small.

A pendant—dark metal—etched with a symbol.

Her thumb rubs across it once.

Then she closes her fist around it.

Narrator: "But the path never left her."

Cut to a training space—minimal, brutal. Concrete. Chains. A heavy bag swinging. A ring rope in the corner. No posters. No glamour.

Valkyrie wraps her hands.

She drives a knee into the bag—hard—then again. She clinches it like an opponent and dumps it with a savage turn.

She deadlifts a weighted dummy and hurls it with a deadlift German that makes the room shake.

She hits the ropes once—only once—then charges and crushes the dummy in the corner with a body avalanche.

Minimal rope use. Maximum damage.

Narrator: "The noise came. The distractions came."

Cut to a quick montage of UTA highlights—faces, rivalries, chaos—none of it lingers. None of it matters to her now.

Narrator: "But now... it's crystal clear."

Valkyrie stands center frame, sweat on her brow, shoulders rising and falling. She stares into the camera like she's staring through it.

Her eyes don't flicker.

Her voice comes in low, calm, Icelandic edges beneath each word.

Valkyrie Knox: "I remember what it felt like."

Cut: her hands gripping a championship—old footage, fast and dramatic.

Valkyrie Knox: "The weight."

Valkyrie Knox: "The silence right before the bell."

Valkyrie Knox: "The moment everyone realizes... they cannot move me."

Cut to her planting her feet in the snow again—wide stance, shoulders squared to the wind.

Valkyrie Knox: "I was... delayed."

She lifts her chin slightly.

Valkyrie Knox: "Not denied."

Another cut: a close-up of her eyes—icy, unflinching.

Valkyrie Knox: "My eyes are on the prize."

The music swells—war drums buried beneath modern distortion. Something primal building.

Text slams onto the screen:

BRAND NEW DAY: 2026

JANUARY 17–18 • TEMPE, AZ

She's now in an empty arena setting—dark. A single spotlight. The ring in the center like an altar.

Valkyrie walks down the ramp alone. No show. No pose. No hesitation.

She steps into the ring and looks up—like she can already see the championship hanging in the air.

She raises her arms and gives the war-horn taunt—silent, but powerful—like a signal to something ancient.

Valkyrie Knox: "At Brand New Day..."

She takes one step forward.

Valkyrie Knox: "I reclaim the UTA Women's Championship."

Her stare hardens.

Valkyrie Knox: "And everyone who got comfortable without me or chose to stand beside so not to feel my wrath..."

Beat.

Valkyrie Knox: "...will learn what 'ferocity' means."

The screen snaps to black.

We hear one final sound—like a horn call echoing across a frozen valley—then the UTA logo slams onto the screen.

VALKYRIE KNOXX RETURNS

BRAND NEW DAY: 2026

Did the Work

Segment

Backstage, the atmosphere is a mix of holiday décor and championship-night tension—garland draped along the barricades near the interview area, red-and-gold lighting washing the corridor, and a "Season's Beatings" step-and-repeat backdrop set up beside a small UTA Christmas tree.

Standing in front of it all is Melissa Cartwright, microphone ready, her expression focused as the camera settles.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, later tonight in our main event, the UTA Championship will be on the line. Chris Ross challenges Jarvis Valentine... and only one man will cap off 2025 as the UTA Champion."

Melissa turns as the camera widens.

Jarvis Valentine steps into frame with the UTA Championship strapped around his waist. He's composed—no theatrics, no wasted energy—just that steady, heavyweight presence that's carried the company since the return. His eyes flick to the title for a moment, then back to Melissa. Calm. Locked in.

Melissa Cartwright: "Jarvis... you've held that championship for almost the entire time since the UTA returned earlier this year. And now, you face a man who has lived in that number two spot for months. Chris Ross. What is going through your mind right now heading into the biggest test of your reign?"

Jarvis breathes in slowly through his nose. He doesn't answer immediately—like he's making sure the words match the

moment.

Jarvis Valentine: "What's going through my mind... is that this is exactly how it's supposed to be."

He adjusts the belt at his waist—just enough to center it.

Jarvis Valentine: "Not out of anger."

Jarvis Valentine: "Not out of hate."

Jarvis Valentine: "Not because somebody jumped somebody backstage... or because somebody thinks they're owed something."

Jarvis looks dead into the hard camera now.

Jarvis Valentine: "Chris Ross earned this."

Melissa nods, listening.

Jarvis Valentine: "For months, the conversation has been the same. Jarvis at one. Ross at two. Ross chasing. Jarvis leading."

Jarvis' jaw tightens just slightly—not with hostility, with seriousness.

Jarvis Valentine: "That's not disrespect. That's reality."

Jarvis Valentine: "Chris has fought. Chris has climbed. Chris has kept winning when it mattered, and he's done it without needing a shortcut."

Jarvis pauses, then nods once.

Jarvis Valentine: "So when that bell rings tonight? I'm not looking across the ring at an enemy."

Jarvis Valentine: "I'm looking across the ring at a man who did the work."

Melissa's expression shifts—she can tell this isn't bravado. It's respect with a hard edge.

Melissa Cartwright: "Respect is one thing... but you've carried this company. You've carried that championship through the return. Do you feel like there's pressure tonight to make sure you're still the man leading UTA into 2026?"

Jarvis gives a small, almost humorless smile.

Jarvis Valentine: "Pressure?"

He taps the center plate lightly.

Jarvis Valentine: "This is what pressure looks like."

Jarvis Valentine: "Every time I walked through that curtain this year, I felt it. Every challenger. Every target. Every night where one mistake could've ended it."

Jarvis leans in a fraction.

Jarvis Valentine: "And it didn't end."

Jarvis Valentine: "Because I didn't let it."

Melissa nods again, but she presses with the final question that hangs over the entire show.

Melissa Cartwright: "Then let me ask you this, Jarvis—when it's all said and done tonight... who walks out of Season's Beatings as the UTA Champion?"

Jarvis stares at her for a beat, then glances down at the title like it's an oath. He looks back up, eyes steady—no raised

voice, no theatrics. Just certainty.

Jarvis Valentine: "The man who led it throughout."

He takes a step closer to the camera, voice firm but controlled.

Jarvis Valentine: "Chris Ross earned the shot."

Jarvis Valentine: "And tonight, he's going to find out what every challenger has found out since the return."

Jarvis puts a hand on the faceplate of the championship.

Jarvis Valentine: "Earning it... and taking it... are two different things."

Jarvis turns and walks off-frame with purpose—no extra motion, no wasted energy—leaving Melissa watching him go.

Melissa Cartwright: "Jarvis Valentine has been the constant since UTA returned... and tonight he intends to remain the constant heading into 2026."

Robbed

Segment

Backstage, the camera finds a corner of the locker room hallway that looks like the aftermath of a small war. A ladder is leaned against a wall at an angle like it was thrown there. A production crate has a dent in it. There's a stray strip of tape with "TAG TITLES" written on it stuck to the floor.

And in the middle of that wreckage stand the former champions.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 are side by side—masks still on, chests rising and falling, shoulders tense. Their body language is quiet fury. No pacing. No yelling. Just that eerie, cold stillness like they're holding a storm inside.

Madman Szalinski, on the other hand, is anything but still.

He's flailing, ranting, pointing at nothing and everything at once, face red, hair wild, suit jacket half-off one shoulder like he was grabbed by fate and shaken.

Madman Szalinski: "THIS IS THEFT! THIS IS DAYLIGHT ROBBERY! THIS IS—THIS IS A HOLIDAY CRIME! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU JUST DID TO MY BOYS?!"

Oscuro 1 slowly turns his head toward Szalinski, as if to say: calm down. Oscuro 2 doesn't move at all.

Then, from around the corner...

...Santa Claus waddles into frame.

It's Maxx Mayhem in full red suit again, beard slightly crooked, hat tilted like he got into an argument with it. He carries his sack over one shoulder and taps a candy cane against his palm like it's a baton. He stops mid-strut when he sees the scene.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Ohhhh... wow."

He lowers his voice like he just walked into a funeral.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "This is... this is a 'no jingle bells' zone."

Madman Szalinski whips around like he's been waiting all night to yell at a stranger.

Madman Szalinski: "SANTA?! WHAT DO YOU WANT?! MY CHILDREN HAVE BEEN ROBBED!"

Maxx holds up both hands.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "First of all—respectfully—those are grown men in spooky masks, not children."

He nods toward El Fantasma with a solemn Santa face.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Second... I'm here to spread cheer."

Oscuro 1 tilts his head.

Oscuro 2 takes one slow step forward. It's subtle, but it's enough to make Maxx's Santa smile tighten.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Third... I heard you guys had... a rough night."

Madman Szalinski storms closer, finger wagging, voice climbing into a shriek.

Madman Szalinski: "ROUGH NIGHT?! THEY TOOK WHAT BELONGS TO US! MY BOYS WERE CHAMPIONS! THE PEOPLE FEARED THEM! THE FOG! THE FLUTES! THE DRAMA! AND NOW—NOW WE'RE JUST... JUST..."

He looks like he might cry. He doesn't. He chooses rage instead.

Madman Szalinski: "WE'RE HUMILIATED!"

Maxx nods like a therapist.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Okay. Okay. That's fair. That's valid."

Maxx shifts the sack on his shoulder and steps closer like he's about to hand out gifts to a very hostile classroom.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Look—Santa's got something for you."

Oscuro 2 steps closer again.

Maxx stops moving immediately.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "—For morale. For healing. For the holiday spirit."

He reaches into the sack and rummages loudly, trying to fill the silence with confidence.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Let's see... I got stocking stuffers... I got a snow globe... I got a tiny reindeer that screams when you shake it..."

Madman Szalinski leans in, eyes narrowed.

Madman Szalinski: "If you pull out a toy ladder, I will sue Christmas."

Maxx freezes, mid-rummage.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Noted."

He digs deeper, squints, then pulls out... a pair of cheap plastic tag team belts. Bright gold. Bright green. It says "CHAMPION" in huge letters like it was bought at a gas station.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Tada!"

The reaction is immediate.

Oscuro 1 slowly turns his head toward Oscuro 2, as if asking: Are we being mocked?

Oscuro 2 steps forward again. Closer now. Too close.

Madman Szalinski's face contorts with horror and anger at the same time.

Madman Szalinski: "THOSE AREN'T OUR TITLES!"

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "They're... symbolic."

Madman Szalinski: "THEY'RE PLASTIC!"

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "So is half the world, buddy!"

Maxx immediately regrets raising his voice. He lowers it again.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "I mean... ho ho ho."

Oscuro 2 reaches out and gently takes one of the plastic belts from Maxx's hands.

Maxx smiles nervously, like maybe—maybe—this lands.

Oscuro 2 stares at it for a long moment... then slowly bends it in half.

The plastic creaks.

Maxx's eyes widen.

Oscuro 2 bends it further until it snaps with a loud CRACK.

Madman Szalinski gasps like he just watched a murder.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Okay! Great! So! You don't like props! That's—"

Oscuro 1 reaches out and takes the other belt, and for a second it looks like he might do the same.

Instead, Oscuro 1 lifts it up... and drapes it over Madman Szalinski's shoulder like a consolation prize.

Szalinski looks down at it, insulted, then looks up at Maxx with fury.

Madman Szalinski: "DO YOU SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?! YOU'VE TURNED ME INTO A JOKE!"

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "You were already kind of—"

Maxx stops himself and clears his throat.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "I mean... I'm sorry. I'm here to help. I'm a giver. I'm a uniter."

Madman Szalinski steps closer, face inches away from Santa's beard.

Madman Szalinski: "If you are Santa... then grant me one wish."

Maxx swallows.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Okay... cool. Love wishes. Big on wishes."

Madman Szalinski: "Wish... for Velocity Vanguard to never make it to Brand New Day."

Maxx's Santa smile pauses. Just a beat too long.

Oscuro 1 and 2 both turn their heads toward Maxx at the same time.

It's eerie. Coordinated. Threatening.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Wooooah. That's... that's not really holiday energy."

Madman Szalinski: "DO IT."

Maxx holds up his hands again.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "I can't. Union rules. Also morals. Also... I'm not actually Santa."

Madman Szalinski looks like he might explode.

Madman Szalinski: "I KNEW IT!"

He points dramatically at Maxx's beard.

Madman Szalinski: "THAT BEARD IS A LIE!"

Maxx backs up a step, clutching the beard like it's protecting his life.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Hey! Hey! No beard violence! This is—this is a family show segment!"

Oscuro 2 takes one more step forward, looming.

Maxx's eyes dart left, right—looking for escape like a man who suddenly regrets being festive near supernatural luchadors.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Okay. Alright. New plan. I'm gonna... I'm gonna leave you guys to process. Grieve. Plot. Whatever you do."

He starts backing away slowly.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "From Santa to... uh... Spirits of the Ring... I wish you a Merry Christmas, happy holidays, and a—"

Madman Szalinski lunges forward and yells directly into Santa's face.

Madman Szalinski: "SEASON'S BEATINGS!"

Maxx jolts like he got jump-scared in a haunted house. He stumbles backward, trips slightly over his own Santa boots, then turns and speed-waddles away down the corridor, clutching the sack like it's a parachute.

El Fantasma watches him go in silence.

Madman Szalinski seethes, adjusting the plastic belt on his shoulder like it's the worst humiliation of his life.

Oscuro 1 slowly lifts his hand, two fingers extended in a silent gesture toward the direction Maxx fled—like a promise.

Oscuro 2 nods once.

The camera lingers on the three of them—defeated, furious, and clearly not done—before fading out.

UTA Women's Championship Match

Match

The lights in Allstate Arena dip, and the holiday glow around the stage suddenly feels less like decoration... and more like a spotlight waiting to burn somebody alive.

Garland wraps the barricades. Red-and-gold lights wash the entrance. A massive Season's Beatings banner hangs over it all.

But the crowd isn't in a "holiday" mood anymore.

This is big match time.

Then the opening notes of "Forever & Ever" by Lacey Sturm ft. Lindsey Stirling hit—soft at first, that violin line threading through the noise like a memory you can't shake.

John Phillips: "Listen to this place..."

Mark Bravo: "That's not cheers, JP. That's a building waking up."

A pale light flickers across the stage—one beat, two—then steadies into a single bright beam.

And when that violin kicks harder... the curtain parts.

Marie Van Claudio steps out.

The reaction is instant and loud—an eruption that rolls down the ramp like a wave. People stand. Phones go up. Hands

reach out before she even moves.

John Phillips: "THE FIRST LADY OF THE UTA!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at her face—Marie isn't walking out here to soak up love tonight. She's walking out here to collect a debt."

Marie stands at the top of the ramp in gleaming red gear that catches the lights, but there's no pageantry in her eyes. Her jaw is set. Her shoulders are squared. Her expression says one thing:

Enough.

She takes a slow breath—lets the roar hit her—then lifts her chin and starts down the ramp with measured steps, like she's marching into a moment she's been owed for months.

John Phillips: "This is the woman who helped put the UTA Women's Division on the map—whether people loved her or hated her, they could never ignore her."

Mark Bravo: "And Amy Harrison tried to do exactly that. Tried to erase her. Tried to make her bow. Tried to make her break."

Marie reaches the middle of the ramp and stops.

She turns her head, scanning the packed arena like she's taking inventory of every voice in the building.

Fans are leaning over the barricade, and in the front row there are little girls reaching with both hands—wide-eyed, bouncing, desperate to touch the hand of someone who feels like a hero in real time.

John Phillips: "Look at that... that right there is why this entrance matters."

Mark Bravo: "Because Marie Van Claudio isn't just fighting Amy Harrison. She's fighting for the division she built—she's fighting for every woman back there that The Empire has been bullying for months."

Marie steps toward the barricade and the crowd surges with her.

She reaches out and takes a kid's hand—just a moment—squeezes, nods. Another hand touches her wrist. Another brushes her forearm. Marie lets it happen, not as a performance, but as a promise.

John Phillips: "You can feel it—Rosemont believes in her tonight."

Mark Bravo: "And if she wins this title, JP, she's not just ending 2025 as champion—she's ending it as the woman who finally shut Amy Harrison up."

Marie continues down the ramp, and the closer she gets to ringside, the more the energy shifts.

The cheers don't soften.

They sharpen.

At ringside, Marie stops again, staring at the ring like it's the final page of a story she's been forced to read too many times.

John Phillips: "For months, Amy Harrison has made Marie's life a living hell. Cost her opportunities. Hurt everyone around her. Took over this division with The Empire."

Mark Bravo: "And Marie's been taking it. Eating it. Getting back up. But tonight? Tonight is where the bill comes due."

Marie steps onto the apron and wipes her boots, slow and deliberate—old-school respect, old-school ritual—before she ducks through the ropes.

Inside the ring, she doesn't play to the crowd.

She walks straight to the center.

She turns in a slow circle, eyes sweeping the arena, and the camera catches it—her expression isn't joy.

It's resolve.

John Phillips: "This feels like the biggest match of Marie Van Claudio's return."

Mark Bravo: "Because it is. If she loses tonight, Amy Harrison gets to keep rewriting history. If she wins..."

Marie points toward the stage—one sharp motion—then drags her thumb across her throat, staring straight down the hard camera like she wants Amy to see it from the back.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio is not asking for anything tonight."

Mark Bravo: "She's taking it."

"Forever & Ever" fades as Marie backs into her corner, eyes locked on the entrance, shoulders rising and falling.

The First Lady waits.

And the whole building waits with her... because the Empress is next.

The arena stays hot, Marie still in her corner, eyes locked on the entrance.

Then the sound cuts.

No music. No swell. Just a brief, deliberate silence—like the building is being forced to hold its breath.

John Phillips: "And now..."

Mark Bravo: "Uh oh."

A low pulse rolls through the speakers.

Then the opening of "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment hits—and the entire mood of Allstate Arena shifts from hope... to dread.

The holiday lights still twinkle. The garland still shines.

But now it feels like decoration in a kingdom that's already been conquered.

John Phillips: "This is the woman who came back to UTA and took this division by the throat."

Mark Bravo: "She didn't just return, JP—she returned and declared the whole place hers. And she's been proving it ever since."

The stage glows in a cold red wash.

And when the beat drops, she steps through the curtain.

Amy Harrison.

The boos pour in instantly—loud, sustained, hateful. A chorus of holiday-themed signs shake in the air as the crowd points, jeers, and tries to drown her out.

John Phillips: "Listen to this response... they cannot stand her."

Mark Bravo: "That's because she's the villain in everybody's favorite story, and she's proud of it."

Amy doesn't flinch.

She stands at the top of the ramp like she's above the building, above the noise, above the holiday spirit itself.

And in her right hand—raised high from the moment she appears—is the UTA Women’s Championship.

She holds it over her head like a crown stolen in broad daylight.

Like proof.

John Phillips: “She’s holding that title up like she’s daring anyone to try and take it.”

Mark Bravo: “And she’s not putting it down. Not for the camera. Not for the crowd. Not for Marie. That’s dominance.”

Behind her—moving in formation like a royal guard—The Empire emerges.

Selena Vex. Smirking, feeding off the hate.

Rosa Delgado. Composed and focused, eyes scanning the arena like she’s ready to fight the whole front row if she has to.

Dahlia Cross. Violet hair, cruel grin, calm as poison—despite the earlier war she’s been through tonight.

John Phillips: “The Empire may not have had the night they wanted in the ring... but they are absolutely united behind their champion.”

Mark Bravo: “Because everything they are... everything they’ve built... it all runs through Amy Harrison.”

Amy takes her first step forward.

And it’s not a walk.

It’s a procession.

Every step down the ramp carries authority—chin up, shoulders back, eyes forward, title still held high above her head like she’s refusing to let gravity touch it.

John Phillips: “This match has been personal for months—Amy turned on Marie at the start of everything, and since then she’s taken every chance she can to ruin her.”

Mark Bravo: “Amy thinks Marie’s story ends here. Not because Marie isn’t good enough—because Amy believes nobody deserves a happy ending if it’s not Amy’s ending.”

Amy reaches the midpoint of the ramp and slows—just enough to soak in the boos like they’re applause.

She turns her head slightly toward the left side stands, where a group of fans are screaming at her. Amy doesn’t say a word.

She just lifts the title even higher.

The gesture lands like a slap.

John Phillips: “She is radiating power right now.”

Mark Bravo: “She’s not here to wrestle a match, JP. She’s here to stop a fairytale.”

The Empire flanks her as she reaches ringside, and Amy finally lowers the championship—only enough to step up onto the apron.

But she doesn’t set it down. She doesn’t cradle it. She doesn’t hold it close.

She raises it again—high over her head—before stepping through the ropes.

Inside the ring, Amy stands tall, championship still elevated, and the boos intensify like the crowd is trying to physically push her back out the way she came.

John Phillips: “This is the Empress of The Empire, and she is walking into this match like she already knows the

outcome.”

Mark Bravo: “Because in Amy Harrison’s world... everyone bows. Everyone breaks. And Marie Van Claudio is about to find out if she can bend a crown—or if she gets crushed under it.”

Amy finally lowers the title just enough to stare across the ring at Marie.

Their eyes meet.

No words.

Just history, fury, and the weight of a division hanging between them.

The Empire remains outside the ropes, stationed at ringside like sentries.

And the bell is the only thing left between them and war.

The referee steps between them, palms out, forcing space as the noise swells around the ring.

Amy Harrison smirks, still breathing like she owns the air in the building. Marie Van Claudio doesn’t move an inch—eyes locked, shoulders squared, ready to explode.

John Phillips: “You can feel it—this is ready to detonate.”

Mark Bravo: “I got goosebumps, JP. And not the holiday kind.”

The official calls for the championship.

Amy doesn’t hand it over quickly. She raises it one more time, deliberately, turning her body so each side of the arena can see what she believes belongs to her forever.

Then—slowly—she gives it to the referee like she’s doing him a favor.

The referee lifts the UTA Women’s Championship high in the center of the ring, rotating to show each camera angle, each corner, each row of screaming fans.

John Phillips: “UTA Women’s Championship on the line—this is the crown of the division.”

Mark Bravo: “And Amy Harrison’s been wearing it like a warning.”

The official brings the title down and turns toward ringside to hand it off.

Amy takes a step forward as if to close in on Marie...

But the referee doesn’t call for the bell.

Instead, he pivots back and points hard toward the outside.

Right at The Empire.

John Phillips: “Wait a minute—hold on!”

Mark Bravo: “Ohhh, yes! Ref’s got a conscience for Christmas!”

The referee waves his arms in a firm, unmistakable motion.

He’s ejecting The Empire from ringside.

The crowd erupts—cheers exploding so loud the audio distorts for a split second.

John Phillips: “The official wants this match to happen fair and square!”

Mark Bravo: “Amy Harrison’s been living off numbers, distractions, and backup for months! Not tonight!”

Amy’s eyes go wide in furious disbelief. She snaps her head toward ringside like she thinks she misheard reality.

Selena Vex immediately steps up to the apron, shouting, pointing at herself like Who, me? Rosa Delgado's jaw tightens, already moving forward as if she's going to argue her way into staying. Dahlia Cross smiles—slow and venomous—like she's amused that anyone would dare tell her what to do.

The referee doesn't budge.

He points again—harder—then waves them out with absolute authority.

John Phillips: "This referee is not playing games."

Mark Bravo: "That's a brave human being, JP. That's a 'write your will' type decision right there."

Amy storms to the ropes, yelling over the referee's shoulder, shaking her head like this is an insult too outrageous to process.

Marie stays where she is.

But the corner of her mouth curls for a second—because for the first time in months... it's just Amy.

Selena Vex throws her hands up and argues, shouting toward the official. Rosa Delgado steps closer and points back toward Marie like she's making a case. Dahlia Cross leans in, saying something that looks like a threat, her smile never leaving.

The crowd boos them harder with every second they hesitate.

John Phillips: "The Empire is protesting—of course they are. They don't know how to exist without a safety net."

Mark Bravo: "Because when you're used to controlling everything... 'fair' feels like an attack."

The referee repeats the motion—out. Now.

Finally, The Empire begins backing up the ramp, still yelling, still pointing, still furious that the night isn't bending to them.

Amy watches them go with a look that's half rage, half panic—because her kingdom just lost its guards.

Selena Vex screams something toward the ring as she retreats. Rosa Delgado stays locked in, eyes on Marie, promising with her stare that this isn't over. Dahlia Cross blows a mocking kiss toward the ring before turning away.

John Phillips: "And just like that—Amy Harrison is alone."

Mark Bravo: "No Empire. No interference. No shortcuts. It's Marie Van Claudio and Amy Harrison—one on one—like it should've been all along."

The referee turns back to the ring, checks both competitors, and raises a hand to signal the timekeeper.

Amy is still arguing—shaking her head, shouting at the official.

Marie doesn't say a word.

She just steps forward, eyes burning, ready to fight the moment the bell finally rings.

Amy Harrison is still barking at the referee, palms up, disbelief turning into anger—her voice rising over the roar of the crowd.

Amy Harrison: "You can't do that! You can't—do you know who I am?!"

The referee points to the ramp one more time, then points back at the center of the ring, shaking his head like he's heard enough excuses for one night.

John Phillips: "The Empire is gone. This is happening the right way."

Mark Bravo: "And Amy's realizing the walls aren't gonna close in for her tonight."

Amy turns, glaring toward Marie like the very idea of a fair fight is an insult. She steps forward, chin lifted, eyes cold.

Marie doesn't flinch.

She takes one slow step out of her corner, shoulders loose, hands ready, the crowd rising with her like they're pushing her forward with noise alone.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio has waited for this. No numbers. No distractions. No Empire."

Mark Bravo: "Just receipts."

The referee checks both women quickly—hands up, backs them to their corners, a final glance to make sure ringside is clear.

He looks at Amy. Amy's still seething.

He looks at Marie. Marie is calm—too calm—like she's been ready for this exact second for months.

The referee turns toward the timekeeper and calls for the bell.

DING DING!

The crowd explodes.

And Amy moves first.

Not a lock-up. Not a feeling-out process.

Amy rushes forward and snaps a forearm across Marie's face—sharp, disrespectful, meant to shock her backwards.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison starting this like a fight!"

Marie staggers half a step... and fires right back with a slap that echoes through the building.

The sound is violent—holiday lights twinkling over something ugly.

Mark Bravo: "OH! That was personal!"

Amy's head snaps to the side, eyes wide for a split second—then her face twists into fury.

She lunges again, swinging wild this time—Marie ducks and answers with a short, brutal right hand, then another, driving Amy toward the ropes.

The crowd is on their feet, every punch getting louder.

John Phillips: "Marie is unloading! Months of frustration, months of hurt—right into those fists!"

Amy covers up and shoves forward, trying to tie Marie up, but Marie muscles her back with a clinch and blasts a knee into Amy's midsection.

Amy folds slightly—Marie hooks her arms—German suplex!

Amy hits hard, shoulders bouncing off the mat.

Mark Bravo: "That's the First Lady right there! No fear! No hesitation!"

Marie doesn't give her space.

She grabs Amy by the wrist and yanks her up, pulling her in—another knee, then a quick snap DDT attempt—Amy twists out at the last second and shoves Marie into the corner.

Amy charges—Marie pops out and catches her with a running clothesline that flips Amy inside out.

Amy sits up, stunned—Marie hits the ropes and comes back with a second clothesline, then a third, knocking Amy down flat.

John Phillips: “Marie Van Claudio is taking the champion apart!”

Mark Bravo: “Because tonight isn’t about ‘can she win?’ Tonight is about ‘can she finally END her?’”

Marie grabs Amy’s legs and steps through—going for the Figure Four early—trying to wrench the Empress down to earth.

Amy immediately scrambles, thrashing, clawing toward the ropes—boots kicking—desperation showing for the first time.

Marie cinches it in anyway—twisting hard—Amy screams out, slapping the mat, furious that she has to suffer without backup.

John Phillips: “Figure Four locked in! Marie looking to break the champion!”

Mark Bravo: “This is what happens when there’s no Empire—Amy can’t just escape into somebody else saving her!”

Amy reaches, fingertips grazing the bottom rope—then she uses her free leg to kick and push, twisting her hips, trying to reverse the pressure.

Marie holds on... but Amy finally turns it—rolling the hold just enough that the torque shifts.

Marie’s expression tightens—she releases, choosing to escape before she gets trapped in her own move.

Both women scramble up—Marie swings—Amy ducks and buries a shoulder into Marie’s ribs, driving her into the turnbuckles.

Amy throws a forearm, then another, then stomps Marie’s boot, grinding her heel in, mean and efficient.

John Phillips: “And now Amy Harrison turning it into something nasty in that corner.”

Mark Bravo: “That’s her comfort zone, JP. That’s where she lives. Cruel and confident.”

Amy backs up two steps and charges—corner splash—Marie slips out at the last second and Amy hits buckles shoulder-first.

Marie grabs her from behind—tries for another German—Amy elbows free and spins—high knee attempt—Marie catches her and shoves her away—Amy rebounds off the ropes and snaps a swinging neckbreaker, planting Marie hard.

The crowd gasps—the first big momentum shift.

John Phillips: “Amy Harrison with the first real answer!”

Mark Bravo: “She had to. She had to stop the bleeding.”

Amy sits up quickly, hair hanging, eyes wild—then she crawls over and covers.

Referee: “ONE!”

Referee: “TWO—”

Marie kicks out.

Amy immediately slaps the mat in frustration, then grabs Marie by the hair—only to be warned by the referee. Amy releases with a glare that could cut glass.

John Phillips: “And you can see it—Amy is furious she can’t just do whatever she wants.”

Mark Bravo: “No Empire, no cushion... and now she’s gotta actually wrestle.”

Amy pulls Marie up and shoves her into the ropes—Marie rebounds—Amy goes low for a cheap shot to the midsection—Marie blocks it, hooks Amy’s arm, and snaps her down with a sudden arm drag.

Marie pops up, breath sharp, eyes burning, and she points at Amy like she’s calling her out.

Amy rises slowly, chest heaving, glaring back.

John Phillips: “This is turning into a fight again.”

Mark Bravo: “Good. Let it.”

They circle—Marie steps in—Amy swings—Marie ducks—Marie fires a stiff forearm—Amy answers with one of her own—back and forth, the crowd chanting with every shot.

Marie catches Amy with a sudden spinning heel kick that staggers the champion sideways.

And Marie lunges—snapping Amy down with a quick facebuster—Amy hits and rolls, stunned, pulling herself toward the ropes like the ring just betrayed her.

John Phillips: “Marie is not letting her breathe!”

Mark Bravo: “Because if Marie gives Amy time, Amy finds a way. Marie knows that.”

Marie stalks in—reaches for Amy—Amy snaps up with a quick rake across the eyes—subtle, dirty, just enough.

Marie stumbles back, hands to her face, blinking.

Amy steps in close, whispering something we can’t hear... but Marie’s expression changes immediately.

Anger—pure and old—flares in her eyes.

John Phillips: “What did she say?!”

Mark Bravo: “Whatever it was, JP, it worked. Marie’s about to swing through the ropes!”

Marie charges—Amy sidesteps and pulls her into a sudden clinch—driving her down with a sharp snap suplex.

Amy rolls to her knees, breathing hard, and for the first time she looks less like an Empress... and more like a survivor doing whatever it takes.

She looks to the ramp instinctively—no Empire.

Just her.

She turns back to Marie with a snarl, and she kicks Marie in the ribs as she tries to rise, trying to take control—trying to remind the world that the villain doesn’t lose at Christmas.

Amy keeps her boot planted in Marie’s ribs—one kick, then another—each one punctuated by a vicious little stomp, trying to sap the fight right out of her.

John Phillips: “Amy Harrison is trying to grind her down now—take the heart out of Marie Van Claudio.”

Mark Bravo: “That’s what villains do, JP. They don’t beat you, they ruin you.”

Marie pushes up to a knee and Amy immediately grabs a handful of hair again—just a little—enough to yank Marie upright and sling her into the corner.

The referee snaps a warning, and Amy flashes him a look that says she’d like to file a complaint with the universe.

Amy steps in close and drives a forearm into Marie’s jaw, then another, then a third—tight, compact, nasty shots—before she digs her boot across Marie’s throat with that slow, deliberate pressure that makes the crowd howl.

Referee: ““ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR—”

Amy lifts her boot off at four and smirks like she's proud she even acknowledged the count.

John Phillips: “Amy using every second of that count.”

Mark Bravo: “She's basically telling the ref, ‘I'm gonna cheat... but I'm gonna do it legally.’”

Amy backs up and charges—another corner hit—Marie moves, but Amy catches her with a sudden back elbow that rocks Marie's head sideways. Amy snaps Marie's arm and yanks her out of the corner, twisting into a wringer, then wrenches down hard, trying to pull Marie into the mat.

Marie grimaces, shakes her head, and rolls with it—turning her hips—slipping out and pulling Amy forward by the wrist.

Amy stumbles—Marie tries to capitalize—

But Amy throws a knee up into the body, cutting Marie off. Amy grabs Marie's head and drops her with a fast DDT—clean, sharp—and immediately hooks the leg.

Referee: ““ONE!”

Referee: ““TWO!”

Marie kicks out again, but that one had more urgency.

John Phillips: “Close! Marie had to fight out of that!”

Mark Bravo: “Amy's got that look, JP—like she's realizing this isn't going to be a ‘cute little win.’ She's gotta hurt her.”

Amy sits up and slaps Marie across the face—once—twice—then leans in and says something again, off-mic, venom-soft.

Marie's eyes flare.

She starts to rise—Amy shoves her back down and locks in a grounded chinlock, forearm grinding across Marie's face, trying to smother the momentum and drain the crowd out of her.

The fans boo and clap, trying to will Marie back to life.

John Phillips: “This is where the champion wants it—slow, mean, and suffocating.”

Mark Bravo: “But Marie's not built for suffocating. She's built for surviving.”

Marie's hand scrapes across the canvas, searching for leverage. She plants a boot under her and fights to her knees, then to her feet, carrying Amy's weight with her.

Amy tightens the hold—Marie answers by throwing elbows into Amy's ribs—one... two... three—each elbow gaining steam.

Amy finally lets go and swings—Marie ducks and hits the ropes—Amy swings again—Marie ducks again—Marie comes back and blasts Amy with a running clothesline that finally knocks the champion down.

The crowd roars, sensing the comeback.

John Phillips: “Marie's firing up!”

Mark Bravo: “That's that old Marie! That ‘I built this’ Marie!”

Amy sits up, stunned—Marie hits a second clothesline. A third. Amy staggers into the ropes—Marie snaps her down with a sudden German suplex—bridging tight.

Referee: ““ONE!”

Referee: ““TWO!”

Amy kicks out, but she's forced to roll away to breathe.

John Phillips: “That was it—Marie almost had her!”

Mark Bravo: “Amy kicked out like she just saw the ghost of 2016!”

Marie doesn't chase wildly—she stalks. Patient now. Measured. Like she's learned what this moment costs.

Amy pulls herself up in the corner, blinking hard, and Marie charges—Amy gets her boot up—Marie catches it—spins—

Amy uses the spin to pivot and rake a forearm across Marie's face, then slips out of the corner with a quick roll-up, grabbing tights for a heartbeat.

Referee: ““ONE!”

Referee: ““TWO—”

Marie kicks out and pops up angry, pointing at Amy and shouting something we can't fully hear, but we know exactly what it means.

John Phillips: “Amy tried to steal it!”

Mark Bravo: “That's her. That's her whole brand.”

Amy backs away with her hands up like she's innocent—then immediately lunges in and tries a high knee—Marie sidesteps and nails a slap to the face that echoes again.

Amy swings in rage—Marie ducks—hooks—snap DDT!

Marie rolls through, grabs the legs—steps over—turns—

Figure Four Leg Lock!

The crowd explodes as Marie falls back, wrenching hard.

John Phillips: “FIGURE FOUR! FIGURE FOUR IS IN!”

Mark Bravo: “Make her feel it! Make her pay!”

Amy screams and claws at the mat, trying to drag herself toward the ropes. She reaches—reaches—fingertips scraping—

But Marie shifts her hips and pulls Amy back toward center, keeping it locked, refusing to let the champion escape.

Amy's face twists—rage, pain, panic. She rolls her body, trying to reverse the pressure again—Marie fights it—then Amy finally gets the angle and flips it enough that the pain shifts back onto Marie.

Marie grits her teeth, refuses to scream, and releases before the hold can fully betray her.

Both women roll apart, panting.

John Phillips: “They are trying to break each other!”

Mark Bravo: “Because neither one of them wants to just win. They want to end the other.”

Marie gets up first and gestures—calling Amy up, waving her hand like, “Get up. Get up.”

Amy rises slowly, hair a mess now, eyes narrowed to slits.

Marie steps forward—Amy spits a slap of her own—Marie answers with a forearm—Amy answers with a

forearm—back and forth again, the crowd chanting with each strike.

Marie catches Amy with a sudden spinning heel kick that snaps Amy's head sideways. Amy stumbles into the ropes—Marie charges—Amy drops down and pulls the top rope, sending Marie tumbling over the ropes to the apron.

Marie lands on her feet out of instinct, one hand on the rope—Amy rushes and tries to knock her off—Marie blocks and fires a right hand—then another—

Marie grabs Amy by the head from the apron and snaps her down across the top rope, throat-first.

John Phillips: "Marie just guillotined her across the rope!"

Mark Bravo: "That'll humble an Empress real quick!"

Amy staggers, coughing, clutching her throat—Marie springs—slingshotting in—driving a crisp clothesline that flips Amy down to the mat.

Marie hooks the leg!

Referee: ""ONE!"

Referee: ""TWO!"

Referee: ""THR—"

Amy kicks out at the last possible moment.

The crowd gasps, then erupts—half frustration, half disbelief.

John Phillips: "SO CLOSE!"

Mark Bravo: "That was a heartbeat away from the fairytale ending, JP!"

Marie sits up, breathing hard, staring down at Amy like she's trying to will her spirit out of her body.

She pulls Amy up—looking for something bigger—Amy suddenly hooks Marie's arm and whips her into the ropes—

On the rebound, Amy catches Marie and drops her with a sharp, sudden snap suplex, then rolls right into another, chaining them together like she's trying to remind everyone she can wrestle when she has to.

A third attempt—Marie blocks—hooks Amy's waist—tries for a German—Amy elbows free and shoves Marie off—

Marie charges—Amy sidesteps and sends Marie chest-first into the turnbuckles.

Amy rushes in and drives a knee into Marie's back, then another, then drags her out of the corner by the arm.

Amy hooks her—twists her—

Poisonrana attempt!

The crowd surges—Marie tries to snap it through—

But Amy shoves her off mid-rotation, sending Marie stumbling forward. Amy immediately grabs from behind and yanks Marie down into a tight pin, using leverage and weight distribution like she's trying to steal the match out from under her.

Referee: ""ONE!"

Referee: ""TWO!"

Marie kicks out hard, sending Amy rolling through.

Amy pops to her knees with a furious snarl, and Marie rises too—both women staring at each other, both breathing like

they've been sprinting through hell.

John Phillips: "They are running out of clean air."

Mark Bravo: "Good. That's where the truth lives."

Amy wipes her mouth, eyes glassy with anger, and steps forward like she's about to swing first again—

Marie steps in too.

And the fight surges right back toward the edge of something catastrophic, because neither woman looks like she's willing to stop until one of them is forced to.

Amy steps in first, throwing a sharp forearm—Marie answers with one of her own. The strikes land like drumbeats, each one louder than the last as the crowd rises with them.

John Phillips: "They're emptying the tank—right here, right now!"

Mark Bravo: "This is not wrestling anymore, JP. This is a grudge with a belt attached!"

Amy tries to change levels, reaching for a quick takedown—Marie sprawls and hammers down with clubbing shots to the back, forcing Amy to crawl. Marie snatches a front facelock, yanks Amy up, and drills her with a snap DDT that spikes the champion again.

Marie hooks the leg—deep!

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Amy kicks out.

Marie sits up, breath ragged, staring at the referee like she wants to argue the laws of physics. She shakes her head once, then pulls Amy up by the arm, refusing to let her recover.

Marie whips Amy into the corner and charges—Amy explodes out with a sudden high knee that catches Marie flush in the jaw.

Marie drops to a knee, rocked.

John Phillips: "High knee by Amy—she caught her!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the kind of shot that makes your Christmas lights go out!"

Amy grabs Marie by the wrist, yanks her up, and drives a European uppercut that snaps Marie's head back. Amy follows with another—then a third—each one punctuated by that smug, violent confidence returning to her face.

Amy shoves Marie toward the ropes—Marie rebounds—Amy catches her and spins—dropping Marie with a swinging neckbreaker that whips her down hard.

Amy crawls into the cover, hooking both legs this time.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Marie kicks out again—barely—but she kicks out.

Amy sits back on her knees, hair hanging in her face, and she laughs—short, cruel—like she can't believe Marie is still here.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio refuses to go away!"

Mark Bravo: "And Amy's starting to look annoyed by reality."

Amy grabs Marie and drags her toward center-ring, then plants a knee in the spine and wrenches back on the chin—another grinding hold, trying to pry the fight out of her piece by piece.

Marie's hands curl into fists. The crowd claps, chants building, trying to pull her forward.

John Phillips: "Marie's in trouble here—Amy's trying to slow her down again."

Mark Bravo: "But listen to this crowd. They are dragging her up with them."

Marie shifts her hips, tries to stand—Amy tightens—Marie answers with elbows again, pounding Amy's ribs until the hold breaks. Marie stumbles forward, hits the ropes, and comes back with a sudden clothesline that turns Amy inside out.

Marie hits a second clothesline. A third.

Amy staggers to the corner—Marie charges—Amy tries to lift a boot—Marie catches it, spins her, and blasts Amy with a stiff slap that echoes once more through Allstate Arena.

Mark Bravo: "That SLAP is gonna be heard in Belfast!"

John Phillips: "Marie is DONE being disrespected!"

Amy reels—Marie hooks the arm and snaps her down with a quick facebuster, then rolls through and grabs the legs again, thinking Figure Four for the third time—

Amy panics and kicks free, shoving Marie back with both boots.

Marie stumbles into the ropes—Amy kips up to her feet and charges—

Marie side-steps and catches Amy's momentum—German suplex!

Amy bounces off the mat and rolls to hands and knees, coughing, trying to find her bearings.

Marie stalks behind her, grabbing at the waist—looking for another—

Amy suddenly fires a back elbow into Marie's face—then another—then spins and hits a sharp kick to the thigh, chopping Marie's base out from under her.

John Phillips: "Amy finding just enough breathing room!"

Mark Bravo: "She's slippery, JP. Like a snake in a crown."

Amy grabs Marie's arm, pulls her in, and drills a brutal knee into the midsection. Marie doubles over—Amy snaps her down with a quick suplex, then floats over to a cover.

Referee: "'ONE!"

Referee: "'TWO!"

Marie kicks out—again.

Amy's expression finally cracks—rage replacing smugness. She shouts something at Marie while yanking her up, dragging her to the ropes.

Amy tries to whip Marie—Marie reverses—Amy hits the ropes and rebounds—Marie swings a clothesline—Amy ducks—hits the ropes again—comes back—

High knee!

This one catches Marie clean. Marie drops flat to the mat like her legs simply stopped obeying.

Amy's eyes go wide—she knows she finally landed something heavy.

John Phillips: "That might've knocked Marie out on her feet!"

Mark Bravo: "Cover her! Cover her right now!"

Amy throws herself into the cover, hooking the leg tight, pressing her weight down.

Referee: ""ONE!"

Referee: ""TWO!"

Marie kicks out.

The crowd erupts like the building just came back to life.

John Phillips: "SHE KICKED OUT!"

Mark Bravo: "HOW?! HOW?! I swear I just saw her soul leave and come back with a chair!"

Amy sits back, stunned—then furious. She grabs Marie by the wrist and starts slapping her across the face, trying to wake her up just to punish her again.

The referee warns Amy—Amy ignores him and points at Marie like she's claiming ownership of her suffering.

Amy backs up into the corner, shaking out her arms, breathing hard. She stares at Marie like a predator deciding how to finish the kill.

Marie tries to push up—barely—

Amy charges for another high knee—

Marie moves at the last second and Amy's knee crashes into the turnbuckles.

Amy screams, clutching her leg, hopping out of the corner—Marie lunges and catches her from behind—

Poisonrana!

Marie snaps it through—clean—driving Amy's head down and folding her into the mat.

The arena explodes.

John Phillips: "POISONRANA! POISONRANA BY MARIE!"

Mark Bravo: "THAT'S THE ONE! THAT'S THE ONE THAT ENDS STORIES!"

Marie crawls into the cover, hooking the leg—tight—pressing her forehead against Amy's shin like she's praying.

Referee: ""ONE!"

Referee: ""TWO!"

Referee: ""THR—"

Amy kicks out.

The building gasps in disbelief—then erupts into a chaotic mix of cheers and frustrated screams.

John Phillips: "NO! NO! AMY KICKED OUT!"

Mark Bravo: "That's illegal! That should be against the Geneva Convention!"

Marie's eyes go wide. She sits up, hands on her head, breathing like she can't understand what reality is asking of her.

Amy rolls to her side, coughing, clutching her neck, eyes glassy—but still alive.

Marie shakes her head and pulls herself up, grabbing Amy by the arm.

She drags Amy up with her—step by step—forcing her to stand—

Marie looks at her like she's about to rip the crown off with her bare hands.

John Phillips: "Marie is trying to find the finish—she thought the Poisonrana was it."

Mark Bravo: "Then she's gotta go deeper, JP. She's gotta go to a place she hasn't been since the old UTA."

Marie turns Amy, setting her up—hips aligned—leg positioning...

The crowd senses it and roars louder.

Marie's eyes flick to the hard camera for half a second—determination, anger, history.

And she starts to step through, looking for the Sharpshooter.

Amy, panicking, kicks wildly to avoid it—scrambling, twisting, clawing—

Marie fights to turn her over anyway.

Amy manages to shove Marie back with both boots again, buying a breath of space—

But Marie doesn't retreat.

She charges right back in, and the match teeters on the edge of its final, violent answer—because now both women have kicked out of the moment that should've ended it.

Marie rushes back in—Amy throws a desperate forearm—Marie ducks and clamps on around the waist, dragging Amy down and finally turning her over.

Marie steps through—deep breath—hips low—

Sharpshooter!

The crowd detonates as Marie sits back, wrenching the hold in tight and centered.

John Phillips: "SHARPSHOOTER! MARIE'S GOT THE SHARPSHOOTER LOCKED IN!"

Mark Bravo: "This is it! This is how you break an Empress!"

Amy screams—pure rage and pain—slapping the mat once, then catching herself before it becomes a tap. Her hands claw at the canvas as she tries to drag her body forward, inch by inch, teeth bared.

Marie leans back harder, face twisted with effort, shaking her head like she's refusing to let Amy escape the consequences of a year.

John Phillips: "Amy's got nowhere to go—Marie's got it cinched!"

Mark Bravo: "Crawl! Crawl like you earned it!"

Amy reaches—fingertips out—then gasps as Marie shifts her grip and pulls her back toward the center again, dragging her away from the rope like a sentence being carried out.

Amy kicks her legs, trying to flip a hip, trying to reverse pressure—Marie adjusts, staying glued, keeping her shoulders down and her weight leaned back.

The referee drops to check Amy's face, asking if she wants to continue.

Amy shakes her head violently, eyes wide, refusing to quit.

John Phillips: "Amy won't tap! She won't give Marie that satisfaction!"

Mark Bravo: "Because if she taps, she admits Marie was right all along!"

Amy plants a palm, then another, pulling herself forward an inch... then another... then another. Her fingertips scrape the bottom rope—she reaches—

She grabs it!

The referee immediately signals the break.

John Phillips: "ROPE BREAK! AMY GOT THE ROPE!"

Mark Bravo: "Ugh! That rope just saved a kingdom!"

Marie holds the Sharpshooter for a beat longer than she should—just long enough to make the point—then releases and rises, breathing hard, jaw clenched.

Amy clings to the rope, coughing, hair stuck to her face, eyes burning with hatred.

Marie reaches down and drags Amy up by the arm again, pulling her toward the middle. Amy suddenly explodes with a cheap, desperate shot—an elbow to the throat—just enough to stagger Marie back a step.

John Phillips: "Amy finding dirty air again!"

Mark Bravo: "She's survived this long by being mean!"

Amy limps forward and swings—Marie blocks and fires back with a stiff forearm. Amy fires back. Marie again. Amy again. The strikes turn into a blur, neither woman giving an inch.

Marie catches Amy with a sudden spinning heel kick that drops Amy to a knee. Marie grabs the head—pulls her in—

Montreal Spinout attempt!

Amy wriggles free at the last second, shoving Marie off balance—then catching her with a sudden, snapping knee to the gut that folds Marie over.

Amy hooks Marie's arms—tightens her grip—then lifts—

Double-underhook suplex!

Marie crashes down hard, shoulders rattling off the mat.

Amy crawls into the cover, hooking the leg with everything she has left.

Referee: ""ONE!"

Referee: ""TWO!"

Marie kicks out.

Amy's eyes go distant for a second, like she's trying to figure out what it takes to kill a legend.

John Phillips: "Marie kicked out again!"

Mark Bravo: "This is a war of who runs out of spite first!"

Amy pulls herself up using the ropes, still holding her throat from earlier, and drags Marie up with her. She whispers something in Marie's ear—something poisonous—and then shoves Marie backward.

Amy charges for the high knee again—

Marie sidesteps and Amy's knee blasts into the turnbuckle a second time. Amy screams, clutching it, and turns—

Marie grabs her—hooks—

German suplex!

Amy folds, landing awkwardly, rolling toward the ropes. Marie is already crawling after her, grabbing the legs again—determined to end it the way she wants.

Marie steps through—Sharpshooter again—

But Amy kicks wildly, twisting, managing to shove Marie away and roll to the apron to escape.

Marie follows to the ropes, reaching for her—Amy fires a forearm from the apron that catches Marie in the face and knocks her back.

Amy takes a breath on the apron—then launches—trying a springing attack back in—

Marie catches her—spins—drives her down with a vicious facebuster variation that plants Amy again.

Marie scrambles, pulling Amy into position. She steps forward, waving Amy up—calling for her to rise—eyes blazing.

John Phillips: “Marie is pulling her up—she wants the end!”

Mark Bravo: “She wants the crown to fall off in public!”

Amy staggers to her feet, barely upright—Marie runs—

Poisonrana—NO!

Amy shoves her off again mid-motion, and Marie stumbles forward—Amy grabs her from behind with a sudden schoolgirl-style clutch, rolling through and stacking Marie’s shoulders down!

John Phillips: “Wait—WAIT—AMY’S GOT HER STACKED!”

Referee: ““ONE!”

Referee: ““TWO!”

Marie kicks out and both women tumble apart.

Amy crawls backward, breath heaving, hair in her eyes—Marie sits up, furious, pounding the mat once with her fist.

They rise together again—slowly—two exhausted silhouettes in holiday lights—no Empire, no shortcuts, no safety net.

John Phillips: “They are running on willpower and hatred.”

Mark Bravo: “And only one of them is leaving with that championship.”

Marie takes the first step forward. Amy takes the second.

And the collision that follows feels inevitable—because neither woman is willing to blink.

Marie lunges first—Amy swings—Marie catches the arm and snaps a sharp slap across Amy’s face again, the sound cracking through the arena like a gunshot.

Mark Bravo: “That’s not a slap, that’s a declaration!”

John Phillips: “Marie is trying to break her spirit!”

Amy’s eyes flash. She answers with a slap of her own—meaner, uglier—followed immediately by a kick to the midsection. Marie doubles over and Amy pulls her in—

Cycling knee lift to the jaw!

Marie stumbles backward into the corner, dazed.

Amy charges—driving a shoulder in—then another—then a third—no finesse, just impact. She backs up and fires a

short boot to the ribs that folds Marie over the middle rope.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison turning it into a mugging in that corner!"

Mark Bravo: "She wants Marie to feel every single month of this year!"

Amy grabs Marie by the hair—referee warns her—Amy releases and smirks, then yanks Marie up by the arm, looking for something bigger.

Amy hooks Marie—lifts—

Side suplex into the turnbuckles!

Marie collapses out of the corner and Amy drops into a cover, hooking the far leg.

Referee: ""ONE!"

Referee: ""TWO!"

Marie kicks out.

Amy pops up, frustrated, and immediately starts barking at the referee, insisting it was three. The referee stays composed, holding up two fingers.

John Phillips: "The official's not giving her an inch tonight."

Mark Bravo: "And Amy is not used to that."

Amy grabs Marie and drags her to center-ring. She hooks the arms—double underhook—trying to set up another suplex, maybe something that spikes the neck again—

Marie plants her boots and won't go.

Marie fights her arms free, slips behind—

Bull hammer elbow!

Amy's head snaps sideways and she stumbles into the ropes. Marie chases, grabbing her from behind—

Back suplex!

Amy bounces. Marie rolls through, grabbing the legs again—Sharpshooter, third attempt—

Amy twists, scrambling, kicking, refusing to let Marie step through—until Marie changes angles, traps a leg, and drops into a nasty single-leg crab instead, wrenching back hard.

John Phillips: "Marie adjusting—she's not letting Amy wriggle out!"

Mark Bravo: "If she can't bend the spine, she'll peel the leg off!"

Amy screams and claws at the mat, dragging herself toward the ropes again. She's inches away—Marie drags her back by the boot, yanking her away from salvation.

But Amy is vicious even in pain—she pivots her hips, kicks upward with the free leg, catching Marie in the jaw and forcing her to release.

Marie staggers back, shaking her head, eyes blazing.

Amy scrambles up—limping—then explodes forward with a sudden, nasty lariat that flips Marie inside out.

John Phillips: "LARIAT! Amy nearly took her head off!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the kind of swing that ends fairy tales!"

Amy drops to her knees and covers, leaning all her weight into it.

Referee: ““ONE!”

Referee: ““TWO!”

Marie kicks out again.

Amy’s face twists—furious, exhausted—she slaps the mat once in disbelief, then crawls over to the corner, dragging herself up by the ropes.

She turns and stares at Marie, jaw clenched, breathing like a storm.

She raises her arms—calling for Marie to get up—baiting her, demanding it.

John Phillips: “Amy wants that high knee again.”

Mark Bravo: “She wants to shut the lights out and keep the crown.”

Marie pushes to her knees, then to her feet, unsteady but standing. Amy charges—

Marie sidesteps and Amy hits the ropes—rebounds—Marie swings—Amy ducks—Marie hits the ropes—rebounds—

Spinning heel kick!

Amy’s head snaps back and she drops to a knee.

Marie grabs Amy by the wrist, yanking her up, pulling her close—

Marie’s eyes flick up to the hard cam again—this is that moment.

She pulls Amy in and launches—

Poisonrana!

This one is cleaner. Sharper. Amy spikes down and folds, landing on her back in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: “POISONRANA AGAIN!”

Mark Bravo: “THAT’S IT—THAT’S GOTTA BE IT!”

Marie crawls into the cover, hooking the leg, squeezing her eyes shut like she can will the three-count into existence.

Referee: ““ONE!”

Referee: ““TWO!”

Amy kicks out.

The arena erupts into disbelief all over again.

John Phillips: “HOW DOES SHE KEEP GETTING UP?!”

Mark Bravo: “Because she’s evil, JP! Evil doesn’t die easy!”

Marie sits up, eyes wide, mouth open, staring at Amy like she’s staring at a ghost that won’t leave. She drags her hands down her face, then nods slowly—accepting the truth.

She has to end this another way.

Marie rises, wincing, and grabs Amy’s legs again. She steps through—slow, deliberate—no hesitation now.

Sharpshooter!

Marie sits back deep, leaning into it with everything she has left.

John Phillips: "BACK TO THE SHARPSHOOTER!"

Mark Bravo: "She's gonna rip the crown off her spine!"

Amy screams again, palms slapping at the mat, body shaking. The referee hovers close, asking if she gives up.

Amy's face contorts—tears of pain, rage, and pride mixing together—she shakes her head no.

She crawls—inch by inch—dragging Marie with her. Marie drags her back—Amy crawls again—Marie drags her back again.

They're stuck in the center. No ropes. No Empire. No rescue.

John Phillips: "She's trapped! Amy's trapped!"

Mark Bravo: "TAP! TAP AND GO HOME!"

Amy reaches behind, clawing at Marie's boot, trying to pry it loose. Marie screams through clenched teeth and leans back even further, arching and wrenching.

Amy's hand slaps the mat again—once—twice—then stops, catching herself before it becomes the third. She howls, face twisted, refusing the surrender.

Marie's arms tremble. Her back shakes. She is running out of strength, but she does not let go.

And finally... Amy does the only thing she can.

She twists, rolling her hips, using every ounce of leverage she has left—dragging her own body just enough that her fingertips scrape the bottom rope again.

Rope break.

John Phillips: "SHE GOT THE ROPE AGAIN!"

Mark Bravo: "You have GOT to be kidding me!"

The referee orders the break. Marie holds for a beat, furious, then releases and backs away, chest heaving.

Amy clings to the rope like it's the last lifeline on earth, legs shaking, face contorted in pain.

Marie wipes sweat from her brow and steps forward again, stalking her prey.

Amy pulls herself up on the ropes—still wobbling—

Marie grabs her arm and yanks her off the ropes, dragging her back toward the center once more.

Amy, desperate, swings a forearm—Marie blocks—Amy swings again—Marie blocks again—

Marie fires back with a short, brutal headbutt that rocks Amy.

Marie hooks the arms—positioning—trying to lift into the Montreal Spinout—

Amy suddenly drops her weight and spins out, slipping behind Marie—hands on the waist—

Backslide!

John Phillips: "BACKSLIDE! AMY'S TRYING TO STEAL IT!"

Referee: ""ONE!"

Referee: ""TWO!"

Marie powers out at two and pops up, swinging wild—Amy ducks, and Marie's momentum carries her into the ropes.

Amy charges—

Marie turns and catches her—

Clothesline!

Both women crash down.

The crowd chants, stomping, urging Marie up first. Marie rolls, crawling toward Amy, refusing to let her breathe—

But Amy is already moving, dragging herself toward the corner, trying to stand again.

John Phillips: “Neither one of them can keep the other down!”

Mark Bravo: “This is the kind of match you don’t recover from until February!”

Marie rises and charges the corner—Amy launches out with a sudden boot—Marie catches it—spins—

And Marie yanks Amy forward—pulling her into position—

Montreal Spinout attempt—

Amy fights, wriggling, slipping free again—

Marie won’t let her go. She grabs Amy’s wrist and yanks her back—hard—

And the two women collide again, center-ring, exhausted, furious, and still nowhere near finished.

Marie plants her feet and starts carving Amy down—forearm across the face, a short elbow to the jaw, then another—each one less about flash and more about taking something away.

John Phillips: “Marie is changing the approach—she’s not chasing moments now, she’s chasing damage.”

Mark Bravo: “This is ‘I waited ten years for this’ violence.”

Amy tries to answer with a slap—Marie catches the wrist and twists, wrenching the arm like she’s turning a key. Amy grimaces, forced down to one knee.

Marie drags her up by the arm and whips her—Amy stumbles into the ropes—Marie follows and smashes her with a running clothesline that drives Amy back against the cables.

Amy slumps forward—Marie grabs the head—

Snap DDT!

Amy bounces and rolls, clutching at her neck, trying to crawl away. Marie doesn’t let her. Marie crawls after her, palms on Amy’s shoulders, turning her, flattening her, forcing her back into the center like a judge dragging someone back to the stand.

John Phillips: “Marie is not letting her escape to those ropes again!”

Mark Bravo: “No Empire. No rope savior. No shortcuts. Just consequences!”

Marie hooks Amy’s arm and steps over—sitting down hard, trapping the shoulder and neck.

Crossface!

Amy’s eyes go wide. Her mouth opens in a silent scream before the sound hits the mic. She claws at Marie’s hands, trying to pry them apart, but Marie keeps cinching, pulling back with her whole body.

John Phillips: “Crossface! Marie’s got the crossface locked in!”

Mark Bravo: “That is not a hold— that is a punishment!”

Amy reaches for the ropes on instinct—dragging herself one elbow at a time, legs kicking, heels scraping the mat. The

crowd rises with every inch.

Amy's fingertips stretch toward the bottom rope—she's close—so close—

Marie growls and shifts her weight, digging her knee deeper into Amy's back—then releases one arm just long enough to clamp down again, tighter, deeper, pulling Amy back by the shoulder like she's reeling in a catch.

Amy's reach dies in the air as Marie drags her to the center.

Dead center.

John Phillips: "She pulled her back! She dragged her back to the middle!"

Mark Bravo: "NO ROPE! NO ROPE! YOU'RE COOKED!"

Marie sinks it in even more—arms shaking, back arched, teeth bared. Her voice tears out of her like she's screaming out months of frustration, years of history.

Marie screams.

Amy screams.

The crowd is losing their minds.

John Phillips: "Listen to this place!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the whole division watching this woman get what she deserved—one way or the other!"

Amy claws at the mat, trying to crawl again, but there's nothing. No rope. No escape route. Her face twists—pride fighting survival.

The referee is right there, asking her if she wants to give it up. Amy shakes her head at first—violent, stubborn—eyes watering, jaw clenched.

Marie pulls back harder.

And Amy's resistance finally breaks like ice.

Amy's hand hovers... trembling... searching for anything else.

There is nothing else.

Amy taps.

John Phillips: "SHE TAPPED! AMY HARRISON TAPPED!"

Mark Bravo: "THE EMPRESS JUST BOWED!"

The bell rings and the arena erupts—holiday lights shaking, bodies jumping, the roar of a crowd getting the ending they have begged for.

Marie releases immediately, collapsing to her knees, hands over her mouth, eyes wide, chest heaving like she can't believe her own strength finally finished the job.

Ring Announcer: ""Here is your winner... AND NEW... UTA WOMEN'S CHAMPION... MARIE VAN CLAUDIO!"

Marie looks up as the referee reaches for the title—turns—lifts it—

And places it into Marie's hands.

Marie clutches the championship to her chest like it's a heartbeat she's been missing. Tears well, but she refuses to let them fall—not yet. She rises slowly, holding the belt up, the crowd roaring louder.

John Phillips: "Ten years in the making. Redemption. Justice. Marie Van Claudio is champion again!"

Mark Bravo: "The First Lady just took her throne back!"

Marie steps onto the second rope, holding the title high with both hands, turning to each side of the arena—letting every single fan see it.

Amy is on her knees behind her, staring, furious and broken, one hand on her jaw, the other on the mat. No Empire. No crown. Just the reality of the tap.

Marie drops back down, still clutching the championship, and for the first time all night, she allows herself a breath—one long exhale—as the crowd chants her name under the glow of Christmas lights.

Marie stands there for a moment like her body doesn't know what to do with the silence after the storm. The title is pressed to her chest, her fingers gripping the plates so tight her knuckles go pale.

She turns slowly, scanning the Allstate Arena—red-and-gold lights washing over a sea of people on their feet, screaming, clapping, waving signs, crying, hugging strangers.

John Phillips: "Look at her... just look at her."

Mark Bravo: "She's trying to breathe. She's trying to understand it's real."

Marie lifts the championship again—higher this time, arms shaking—not from fatigue, but from the weight of everything it represents. She bites down on her lip, fighting tears as the crowd roars louder.

Her eyes glisten. She nods once, like she's saying thank you without words.

And then she drops to her knees in the center of the ring, the title still in her hands, forehead pressed to the faceplate for a brief moment—like she's praying, or like she's apologizing for ever thinking she'd never hold it again.

John Phillips: "This isn't just a win. This is a decade of history coming full circle."

Mark Bravo: "That belt got taken from her life... and she just took it back."

Marie rises again and climbs the nearest corner, careful, deliberate, like she doesn't want to wake up from it. She stands on the middle rope and holds the title over her head.

The camera catches her face in close-up—tears finally slipping down, but her expression is steel. Pride. Relief. Vindication.

She mouths something softly, almost too quiet to hear.

"For my girls."

In the front row, a group of kids in holiday sweaters reach up toward her—hands open. Marie lowers herself down and leans over the ropes, touching palms, squeezing hands, letting them feel it. Letting them feel her.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio, the First Lady... the heartbeat of this women's division."

Mark Bravo: "You can hate her, you can love her, but you cannot deny what this moment means."

Marie steps back into the ring and turns to the hard camera. She raises the championship again and points to it with her free hand, shaking her head as if to say: not anymore. Not again. Never again.

Behind her, Amy Harrison is still on her knees, staring up at the scene like it's an insult written in gold. She crawls toward the ropes, clutching her jaw, humiliation boiling under her skin.

The referee tries to help her up—Amy shoves the hand away and staggers to her feet, using the ropes. Her eyes lock onto Marie.

For a second, it looks like Amy might charge her—might try to ruin the celebration out of pure spite.

But she doesn't. She can't. Not without her army. Not after tapping.

Amy's face contorts—rage, disbelief, something almost like fear—then she slips out through the ropes and backs up the ramp, one hand still pressed to her mouth like she's trying to swallow the reality of what happened.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison has no Empire tonight... and she has no answer."

Mark Bravo: "That's what it looks like when the throne gets yanked out from under you."

Marie doesn't even look at Amy as she retreats. She keeps her eyes on the crowd. On the moment. On the championship in her hands.

She walks to the center of the ring again, holds the belt up one more time, and closes her eyes as the chants roll over her like waves.

"M-V-C! M-V-C!"

Marie opens her eyes and finally smiles—small at first, then wider, trembling, the kind of smile that only comes when you've survived something and proved you didn't break.

She wipes her cheek with the back of her wrist, lifts the championship, and raises it toward the rafters as if she's offering it to the history of this place.

John Phillips: "Seasons Beatings... and the season ends with Marie Van Claudio standing tall."

Mark Bravo: "A Christmas miracle... with receipts."

Marie climbs the turnbuckles one last time, holding the title high as the holiday lights shimmer around her—confetti not falling, but it feels like it should—because this is the kind of ending you never forget.

Just Us

Segment

Backstage, the energy in the building has shifted from holiday cheer into championship-night tension. The halls are still dressed for Season's Beatings—garland on the rails, red-and-gold accent lights—but the sounds are sharper now: distant crowd surges, production cues, and boots moving with purpose.

We find Melissa Cartwright once again in front of the Season's Beatings backdrop. This time, the camera catches a calmer scene—no frantic post-match rush—just two champions who've had time to breathe... and to feel the weight of what they did.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, earlier tonight at Season's Beatings, the Holiday Heist Ladder Match crowned new UTA Tag Team Champions. And joining me right now... Velocity Vanguard—Tyler Cruz and Jet Lawson."

The camera widens.

Tyler and Jet step into frame with the UTA Tag Team Championship titles draped over their shoulders. They're cleaned up a bit—sweat wiped away, tape rewrapped, a couple of fresh bandages visible—but the bruises are still there. Jet rolls his shoulder once, Tyler flexes his fingers like he's still shaking ladder-rung sting out of his grip.

They aren't smiling like they were earlier. Not because they aren't happy—because they've settled into something heavier.

Melissa Cartwright: "It's been a little while since that match ended... and I've watched you two walk these halls with those championships like you're still making sure they're real. Tyler, Jet—how does it feel now that the adrenaline has

come down a little?"

Tyler glances down at the title on his shoulder, thumb tracing the faceplate once, slow.

Tyler Cruz: "It feels... heavy."

He looks up, eyes steady.

Tyler Cruz: "Not just the belt. The moment. The responsibility. The fact that we're not 'next' anymore."

Tyler Cruz: "We're it."

Jet nods, jaw tight like he's still replaying the match in his head.

Jet Lawson: "When the bell rang in that ladder match... it was survival."

Jet Lawson: "Now?"

He taps the center plate lightly.

Jet Lawson: "Now it's a target."

Melissa leans in a little, keeping it grounded.

Melissa Cartwright: "The Holiday Heist was six teams, ladders everywhere, no rules, and at the end of it all you climbed out with both titles. Was there a point in that match where you genuinely thought it might slip away?"

Jet lets out a quiet breath—half laugh, half disbelief.

Jet Lawson: "There were about ten points like that."

Tyler nods immediately.

Tyler Cruz: "We got knocked off ladders. We got buried in a pile. We got our hands on the belts and had them ripped away like it was tug-of-war."

Tyler's tone shifts—more honest than hyped.

Tyler Cruz: "But the thing people don't see? Between all that chaos... there were these tiny moments where it was just us."

Tyler Cruz: "A look. A nod. A hand on the shoulder."

Tyler Cruz: "Like... 'You still good?'"

Jet smiles faintly at that—then looks right into the camera.

Jet Lawson: "And every time the answer was yes. Even when it hurt."

Melissa gestures toward them both.

Melissa Cartwright: "You two have been building momentum for months. But this—this makes you the standard. You're walking into 2026 as champions, and Brand New Day is a two-night event. Tag Team Turmoil is on Day 1, with the champions entering last. That means every team in the company will go through everyone else... just to get to you."

Tyler's eyes narrow like he enjoys the idea.

Melissa Cartwright: "How do you prepare for that kind of spotlight?"

Tyler answers first, voice calm—confident without being loud.

Tyler Cruz: "By remembering how we got here."

Tyler Cruz: "We didn't win these in a straight-up tag match. We won them in the messiest match you can put a team

in."

Tyler Cruz: "So if Tag Team Turmoil wants to throw the entire division at us?"

He lifts the title slightly, letting the plate catch the light.

Tyler Cruz: "That's fine. We've already fought the whole division once tonight."

Jet steps in, voice sharper, more direct.

Jet Lawson: "And let's be real—"

Jet Lawson: "People are going to say we got lucky. People are going to say a ladder match is chaos. People are going to say the wrong team was in the right place."

Jet shakes his head.

Jet Lawson: "No."

Jet Lawson: "Luck doesn't climb."

Jet Lawson: "Luck doesn't take chair shots and keep moving."

Jet Lawson: "Luck doesn't keep getting back up after getting shoved off a ladder."

Tyler nods beside him.

Jet Lawson: "We earned this. And if anybody wants it in 2026... they can come earn it from us."

Melissa watches them for a beat, then gives the small nod of someone who knows the message landed.

Melissa Cartwright: "Velocity Vanguard—new UTA Tag Team Champions, and very aware of the target on their backs heading into Brand New Day. Back to ringside."

Burn Down the Night

Segment

Backstage, away from the noise and the lights, the camera finds a quiet pocket of the arena that feels almost untouched by the chaos of the night. The hallway is dim. The sound of the crowd is distant—like it's happening in another world.

A door is half open. A soft yellow light spills out onto the concrete.

Inside, seated alone on a folding chair, is Chris Ross.

No gear yet. No tape. No bravado. Just a hoodie, elbows on his knees, hands clasped... and his eyes fixed on something he's holding.

The camera moves in slowly.

It's a photograph.

Old enough to have been printed. Worn around the edges. A photo of Chris with a woman—both smiling. The kind of smile that doesn't happen under spotlights.

Chris doesn't blink much. He just stares at it like it's keeping him steady.

Footsteps approach—soft, cautious. The camera widens as Valentina Blaze steps into the doorway. She's still in gear from earlier, ribs taped, hair damp, the UTA Women's United States Championship draped over her shoulder now like it's finally starting to feel real.

Valentina pauses when she sees him. The room is quiet enough that she instinctively lowers her voice.

Valentina Blaze: "...Ross?"

Chris doesn't look up right away. Not because he's ignoring her—because he's somewhere else.

Valentina takes a step in, then another.

Valentina Blaze: "I didn't mean to— I was just..."

She trails off, eyes catching the photo.

Valentina Blaze: "Who is she?"

Chris's jaw tightens. For a second, it looks like he might pocket it—hide it—shut the door on the moment. But he doesn't.

He exhales slowly and finally looks up at Valentina.

Chris Ross: "...That's Lauren."

Valentina's expression softens immediately. She shifts her weight, unsure if she should stay. Chris doesn't wave her away.

Valentina Blaze: "Lauren..."

Chris nods once, eyes dropping back to the photo.

Chris Ross: "My last girlfriend."

He swallows. His voice stays even, but it takes effort.

Chris Ross: "She's not... with us anymore."

Valentina's gaze drops. She doesn't interrupt. She doesn't try to fill the silence. She just stands there and lets the moment be what it is.

Chris Ross: "She was... the one person who made me feel human."

He gives a small, almost humorless breath—half laugh, half ache.

Chris Ross: "You ever meet someone who can look at you when you're at your worst... and not flinch?"

Valentina nods faintly, eyes on him now.

Chris Ross: "Lauren did that."

He taps the edge of the photo with his thumb like it's a ritual.

Chris Ross: "She kept me grounded. She kept me... from becoming the thing everyone thinks I already am."

Valentina takes a slow breath, the championship still heavy on her shoulder.

Valentina Blaze: "I'm... sorry, Ross."

Chris looks up again, and for the first time there's something raw there—something that isn't a soundbite.

Chris Ross: "Don't be. Just..."

He pauses, searching for the words.

Chris Ross: "Just understand why tonight matters."

Valentina's eyes narrow slightly, like she knows where this is going.

Valentina Blaze: "Jarvis."

Chris nods once.

Chris Ross: "Tonight I go out there... with the angels of my past on my shoulders."

He looks down at the photo again, then carefully, respectfully, tucks it back into his pocket like it's armor made of paper.

Chris Ross: "This isn't just a title match for me."

He stands now—slowly—like he's rising out of something heavy. The camera angles up with him.

Chris Ross: "This is my redemption story."

Valentina studies him. The fire in her eyes is still there, but it's quieter now—more respectful.

Valentina Blaze: "You want redemption..."

She shifts the title on her shoulder.

Valentina Blaze: "You better understand what it costs. Because I just learned the hard way—gold doesn't care about your reasons."

Chris gives the smallest nod, like he already knows that lesson by heart.

Chris Ross: "Valentina... you want to talk fire?"

He steps closer—not threatening, not confrontational—just intense.

Chris Ross: "Because it's time I rise from the ashes."

Valentina holds his gaze for a long beat. Then she nods once.

Valentina Blaze: "Then go burn down the night."

Chris turns toward the door, the distant roar of the arena growing louder with every step like the world rushing back in.

Valentina remains in the room for a second, watching him go—then glances at the chair where he was sitting, like she can still feel the weight that was there.

She adjusts her championship and exhales.

As the camera lingers, the sound swells—crowd noise rising—like the main event is pulling everyone toward it.

Fade out.

The Problem

Segment

Backstage, we return to the festive little "UTA SANTA STATION" corner—big red chair, fake fireplace backdrop, stockings with UTA logos, and a Season's Beatings banner draped behind it all. The decorations are cheerful... but the vibe isn't.

Melissa Cartwright stands center frame with her mic, already bracing herself.

Melissa Cartwright: "Alright... we are back here with—"

A loud, booming laugh cuts her off.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "HO! HO! HO!"

The camera widens and there he is again—Maxx Mayhem in a Santa suit that's still very obviously Maxx Mayhem. The beard is crooked, the hat is pulled down too tight, and he's wearing red gloves that look like they were stolen from a mall display. He walks like he's about to start a fight in a toy store.

Mark Bravo: "Man, he's still dressed like this. He's committed."

John Phillips: "Or he's unwell."

Melissa tries to keep a straight face.

Melissa Cartwright: "Santa—"

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "THANK you."

Melissa Cartwright: "—you've been... making the rounds tonight. But I want to ask you something directly. At Black Hoirzon, you had a one-and-done opportunity against Chris Ross. You lost. Scott Stevens has said that issue is finished now. So tell me—why are you still circling around tonight's main event?"

Maxx freezes for half a second—like the word "Ross" hits a nerve.

He slowly turns his head toward the camera, beard shifting slightly as his grin fades into something colder.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Circlin'?"

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Melissa, Santa doesn't circle."

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Santa hovers."

Melissa blinks.

Melissa Cartwright: "...That's not better."

Maxx's smile returns—wide and annoying—but his eyes stay sharp.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "Look, look, look... you wanna talk about Chris Ross?"

He points to his own chest.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "One and done. That's what they call it, right?"

Maxx nods, like he's agreeing with a fact he hates.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "I got one shot. I took it. I didn't get the result I wanted."

He shrugs, but there's tension in the movement.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "And Scott Stevens said we're finished."

Maxx leans toward the camera like he's about to share a secret.

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "But Melissa... Christmas is about miracles."

Melissa's eyes narrow immediately.

Melissa Cartwright: "Maxx—"

"Santa" (Maxx Mayhem): "HO HO HO—listen!"

He reaches into his Santa coat again and pulls out that crumpled "NAUGHTY LIST." This time, there's clearly a new name scribbled across the top in thick marker:

CHRIS ROSS

Mark Bravo: "Oh boy."

John Phillips: "That's not... that's not how lists work."

Maxx squints at it like he's reading something official.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "Now, Santa’s not petty."

Beat.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "Okay, Santa’s a little petty."

Melissa keeps her voice professional, but the warning is clear.

Melissa Cartwright: "Are you saying you’re going to interfere in tonight’s main event?"

Maxx slowly lifts his hands—palms out—like he’s innocent.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "Whoa, whoa, whoa! I didn’t say that."

He points at Melissa’s mic.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "You said that."

He points at the camera.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "They said that."

He points upward like Stevens is watching from a control room.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "Scott Stevens said we’re finished. So I’m not gonna interfere."

He pauses.

Smiles.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "I’m just gonna... be present."

Melissa stares at him.

Melissa Cartwright: "Present where?"

Maxx spreads his arms like he’s unveiling the greatest idea ever.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "In the spirit of giving!"

Beat.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "Maybe ringside."

Melissa’s eyes widen.

Melissa Cartwright: "Maxx—"

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "Maybe the ramp."

Melissa takes a step back like she’s physically creating distance from the idea.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "Maybe... I’m just gonna watch."

He taps the naughty list again, then looks dead into the camera.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "Because y’all ever notice... when Chris Ross gets close to something big... the universe gets real... interesting?"

Melissa’s tone turns firm.

Melissa Cartwright: "You are not the universe."

Maxx grins.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): "No, but I might be the problem."

He leans closer, voice dropping—suddenly not comedic at all.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): “Chris Ross took my shot.”

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): “So if he’s about to take everything…”

He tilts his head, smiling through the beard.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): “...I just might wanna see what happens up close.”

Melissa turns to the camera, choosing her words carefully.

Melissa Cartwright: “Maxx Mayhem—dressed as Santa—has made it very clear he still has Chris Ross on his mind... and whether it’s a joke or a warning, it’s something everyone is going to be watching as we get closer to our main event.”

Maxx waves cheerfully at the camera again like none of that just happened.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): “Merry Christmas! Stay outta trouble!”

He points at the lens.

“Santa” (Maxx Mayhem): “Or Santa comes to collect.”

Jarvis Valentine vs. Chris Ross

Match

The arena lights dim a shade darker, and the festive glow around Allstate Arena suddenly feels more like candlelight before a storm. Garland still hangs, the holiday banner still sways, but the crowd’s buzz shifts—less playful now... more focused.

John Phillips: “Ladies and gentlemen, this is it. The final match of 2025... and it’s everything the UTA promised when it came back.”

Mark Bravo: “Number one versus number two. No gimmicks. No loopholes. Just... ‘who is the man?’”

The ring announcer stands center-ring, voice rising to match the moment.

Ring Announcer: “The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is for the UTA CHAMPIONSHIP!”

The crowd pops—hard—then steadies into a hum of anticipation as the camera cuts to the entranceway.

A beat.

Then—like a match struck in the dark—“Black Flame” by Bury Tomorrow hits, and the entire building reacts at once.

John Phillips: “Here we go.”

Mark Bravo: “This dude walks out like the end credits are already rolling.”

The stage fills with thick smoke, and a harsh white backlight silhouettes a broad frame in the curtain. He doesn’t sprint. He doesn’t bounce. He steps through like he owns the time it takes to get there.

Chris Ross emerges—hood up at first—then he yanks it back and reveals that stare: dead center, unblinking, like he’s already visualized the ending.

John Phillips: “A man blacklisted everywhere else... and yet the UTA gave him a ring, a chance... and he clawed his way all the way to THIS.”

Mark Bravo: “Whether you love him or hate him, he earned it. He earned every step... and he earned every boo that ever came with it.”

But tonight is different.

There are boos—there will always be boos for Chris Ross—but there are cheers too. Not because he's forgiven... but because people respect what it takes to survive being the villain and still fight your way into the biggest match of the year.

Ross stops at the top of the ramp and turns his head slowly, scanning the crowd. No smile. No taunt. Just a small exhale through his nose like he's letting the moment settle onto his shoulders.

John Phillips: "This isn't the loudest he's ever been... and that might be the most dangerous part."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah... when Ross ain't yappin', he's thinkin'. And when he's thinkin', somebody ends up in the emergency room."

Ross starts down the ramp—measured steps, shoulders square, hands flexing open and closed like he's warming up to rip a phone book in half. Fans reach out on both sides; some scream at him, some try to touch his hand, some just stare like they're watching a storm roll in.

Ross doesn't slap hands. He doesn't look away either.

Halfway down, he pauses and looks toward the ring—then past it—toward the hard camera.

He leans in just enough that the microphone near ringside can catch him.

Chris Ross (low, to the camera): "I'm not the underdog."

The crowd reacts—some cheering, some booing louder—because it's the most "Ross" sentence possible.

John Phillips: "That's the mindset. He doesn't see himself as lucky to be here—he sees this as overdue."

Mark Bravo: "And that's why people keep making mistakes with him... they think he's gonna be grateful. Ross don't do grateful."

At ringside, Ross circles the ring once like a predator sizing up a cage. He stops at the timekeeper's table—eyes flicking to the championship belt resting there—then he steps up onto the apron.

He wipes his boots on the edge of the apron slowly, almost ritualistic, then grabs the top rope and rolls in under it with a smooth, practiced motion.

Ross rises and stands dead center—chin lifted—arms at his sides—letting the reaction wash over him without flinching.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross has done a lot of terrible things in his career... but tonight, he's standing in the main event of the last show of the year with a championship on the line."

Mark Bravo: "And Jarvis Valentine better understand something—Ross doesn't need hate to fight you. He doesn't need anger. He just needs an opening."

Ross backs into his corner and finally cracks the smallest hint of expression—something between a smirk and a dare—as he stares at the entranceway.

Because now... the champion has to answer.

The camera lingers on Chris Ross in the corner—still, coiled, eyes locked on the stage like he's trying to will the champion into existence.

John Phillips: "Ross is ready. But now comes the question... can anybody truly be ready for the year Jarvis Valentine has had?"

Mark Bravo: "He's been the constant. Legends, wars, pressure—Jarvis didn't just survive 2025, he led it."

The ring announcer raises the microphone again as the crowd begins to rise, anticipation rolling like thunder through the building.

Ring Announcer: "And his opponent... from Lincoln, Nebraska... weighing in at two hundred seventy-four pounds... he is the reigning... defending... UTA CHAMPION... JARVIS VALENTINE!"

"American Flags" hits—and the entire Allstate Arena detonates.

John Phillips: "THERE he is!"

Mark Bravo: "Big fight feel just turned into 'big night' feel."

Red, white, and blue lights wash across the stage. A burst of pyro cracks like fireworks, sharp and bright, and then another—popping in rhythm with the opening swell of the song. The holiday décor around the arena suddenly feels like it's sharing space with something patriotic and defiant.

Jarvis Valentine steps through the curtain with the UTA Championship strapped tight around his waist, shoulders squared, jaw set. He pauses at the top of the ramp and soaks it in—not like someone drinking in applause... but like someone taking a breath before the hardest part of the job.

John Phillips: "This is what a champion looks like. Not a man chasing the moment—a man carrying it."

Mark Bravo: "And you can hear it, JP. They like Ross... they respect Ross... but Jarvis? Jarvis has been their guy."

The crowd is loud—genuine—split between cheers and the kind of supportive roar that says, 'Finish the year the way you started it.'

Jarvis lifts the title belt off his waist and raises it over his head. The gold catches the light and flashes like a beacon. He holds it there for a long beat, then lowers it slowly, looking down the ramp toward the ring.

And for the first time, his eyes meet Chris Ross's from across the distance.

John Phillips: "That stare... that's not anger. That's not hate. That's respect... and responsibility."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, because he knows Ross didn't sneak his way into this. Ross didn't talk his way into this. He fought his way into this."

Jarvis starts down the ramp with purpose, every step heavy, deliberate. He doesn't run. He doesn't play to the crowd too much. He moves like a man who understands the weight of the belt and the weight of this last night of the year.

Still, he can't help himself—he reaches out to the fans on the aisle. Hands slap his forearm, kids lean over the barricade in holiday sweaters, and Jarvis gives them a nod, a touch, a quick squeeze of a hand—little moments of connection before a storm.

John Phillips: "He's been champion nearly the entire year since the UTA returned... and he's defended it like it's a promise."

Mark Bravo: "And tonight? Tonight is the hardest kind of defense—because Ross ain't coming for the belt out of spite. He's coming because he earned the right."

Jarvis reaches ringside and stops. He turns to the hard camera and rests the title on his shoulder, staring straight into the lens like he's talking to everyone who watched him carry the company back into the spotlight.

He says nothing. He doesn't have to.

John Phillips: "That's a man who believes this year ends with him still holding it."

Mark Bravo: "And if Ross wants to change that? He's gonna have to take it off him with a crowbar."

Jarvis steps onto the steel steps and pauses on the apron. He wipes his boots quickly—then steps through the ropes

and enters the ring.

He immediately moves toward the center and raises the title again, turning to each side of the arena so every section can see it. The crowd answers with another roar.

Then Jarvis lowers the belt, drapes it across his shoulder, and turns—eyes locked on Ross now, face calm but intense.

Chris Ross doesn't blink.

Jarvis doesn't blink either.

John Phillips: "One year. One reign. One final test."

Mark Bravo: "Let's find out who closes 2025 as the UTA Champion."

The referee steps between them and raises the UTA Championship high overhead, turning slowly so every side of Allstate Arena can see the gold.

John Phillips: "This is what it's all about. The UTA Championship... and the last main event of the year."

Mark Bravo: "If you ever needed proof this company is back, you're looking at it."

The referee hands the title to the timekeeper, then checks both men—wrist tape, boots, no foreign objects—before backing away toward the ropes. The arena is buzzing so loud it feels like the ring is vibrating.

Jarvis Valentine stands tall in his corner, shoulders set, breathing measured. Chris Ross stands across from him, jaw tight, eyes darting for just a second like he's reading a storm front. Not fear... but the weight of the moment pressing in.

John Phillips: "Look at Ross. You don't see this often."

Mark Bravo: "I... I think he feels it. I think the building is hitting him in the chest."

The referee raises a hand and signals.

DING DING!

And still... neither man moves.

Jarvis takes one slow step forward. Chris mirrors him. They stop again, just outside striking range—like two predators meeting in the open, both refusing to blink first.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd..."

Mark Bravo: "This is 'big fight' noise. This is the kind of noise you feel in your teeth."

Chants ripple through the building—some for Jarvis, some for Ross—then they mash together into one loud roar that doesn't pick a side so much as demand a war.

Jarvis tilts his head, eyes locked on Ross. He doesn't posture. Doesn't taunt. He just speaks—quiet, but clear enough that the front row catches it and the moment travels.

Jarvis Valentine: "You deserve to be here."

Chris Ross' expression shifts, almost imperceptibly. His nostrils flare. His eyes gloss for half a heartbeat like the words hit something deep that he doesn't let people touch.

John Phillips: "Jarvis... giving him respect."

Mark Bravo: "That's not pity. That's champion-to-challenger. That's 'I see you.'"

Ross swallows once, shoulders rolling back. He takes in the crowd again—this time not as enemies, not as judges... but as witnesses. He steps closer and Jarvis does the same, both men now standing toe-to-toe.

Ross leans in, voice low—more controlled than usual.

Chris Ross: “Then stop talkin’... and fight me.”

Jarvis nods once. Just once.

Ross raises his hand and makes a short, sharp gesture—let’s do this—like he’s cutting the cord on the moment and daring the match to catch fire.

John Phillips: “There it is.”

Mark Bravo: “He just gave the green light... and I don’t know if that was courage or panic.”

Jarvis reaches out first—offering the lock-up like a professional. Ross hesitates for a split second... then he steps in hard, forehead to forehead, hands snapping up—

—and the collision of their grips sounds like a door slamming in a quiet house.

John Phillips: “We are underway!”

They grind in the center, boots digging into the canvas, neither giving an inch, the crowd rising again as the first battle becomes a test of will.

Chris Ross’ face tightens with effort. Jarvis Valentine’s eyes stay calm—steady—like he’s been here all year and he’s not about to let the calendar change tonight.

The collar-and-elbow turns into a full-body stalemate—Jarvis and Ross straining like they’re trying to move a wall. Their boots squeak and dig trenches in the canvas as the referee circles, watching for clenched fists and illegal holds.

John Phillips: “Strength early—neither man wants to give an inch.”

Mark Bravo: “And if Ross loses this first exchange, he’ll hate himself for it for the rest of his life.”

Ross grits his teeth and muscles Jarvis backward one step... then another—until Jarvis’ shoulder blades touch the turnbuckles. The crowd reacts, half surprise, half admiration. Ross keeps the pressure on, chest-to-chest, forearm tight, trying to smother the champion before Jarvis can find rhythm.

John Phillips: “Ross driving him to the corner!”

The referee wedges in, barking for a clean break. Ross’ hands linger a beat too long, and the crowd lets him have it. He backs away slowly—palms up like he’s innocent—then smirks as if the boos are exactly where he wants them.

Mark Bravo: “Uh-oh. That little extra second—Ross is reminding everybody who he is.”

Jarvis steps out of the corner and rolls his shoulders once, eyes never leaving Ross. He nods, almost like: Okay. I felt that.

They circle again. Ross dips his level—quick—shooting in for a body lock. Jarvis sprawls his weight down and snaps Ross into a front headlock, grinding the hold tight. Ross immediately tries to power out, but Jarvis cranks the pressure and turns his hips, forcing Ross to take a knee.

John Phillips: “Jarvis with the counter—front headlock, forcing Ross down!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s champion IQ. You don’t out-muscle Ross—you redirect him.”

Ross posts a hand on the mat and drives up like a bull rising in a chute. Jarvis stays attached, pulling him back down—Ross keeps pushing—Jarvis keeps squeezing—until Ross finally shifts his weight and shoves Jarvis to the ropes.

Jarvis hits the ropes and comes back—

—Ross explodes with a shoulder block that nearly folds Jarvis in half.

John Phillips: “BIG collision!”

Mark Bravo: “That’ll rattle the fillings in your teeth!”

Jarvis stumbles but doesn’t go down. He plants his feet, shakes it off with a grimace, and storms right back into the center.

Ross meets him with a forearm—Jarvis answers with one of his own—Ross fires again—Jarvis fires again—two men trading heavy shots, each blow echoing in the building.

John Phillips: “Here we go! They’re exchanging now!”

Mark Bravo: “And both of ‘em are getting cheered! That’s how you know this is special!”

Ross swings a short-arm lariat—Jarvis ducks under and snaps Ross around with a quick waistlock.

Ross tries to hook an elbow and break it—Jarvis tightens the grip and yanks—

—GERMAN SUPLEX!

Ross lands high on his shoulders and neck, rolling through to a knee with a snarl, shaking his head like he’s trying to clear fog from his vision.

John Phillips: “German suplex by the champion!”

Mark Bravo: “Ross popped right up—don’t let that fool you, that rocked him!”

Jarvis charges—Ross catches him and launches him with a belly-to-belly suplex that sends Jarvis skidding across the mat. Jarvis rolls to his feet near the ropes, eyes wide now, respect turned into urgency.

The crowd rises again—noise spiking with every momentum swing—because this isn’t feeling-out anymore. This is the reality of the main event.

John Phillips: “Back and forth already!”

Mark Bravo: “This is what happens when number one meets number two. Nobody’s swimming. Everybody’s trying to drown the other guy first.”

Ross stalks forward, hands flexing. Jarvis steadies himself, beckoning him in. Ross obliges—closing the gap with bad intentions—

Jarvis shoots low for another waistlock, trying to take away Ross’ base... but Ross elbows back—hard—then spins and SNAPS Jarvis down with a rough DDT!

Jarvis bounces and rolls to his side, clutching his head. Ross doesn’t go for a cover—he just looms over him, breathing heavy.

John Phillips: “DDT by Ross!”

Mark Bravo: “And he didn’t pin him. That’s that ‘three-count don’t mean nothin’ if you can’t walk’ attitude!”

Ross grabs Jarvis by the wrist and yanks him up, turning him toward the corner like he’s setting a trap. Jarvis stumbles, tries to reset his footing—Ross drives a knee into the midsection, then whips him hard—

Jarvis hits the buckles and stumbles out—Ross charges—

Jarvis swings a desperation discus clothesline—Ross ducks—Jarvis spins—

ROSS hooks him and drills him with a spinebuster that shakes the ring.

John Phillips: "SPINEBUSTER!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the Boss's bread and butter—Jarvis just got planted!"

Now Ross drops to a knee and finally hooks the leg—tight—dragging Jarvis' shoulder toward the mat.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO—!"

Jarvis kicks out hard, shoulder surging off the mat. The crowd roars for it, and Ross' eyes flash with irritation—like he wanted that to be the statement.

John Phillips: "And Jarvis survives the first real pin attempt!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross just tried to end the year early, and the champ said 'nope.'"

Ross sits up, breathing through his nose, then leans close to Jarvis' face, speaking low.

Chris Ross: "Stay down."

Jarvis answers by grabbing Ross' wrist and pulling himself up just enough to stare back.

The energy shifts again—because now it's personal in the simplest way: neither man is going away.

Chris Ross rises first, slow and predatory, and drags Jarvis Valentine up by the wrist like he's hauling something heavy out of the mud. Jarvis swats at the grip, trying to shake the cobwebs loose, but Ross stays glued to him—forehead tight, breathing loud, eyes mean.

Mark Bravo: "Ross is in that mode now—where he stops wrestling and starts collecting damage."

John Phillips: "And Jarvis has to weather it. He has to."

Ross yanks Jarvis into a tight clinch and fires a short headbutt—more of a jolt than a knockout shot—just enough to snap Jarvis' head back and force him to reset.

Jarvis staggers a half-step—Ross immediately changes levels—

—and launches him with a high-arching belly-to-belly that sends the champion skidding toward the corner.

John Phillips: "Another belly-to-belly! Ross is throwing him like he owes him money!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Harrisburg math, baby—one plus one equals hurt."

Jarvis pulls himself up using the ropes. Ross charges again—Jarvis sidesteps at the last second—Ross' chest clips the turnbuckles—

Jarvis hooks him from behind!

German suplex—Ross lands high—rolls through—Jarvis keeps the waistlock!

Second German—Ross rolls again—Jarvis drags him back—

Third German suplex!

This one sticks. Ross' shoulders hit hard and he stays down a beat longer, face twisting as he tries to find his bearings.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine with the trilogy of Germans!"

Mark Bravo: "That's champion grit right there—he just forced Ross to take the medicine!"

Jarvis crawls into the cover, hooking the leg tight.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Ross kicks out with authority, shoving Jarvis off him like he's insulted by the attempt.

John Phillips: "Ross powers out!"

Mark Bravo: "You're not pinning him with that. You're gonna have to take it from him."

Jarvis takes a knee, breathing hard, and nods once—like he agrees with that. He grabs Ross' arm, tries to pull him up—Ross explodes with a short, nasty elbow to the jaw that snaps Jarvis backward.

Jarvis bounces off the ropes—Ross storms in—

Jarvis catches him with a sudden discus clothesline that turns Ross inside out!

John Phillips: "Discus clothesline! Jarvis caught him clean!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the shot you hit when you need air back in your lungs!"

The crowd swells, sensing momentum. Jarvis points toward the corner—then toward Ross—then toward the center of the ring, calling for him to get up. Ross pushes to a knee, glaring like he's annoyed at the universe.

Chris Ross: "You ain't that guy."

Jarvis steps in and answers with a stiff forearm across the face.

Jarvis Valentine: "I've been that guy all year."

Ross fires back with one of his own. Jarvis fires again. The exchange accelerates—forearm, forearm, forearm—until Ross throws a wild lariat—Jarvis ducks—

—and hits a running bulldog that drives Ross face-first into the canvas.

John Phillips: "Bulldog! Jarvis is chaining offense now!"

Mark Bravo: "And he's not letting Ross breathe—smart!"

Jarvis floats behind, snatching Ross into a fireman's carry—he's setting for the Patriot Plunge—

Ross thrashes violently, slipping behind—hooks Jarvis' waist—

—and dumps him with a brutal release German that sends Jarvis tumbling to the apron.

John Phillips: "Ross just threw him to the apron!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the hardest part of the ring, JP—Jarvis' spine just found out!"

Jarvis clutches his lower back, trying to steady himself. Ross doesn't wait. He hits the ropes and blasts Jarvis with a running boot that knocks the champion off the apron to the floor.

The arena gasps as Jarvis hits, rolling near the barricade. Ross follows him out, dropping to the floor like a man stepping into traffic without looking both ways.

John Phillips: "We're spilling outside now!"

Mark Bravo: "And this is where Ross has made a living—turning matches into crimes."

Ross grabs Jarvis by the back of the neck and drives him into the barricade—once—twice—then pulls him away and shoves him into the ring post shoulder-first.

John Phillips: "Post! Jarvis hit the post!"

Mark Bravo: "He's trying to take the arm away—take the base away—take the champion away!"

The referee starts the count in the ring, loud and firm.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Ross drags Jarvis up again and hooks him for another suplex on the floor—Jarvis blocks it, planting his feet. Ross tries again—Jarvis blocks again—then Jarvis snaps a sudden short headbutt of his own and shoves Ross back.

Referee: "THREE!"

Jarvis lunges forward and rams Ross into the steel steps—Ross' knee clips the edge and he stumbles, wincing for the first time. Jarvis doesn't waste it—he grabs Ross and rolls him under the bottom rope back into the ring.

John Phillips: "Jarvis got him back inside!"

Mark Bravo: "That's how you win titles—know when to stop brawling and start scoring!"

Jarvis slides in after him, shaking out his arm, then pulls Ross up near center. The crowd rises as Jarvis hooks the head—he lifts—

—Patriot Plunge! Fireman's carry into the DDT!

John Phillips: "PATRIOT PLUNGE!"

Mark Bravo: "That might do it—cover him!"

Jarvis hooks the leg deep, pressing his chest down across Ross' shoulders.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Ross kicks out—hard—launching a shoulder up and throwing Jarvis off like he refuses to let the calendar end that way.

John Phillips: "He kicked out! Chris Ross kicked out!"

Mark Bravo: "That was instinct. That was survival. That was refusal."

Jarvis sits up, eyes wide, breathing heavy. He looks at the referee like he wants to argue with physics. Then he nods again—no panic—just resolve.

Jarvis rises and backs into the corner, measuring Ross as the challenger pushes to hands and knees. Jarvis' body language changes—he's loading something big, something final.

John Phillips: "Jarvis is stalking."

Mark Bravo: "And Ross is about to find out what happens when the champ smells the finish line."

Ross makes it to his feet, turning—just in time to see Jarvis explode out of the corner toward him...

Jarvis Valentine bursts out of the corner like a cannonball—

—but Chris Ross swats him out of the air with a sudden short-arm lariat that flips Jarvis inside out.

John Phillips: "OH! Ross just cut him down!"

Mark Bravo: "That's veteran timing! Jarvis hit the gas and Ross hit the brakes—with his forearm!"

Jarvis lands on his back and rolls, clutching at his jaw. Ross doesn't immediately cover. He paces once, eyes wild, then steps in and grabs Jarvis by the wrist and ankle—hauling him up just enough to throw him overhead with a brutal suplex that sends the champion sliding across the canvas.

John Phillips: "Ross is tossing him!"

Mark Bravo: "He's not trying to win a wrestling match right now—he's trying to erase him."

Ross stalks Jarvis to the ropes and traps him there with mounted forearm shots—thud, thud, thud—each one drawing a different kind of noise from the crowd: cheers for the fight, gasps for the violence, awe for the stakes.

John Phillips: "Heavy hands by Ross—referee's watching closely!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross doesn't care about the count, JP. He cares about the ending."

The referee warns him, and Ross finally backs up—just long enough to bait Jarvis into stepping forward.

Jarvis swings a right—Ross ducks—hooks him—

—Spinebuster!

The ring shakes again. Ross pops to a knee, snarling, and this time he hooks the leg and leans his weight in like he's trying to staple Jarvis to the mat.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Jarvis kicks out, but it's slower now—more desperate. Ross' expression turns into that cold, almost offended stare.

John Phillips: "Jarvis stays alive!"

Mark Bravo: "But Ross is stacking up damage like it's interest—this is compounding."

Ross drags Jarvis up by the back of the neck and whispers something into his ear. Jarvis answers with a shove—Ross answers by snapping a headbutt that rocks Jarvis back into the ropes.

Ross hits the ropes and charges—Jarvis ducks—Ross rebounds—Jarvis swings—Ross catches the arm—

—and yanks Jarvis forward into Side Walk Smash, slamming him face-first into the mat.

John Phillips: "SIDE WALK SMASH!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the one! That's the one that changes people!"

Ross drops into the cover, hooking deep.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Jarvis kicks out again—barely—throwing a shoulder up and rolling toward the ropes like he's trying to crawl out of a storm.

John Phillips: "He kicked out again!"

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis Valentine is running on heart and fumes!"

Ross sits up, breathing hard. He looks around at the crowd, soaking in the moment—not admiration, not anger—just the reality that he is right there on the edge of taking the biggest prize in the company.

He grabs Jarvis' head and pulls him up to his knees, forcing him to look forward. Ross backs up, rolling his shoulders, then raises his elbow—spinning—loading the 10-71.

John Phillips: "Ross is looking for the discus elbow!"

Mark Bravo: "If that hits, it's lights out!"

Ross spins—Jarvis ducks under—

Jarvis springs up and blasts Ross with a sudden German suplex, dumping him high! Ross rolls through—Jarvis keeps the waistlock—

—another German!

Ross staggers to hands and knees—Jarvis roars, grabbing him again—

—but Ross mule-kicks backward, catching Jarvis in the midsection, breaking the grip.

Jarvis doubles over—Ross turns—

—25 To Life! Cyclone kick right across the jaw!

John Phillips: “25 TO LIFE!”

Mark Bravo: “OH MY GOD—Jarvis got his head taken off!”

Jarvis collapses like his legs were unplugged. Ross drops on him immediately, hooking the leg, his face pressed tight to Jarvis’ shoulder like he’s trying to will the count into existence.

Referee: “ONE!”

Referee: “TWO!”

Jarvis kicks out—at the last possible instant—throwing his shoulder up and rolling, eyes wide, jaw clenched, refusing.

John Phillips: “NO! NO! HE KICKED OUT!”

Mark Bravo: “HOW?! HOW DID HE KICK OUT OF THAT?!”

Ross’ expression changes. For the first time all night, you can see something crack—not fear, not doubt—just disbelief.

He sits up slowly, staring at Jarvis like the champion just broke a rule Ross thought was absolute.

Ross drags Jarvis up again, jaw working. He points at him, barking off-mic.

Chris Ross: “Stay. Down.”

Jarvis spits out a single word in return, voice gravelly.

Jarvis Valentine: “No.”

The crowd erupts at the defiance. Ross shakes his head, then grabs Jarvis and hoists him up—looking for something nastier, something that doesn’t end with a pin.

John Phillips: “Ross is escalating. You can feel it.”

Mark Bravo: “And this is where it gets dangerous—because when Ross thinks the three-count doesn’t mean anything... he starts trying to end your night in the ambulance.”

Ross pulls Jarvis toward the ropes, hooking his arms like he’s lining up a muscle buster—Jarvis fights it, legs kicking—Ross tries to lift—Jarvis shifts his weight—

—and slips free behind Ross, shoving him forward.

Ross turns—Jarvis swings—Patriot Plunge attempt—Ross blocks—

Ross rips Jarvis forward into a clinch and drives him down with a snap suplex—then rolls right into a front facelock, wrenching it tight, grinding the hold like he’s trying to squeeze the oxygen out of the year.

John Phillips: “Ross is cinching something in here—trying to slow the champion down!”

Mark Bravo: "He's trying to turn Jarvis' lungs off, JP!"

Jarvis flails for position, reaching for a rope—but Ross drags him back toward the center, tightening his grip, forcing Jarvis to carry every ounce of his weight.

Jarvis' hand searches... searches... then plants on the mat—pushing, inching, refusing to fade.

The crowd claps in rhythm, trying to will Jarvis toward daylight as Ross squeezes tighter and tighter.

Jarvis Valentine's fingers claw at the canvas as Chris Ross leans back, wrenching the facelock tighter—forearm pressed under the jaw, chest to Jarvis' upper back, all that weight bearing down like a sentence.

John Phillips: "Ross is trying to suffocate the champion right here in the middle of the ring!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what 'earned it' looks like, JP. This is what 'deserves it' looks like. You gotta take it away from the man who's carried it all year."

Jarvis scrambles with his legs, trying to turn in—Ross rolls his hips, keeping Jarvis trapped—Jarvis tries again, pushing up to a knee—Ross snaps him back down, grinding his bicep across the face.

Jarvis' eyes squeeze shut. He exhales hard. Then he plants a boot underneath him and drives—forcing both men up a half-step at a time.

John Phillips: "Jarvis is standing up with him—Jarvis is standing up!"

Mark Bravo: "That's pure willpower!"

Ross adjusts, re-hooks tighter, trying to pull Jarvis backward—Jarvis drops his weight and swings an elbow—once—twice—then a third that finally catches Ross on the jaw.

The hold loosens for a fraction of a second—Jarvis spins—

—and blasts Ross with a short lariat that sends both men stumbling.

Jarvis hits the ropes to steady himself. Ross shakes his head, turns back into the center—Jarvis meets him there with a stiff forearm, then another, each one backed by that grim, late-night desperation.

John Phillips: "Jarvis is firing back!"

Mark Bravo: "This crowd is coming alive—Rosemont knows what's at stake!"

Ross answers with a headbutt. Jarvis answers with a forearm. Ross answers with a forearm. The exchange becomes ugly—less technique, more survival—until Ross swings a wild discus elbow—Jarvis barely ducks it—

Jarvis hooks Ross from behind!

German suplex—Ross lands—rolls through—Jarvis holds on—

Second German—Ross still rolls—Jarvis still clings—

Third German suplex!

Jarvis finally releases, collapsing to a knee. Ross flops onto his stomach and drags himself forward, shaking his head like he's trying to wake up from a bad dream.

John Phillips: "That's champion instinct—Jarvis is going to what he knows!"

Mark Bravo: "And Ross is still crawling like a horror movie villain!"

Jarvis wipes sweat off his brow with the back of his wrist and stumbles toward the corner, pulling himself up on the turnbuckles. He looks down at Ross, then out at the crowd—this is the moment.

Jarvis points, signaling for it—he wants Ross up for the Q Drop.

John Phillips: “Jarvis is calling for it!”

Mark Bravo: “If he hits the Q Drop on Ross... we might be done!”

Ross drags himself to a knee—Jarvis charges—

—Ross surges forward and catches him with a sudden spinebuster out of nowhere!

The ring shudders. Jarvis bounces and folds, clutching his ribs as Ross sits up with a snarl.

John Phillips: “SPINEBUSTER! Ross just cut him in half!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s the window! That’s the window Ross needed!”

Ross doesn’t cover. He shakes his head, angry now—like he’s tired of the champion’s resilience. He drags Jarvis up, hooks him—lifts—

—Running muscle buster attempt!

Jarvis writhes, fighting the grip mid-lift, grabbing at Ross’ head—Ross staggers—Jarvis slips off the shoulder—lands behind—

—Jarvis shoves Ross into the ropes—Ross rebounds—Jarvis ducks—Ross ducks—both men pivot—

Jarvis snaps Ross with a Discus Clothesline that turns the challenger inside out!

John Phillips: “DISCUS CLOTHESLINE! Jarvis caught him flush!”

Mark Bravo: “Both of these guys are living on instinct now!”

Jarvis drops into the cover, hooking the leg.

Referee: “ONE!”

Referee: “TWO!”

Ross kicks out—violent—launching Jarvis off him with pure fury.

John Phillips: “Ross stays in it!”

Mark Bravo: “He kicked out like somebody disrespected his whole bloodline!”

Jarvis sits up, breathing hard, and nods to himself—like he’s decided the next thing has to be the thing. He rises slowly, dragging Ross up by the wrist.

Jarvis pulls Ross into a fireman’s carry—Ross thrashes—Jarvis muscles him up anyway—crowd rising—

—Patriot Plunge!

But Ross twists mid-drop—landing on his feet—Jarvis stumbles forward—Ross grabs him from behind—

—and drives him down with a nasty rear suplex that drops Jarvis high on his shoulders.

John Phillips: “Ross escaped it!”

Mark Bravo: “How did he land on his feet?!”

Ross falls into the cover immediately, hooking tight.

Referee: “ONE!”

Referee: “TWO!”

Jarvis kicks out again, but it's a desperate kick—his body is starting to show the mileage.

Ross sits up and laughs once—short, humorless—then wipes at his mouth with his thumb and stares at Jarvis like he's measuring him for the end.

John Phillips: "These two men are emptying everything they have!"

Mark Bravo: "And I don't think Ross is satisfied with a pin attempt anymore. He wants certainty."

Ross pulls Jarvis up, front facelock again—this time he drags him toward the corner and looks down at the turnbuckles with intent.

He starts to climb—hauling Jarvis with him—one step, then another—

The crowd buzzes, worried, because the higher Ross goes, the less this looks like wrestling and the more it looks like a warning.

John Phillips: "Ross is taking Jarvis upstairs..."

Mark Bravo: "Oh no. Oh no, no, no—don't do something you can't take back, man..."

Ross reaches the second rope, pulling Jarvis up with him—Jarvis fights, throwing short body shots to the ribs—Ross answers with a headbutt—Jarvis wobbles—

Ross hooks him—setting for something catastrophic—

—and Jarvis suddenly surges, snapping Ross off balance with a hard shove.

Ross teeters—Jarvis climbs one step—grabs him—

—and rips him down with a superplex from the second rope!

Both men crash. The ring shakes. The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "SUPERPLEX! SUPERPLEX!"

Mark Bravo: "That took years off both their lives!"

Jarvis crawls an arm over Ross—pure instinct—barely able to hook the leg.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Ross kicks out—again—just before three, and the arena roars like they can't believe either man is still moving.

John Phillips: "STILL NOT ENOUGH!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the main event of the year and they are wrestling like they never want to be the same again!"

Both men lie there, chests heaving, staring up at the lights. Jarvis rolls to his side and drags himself toward the ropes, using them to pull up. Ross does the same on the opposite side—two exhausted giants rising at the same time.

They lock eyes from across the ring.

Jarvis nods once.

Ross nods once.

And they step toward the center again, ready to throw what's left of 2025 at each other.

Jarvis Valentine and Chris Ross are both upright again, but only barely—forearms heavy at their sides, chests heaving, sweat dripping from their brows. They circle in the center like two men trying to remember what their legs are supposed

to do. The Allstate Arena is roaring, willing both of them forward.

And then—

RUN DMC's "Christmas In Hollis" hits.

The lights start flashing red and green to the beat, and the giant screen washes the arena in a looping Santa Claus tron graphic.

John Phillips: "Don't they have any Christmas music?"

Mark Bravo: "This IS Christmas music."

The crowd explodes with laughter and confusion at the same time as a line of little people dressed as elves sprint out onto the stage, throwing glitter and ribbons in the air like it's confetti cannon season. They dance and bounce and clap to the beat, forming a chaotic line down the ramp like a holiday parade gone off-script.

Jarvis and Ross both turn toward the entrance, eyes narrowed, both men trying to process why this is happening in the main event of the year.

John Phillips: "You have got to be kidding me!"

Mark Bravo: "I told you, JP. The holidays bring out the worst in people. And by people, I mean Maxx Mayhem."

Sure enough, Santa Claus steps out... and it is painfully obvious it's Maxx Mayhem dressed up. The suit's a little too snug. The beard's a little too fake. The swagger's way too Maxx.

Maxx throws his arms wide.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "HO! HO! HOOOO!"

He starts down the ramp like he's headlining the Macy's Parade, then stops and digs into a huge bag slung over his shoulder. He pulls out black lumps of coal and starts tossing them into the crowd—then leans down at the barricade to hand one to a kid with a Santa hat like it's a personal insult wrapped in holiday spirit.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is handing out coal to children!"

Mark Bravo: "That's honestly on brand. That kid is gonna grow up a villain now. Thanks, Maxx."

The "elves" keep dancing. Glitter keeps raining. The tron keeps flashing Santa graphics like it's trying to hypnotize the building.

Inside the ring, Chris Ross takes one step toward the ropes, jaw tightening—like a reflex. Like he's about to go end the nonsense himself.

Jarvis Valentine immediately throws an arm across Ross' chest—holding him back.

Jarvis shakes his head.

John Phillips: "Jarvis is telling Ross not to do it!"

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis is saving Ross from a fine, a suspension, and probably a candy cane to the eye."

Maxx keeps strutting, coal-tossing, soaking in the reaction, and then turns his attention toward the ring—finally making his way down the last stretch of ramp like he's about to get involved.

And then—

Movement under the ring.

The camera catches it late, but the front row sees it first.

Someone else crawls out from underneath the ring... dressed as Santa Claus.

Only this Santa looks... different.

Bigger. Rounder. A real belly. A real white beard that sits naturally on his face. The suit looks like it belongs. The presence is jolly in a way that Maxx could never fake.

The man stands up fully and lets out the most enormous, booming, joyful sound in the entire building.

Santa (??): "HO! HO! HOOOOOO!"

John Phillips: "Wait—what?"

Mark Bravo: "No. No. No way. That is... that is not Maxx's Santa!"

John Phillips: "Is that... IS THAT ACTUALLY SANTA CLAUS?!"

The crowd POPS like they've been waiting their whole lives for this exact moment. The "real" Santa starts marching straight toward the stage—one punch at a time—decking the dancing little-elf line as he goes. Elves tumble in every direction, glitter flying with each hit like a festive crime scene.

Maxx stops dead in his tracks. His coal drops from his hand. He stares.

Then he squares up.

Santa (Maxx Mayhem): "Alright, fat man! Come on then!"

Maxx drops his bag, rolls his shoulders, and gestures with both hands like he's about to throw down in a parking lot outside a Christmas party.

Santa rushes him—quick for a big man—Maxx swings wild—Santa ducks it like he's done this before.

Maxx turns around—

—and eats a massive big boot from Santa Claus that snaps his head back and sends him stumbling, arms flailing.

John Phillips: "SANTA JUST BOOTED MAXX MAYHEM IN THE FACE!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the North Pole knockout right there!"

Santa points upward with one finger, slow and confident, like he's calling his shot. The crowd cheers even louder. Even the wrestlers in the ring can't help it—Jarvis and Ross both crack a grin, shaking their heads in disbelief.

Santa grabs Maxx by the front of the suit, hauls him in, and then—

—thrusts him between his legs.

The crowd realizes what's happening a half-second before Maxx does.

Santa lifts.

POWERBOMB—right onto the entrance ramp.

Maxx hits with a thud that echoes. The fake beard bounces. The whole building erupts.

John Phillips: "POWERBOMB! SANTA POWERBOMBED HIM!"

Mark Bravo: "I have seen everything. I have seen everything and I love this company!"

Jarvis and Ross actually clap from inside the ring—both men still wary, but both men entertained against their will.

Santa dusts his hands off, then turns toward the back and gives a sharp motion with his arm.

And out from the curtain—several big, muscular men dressed like elves storm onto the stage. Not cute elves. Not

dancing elves. These are “holiday security detail” elves.

They scoop up Maxx like he weighs nothing, grabbing him under the arms and dragging him away while the little dancing elves scatter and stumble after them in panic.

John Phillips: "Santa has... muscle elves?!"

Mark Bravo: "Buddy, Santa's been doing this a long time. You think he survives one night a year without an enforcer squad?"

Santa waves at the crowd as he walks, making sure to stop near the barricade for the kids in the front row—pointing at them, nodding, pantomiming “Merry Christmas” with a big, warm grin like the world has been put back into balance.

He looks up at the ring, gives Jarvis and Ross a friendly wave—then heads toward the back as the crowd chants and laughs, the chaos finally being escorted out of sight.

John Phillips: "Well... I can honestly say I did not have ‘Santa Claus saves the main event’ on my Season’s Beatings bingo card."

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't Maxx's segment anymore, JP. That was Santa's."

Inside the ring, the smiles fade as quickly as they came. Jarvis and Ross turn back toward each other—eyes locked—both men remembering what this actually is.

The UTA Championship. The final minutes of 2025. The last fight of the year.

Ross raises his hands slowly, inviting it. Jarvis nods once.

They step forward at the same time.

They collide with a stiff collar-and-elbow, but it's not the slow kind of lock-up you see early—it's two men trying to yank the other off his base immediately. Ross digs his boots in and shoves; Jarvis absorbs it and gives it right back, both of them grinding foreheads together like they're trying to will the other one to blink.

John Phillips: "Here we go—no feeling out process now! They're back to it!"

Mark Bravo: "That Santa break was the only peace we're getting tonight."

Ross rips Jarvis into a side headlock and squeezes hard, cinching it like a man who's spent his whole life trying to keep control of chaos. Jarvis plants a forearm into Ross' ribs, once... twice... then throws him off into the ropes.

Ross hits the ropes and comes back with speed—Jarvis drops his shoulder—Ross vaults clean over him, hits the far ropes again—Jarvis turns and swings a DISCUS CLOTHESLINE—

Ross ducks it by inches.

The crowd gasps at how close it was. Ross rebounds and snaps off a blistering short-arm LARIAT attempt of his own—Jarvis leans back, the sleeve of his gear whipping from the air, and the two men stare at each other for a heartbeat like, okay...

John Phillips: "That was a championship swing right there!"

Mark Bravo: "And that's why they're one and two. No wasted motion—just violence with a purpose."

Jarvis shoots in low for a waistlock—Ross sprawls, elbows down, and immediately reaches back to grab a fistful of Jarvis' hair... then stops himself. He clenches his jaw, releases it, and instead hammers Jarvis with a clubbing forearm across the back.

John Phillips: "Ross almost—almost—went to an old habit, but he caught himself!"

Mark Bravo: "That's growth... and it's terrifying. A controlled Chris Ross is like a lion that learned manners."

Ross pulls Jarvis up into a front facelock and starts driving knees into the body—thud, thud—Jarvis answers with a hard lift, popping his hips, trying to dump Ross with a back suplex. Ross floats out behind—hooks the waist—

German suplex attempt!

Jarvis widens his base and blocks, firing elbows back over his shoulder. Ross eats one, then another, then still tries to muscle it through—Jarvis stomps Ross' foot and turns, catching him with a sharp DDT out of nowhere!

Ross spikes to the mat and rolls to his side, blinking hard, shaking out cobwebs. Jarvis crawls into the cover quickly—hooking the leg deep.

John Phillips: "DDT! Cover!"

ONE—

TWO—

Ross kicks out with force.

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't panic. That was power. Ross kicked out like he was offended."

Jarvis doesn't argue with the count. He doesn't posture. He just nods and goes right back to work—pulling Ross up by the wrist and snapping him down with a back suplex. He keeps the grip, drags him up again, and hits a second suplex—clean, heavy, the kind that empties lungs.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine has made a career this year out of turning big matches into deep waters."

Mark Bravo: "And if Ross drowns, it won't be because he didn't earn the swim."

Jarvis hauls Ross up again—this time turning him and trying to set him for the Patriot Plunge—Ross fights it instantly, elbowing Jarvis in the side of the head, forcing separation. Ross staggers back into the ropes, then comes off with a sudden burst—

Spinebuster attempt!

Jarvis braces, drops his weight, and Ross has to adjust—he instead drives Jarvis backward with a violent shove, sending the champion stumbling into the corner.

Ross charges—Jarvis moves—Ross hits buckles hard—Jarvis grabs him from behind and yanks him out with a quick neckbreaker slam, using Ross' momentum against him.

John Phillips: "Counter after counter after counter!"

Mark Bravo: "This is chess with concussions!"

Jarvis drops into another cover, hooking both legs this time.

ONE—

TWO—

Ross powers out again—this time sitting up immediately, eyes wide, like that woke something up inside him.

Jarvis reaches to clamp on a front headlock—Ross explodes upward with a surge, lifting Jarvis off his feet and driving him backward into the corner. The impact shakes the ring.

Ross keeps pressing, shoulder into Jarvis' midsection, grinding him into the turnbuckles like he's trying to take the champion's air away.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross is starting to impose his strength!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the Harrisburg part. That's not technique—that's survival."

Ross steps back, measures it, and slaps Jarvis across the face—hard.

The crowd reacts—some shocked, some roaring. Jarvis' eyes narrow. He tastes blood, wipes his lip, and smiles—not because it's funny—because it's real.

John Phillips: "Oh..."

Mark Bravo: "He woke the champion up."

Ross swings another shot—Jarvis blocks it, fires a right hand back—Ross answers with one of his own—now it's a hockey fight in the corner, both men trading, neither backing down, both refusing to let the other own the moment.

The referee tries to wedge between them—Jarvis and Ross instinctively stop just enough to avoid a disqualification, but their eyes never leave each other.

Ross takes one step forward again—Jarvis meets him—forehead to forehead—

and the crowd rises, sensing that the next exchange might tilt the whole year.

Ross backs away first—just a step—hands up, palms open like he's telling Jarvis, "I'm here." Jarvis nods once, then advances. They meet again in the center, both men moving like they've finally settled into the rhythm of a main event that refuses to slow down.

Jarvis shoots low and grabs a single leg, trying to run Ross down. Ross hops once, twice—then sprawls his weight into Jarvis' shoulders, hammering down with forearms that thud across the back of the champion's neck.

John Phillips: "Ross is stuffing that takedown! Jarvis is trying to drag him into that deep-water wrestling!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross is like 'I don't swim, I fight sharks.'"

Ross drags Jarvis up by the head and snaps him down into a front facelock, then wrenches him into a tight side headlock and leans his full bodyweight into it. Jarvis' knees bend slightly, forced to carry the load.

Jarvis pries at the grip, grimacing, then plants a boot and shoots Ross off the ropes again—Ross rebounds—Jarvis drops—Ross leaps over—Jarvis pops up and catches him—

Sidewalk slam!

The ring shakes. Jarvis hooks the leg.

ONE—

TWO—

Ross kicks out, but this time he rolls immediately toward the ropes, instincts screaming at him to create space.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is stacking up offense, but Chris Ross is not staying in the danger zone!"

Mark Bravo: "That's veteran panic—but it's smart panic."

Jarvis follows, reaching down to pull Ross up—Ross suddenly lashes out with a sharp headbutt to the body, then another, then surges up and snaps Jarvis with a short, brutal suplex—dumping him on his back with authority.

Ross doesn't cover. He sits up, breathing hard, eyes scanning Jarvis like he's cataloging what hurts and what doesn't. Then he rises, grabs Jarvis by the waist, and yanks him up.

Suplex.

Jarvis lands heavy. Ross keeps the grip.

Another suplex.

Jarvis' arms flail on impact. The crowd ooohs at the violence, the repetition, the statement.

John Phillips: "There's that suplex arsenal! Ross is turning this into a demolition!"

Mark Bravo: "He told you—every suplex imaginable. The man's a human forklift!"

Ross hauls Jarvis up for a third—Jarvis fights, throwing elbows, trying to break the grip—Ross clamps down harder and lifts anyway—

Jarvis flips out!

He lands behind Ross, shoves him forward, and when Ross turns—Jarvis cracks him with a DISCUS CLOTHESLINE that finally lands flush!

Ross goes down hard, rolling once onto his stomach, stunned. Jarvis falls to a knee, shaking out his own arms like he just punched through a wall.

John Phillips: "HE GOT HIM! Jarvis finally lands the discus clothesline!"

Mark Bravo: "That's a 'stay down' shot right there!"

Jarvis drags Ross up by the wrist and whips him to the corner—Ross hits and staggers. Jarvis charges—Ross explodes out with a sudden elbow—Jarvis stumbles—Ross hooks him—

Spinebuster!

Ross plants the champion with a spinebuster that rattles teeth in the front row. Ross stays on top, pressing his forearm across Jarvis' face, hooking the leg deep.

ONE—

TWO—

Jarvis kicks out!

Ross sits up immediately, frustration flashing for the first time. Not rage—just disbelief. He pounds the mat once, then looks out at the crowd like he's asking them, "What do I have to do?"

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine survives! But you can feel it—Ross thought that might be it!"

Mark Bravo: "You don't get many clean shots at Jarvis. When you do, you start believing."

Ross rises and drags Jarvis up into a front facelock—he's looking for Side Walk Smash—Jarvis fights the grip, but Ross muscles him forward, trying to spike him face-first.

Jarvis plants his feet, blocks it, and snaps Ross with a sharp back elbow to the jaw. Ross staggers—Jarvis immediately scoops him—

Neckbreaker slam!

Jarvis turns and crawls into a cover, hooking the leg high.

ONE—

TWO—

Ross kicks out again—this time with a violent surge that sends Jarvis off him.

Jarvis sits back on his heels, breathing hard, eyes locked on Ross. Ross pushes to his knees, jaw clenched, sweat

pouring, and for a moment it looks like neither man wants to admit how much this is taking out of them.

John Phillips: "This is exactly what the last match of 2025 should be. Two men, no excuses, and neither one can put the other away!"

Mark Bravo: "And we haven't even seen the finishers yet, JP... this is still the climb."

Ross slowly gets to his feet first and reaches down—pulling Jarvis up with him—forearm to forearm. Ross starts to fire—short elbow—Jarvis answers—right hand—Ross answers—now they're trading again, center ring, the crowd rising with every shot.

Ross suddenly ducks under a swing, grabs Jarvis around the waist, and pops his hips—

German suplex!

Jarvis lands high on his shoulders and neck and rolls, clutching the back of his head. Ross doesn't let him breathe—he grabs him again—another waistlock—

Second German!

Jarvis bounces on impact and slumps to his side, eyes glassy. Ross stands over him, breathing like a bull, then looks down at his own hands like he can't believe he's this close.

John Phillips: "Back-to-back Germans! Ross is stacking them!"

Mark Bravo: "He's building a mountain out of suplexes, JP. And Jarvis is the bricks!"

Ross drags Jarvis up one more time—looking for the third—Jarvis suddenly fires an elbow back, then another, breaking the grip. He turns and rams a knee into Ross' midsection, doubling him over.

Jarvis hooks Ross—lifting him up—

Patriot Plunge attempt!

Ross fights, twisting free, landing on his feet behind Jarvis—Ross grabs the back of Jarvis' neck—yanks him—

Side Walk Smash!

Jarvis gets driven face-first into the mat. The crowd erupts as Ross collapses into the cover, hooking the leg with everything he has.

John Phillips: "SIDE WALK SMASH! COVER!"

ONE—

TWO—

Jarvis kicks out!

The building explodes. Ross' eyes go wide. He sits up slowly, breathing hard, staring at the referee like the count betrayed him.

Mark Bravo: "HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT! WHAT DO YOU EVEN DO WITH THAT?!"

John Phillips: "Chris Ross just hit one of the most dangerous moves in his arsenal and Jarvis Valentine WILL NOT LET GO OF 2025!"

Ross wipes sweat from his eyes and nods once, almost to himself. He doesn't argue. He doesn't complain. He just leans forward and grabs Jarvis again—because if he's going to win this title, he's going to have to take it.

He hauls Jarvis up to a seated position, then to his knees, and Ross' expression changes—less disbelief, more

resolve.

Jarvis spits to the side, shakes his head like he's trying to clear the fog, and pushes back to his feet with Ross. Both men wobble. Both men stand.

And the crowd, sensing the next swing, rises again.

Jarvis swings first—an overhand right that Ross slips just enough to let it glance off his shoulder. Ross answers with a short elbow that snaps Jarvis' head to the side, then another that forces the champion to take a step back.

John Phillips: "Here we go—this is the pocket! This is where championships get decided!"

Mark Bravo: "They're swinging like they can feel the clock running out on the year!"

Jarvis fires back with a stiff forearm across Ross' jaw. Ross stumbles, rebounds with a headbutt to the bridge of Jarvis' nose, and the crowd roars at the sudden ugliness of it.

John Phillips: "Headbutt! Ross is getting desperate!"

Mark Bravo: "Nah—Ross is getting honest."

Jarvis reaches out to clinch—Ross snaps him with a quick knee to the ribs, then another, pushing him toward the ropes. Jarvis grabs at Ross' wrist, trying to pull him into a throw—Ross yanks free and cracks him with a sharp forearm smash that staggers the champion.

Jarvis shakes it off and fires a discus clothesline—Ross ducks under, pops behind—waistlock—Jarvis throws back an elbow—Ross eats it and still holds on—

German suplex.

Jarvis lands high again, grimacing, rolling to all fours. Ross doesn't let him reset. He grabs the waist—Jarvis tries to hook the rope—Ross drags him away—

Another German suplex.

John Phillips: "Ross is chaining them! He's not letting Jarvis breathe!"

Mark Bravo: "That's 'Harrisburg math,' JP—two suplexes plus one more equals pain!"

Jarvis crawls toward the corner, pulling himself up by the turnbuckles. Ross stalks him, eyes cold, breathing heavy. Jarvis turns—Ross rushes—Jarvis throws a boot up—Ross catches it, shakes his head like, 'Nice try,' and shoves the leg down.

Ross charges again—Jarvis swings—Ross slips inside—

Spinebuster.

Jarvis hits the mat and bounces. Ross rolls through into a mounted position and rains down forearm shots, not wild, not flailing—measured, brutal, each one turning the crowd from excitement into a sharp, nervous buzz.

John Phillips: "Ross is unloading! The referee is watching those shots closely!"

Mark Bravo: "You can't give Ross a second. You give him a second, he takes your whole year!"

Ross stands and drags Jarvis up by the back of the neck. Jarvis' legs are shaky. Ross yanks him forward—looking for Side Walk Smash again—Jarvis fights it, twisting, trying to get his balance—Ross clubs him with a short forearm to the back of the head and Jarvis drops to a knee.

Ross backs up two steps, measuring him. Jarvis rises slowly, blinking hard, still trying to find his footing.

Ross explodes—

25 To Life!

The cyclone kick catches Jarvis across the jaw and the champion crumples sideways like his strings got cut. The arena erupts—Ross falls into the cover immediately, hooking the leg tight.

John Phillips: “25 TO LIFE! THIS COULD BE IT!”

ONE—

TWO—

THR—

Jarvis kicks out!

The building detonates. Ross sits up fast, eyes wide, then he laughs once—short, disbelieving—like he’s staring at a locked door that just won’t open.

Mark Bravo: “HE KICKED OUT AGAIN! JARVIS IS MADE OUT OF STUBBORN!”

John Phillips: “Chris Ross just landed one of his biggest shots and Jarvis Valentine will not let his reign end that easy!”

Ross wipes his mouth with the back of his wrist, then leans in and grabs Jarvis by the head, pulling him up to a seated position.

Ross talks to him—quiet, not for the crowd—then yanks him up to his feet. Jarvis is unsteady. Ross keeps a grip on the back of his neck like a leash.

Jarvis fires a desperate right hand—Ross blocks it, answers with a 360 rotating elbow—

10-71!

Jarvis collapses again, face-first this time. Ross doesn’t even hesitate—he rolls him over and hooks both legs deep.

John Phillips: “10-71! ROSS JUST TOOK HIS HEAD OFF!”

ONE—

TWO—

Jarvis kicks out—barely—one shoulder lifting like it weighs a thousand pounds.

Ross doesn’t explode with anger. He just exhales, long and slow, then looks around the arena as if he’s realizing something: Jarvis isn’t going to leave. He’s going to have to be carried out of 2025.

Mark Bravo: “Ross is in control now. He’s got the tempo. He’s got the damage.”

John Phillips: “But the champion keeps finding air. Keeps finding life.”

Ross stands, shaking his arms out, then points to the center of the ring—telling Jarvis to get up. The crowd is split, roaring for both men, sensing the next escalation.

Jarvis pulls himself up with the ropes. He turns, eyes glassy, still trying to focus.

Ross charges—Jarvis throws a lariat—Ross ducks under, hooks Jarvis from behind again—waistlock cinched—hips low—

Ross lifts for another German... and holds him there for a heartbeat, showing the control... showing the power... then drives him down hard.

Jarvis lands and doesn’t immediately move.

John Phillips: “Ross is taking him apart piece by piece!”

Mark Bravo: "That's the upperhand fully, JP. This is Ross' fight now."

Ross paces once, then turns back toward Jarvis with purpose—eyes on the prize, hands ready—because he's not just trying to win anymore.

He's trying to end the year.

Jarvis twitches, then forces himself up to one knee. The crowd rises again—willing him forward—begging for one more champion's rally.

Ross watches him like a man watching a storm cloud form. He doesn't rush. He doesn't celebrate. He just waits—because he knows Jarvis is going to stand, and he wants him standing when the year ends.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is trying to pull something out of nothing—trying to find one last burst!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross is staring at him like, 'Go ahead. Show me.'"

Jarvis gets to his feet, unsteady, and shakes his head hard—trying to clear it. Ross steps forward and Jarvis suddenly explodes with a forearm that catches Ross in the jaw.

Ross stumbles back a step.

Jarvis fires another forearm—then another—his voice coming out as a guttural shout as he swings with everything he has left. The crowd surges with him, chanting, believing.

John Phillips: "There it is! That's the champion digging deep!"

Jarvis hits the ropes and comes back with a running bulldog—Ross plants his feet and shoves him off—Jarvis bounces, turns—Ross snaps him with a short-arm lariat that damn near flips him inside out.

Jarvis hits the mat and rolls instinctively, clutching his throat. Ross doesn't follow with a cover. He follows with control.

He drags Jarvis up by the wrist and pulls him into another clinch—Jarvis tries to pivot into the Patriot Plunge—Ross blocks it with sheer strength, then shoves Jarvis back into the ropes.

Jarvis rebounds and throws a desperate discus clothesline—Ross ducks under again, steps behind, and clamps the waistlock like iron.

Mark Bravo: "Nope. Not today. Ross is reading him like a book now!"

Jarvis fights it—back elbows, wild, frantic—Ross eats one, then another, but he doesn't let go. He tightens the grip, sinks his hips, and launches.

German suplex.

Jarvis lands high—shoulders and neck—and the crowd gasps. Ross keeps hold, rolling through, dragging Jarvis back up like he's deadlifting the last page of the calendar.

Jarvis swings an elbow—Ross catches the arm—traps it—then snaps him backward again.

Second German.

John Phillips: "Jarvis is trying to fight, but Ross is shutting every door!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the part where you feel it in your bones, JP... Jarvis feels it too."

Ross finally releases the grip and steps back. Jarvis rolls to his side, trying to push up, but his arms betray him for a moment. He looks up at Ross—eyes glassy—and for the first time all match, you can see it clearly:

Jarvis understands. He sees the wave coming.

He still rises.

Jarvis gets to his knees, then to his feet, wobbling. He squares up anyway, jaw set, refusing to fall quietly.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine has carried this company on his back all year... and he is daring Ross to take it from him."

Ross nods once. Respect. No hatred. No sneer. Just a man about to do what he came here to do.

Jarvis steps forward and swings—Ross slips inside, grabs the back of Jarvis' neck with both hands—

Side Walk Smash.

Jarvis' face hits the mat and the sound is sickening. Ross drops into the cover immediately, hooking the leg tight, forehead pressed to Jarvis' chest like he's holding him down to the earth.

John Phillips: "SIDE WALK SMASH! THAT'S IT!"

ONE—

TWO—

THREE!

John Phillips: "HE DID IT! CHRIS ROSS DID IT! CHRIS ROSS IS THE UTA CHAMPION!"

Mark Bravo: "THE YEAR OF THE BOSS! THE YEAR OF THE BOSS STARTS TONIGHT!"

The bell rings over and over as the crowd explodes—some screaming in disbelief, some cheering like they just watched a man climb out of his own grave. Ross rolls off Jarvis and sits up, staring at his hands again, chest heaving like he can't quite accept that it's real.

Jarvis lies on his back, eyes open, staring at the lights. His jaw tightens. He turns his head slightly toward Ross—watching him—processing it.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine led 2025. He carried it. He defended against everyone... and tonight, he finally met the man who earned the right moment."

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't hate. That wasn't a grudge. That was destiny... and Ross just grabbed it with both hands."

The referee retrieves the UTA Championship and kneels beside Ross. Ross rises slowly, and when the title is handed to him, he clutches it to his chest like it might disappear.

Then he stands tall and raises it—high—over his head.

Chris Ross closes 2025 as the UTA Champion.

"BLACK FLAME" hits again and the arena detonates—red-and-gold lights pulsing like a victory siren as Chris Ross stands in the center of the ring, the UTA Championship raised high above his head.

John Phillips: "Listen to this place!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not noise, JP—that's an entire year snapping in half!"

Ross turns slowly, looking from one side of the Allstate Arena to the other like he's trying to find the edge of the moment. The belt trembles slightly in his hands—not from fear, but from adrenaline and disbelief.

The referee backs away, letting it breathe. Ross brings the title down to his chest and just holds it there—forehead resting against the gold for a second, eyes closed, like he's grounding himself in the only thing that matters right now.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross... blacklisted, written off... and he just climbed to the top of the mountain!"

Mark Bravo: "He didn't just win a belt. He beat the calendar."

Jarvis Valentine is still down near the corner, back against the bottom turnbuckle, one arm draped over the middle rope. His face is tight with pain, chest rising and falling. He blinks hard and watches Ross—watching the confetti in the air that isn't even there, watching the crowd that won't sit down.

Ross turns and sees Jarvis stirring.

For a heartbeat, Ross' posture changes. Instinct. Defensive. He raises the belt a little higher like a shield, shoulders squaring, expecting the fight to continue—expecting the champion's pride to explode.

John Phillips: "Ross sees Jarvis moving—he's ready for anything!"

Mark Bravo: "Old habits die hard, JP. Ross is wired for survival."

But before anything can happen—movement on the ramp.

The crowd surges again as Valentina Blaze bursts through the curtain at full speed, the new UTA Women's United States Champion flying down the ramp with her title bouncing against her shoulder. She's smiling so wide it looks like it might split her face in half.

John Phillips: "VALENTINA BLAZE!"

Mark Bravo: "FIRE MEETS FLAME!"

Valentina slides into the ring and pops up instantly, pumping her fist, shouting something that gets swallowed by the roar of the crowd. Ross turns and his eyes go wide—like he can't believe she's really here, like he can't believe any of this is real.

Valentina points at him, then points at the title in his hands, then throws both arms up like, 'LOOK WHAT YOU DID!'

Ross laughs—an ugly, disbelieving laugh—and shakes his head, still clutching the belt to his chest like it's the only proof he has that this isn't a dream.

John Phillips: "Ross can't process it! He's smiling but he doesn't even look like he knows what to do with his own hands!"

Mark Bravo: "That's a man who spent too long thinking he'd never get a moment like this!"

Jarvis pulls himself up in the corner, one hand on the top rope, still wincing. Ross notices him again—tense—ready.

Jarvis takes a step forward.

Ross shifts his stance, belt still in his hands, breathing hard.

And then Jarvis Valentine... claps.

Slow at first—like it hurts to even move his arms—then a little steadier. He nods once toward Ross. No bitterness. No cheap shot. Just an exhausted champion acknowledging the man who earned it.

John Phillips: "That... that's class."

Mark Bravo: "That's a champion who knows exactly what this moment is."

Jarvis presses a hand to his ribs, grimacing, and steps through the ropes. He pauses on the apron for a second, looking back into the ring—watching Ross, watching the crowd.

Ross watches him too, still breathing heavy, still not sure what to say. Jarvis gives him one more nod... then drops to the floor and starts up the ramp.

He's leaving the ring to Ross. Leaving the spotlight. Letting him have it.

John Phillips: “Jarvis Valentine led the UTA through 2025... and he is giving Chris Ross the space to close it.”

Mark Bravo: “That’s leadership, man.”

With Jarvis gone, the dam breaks.

Valentina rushes Ross—he opens his arms without thinking—and she leaps up into him. Ross catches her out of pure instinct, stumbling one step but holding on tight as the crowd absolutely loses its mind.

Valentina throws her arms around his neck, yelling something into his ear, and Ross is still staring out at the crowd like he can’t believe he’s standing in the middle of this storm.

John Phillips: “This is surreal!”

Mark Bravo: “Ross looks like a man who just woke up inside his own movie!”

Valentina pulls back just enough to look him in the eyes—Ross’ face is still shocked, still stunned, still trying to catch up—

and then she kisses him.

The arena erupts into pure chaos—screams, gasps, chants, the kind of reaction that rattles the camera lens. Ross’ eyes go wide again as if his brain just short-circuited. For a second he’s frozen, like he doesn’t know what to do—then he wraps his arms around her tighter, laughter finally breaking free as real emotion crashes through the armor.

John Phillips: “OH MY GOD!”

Mark Bravo: “BRO! THE FIRE JUST LIT THE FUSE!”

Valentina drops back to her feet, still holding him, both titles shining under the lights—two champions in the same ring, closing the year like a headline nobody saw coming.

Ross raises the UTA Championship again—this time with Valentina at his side—and the crowd roars like they’re trying to blow the roof off the Allstate Arena.

John Phillips: “CHRIS ROSS CLOSES 2025 AS UTA CHAMPION!”

Mark Bravo: “AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE DIDN’T CLOSE IT ALONE!”

Ross looks down at the belt, then out at the fans, then at Valentina—still shaking his head, still in disbelief—before he mouths two silent words that the camera barely catches:

“No way.”

But it’s real.

And as fireworks crackle above the stage and the crowd chants into the night, the UTA signs off on 2025 with the Year of the Boss beginning—right now.

Conclusion

Card Subject to Change.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite