

# The Great Southern Trendkill: 2025

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** September 28, 2025  
**Location:** Great Plains Coliseum — Lawton, OK

## Preview

Card to be announced

## Results

### Video Package

Segment

Dark screen. A faint guitar riff strums. A single line appears across the screen: "THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL TOUR."

Montage begins: roaring crowds in Georgia, Houston, and Arkansas. Fast shots of fans waving signs, pyros exploding, the UTA logo flashing.

Narrator (deep, booming voice): "For weeks... the United Toughness Alliance has torn through the South. City by city, state by state... leaving behind chaos, rivalries, and unforgettable moments."

Clips roll: Valkyrie Knox raising the Women's Championship in Duluth. Susanita Ybanez catching her with a knee strike. Amy Harrison jumping the barricade in Houston, attacking Susanita. Marie Van Claudio appearing to confront Amy, the crowd roaring.

John Phillips (voiceover clip): "Amy Harrison just shocked the world!"

Quick cuts: Marie pointing at Amy; Susanita being pulled off Valkyrie by security; Valkyrie snarling into the camera backstage.

Narrator: "One championship... four women. Tonight, history will be rewritten."

Music intensifies, heavy drums. Cut to B-roll of Chris Ross throwing fists backstage, Eric Dane Jr. brawling through a crowd with security swarming.

Narrator: "Violence... escalated into war."

Clips: Ross smashing a chair, Dane Jr. bloody and screaming, fans chanting "U-TA!" as chaos spills into the stands.

Mark Bravo (voiceover clip): "These two don't just want to win... they want to END each other!"

Graphic flashes: "OKLAHOMA STREET FIGHT."

Quick transition: Gunner Van Patton shown storming to the ring on tour stops, dropping local wrestlers with thunderous powerbombs. B.R. Ellis shown trading stiff shots in highlight reels.

Narrator: "The newcomer... Gunner Van Patton. The workhorse... B.R. Ellis. Tonight, the storm meets the grind."

Music shifts to soaring strings. Angela Hall shown raising the new Women's U.S. Title on tour. Emily Hightower, in training clips, intercut with her debut contract signing. A voiceover of Melissa Cartwright interviewing Emily: "I'm not here to play games. I'm here to honor my family name."

Narrator: "Legacy... collides with destiny. Angela Hall defends against Emily Hightower, daughter of a legend... in her

very first match."

Cut to the Rich Young Grapplrz posing with the Trust Fund Tag Team Titles, arrogant smirks plastered across their faces. Quick cut to El Fantasma stepping out of the shadows, Madman Szalinski's maniacal laughter layered over the clip.

Narrator: "The future of tag team wrestling... meets the terror of the unknown. The Grapplrz issue an open challenge... but can anyone stop the darkness?"

Music slows, a steel door clangs shut on screen. A shot of Jarvis Valentine bleeding in the cage from last week. Brick Bronson snarling, holding the title aloft. Flash cuts of their brawls, the cage lowering above the ring.

Narrator: "Two men... one steel cage. Brick Bronson. Jarvis Valentine. For the UTA Championship... there is no escape."

Final montage: quick flashes of every rivalry — Valkyrie's lariat, Amy's smirk, Susanita flying, Marie's sharpshooter, Ross brawling with Dane Jr., Gunner's powerbomb, Angela holding her belt, Emily training, Brick raising the title, Jarvis staring through the cage.

Narrator: "Tonight... rivalries end... legacies begin... and chaos reigns."

The screen fades to black, then the event logo slams across the screen with a massive explosion of pyro sound:

Graphic: "UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE PRESENTS... THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL 2025!"

Cue live feed: the arena in Lawton erupts in pyro and the broadcast intro begins.

## **Introduction**

### Segment

The camera fades in on the roaring Great Plains Coliseum in Lawton, Oklahoma. Over 9,000 fans are packed to the rafters, waving signs, stomping their feet, and shaking the very foundation of the building. Spotlights sweep across the crowd, pyrotechnics blast from the stage, and the brand-new \*Great Southern Trendkill\* logo lights up the massive video screen.

John Phillips: "WELCOME, EVERYONE, TO \*THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL\*! Tonight, the road of chaos leads us right here to Lawton, Oklahoma—and folks, buckle up because history is about to be made!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the wildest crowd I've ever seen, JP! You can feel it in your chest, you can feel it in your bones. Six matches, six wars, and by the end of the night the entire landscape of the United Toughness Alliance could be changed forever!"

The camera cuts across the crowd as chants of "UTA! UTA! UTA!" thunder through the arena. On the stage, more pyros explode in red, white, and gold as the announce team keeps hyping the night.

John Phillips: "Let's run it down! Tonight, Jarvis Valentine and Brick Bronson step inside a steel cage to finally settle their war for the UTA Championship! No interference, no excuses—just two men locked in and forced to fight until one survives!"

Mark Bravo: "And don't forget about the Oklahoma Street Fight, JP! Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr. have been trying to kill each other for months. No rules, no holds barred—it's going to be violent, and it's going to be personal."

John Phillips: "Plus, the women's division takes center stage in a fatal four-way for the UTA Women's Championship! Valkyrie Knox defends against Amy Harrison, Susanita Ybanez, and the returning legend herself—Marie Van Claudio!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not just a match, that's a generational clash! And how about Gunner Van Patton stepping into a

UTA ring for the very first time against B.R. Ellis, the toughest workhorse this company has!"

John Phillips: "And the women's U.S. Title is on the line—Angela Hall defends against Emily Hightower, the daughter of UTA legend David Hightower, making her highly-anticipated debut tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "The legacy, the bloodline, the spotlight—can Emily make history on her first night, or will Angela Hall keep proving why she's the most dominant rising star in wrestling?"

John Phillips: "And it wouldn't be \*Trendkill\* without the tag team division—Rich Young GRPLRZ are putting the Trust Fund Tag Team Championships on the line in an open challenge! But we know El Fantasma and Madman Szalinski are lurking—who's walking out with the gold?"

The crowd roars louder as the camera zooms back in on the announce desk.

Both commentators are standing now, adrenaline coursing as the arena vibrates with chants.

Mark Bravo: "JP, it's all on the line tonight. The cage, the street fight, the women's war—this is the kind of night careers are defined by."

John Phillips: "The United Toughness Alliance brings you \*The Great Southern Trendkill 2025\*! LET'S GET THIS SHOW STARTED!"

The lights drop, the crowd hits a fever pitch, and the opening match graphic flashes across the screen.

## **Valkyrie Knox vs. Amy Harrison vs. Susanita Ybanez vs. Marie Van Claudio**

Match

The lights dim inside the Great Plains Coliseum, the buzz of anticipation rolling through the sold-out crowd. A single spotlight beams down on the stage as the opening drumbeats of "Ignite" by Dead Legacy pound through the speakers, rattling the arena floor.

John Phillips: "And here comes the first challenger in tonight's Fatal Four-Way, the fiery young woman who's been making waves ever since she arrived in UTA — Susanita Ybanez!"

Red lights sweep across the stage, followed by streaks of violin layered over the drums. A line of fire crawls up from the stage floor as pyro crackles, the piano melody swelling — until suddenly, the growl of the song hits and BOOM! A massive explosion of flame and sparks fills the stage.

Mark Bravo: "Listen to this place, JP! Love her or hate her, you've gotta respect Susanita's rise. She shocked everybody when she pinned Valkyrie Knox a few weeks back — though let's be honest, that was thanks to some outside interference. But a win's a win, and she's riding that momentum straight into this title fight."

The camera cuts to Susanita Ybanez stepping through the smoke, chin raised, eyes locked forward as the crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and jeers. She pauses at the top of the ramp, letting the fire and lights frame her silhouette.

John Phillips: "Susanita may not hold the gold, but she's proven she can hang with the best of them. And tonight, she doesn't have to pin Valkyrie to walk out with the championship. One fall, one submission — that's all it takes."

Susanita begins her slow march down the ramp. Fire bursts along both sides of the walkway, framing her path in molten red. Fans lean over the barricades, some waving Paraguayan flags, others booing after remembering her controversial win, but Susanita never breaks her focus — her eyes stay locked on the ring ahead.

Mark Bravo: "She's scrappy, John. She's fearless. And she's hungry. You put somebody like that in a high-stakes match, and it can spell disaster for a champion."

Susanita stops halfway down the ramp as the chorus of "Ignite" crashes in. She raises her arms high, fists clenched, then slams them down with force — and the four ring posts explode in showers of crimson pyro, shaking the coliseum

as the crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Susanita calling her shot here tonight, making a statement before the match even begins. The question is: can she capitalize when it matters most, with three other competitors gunning for the same prize?"

Reaching the ring apron, Susanita steps up with deliberate poise. She stands tall on the edge, staring out at the sea of fans, then leans back and throws her arms to the sky. On cue, another explosion of pyro erupts from the turnbuckles, bathing the ring in flickering red light.

She steps between the ropes, moving to the center of the ring. Pacing slowly, her expression stays locked in that same blend of defiance and focus. She gestures to her waist, signaling what she's here for — the Women's Championship — as the crowd noise swells.

Mark Bravo: "If Valkyrie's not careful, if Amy or Marie slip up, Susanita Ybanez could shock the world again tonight — and this time, the belt would actually come with it."

The camera lingers on Susanita as her music fades, tension building in the arena for the next entrance.

The lights shift from crimson to a shimmering violet as the opening chords of "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment blast through the sound system. A slow, sultry beat fills the arena before the guitars rip in with full force. The camera swings to the stage as fog billows across the entrance ramp.

John Phillips: "And here comes Amy Harrison — one of the most cunning and dangerous women to ever step foot in a UTA ring. A former champion across the globe, and someone who has never been afraid to play mind games to get what she wants."

Amy Harrison strides out from behind the curtain, hips swaying, eyes glittering under the spotlight. She runs a hand through her blonde hair, smirking as the crowd rains down a mix of cheers and boos. Some fans are captivated, others jeer loudly — but all eyes are on her. She pauses at the top of the ramp, tilting her head back and running her hands slowly down her body before snapping her gaze toward the ring, fierce and focused.

Mark Bravo: "John, she's trouble — and she knows it. Amy Harrison doesn't just wrestle her opponents, she gets inside their heads, she messes with their emotions, and then she tears them apart when the bell rings. Sixteen years of experience, and a history of championships to back it up."

She begins her walk down the ramp, deliberately slow at first, making eye contact with fans along the barricade. One fan holds up a sign reading "Sanctify ME, Amy!" and she laughs, blowing them a mocking kiss. The guitar riffs kick harder, and Amy picks up her pace, her smirk fading into a look of sheer determination as the ring grows closer.

John Phillips: "Let's not forget, Amy Harrison shocked the world at International Affairs years ago, winning the Prodigy Championship against all odds. Her first UTA run ended with a lot of questions, but her return has been nothing short of explosive."

Reaching ringside, Amy climbs onto the apron with a graceful arch of her back, pausing to lean against the ropes. She stares into the hard camera, mouthing something inaudible but dripping with confidence before she slowly slides into the ring under the bottom rope.

Mark Bravo: "And let's not forget,— the last time we saw her, she stabbed her so-called friend Marie Van Claudio right in the back. That's the Amy Harrison guarantee: if you trust her, you're already finished."

Amy pops up to her feet, strutting to the center of the ring. She raises her arms high, soaking in the reaction from the crowd — love or hate, she feeds off it all. Slowly, she lowers her arms and turns her gaze toward Susanita Ybanez, smirking as if to say, "your moment's over now."

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison looks ready, and she may be the most unpredictable factor in this entire match. If Valkyrie

Knox and Susanita are the storm, Amy Harrison is the lightning bolt that can strike out of nowhere."

The music fades as Amy leans back against the ropes, eyes locked on the stage, waiting for the next entrance.

The arena goes dark again as a soft white spotlight flickers onto the stage. The haunting, delicate notes of a violin begin to play — the unmistakable opening of "Forever & Ever" by Lacey Sturm featuring Lindsey Stirling. The crowd reaction is instant. Cheers swell into a roar as fans leap to their feet, waving signs and chanting her name.

John Phillips: "And listen to this ovation! That music can only mean one thing — the return of the First Lady of the UTA, Marie Van Claudio!"

As the violins build, the spotlight intensifies. Suddenly, the stage lights up in gold and silver beams, and Marie Van Claudio steps through the curtain. Dressed in gleaming white and gold ring gear, she pauses at the top of the ramp, eyes glistening as she surveys the crowd. She places her hand over her heart for a moment, visibly touched, before raising her arms high.

Mark Bravo: "This is surreal, John. Marie Van Claudio — a former UTA Women's Champion, a pioneer of the division, and a name that helped put women's wrestling on the map in this company. She's back, and she's chasing the very title she made famous!"

Pyro erupts behind her in cascading golden sparks as the violin crescendos. Marie begins her confident walk down the ramp, the fans on either side reaching out, desperate for a touch. Some wave Canadian flags, others hold signs reading "First Lady Forever" and "Welcome Back, Marie!"

John Phillips: "Marie left the UTA years ago to start a family, and many wondered if we'd ever see her inside this ring again. But tonight, she's not here for nostalgia — she's here to reclaim her place atop the mountain."

Marie stops at the middle of the ramp, turning slowly to take in the sea of fans. She spreads her arms wide as the chorus hits, and BOOM! A blast of pyro erupts from both sides of the stage, showering sparks overhead. The crowd's roar grows even louder, shaking the arena.

Mark Bravo: "She's still got that aura, JP. That presence. And you know she hasn't forgotten her long and twisted history with Amy Harrison either. Tonight, it all comes full circle."

Reaching the ring, Marie climbs the steel steps, pausing on the apron to look out at the thousands in attendance. She wipes her boots on the apron, then steps between the ropes with grace. Once inside, she spins slowly, arms raised as the camera zooms in on her face — a mixture of pride, focus, and determination.

John Phillips: "The First Lady of the UTA is back, and she's walking into a powder keg of a Fatal Four-Way. Can she become Women's Champion one more time?"

Marie retreats to a corner, eyes never leaving Amy Harrison as the crowd continues to chant her name, anticipation building for the arrival of the reigning champion.

The arena plunges into darkness. A low rumble of thunder rolls through the sound system, followed by the distant blare of a war-horn. Purple spotlights sweep across the crowd as the opening notes of "You Should See Me in a Crown" by Billie Eilish begin to pulse. The atmosphere shifts instantly — ominous, electric, foreboding.

John Phillips: "And here she comes — the reigning, defending UTA Women's Champion. The Valkyrie of Reykjavik. The storm made flesh. Valkyrie Knoxx!"

Smoke billows from the stage, illuminated in deep violet. The war-horn blares again, louder this time, and from the haze emerges Valkyrie Knoxx. She strides forward with slow, deliberate steps, the UTA Women's Championship strapped firmly around her waist, a steel-spiked gauntlet raised high into the air.

Mark Bravo: "Every single time she makes this walk, JP, the temperature in the room drops ten degrees. She's not

flashy, she's not here to pander. She is a warrior, and she will break you in half if you stand in her way."

The music kicks heavier, bass rattling the coliseum, as pyro erupts in the form of cascading purple sparks along both sides of the ramp. Valkyrie stops midway down, tilting her head back and roaring toward the rafters as the crowd responds in a mix of awe and intimidation. Some fans cheer wildly, others boo, but all are on their feet.

John Phillips: "This is the woman who's held the division on her shoulders. A dominant champion who has turned back every challenge — except that controversial night when Susanita Ybanez pinned her thanks to outside interference. Valkyrie hasn't forgotten, and she hasn't forgiven."

Valkyrie resumes her march, each step deliberate, her glare locked on the ring. She reaches the apron and climbs onto it with one long stride, then raises her gauntlet again. BOOM! The turnbuckles erupt with bursts of white-hot flame, the arena bathed in purple light.

Mark Bravo: "And tonight, it's not just about the gold. It's about vengeance. It's about pride. Valkyrie Knoxx wants to crush anyone who dares question her reign — Amy Harrison, Marie Van Claudio, Susanita Ybanez — it doesn't matter. They're all just prey to her."

She steps between the ropes, towering over her challengers. The referee approaches, and Valkyrie unstraps the Women's Championship from her waist. She raises it high in the center of the ring, eyes locked coldly on each of her three challengers as the crowd's noise swells into a deafening roar.

John Phillips: "There it is, folks — the prize they're all fighting for. The UTA Women's Championship. Four warriors, one ring, one winner. Who leaves Lawton with the gold?"

The referee takes the title, holding it high for all to see as the music fades, and the tension inside the Great Plains Coliseum reaches a fever pitch.

The referee calls for the bell — DING! DING! DING! — and the Lawton crowd erupts as all four women circle cautiously. But Amy Harrison leans smugly against the turnbuckles, smirking, making no move to engage. Valkyrie Knoxx, Susanita Ybanez, and Marie Van Claudio all glance at one another, and slowly their gazes turn to Amy. The smirk fades as she realizes what's coming.

John Phillips: "And you can see it plain as day, Mark — three sets of eyes locked square on Amy Harrison. After the betrayals, after the mind games, she is public enemy number one in this Fatal Four-Way."

Amy waves them off, mouthing "you don't want to do this," before suddenly ducking under the ropes and bailing to the outside. The crowd boos loudly as she struts around the floor, trying to play it cool.

Mark Bravo: "That's a veteran move, JP. Why get caught in a three-on-one mugging when you can let the others fight it out first? That's classic Harrison."

But Valkyrie, Susanita, and Marie aren't buying it. Almost in sync, they slip out of the ring and surround her. Amy spins, eyes wide, realizing there's no escape. She pleads, hands raised — but the crowd comes alive as the three women close in.

John Phillips: "Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide! Amy Harrison is about to get exactly what she deserves!"

Susanita strikes first — BAM! A forearm rocks Amy's jaw, sending her stumbling into Valkyrie. The champion nearly takes her head off with a short-arm lariat, flipping her inside out. The fans erupt as Marie grabs Amy by the hair, drags her up, and hurls her back into the ring.

Mark Bravo: "She just got mowed down like a speed bump! And this crowd is eating it up!"

Back inside, Amy staggers to her knees, begging off, but the three slide in and stalk her like a pack of wolves. Marie slaps her across the face, drawing a roar from the crowd. Valkyrie knees her hard in the gut, folding her in half.

Susanita follows with a running dropkick to the side of the head that plants her in the corner.

John Phillips: "This is a demolition, plain and simple. Harrison's arrogance, her games — it's all come back to haunt her tonight!"

Marie drags Amy up, whipping her across the ring. Valkyrie charges in, crushing her with a corner avalanche. As Amy stumbles out, Susanita blasts her with a flying knee strike to the temple. She collapses to the mat as the fans chant "ONE MORE TIME!"

Mark Bravo: "Amy Harrison is getting bounced around like a pinball. This is karma in its purest form."

Valkyrie doesn't hesitate — she scoops Amy up and drives her into the mat with a thunderous powerslam. The champion hooks the leg for the first pin attempt of the night — ONE! TWO! — but both Susanita and Marie dive in to break it up! The alliance shatters in an instant.

John Phillips: "And just like that, the truce is over! It was only a matter of time before this broke down — everyone in that ring wants to walk out champion."

Valkyrie snarls, shoving Susanita back. Marie steps up into her face, the two locking eyes. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as the uneasy respect melts away into raw competition. Behind them, Amy rolls under the bottom rope, clutching her ribs, gasping for air, her chance to regroup while the real fight begins.

Mark Bravo: "And there goes Harrison again, slithering out of harm's way. She might be bruised and battered, but she's still in this match — and she'll be lurking for the right moment to strike."

Back in the ring, Valkyrie and Marie stand nose-to-nose. The crowd rises to its feet, sensing the collision. The champion snarls, towering over her challenger, while Marie stares right back, unflinching. A murmur swells through the Great Plains Coliseum — then Marie strikes first.

John Phillips: "Here we go! Marie Van Claudio throwing the first shot at the champion!"

SMACK! A blistering chop echoes across the arena. Valkyrie answers instantly with a chop of her own — CRACK! The sound reverberates like a gunshot. The crowd erupts with each exchange: "YAY!" for Marie, "BOO!" for Valkyrie. Over and over, chest-rattling chops until Marie staggers, gasping for breath.

Mark Bravo: "These two are tearing strips off each other, JP! That's raw power meeting pure grit!"

Valkyrie grabs Marie and hurls her across the ring with a deadlift German suplex. The crowd pops as Marie crashes hard, but somehow, she fights to her knees. Valkyrie charges — but Marie ducks under and counters with a spinning heel kick that catches the champion flush on the jaw! The fans explode as Valkyrie stumbles back, stunned.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio with a strike out of nowhere! The First Lady of UTA showing she hasn't lost a step!"

Marie capitalizes, hitting the ropes and coming back with a snap DDT that plants Valkyrie headfirst into the canvas. She hooks the leg — ONE! TWO! — but the champion powers out with authority, shoving Marie halfway across the ring.

Susanita suddenly reappears, springboarding in with a flying crossbody that takes both Valkyrie and Marie down! The crowd surges, chanting her name as Susanita kips up, energy pouring through her every move. She points to the ropes, races across the ring, and launches herself with a suicide dive that wipes out Valkyrie on the floor! The arena shakes with the impact.

Mark Bravo: "There's that fearless streak, John! Susanita will throw her whole body on the line if it means tipping the scales tonight!"

Susanita pounds the mat, rallying the crowd, then slides back in to find Marie recovering. Without hesitation, she plants

her with a belly-to-belly suplex, bridging for the pin — ONE! TWO! — Marie kicks out! Susanita slaps the mat, frustration flickering, before climbing the turnbuckle.

But just as she steadies herself, Amy Harrison strikes — dragging her down by the foot! Susanita crashes hard onto the canvas. Amy slides in, pouncing on her with stomps and a snap neckbreaker before throwing herself across her for a pin attempt — ONE! TWO! — but Valkyrie barrels back into the ring and breaks it up with a monstrous boot to Amy's head!

John Phillips: "And that's why Amy Harrison can never be counted out — she bides her time, waits for the opening, and nearly stole the win right there!"

Mark Bravo: "She's a snake, JP. But give the devil her due — that snake knows how to strike at the perfect time."

The camera pans across all four competitors: Marie clutching her ribs in the corner, Susanita writhing from the neckbreaker, Amy glaring through tangled hair, and Valkyrie standing tall in the center, fists clenched, chest heaving — the storm reasserting herself as the match barrels toward chaos.

The four women sprawl in different corners of the battlefield: Marie clutching her ribs, Susanita shaking the cobwebs, Amy Harrison crawling for safety, and Valkyrie Knoxx looming like a storm cloud in the center of the ring. The Lawton crowd is thunderous, stomping and chanting as the referee checks on all four competitors.

John Phillips: "What a start to this Fatal Four-Way! Alliances, betrayals, high-risk dives — and we're barely ten minutes in! This is exactly what the UTA Women's Division is all about."

Mark Bravo: "JP, I've got goosebumps! These women aren't just wrestling a match tonight — they're carving their names into history. Every one of them wants that championship, and they're throwing everything they've got at the wall to take it home."

The camera cuts to a wide shot of the packed Great Plains Coliseum, the fans on their feet, chanting "U-TA! U-TA!"

John Phillips: "Let's talk about what we've seen. Susanita Ybanez — fearless, high-flying, throwing herself into danger without a second thought. She nearly had Valkyrie Knoxx down for three."

Mark Bravo: "And don't sleep on Marie Van Claudio. That spinning heel kick and DDT combo nearly stole it. The First Lady of UTA hasn't lost a step, JP. The woman looks like she's been waiting ten years for this night, and she's not wasting the opportunity."

John Phillips: "But standing tall right now is Valkyrie Knoxx — the reigning champion. She's eating shots, she's getting knocked down, but she's still the anchor in this storm. That's why she's the champ."

Mark Bravo: "And Amy Harrison? Hey, say what you want about her tactics — and Lord knows I've said plenty — but she almost stole that thing after the neckbreaker on Susanita. That's what makes her so dangerous. She doesn't need to dominate the match. She just needs that one second, that one opening, and we could be calling her champion tonight."

The camera cuts back to Valkyrie pounding her chest in the center of the ring, her breath visible in the cold purple haze of her lighting. The crowd roars as Marie and Susanita drag themselves back up, and Amy lurks in the corner, clutching her neck but smirking through the pain.

John Phillips: "Folks, buckle up. The pace is only going to get faster from here. Four of the best women in professional wrestling, one championship — and right now, this place is shaking!"

Mark Bravo: "It's chaos, JP. It's carnage. And it's beautiful. This is what makes nights like \*The Great Southern Trendkill\* unforgettable!"

Back in the ring, Valkyrie Knoxx glares at her challengers, pounding a fist into her palm. Marie Van Claudio and

Susanita Ybanez drag themselves upright in opposite corners. Amy Harrison, lurking low, slithers out of her corner like a predator waiting for the perfect strike.

John Phillips: "And here we go again, Mark — the storm's about to break!"

Susanita rushes first, firing rapid forearms at Valkyrie. Marie joins in, hammering chops across the champion's chest. The crowd rallies as the two challengers try to overwhelm Valkyrie — but the champ explodes out with a thunderous double clothesline, leveling them both to the canvas!

Mark Bravo: "That's raw power, JP! Valkyrie Knox just mowed them down like it was nothing!"

Amy senses her chance and darts forward — CRACK! A superkick right to Valkyrie's jaw! The champ staggers back against the ropes. Amy charges again, but Valkyrie catches her — SNAP! A tilt-a-whirl backbreaker nearly folds Amy in half. The crowd gasps at the impact.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison just got broken in two! And Valkyrie is standing tall over all three challengers!"

Valkyrie drags Susanita up, hooking her arms for the Ragnarok Bomb. She lifts — but Marie charges in and blasts her with a spinning heel kick to the temple! Valkyrie crumbles, dropping Susanita. The crowd erupts as Marie seizes the moment, hitting the ropes and nailing Susanita with the Montreal Spinout! She hooks the leg — ONE! TWO! — but Amy dives in at the last second, yanking Marie off by the hair.

Mark Bravo: "That was it! That was three if Amy didn't slither in and ruin it!"

John Phillips: "And that's what makes a Fatal Four-Way so unpredictable! Every time you think it's over, there's somebody there to break it up!"

Amy stomps down on Marie viciously, screaming at her as she drives boots into her ribs. She yanks Marie up by the hair and whips her into the corner. Amy charges in — but Susanita intercepts with a springboard dropkick! Amy crashes back into the turnbuckles, staggering forward, and Susanita scoops her into a snap belly-to-belly suplex that sends her flying across the ring!

John Phillips: "Susanita with the burst of speed, and this crowd is rocking with her every move!"

Susanita points to the top rope, the fans cheering wildly. She scales the turnbuckles and launches herself — 450 SPLASH on Amy Harrison! The crowd explodes as Susanita hooks the leg — ONE! TWO! — but Valkyrie yanks her off by the ankle and locks her into the Helheim Clutch!

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh she's got it! Valkyrie's got the submission locked in tight!"

Susanita screams in agony, clawing toward the ropes, but there are no rope breaks in a Fatal Four-Way. The champion wrenches back harder, teeth bared in fury. Just as Susanita's about to tap, Marie storms in and kicks Valkyrie square in the head, breaking the hold. The crowd gasps and then roars with relief.

John Phillips: "Susanita was a second away from tapping out, and Marie Van Claudio just saved her!"

The chaos builds. Marie pulls Valkyrie up and hoists her to the corner. Susanita joins, hammering shots into Valkyrie's midsection. Together, they climb the ropes, hooking her arms. The crowd buzzes as Amy crawls into position underneath. Suddenly — TOWER OF DOOM! Valkyrie is powerbombed from the second rope while Susanita and Marie crash down from a double superplex! The ring shakes as all four women lie sprawled across the mat.

Mark Bravo: "OH MY GOD! That just broke the ring in half! Everybody's down! Everybody's broken!"

John Phillips: "Bodies everywhere! Who's gonna get up first? Who's gonna seize this moment and walk out champion?"

The crowd is on its feet, clapping and chanting "THIS IS AWESOME!" as the referee checks on all four women, none of

them stirring at first. The camera pans across the carnage — Valkyrie flat on her back, Susanita clutching her ribs, Marie rolling to her side, and Amy barely twitching. The championship still waits for whoever can rise first.

Slowly, movement begins — Susanita drags herself to the ropes, Marie claws to her knees, Amy crawls across the canvas clutching her ribs, and Valkyrie Knox rises last, shaking her head and snarling through the pain.

John Phillips: "That Tower of Doom nearly destroyed this match, but somehow, all four competitors are still alive in this thing!"

Mark Bravo: "They're not alive, JP — they're running on pride and adrenaline. That's the only thing keeping any of them moving right now."

Marie Van Claudio pulls herself up in the corner, using the ropes for support. Across the ring, Amy Harrison stumbles to her feet. Their eyes lock. The crowd buzzes instantly, knowing what's coming. Marie's face twists into fury as Amy smirks, spreading her arms wide as if inviting the fight.

John Phillips: "Oh, here we go! Marie Van Claudio and Amy Harrison — bitter rivals, former allies, torn apart by betrayal — and it's about to erupt right here in Lawton!"

They meet in the center of the ring and immediately trade right hands. The crowd reacts to each punch — "YAY!" for Marie, "BOO!" for Amy. Back and forth, the pace quickening, until Marie ducks one and fires a blistering slap across Amy's jaw! The crack echoes, and Amy stumbles back, clutching her face.

Mark Bravo: "That was payback with interest, JP! Marie's waited years to plant that slap!"

Marie seizes the moment, hooking Amy's arms and planting her with a facebuster. She rolls her over for the pin — ONE! TWO! — but Susanita dives in to break it up with a stomp to Marie's back. The crowd groans, the tension ratcheting higher.

John Phillips: "Susanita saving the match for herself — remember, one fall to a finish. She's not letting Marie steal this!"

Susanita drags Marie up, firing off quick forearms before whipping her into the ropes. On the rebound, she hits the ripcord knee smash right to Marie's face! Marie crumples, and Susanita wastes no time, hooking the leg — ONE! TWO! — but Valkyrie Knox tears her off and locks in the Helheim Clutch again!

Mark Bravo: "Oh no, not again! Valkyrie's got Susanita trapped right in the middle of the ring!"

The champion wrenches back, teeth gritted, Susanita screaming in agony as she flails. The crowd surges, some chanting "TAP!" while others roar "SU-SA-NI-TA!" Susanita stretches desperately for the ropes, but there are no breaks. Just as her hand hovers, Amy Harrison stomps Valkyrie across the spine, breaking the hold.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison saving Valkyrie Knox from a potential tap-out — and not because she cares, Mark, but because she wants that title for herself!"

Mark Bravo: "Exactly — it's not mercy, it's survival. Amy knows if Susanita taps, Valkyrie keeps the belt. She's not letting that happen."

The four women stagger into separate corners, each battered, each refusing to quit. The crowd is white hot, stomping their feet, waiting for the next explosion. In the center of it all, Valkyrie rises, glaring at each challenger in turn. Her chest heaves, her fists clench — and then she roars, charging forward with fury.

John Phillips: "The rivalries are tearing this match apart! Everyone wants vengeance, everyone wants the championship — and Valkyrie Knox is about to unleash hell on whoever stands in her way!"

Valkyrie Knox charges across the ring, flattening Susanita with a big boot that nearly takes her head off. She spins on

her heels and catches Amy Harrison mid-run, scooping her up into the Ragnarok Bomb — BOOM! The champion slams her down with authority and hooks the leg — ONE! TWO! — but Marie Van Claudio dives in and breaks it at the last possible second! The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "That was three! Marie Van Claudio just saved the match and maybe her own destiny right there!"

Mark Bravo: "That was a heartbeat away from Valkyrie retaining, JP! You can't blink for even a second in this match!"

Marie scrambles to her feet, trading blows with Valkyrie. Chop! Forearm! Chop! Forearm! The crowd roars with every strike. Marie ducks a lariat and counters with the Poisonrana! Valkyrie spikes on her head, the champion rolling to the outside in pain. Marie crawls over and drapes an arm across Amy — ONE! TWO! — but Susanita drags her off by the ankle!

John Phillips: "Susanita just denied Marie her moment! These women are fighting tooth and nail for every second!"

Susanita whips Marie into the corner, then bolts in with a running dropkick. Marie stumbles out and Susanita hoists her up onto her shoulders. The crowd gasps as Susanita spins — LA ESTRELLA NEGRA! The crowd roars as Susanita covers — ONE! TWO! — but Amy Harrison dives across and breaks it up, clawing at Susanita's hair.

Mark Bravo: "Susanita had her! She had Marie beat! But Amy Harrison once again slithers in to ruin the party!"

Amy pulls Susanita up and plants her with a snap DDT, then scrambles to the top rope. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as she steadies herself, smirking down at the wreckage. She leaps — diving crossbody onto both Susanita and Marie! The impact leaves all three sprawled out in the ring.

John Phillips: "Bodies everywhere! Amy Harrison, desperate, throwing herself into the fire to keep this championship in reach!"

On the outside, Valkyrie Knox pulls herself up, clutching her neck, rage burning in her eyes. She slides back into the ring like a predator stalking prey. The crowd builds to a fever pitch as she looms over the pile of challengers, dragging Amy up by her hair. Valkyrie roars and spikes her with the Valknut Driver! The champion hooks the leg — ONE! TWO! — but Susanita dives in, shoving Valkyrie off at the last instant!

Mark Bravo: "Are you kidding me!? That was the champion's kill shot and it still wasn't enough!"

The crowd is deafening now, stomping, clapping, roaring with every near-fall. All four women are down, gasping, barely moving, the referee checking each of them. The camera pans across the carnage: Susanita holding her ribs, Amy clutching her neck, Marie staring up at the lights, Valkyrie pounding the mat in frustration.

John Phillips: "What else can these women give? They've hit each other with everything they've got — finishers, big moves, high risks — and still, nobody can keep the other down!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what it's all about, JP! The UTA Women's Championship! Four warriors laying it all on the line, and we're only one heartbeat away from history being made!"

The crowd chants thunderously — "FIGHT FOREVER! FIGHT FOREVER!" — as the camera closes in on the ring, all four slowly stirring, the tension ready to snap into the final, decisive sequence...

All four women claw their way back to life, the crowd on its feet in Lawton, deafening with "FIGHT FOREVER!" chants. Valkyrie Knox is the first to rise, her face twisted in fury. She grabs Marie Van Claudio by the throat, dragging her to the center of the ring. Susanita lunges, but Valkyrie swats her away with a monstrous forearm. She hoists Marie high...

John Phillips: "Valknut Driver coming! If she lands this, it's over!"

BOOM! Valkyrie spikes Marie into the mat with the Valknut Driver! The fans explode as the champion hooks the leg — ONE! TWO! — but Susanita breaks it at the last possible instant with a desperate diving stomp! The building nearly

collapses with noise.

Mark Bravo: "Susanita Ybanez just saved this match! I don't know how she's even standing, JP!"

Valkyrie roars in frustration, grabbing Susanita and muscling her up for the Ragnarok Bomb. But Susanita squirms free, hits the ropes, and blasts the champ with a ripcord knee smash! Valkyrie collapses to her knees. Susanita rebounds — but BAM! Marie Van Claudio cuts her off with a spinning heel kick that drops her flat.

All three collapse in a heap. The crowd is losing its mind when suddenly Amy Harrison slithers back into frame. She crawls across the mat, clutching her ribs, her eyes wide with opportunism. The fans boo ferociously as she grabs Marie and heaves her limp body under the bottom rope to the floor.

John Phillips: "Wait a second— wait a second! Amy Harrison! Not like this!"

Amy pounces on Susanita, draping her arm across her chest for the cover. The referee drops — ONE! TWO! — Valkyrie lunges forward, but her body gives out halfway there — THREE!

Mark Bravo: "No! No way! She stole it!"

The bell rings and the crowd erupts in a chaotic mix of boos and shock. "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment blasts through the speakers as Amy Harrison rolls off Susanita, clutching her stomach, a delirious grin spreading across her face. The referee kneels beside her, placing the UTA Women's Championship in her hands. She cradles it like a prize jewel, tears of laughter in her eyes.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner... and NEEEEEW UTA Women's Champion... AMYYYY HARRISSON!"

The camera cuts to Valkyrie pounding the mat in rage, Marie clutching her head on the floor, Susanita staring up in disbelief. Meanwhile, Amy rolls out to the apron, clutching the title tight against her chest, smirking through the venom of the booing crowd.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison... of all people... has stolen the Women's Championship here tonight at \*The Great Southern Trendkill\*!"

Mark Bravo: "I hate it, JP. I hate it with every fiber of my being — but you can't argue with the result. She played the game smarter than anyone else tonight, and now Amy Harrison sits on top of the world."

The camera lingers on Amy, walking backwards up the ramp, holding the championship high above her head as trash is hurled from the stands.

Her laughter cuts through the boos as the screen fades to a wide shot of the chaos in the ring.

## **The United States Champion Arrives**

Segment

The camera cuts to the parking garage, where headlights sweep across the concrete. A black SUV pulls up, and the crowd inside the arena buzzes with recognition as the door swings open. Out steps Angela Hall, the UTA Women's United States Champion, title slung proudly over her shoulder. She wears a leather jacket over her gear, her expression cool and confident as she adjusts the championship plate and strides toward the entrance doors.

John Phillips: "There she is, the U.S. Women's Champion — Angela Hall. Since the night she retired the Florida State title and became the very first champion of this new division, she's been unstoppable."

Mark Bravo: "That's right, JP. Angela's been a wrecking ball since stepping up to the main roster. She's beaten every challenge they've thrown at her — but tonight is different. Tonight, she defends that championship against the daughter of David Hightower."

The shot follows Angela as she walks, fans outside the barricades cheering and waving signs through the open garage

doors. She smirks, acknowledging them with a nod before continuing toward the backstage hallway.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower makes her in-ring debut tonight. And let's be clear, she isn't just anybody. She grew up in this business, watching her father battle in the UTA. But tonight, she faces one of the most dominant rising stars in all of professional wrestling."

Mark Bravo: "This isn't just a match, JP — this is a proving ground. Angela Hall wants to prove she's the standard-bearer of the Women's U.S. Title. Emily Hightower wants to prove she belongs on this stage. Something's got to give."

Angela pauses at the doorway into the backstage corridors, tightening her grip on the championship. She smirks confidently at the camera, then disappears inside as the shot fades back to ringside.

## **History to be Made**

Segment

The camera cuts backstage. Madman Szalinski pushes open the door to a dimly lit locker room, championship posters and old UTA banners plastered on the walls.

Madman Szalinski: "Alright boys..."

He steps in, but the room is empty. Silence. He looks around, scratching his head, suspicion creeping across his face.

Madman Szalinski: "...Where the hell are they?"

He turns back toward the door — BAM! One of the El Fantasma Oscuro's is standing right there in the doorway, unmoving, mask gleaming in the low light. Szalinski stumbles back, clutching his chest.

Madman Szalinski: "Gah! Don't do that to me—"

He spins around — BAM! Another El Fantasma Oscuro is right behind him. The crowd watching on the tron pops as Szalinski jumps nearly out of his skin.

Madman Szalinski: "COME ON, GUYS!"

Both masked men remain stone silent. Szalinski leans against a bench, catching his breath, throwing his hands up in exasperation.

Madman Szalinski: "Seriously, you've gotta stop doing that. One of these days you're gonna give me a heart attack, and then where will you be, huh?"

The Fantasmas tilt their heads slightly, like predators studying their prey. Szalinski shakes it off, redirecting with his trademark manic energy.

Madman Szalinski: "Alright, alright, listen up. Tonight, I got you a match against the Rich Young GRAPPLRZ. That's right — Trust Fund Tag Team Championship shot! This is it, boys! Big money, big opportunity. All it takes is one good run with those titles and the fans will latch on. Trust me, I know! I mean—look at me!"

Szalinski gestures at himself proudly, grinning ear to ear. The Fantasmas stare at him, masks unreadable, but their body language suggests doubt — a slow tilt of the head, almost like "we don't see it." The crowd chuckles.

Madman Szalinski: "Don't give me that! This is YOUR big chance... and my chance to prove I can produce winners. Tonight, we take the Trust Fund boys down a peg, and the whole world will know the name El Fantasma Oscuro!"

The two Fantasmas step closer, flanking Szalinski. He looks nervously between them, then pumps his fist with forced enthusiasm.

Madman Szalinski: "Let's make history, boys!"

The two Fantasmas remain silent, their presence looming as Szalinski tries to hype himself up. The segment fades to black with uneasy tension mixed with the faint sound of Szalinski's nervous laugh.

## **The Contract Has Been Signed**

Segment

The screen fades in with a black-and-white still image of the contract signing table set up in the ring. A slow, tense guitar riff plays as the words appear across the screen: "LAST WEEK — THE CONTRACT SIGNING."

Narrator (voiceover): "One week ago... tensions boiled over as Gunner Van Patton and B.R. Ellis came face-to-face to make their showdown official."

Clips roll of Ellis sitting at the table, calm but defiant, pen in hand. Gunner Van Patton stands opposite, his Medal of Honor glinting under the lights, sneer etched across his face. The crowd in Houston booing loudly.

John Phillips (voiceover): "B.R. Ellis walked into that ring knowing what he was signing up for — the most dangerous newcomer UTA has seen in years."

Video shows Ellis signing the contract confidently, then sliding it across the table with a smirk. Cut to Gunner slowly lowering himself into the chair, staring a hole through Ellis before scribbling his signature. He shoves the clipboard forward.

Mark Bravo (voiceover): "But Gunner Van Patton didn't come here to negotiate. He came here to dominate."

Music swells. Suddenly, footage shows Gunner flipping the contract table over, sending Ellis sprawling. The crowd gasps as Gunner boots Ellis in the gut and lifts him high — BAM! A thunderous powerbomb through the table. The replay shows the wood splintering in slow motion.

John Phillips (shouting, voiceover): "Oh my God! Van Patton just powerbombed Ellis through the table!"

Cut to Gunner standing over Ellis' broken body, snarling, his hands raised like a warlord. The crowd boos, trash flying into the ring.

Narrator: "Tonight... the decorated soldier turned mercenary makes his official UTA debut. But will B.R. Ellis — the heart and soul workhorse of this company — survive long enough to spoil it?"

The package ends with a split screen: Gunner standing over Ellis from last week, and Ellis now shown in training footage, sweat pouring as he drills in the ring. The words slam across the screen in bold letters: "GUNNER VAN PATTON VS. B.R. ELLIS — TONIGHT." The crowd roars as the live feed cuts back to the arena.

## **Gunnar Van Patton vs. B.R. Ellis**

Match

The lights dim and a low hum rolls through the arena. The opening beat of "Remember the Name" by Fort Minor kicks in, pulsing through the sound system. A spotlight cuts to the stage as the lyrics hit, and the crowd in Lawton comes alive, rising to their feet.

John Phillips: "And here comes B.R. Ellis! The workhorse of the UTA — a man who's made his name grinding night after night, town after town. He's not flashy, he's not arrogant, but when that bell rings, there may not be a tougher competitor in this company."

Ellis steps through the curtain, his head bowed for a moment before raising his arms high, pumping the crowd up. He slaps his chest with both hands and points out toward the fans, nodding with steely resolve. He's taped up, his ribs and shoulders showing the wear of a man who's been in battles all tour, but his eyes burn with focus.

Mark Bravo: "Focus is one thing, JP, but let's be real — this is a different beast he's walking toward tonight. Gunnar

Van Patton isn't another wrestler. He's a wrecking machine. And Ellis? He might be walking into a buzzsaw."

Ellis makes his way down the ramp, slapping hands with fans on both sides. The crowd rallies behind him, chanting his name, knowing he's the underdog but respecting the hell out of his fight. He pauses at ringside, staring up at the squared circle, and takes a deep breath before sliding in.

John Phillips: "Ellis knows exactly what he's stepping into, Mark. He's seen the tape. He knows the reputation. And still — STILL — he's here to fight. That's what makes him special."

Ellis pops up to his feet, climbing the second rope to throw a fist into the air. The fans cheer, stomping the floor in rhythm with his music. He drops down, loosening up his shoulders, his expression sharpening from fan favorite to pure competitor. The music fades, leaving the crowd buzzing as Ellis paces like a caged animal, ready to meet the storm head-on.

Mark Bravo: "The heart is there. The will is there. But against Gunnar Van Patton? Heart might not be enough."

The crowd was loud for Ellis a moment ago. Not anymore. Now, there's a ripple — not panic, not excitement. Something lower. A murmur that crawls up the backs of necks and tells them to pay attention.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd. They know what's coming. That's not cheers, that's not boos — that's anticipation. That's fear."

Then the music detonates.

? "Boots and Blood" by Five Finger Death Punch ?

The speakers don't play it — they erupt with it. A ragged scream, then the drums hammer in. The lights cut out, strobe bursts slicing the dark like gunfire in a thunderstorm.

Through the curtain he comes. No words. No gesture. No acknowledgment. Gunnar Van Patton walks straight down the aisle, every step measured, every muscle taut but coiled, the body of a man carved for war. The crowd parts into silence, the murmur growing heavier as he advances.

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, you said fear — I feel it too. This man isn't a showman. He isn't a character. He's a soldier who's turned professional wrestling into his next battlefield."

Van Patton hits the apron low, one hand slapping the mat, and slides beneath the bottom rope in a single fluid motion. He pops up like a man sliding into cover, then springing to his feet, eyes already locked dead ahead. He strips off his black t-shirt and flings it aside. His cap follows. Just discarded gear. Nothing more.

John Phillips: "That right there — that's what makes him terrifying. He doesn't waste a second. He doesn't play to the crowd. He doesn't care if you boo him, cheer him, or scream your lungs out. Gunnar Van Patton is here to fight."

The referee approaches for a quick check. Van Patton doesn't speak. He just extends his arms, lets the official do his job, then backs into the corner. He adjusts his gloves, cinches the wrist straps, taps the pads on his knees and elbows. Each movement practiced, deliberate, ritualistic. Then he goes still. Head forward. Breathing slow. Eyes fixed on the center of the ring.

Mark Bravo: "He's not waiting for applause. He's not waiting for the bell. He's waiting for the war to start."

DING DING DING

The bell rings. B.R. Ellis circles carefully, his stance tight, his eyes locked on Gunnar Van Patton. Every step is measured. Every twitch calculated. Ellis has studied this man. He knows what's coming. And he's not here to flinch.

John Phillips: "This is the biggest challenge of Ellis's career, Mark. He's not just facing another wrestler. He's facing a man who built his reputation on brutality."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but Johnny, let's be real — nobody in this building thinks Ellis can outfight Van Patton. The question is whether he can survive long enough to even make this interesting."

Van Patton doesn't move. He stands loose, arms low, head tilted slightly like he's already bored. The contrast is chilling: Ellis tight, Van Patton casual — predator and prey before the first strike is even thrown.

Ellis feints left, then snaps a sharp kick to the thigh. The crack echoes — but Van Patton barely reacts. He lifts his shin and checks it like it's nothing, bone-on-bone thundering through the coliseum. In the same motion, Van Patton pivots and fires a roundhouse to the ribs. It lands flush, dropping Ellis like he'd been shot.

John Phillips: "Oh my God! That kick just folded him in half!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Muay Thai 101, Johnny. That's why Gunnar Van Patton is dangerous. Everything he throws isn't just meant to hurt — it's meant to cripple."

Ellis scrambles, clutching his ribs, but Van Patton stalks him like a hunter. Ellis shoots for a leg, desperation in his movement — but Van Patton sprawls, plants his weight, and drives an elbow across the back of Ellis's neck. The technician crumples under the sheer force.

John Phillips: "This isn't even a wrestling match right now — it's a mugging! He's dismantling Ellis!"

Mark Bravo: "And you know who's smiling watching this at home? Scott Stevens. Stevens saw something in Van Patton — and I think tonight, the world is seeing it too."

Van Patton seizes Ellis's arm and snaps him overhead with a judo throw, rattling the canvas. No wasted motion. He plants a knee down across Ellis's forearm, grinding it against the mat. The camera catches Ellis screaming in pain, his face twisted in agony.

John Phillips: "He's not even trying to pin him, Mark! He's trying to break him piece by piece!"

Van Patton hauls Ellis into the corner and blasts him with a headbutt, then steps back, resets, and unleashes a brutal roundhouse to the chest. The sound is like a gunshot. The crowd gasps. He fires another — CRACK! — and another — CRACK! Ellis's chest is beet red, his body convulsing with each blow.

Mark Bravo: "Those aren't kicks, Johnny — those are declarations. That's Van Patton telling the world: 'This is mine now.'"

Van Patton explodes into a barrage: elbows, knees, kicks. Ellis staggers helplessly, his guard shredded. A sharp low kick buckles his leg. He drops forward just in time to take a spinning solebutt flush to the gut. Ellis collapses, coughing violently.

John Phillips: "He's down! That kick caved him in!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at Gunnar — he's not even winded. This isn't competition, JP. This is target practice."

Van Patton hits the ropes and stomps Ellis's neck with a vicious curb stomp that spikes his face into the canvas. The sound is sickening. The crowd groans, a mix of awe and horror.

John Phillips: "Somebody stop this! Ellis isn't moving!"

Van Patton wastes no time. He clamps onto Ellis's wrist and neck, hauls him vertical in a half-nelson, legs straight to the ceiling. The crowd rises, knowing what's coming.

Mark Bravo: "He's going for it! The FUKSZ — the exclamation point!"

Van Patton drives Ellis straight down, headfirst, with the brainbuster. The canvas shakes. Ellis goes limp. Van Patton kneels over him, staring coldly.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Thought you'd at least make me sweat."

He presses a single hand onto Ellis's chest. The referee counts — ONE! TWO! THREE! The bell rings.

DING DING DING

John Phillips: "It's over! Gunnar Van Patton just destroyed B.R. Ellis in his UTA debut!"

Mark Bravo: "Destroyed him? Johnny, he dissected him! He didn't even break a sweat — and Ellis is one of the toughest guys in this company!"

The referee checks on Ellis as he lies motionless. Van Patton stands tall, arms folded, eyes burning with contempt for the crowd that rains boos on him.

John Phillips: "And Mark, you said it best — somewhere, Scott Stevens is watching. Because if there was ever any doubt, tonight it looks like Stevens and Van Patton are on the same page. And that's bad news for everyone in UTA."

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, it's worse than bad news. It's a warning shot. If this is what Van Patton does on night one... imagine what happens when Stevens points him at someone Stevens actually wants gone."

Van Patton stares down at Ellis's broken body one last time, muttering something under his breath before stepping out of the ring. The camera lingers on Ellis being tended to as the arena buzzes in uneasy silence.

## **Time to Celebrate**

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands with a microphone, her usual bright smile framed by the new UTA Women's Champion at her side. Amy Harrison cradles the title across her shoulder, running her fingers across the gold, smirking as the crowd boos audibly from inside the arena.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time — the brand new UTA Women's Champion... Amy Harrison. Amy, first off, congratulations. How does it feel to hold the gold again here in the United Toughness Alliance?"

Amy tilts her head, soaking in the moment. She looks down at the championship, then back up, her smirk widening as the boos rain louder.

Amy Harrison: "Melissa, it feels exactly the way I always knew it would — natural. This title? It was made for me. While everyone else was out here chasing dreams, I was outsmarting, outlasting, and outclassing every single woman who thought they could stand in my way. And now? Now I've got the proof right here."

She pats the faceplate of the championship and laughs lightly, a cruel edge in her tone.

Melissa Cartwright: "And what about your plans as champion? The division is hotter than ever — what's next for Amy Harrison now that you're at the top?"

Amy leans in closer to the mic, her eyes glittering with mischief.

Amy Harrison: "My plans? Simple. Celebrate. See, while all those other women lick their wounds and wonder what went wrong, I'll be raising a glass... or two... or three. And Melissa, I've already got the perfect stage for it. Because when UTA invades the East Coast, when we roll into Philadelphia for the next show on October tenth... I'm bringing the biggest celebration that city has ever seen. Bigger than any parade, bigger than any championship party, bigger than anything the so-called 'City of Brotherly Love' has ever witnessed."

She hoists the championship high over her head, smirk curling into a sinister grin as the chorus of boos grows deafening.

Amy Harrison: "This title belongs to me. And so does the spotlight. Philly better be ready — because Amy Harrison's

celebration is going to make history."

Amy tosses her hair back, clutching the belt close as she struts off camera. Melissa looks after her, wide-eyed, before the scene fades back to ringside.

## **What Was That?**

Segment

The camera cuts backstage. Gunnar Van Patton stands against a concrete wall, arms folded, still sweating from his match but his expression calm — almost amused. Beside him is Avril Selene Kinkade, sharp-eyed, her British poise radiating as she adjusts the jacket draped over her shoulders. The air is thick, tense.

Suddenly, Scott Stevens storms into frame, face twisted in anger.

Scott Stevens: "What was that?!"

Van Patton doesn't answer. He just smirks, shaking his head slightly, as if Stevens' outrage is beneath him. Avril steps forward, her voice cutting like glass.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You knew exactly what you were in for, Scott, when you brought Gunnar in. You stood right there in that ring last week and saw a glimpse of what was to come. Don't look so shocked now that he's delivered on it."

Scott Stevens: "I brought him in to bring excitement, not... not that. B.R. Ellis is on his way to the hospital because of what happened out there!"

Van Patton chuckles under his breath. Avril doesn't flinch. Instead, she tilts her head, smirking coldly.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "He's the first of many, Scott. A necessary message sent loud and clear."

Scott Stevens: "No. No, no, no. This is over. I can't have that kind of brutality in the UTA. Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr. are bad enough, but that? That was too much. I won't add more of that poison to the mix."

Avril steps even closer, her tone firm but mocking.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Oh, you can't? Then perhaps you should have paid more attention to what you were signing, Scott. Gunnar's contract... it's ironclad. He's here, whether you like it or not."

Stevens' face tightens. He points at Gunnar, jabbing the air with frustration.

Scott Stevens: "Contracts can be broken. Don't forget that."

Avril laughs, a sharp, knowing laugh. She leans in, smirk curling, and points toward Stevens with a gloved finger.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "And just like poor Ellis, you've made a crucial mistake, Scott. You didn't read the fine print. Gunnar is here to stay. No breaking, no bending, no escaping."

Stevens shakes his head, seething.

Scott Stevens: "We'll see about that."

He storms out of frame, leaving Gunnar Van Patton and Avril watching him go. Gunnar smirks, shaking his head again. Avril folds her arms, a satisfied gleam in her eyes as the two stand tall, silently daring the UTA to try and stop them. Fade out.

## **Congratulations**

Segment

The camera cuts elsewhere backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands, microphone in hand. At her side is Valkyrie Knox — hair damp from battle, jaw clenched, the sting of defeat still written across her face. The crowd's mixed

reaction filters through from the arena as Melissa begins.

Melissa Cartwright: "I'm here now with the former UTA Women's Champion, Valkyrie Knox. Valkyrie, earlier tonight, you lost the Women's Title in the fatal four-way. I have to ask... how do you feel?"

Valkyrie glares at Melissa, breathing heavy, eyes burning. She rips the mic a little closer, voice sharp and cutting.

Valkyrie Knox: "How do you think I feel? Hm? You think I'm happy? You think I'm proud of this? No, Melissa. I'm furious. I'm pissed off. That championship was mine — I fought for it, I bled for it, and tonight it was ripped out of my hands."

She stops herself, nostrils flaring, her body trembling with controlled rage. Slowly, she forces a breath and composes herself. Her voice steadies, though her eyes never lose their fire.

Valkyrie Knox: "Amy Harrison... congratulations. You architected this. You made your move and, for tonight, it worked. Enjoy your moment. Talk about your celebrations. Bring the balloons, the champagne, the fireworks."

Her tone drops lower, more deliberate.

Valkyrie Knox: "Because you better celebrate while you can. You better enjoy every single second. Because Valkyrie Knox is coming back for her title — and next time, there won't be anyone left standing to save you."

Valkyrie stares into the camera, cold and unblinking. Melissa swallows nervously as Valkyrie storms off, leaving her in silence as the crowd inside the arena roars with anticipation.

## **Angela Hall vs. Emily Hightower**

Match

The arena goes quiet, then erupts in recognition as the first twang of Hank Williams Jr.'s "A Country Boy Can Survive" hits the speakers. The crowd in Lawton rises as David Hightower steps out onto the stage, older now, weathered from years of fights and miles on the road. Beside him trots his old pitbull, Whiskey — grey around the muzzle, slower than he once was, but still carrying the aura of the "Toughest Dog in the Yard."

David Hightower holds a microphone, soaking in the moment as the crowd chants his name. He raises a hand, his eyes misty but his voice still gravelly strong.

David Hightower: "Ya know... I came into this company with a six pack of beer, the shirt on my back, and this here dog at my side. I never won a single championship, but god dang did I raise hell and kick a lotta ass along the way!"

The crowd roars, a chant of "HIGHTOWER! HIGHTOWER!" filling the arena. David nods, patting Whiskey's head gently before continuing.

David Hightower: "As much as I'd love to saddle up and go for another run, I gotta admit... this ol' engine's put a lotta mileage on it, and the light's on. But the good news is... the Hightower name ain't going anywhere."

The crowd leans in, sensing what's coming. David's voice cracks just slightly, but his pride shines through.

David Hightower: "It's with great pride I stand here in front of all of you tonight... and introduce my daughter... EMILY HIGHTOWER!"

The crowd explodes. A loud rev of an engine echoes from the back as the tron cuts to an old 1976 Chevy pickup truck rumbling through the curtain. Rusted, dented, but still kicking, it lurches forward and parks right next to the entrance stage. The driver's side door creaks open and Emily Hightower steps out, cracking her neck and stretching her arms. She looks every bit her father's daughter — rugged, fierce, ready for a fight.

Emily grabs a microphone from the stagehand and climbs onto the bed of the truck, staring out at the roaring crowd. She flashes a crooked grin before raising the mic.

Emily Hightower: "The difference between me and the rest of the pretty faces in the back... is that I got dirt under my nails, callouses on my hands, and I know how to put in a day's work! Angela..."

She leans forward, pointing toward the ring with a fiery glare.

Emily Hightower: "Consider me clocked in. It's time to put in some work!"

The crowd erupts again as Emily hops down from the truck and heads toward the ring, her stride strong, determined, unshaken by the moment. The truck engine shuts off as David and Whiskey watch from the stage, proud and stoic.

John Phillips: "What an introduction! The Hightower legacy lives on — and Emily looks ready to fight with the same fire her father brought every single night!"

Mark Bravo: "She's not here for glitz or glamour, JP — she's here to brawl, and if I'm Angela Hall, I'm taking her very, very seriously."

Emily slaps hands with fans along the barricade before sliding under the ropes, ready for battle.

John Phillips: "Can you imagine is she walks out with the championship on her first night in the company?"

Mark Bravo: "If she's anything like her daddy, there's a good chance of that John."

The crowd is still buzzing from Emily Hightower's fiery arrival when the lights flash bright blue. A crack of thunder echoes through the arena as "The Outsiders" fades out and the screen explodes with a flash of lightning. "Eye of the Storm" by WattWhite kicks in, heralding the arrival of the champion.

Angela Hall steps out onto the stage, the UTA Women's United States Championship gleaming around her waist. Her posture is sharp, her stride deliberate — cold and calculated. She doesn't rush, doesn't wave, doesn't smile. She surveys the scene in front of her like a general before battle.

As she starts forward, David Hightower is making his way to the back, Whiskey at his side. Angela pauses just enough to glance at him — a flicker of recognition in her eyes as the crowd reacts. No words are exchanged. She turns her head next to Emily's truck parked at the stage, giving it the briefest look of disdain before locking her focus back down the ramp at Emily, who paces in the ring like a bull waiting to be loosed.

John Phillips: "That right there tells the story, folks. Emily Hightower says she's clocked in and ready to work... but Angela Hall? She's been working overtime for months."

Mark Bravo: "Exactly, JP. Emily's out here making her first impression. Angela's out here defending the reputation she's built — match after match, win after win. And if Emily thinks grit and a last name alone are enough? She's in for a long night."

Angela walks slowly and deliberately down the ramp, eyes locked on Emily the entire time. She unfastens the belt from her waist and raises it high for all to see, then lowers it just enough to hold it against her chest as she climbs onto the apron. Her gaze never leaves Emily's as she steps through the ropes, tension filling the air between champion and challenger.

John Phillips: "The pride of a legacy versus the relentlessness of a champion. This one has all the makings of a war."

Angela steps fully into the ring, the Women's United States Championship still in her hands. She walks past the referee, moves to the center, and slowly raises the title high over her head. The crowd roars as the camera pans across Emily Hightower — standing nose-to-nose distance away, fists clenched, chest heaving with adrenaline. The rookie's eyes burn with fire; the champion's are cold steel.

John Phillips: "Look at this moment. Legacy on one side, dominance on the other. Emily Hightower's first night under the UTA lights — and she's staring down a champion who hasn't backed up an inch since the moment she won that

belt."

Mark Bravo: "This is what you call 'big fight feel,' JP. You can feel it in your chest. The crowd's buzzing, and neither of these women is blinking. Emily says she's clocked in... but Angela Hall? She's been on the night shift for months. She doesn't get tired. She doesn't take breaks. She just keeps going."

The referee steps between them, reaching for the belt. Angela reluctantly hands it over, her eyes never leaving Emily's. The referee holds the championship high in the air, turning to each side of the arena as the fans erupt one more time. The tension builds, the energy palpable — two competitors, two stories, one prize.

John Phillips: "The UTA Women's United States Championship... on the line. Champion versus challenger. Angela Hall versus Emily Hightower. And folks — this is going to be a fight."

The referee signals to the timekeeper. Emily bounces on her heels, shaking out her arms, ready to charge. Angela stands firm, shoulders squared, her expression never changing. The bell is about to ring...

DING DING DING

The bell rings and the energy in Lawton swells instantly. Emily Hightower takes a step out of her corner, her eyes wide, her chest rising heavy as she soaks in the roar of the crowd. Across from her, Angela Hall doesn't flinch — she stands tall, the picture of focus, arms loose at her sides, her eyes locked dead ahead.

For a moment, neither woman moves. They both turn their heads, scanning the crowd as the cheers grow louder, feeding on the anticipation. Then, as their eyes return to each other, a flicker of something passes between them — a small, subtle nod. A look of respect. Acknowledgment that this is bigger than just a match.

John Phillips: "You can feel that electricity. That's respect — but it's also warning. Each one of them knows what the other brings to the table."

Mark Bravo: "And listen to this place, man. They're not sitting down, they're not quiet — they're ready to see if Emily Hightower's got the fight to hang with a champion that hasn't slowed down for anybody."

The referee motions for them to engage. Emily wipes her hands on her thighs, cracking her knuckles. Angela rolls her shoulders back, expression unchanged, and steps forward. The two women circle, measured, deliberate, the crowd growing louder with each pass. Finally, they lunge in, collar-and-elbow tie-up at center ring, the struggle immediately turning into a test of raw strength and balance.

John Phillips: "Here we go! Champion and challenger, locking horns for the very first time!"

Mark Bravo: "No hesitation from either side — just straight into the fight. This is gonna get heavy, and it's gonna get heavy fast."

The crowd roars again as the lock-up grinds, both women pushing chest to chest, neither giving ground. The referee hovers close, eyes locked on the collision as the two jockey for control.

Emily digs her boots in, trying to muscle Angela back, but the champion shifts her weight and twists, pulling Emily into a tight side headlock. Angela cinches it down hard, grinding her forearm across Emily's temple, showing off the control she's famous for.

John Phillips: "Classic from Angela Hall — wear you down, sap your breath, and make you fight for every inch."

Emily grimaces but refuses to stay put. She shoves Angela against the ropes, shooting her off. Angela rebounds fast — Emily drops down flat to the mat, forcing the champ to hurdle over her. Angela hits the opposite ropes, momentum surging back — and Emily pops up, swinging a sharp arm drag that flips the champion over clean. The crowd pops as Emily springs back to her feet, a grin tugging at her face.

Mark Bravo: "Well I'll be — Emily Hightower just caught the champ flush with that arm drag! She's not intimidated one bit."

Angela rolls through the landing, popping back up almost instantly. No smile, no change in expression — just cold determination. The two circle again, the crowd clapping in rhythm. They tie up once more, this time Angela shifts quickly behind with a waistlock, hauling Emily up and dumping her belly-first to the canvas. She floats into a front facelock, wrenching Emily down with sharp, efficient control.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall showing why she's been so dominant — she can snap from one hold to the next like a storm rolling through."

Emily braces, plants a knee, and powers her way back up. The challenger twists her hips, managing to slip behind Angela with her own waistlock. With a grunt of effort, Emily lifts the champion and slams her down with a basic but solid mat return. The crowd cheers as Emily slaps the mat and snarls, showing a flash of her father's mean streak.

Mark Bravo: "And there's that junkyard toughness right there! Doesn't have to be fancy, doesn't have to be pretty — Emily Hightower will scrap with you all night long if that's what it takes."

Angela scrambles back to her feet, jaw tightening. The two lock eyes again, sweat already forming at their brows. The crowd erupts with applause at the stalemate, sensing the storm about to build.

John Phillips: "Neither woman's backing down. Champion. Challenger. This one's only just getting started."

Angela and Emily circle again, the applause still echoing. They lunge in a third time — collar-and-elbow — and this time it's raw power on display. Emily digs in, her frame carrying the weight of a lifetime of hard work, trying to muscle the champion back. Angela shifts her hips, driving low, and suddenly both women are deadlocked at the center of the ring, neither willing to yield.

John Phillips: "It's like two bulls locking horns, Mark. Neither giving an inch!"

Angela twists hard and shoots Emily off the ropes. The challenger comes back like a freight train. Angela sets her feet, braces...

**BAM!**

The two collide shoulder-to-shoulder. The impact echoes through the arena. Both women stagger back half a step, but neither goes down. The crowd roars at the standoff.

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh! Neither one budged! That's power meeting power right there!"

Angela tilts her head, stoic, motioning for Emily to try again. Emily snarls, pounding her chest, and hits the ropes a second time. She slams into Angela with everything she's got — another thunderous shoulder block. Angela rocks back a step, clutching the ropes for balance, but still doesn't fall. Emily growls in frustration, firing herself up.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower throwing everything she's got into those shoulders — and Angela Hall is still standing tall!"

Emily charges again, bouncing off the ropes for a third pass. But this time Angela surges forward first, exploding with her track-and-field speed — WHAM! — she drills Emily with a lightning bolt lariat that flips the challenger head over heels and plants her hard to the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "Whoa! That's why she's the champ! All it takes is one strike and Angela Hall turns the tide!"

The crowd gasps, then pops huge for the impact. Emily rolls to her side, clutching her chest, trying to gather her breath as Angela paces, expression still ice cold, her focus locked on the downed challenger.

John Phillips: "That was the first major strike of this match — and it came from the champion. Angela Hall is reminding

Emily exactly what she's up against tonight."

Angela doesn't rush. She stalks. The champion steps over Emily, grabs a handful of her hair, and yanks her up to her knees. She drives a knee strike square into the challenger's chest — the impact echoes, and Emily's body lurches backward. Angela keeps her grip, pulls her up again, and lands another knee. And another. Each one sharp, measured, punishing.

John Phillips: "Those knees are like thunderclaps! Angela Hall has Emily right where she wants her!"

Angela drags Emily to her feet and hooks her arm, snapping her over with a sharp suplex. Emily bounces hard off the canvas, clutching her lower back. Angela rolls through and doesn't let go — she pulls Emily up for a second suplex, then a third, chaining them together in a showcase of precision. The crowd counts each one: ONE! TWO! THREE!

Mark Bravo: "That's not just power, that's efficiency! Angela Hall is stringing this together like she's reading out of a playbook."

Angela floats over into a cover, pressing her weight across Emily's chest. The referee slides in.

One... Emily kicks out at one and a half, showing fight. The crowd pops in support, but Angela doesn't flinch. She immediately traps Emily's arm and wrenches it into a Fujiwara-style hold, leaning back and grinding the joint.

John Phillips: "Smart move by the champion — isolate a limb, slow the challenger down, and cut the ring in half."

Emily claws for the ropes, her face twisted in pain. The referee hovers close, asking if she wants to give up, but Emily shakes her head furiously. She inches forward, teeth gritted, and finally drapes a boot over the bottom rope. The crowd cheers as the referee calls for the break.

Angela releases immediately, standing coldly as Emily clutches her arm. With no wasted motion, Angela grabs her by the wrist, pulls her up, and whips her hard into the corner. Emily collides back-first, the ring shaking. Angela follows in with a Gale Force Knee — her long stride carrying her across the ring before she smashes her knee square into Emily's jaw. The challenger crumples into the corner.

Mark Bravo: "That knee almost knocked her clean out! Angela Hall is in full control — she's making this look clinical."

Angela grabs Emily by the wrist again and whips her across to the opposite corner, the challenger stumbling from the impact. Angela lines up for another big strike...

Angela charges in for another knee, but this time Emily explodes out of the corner with a wild burst of strength. She throws up a forearm that cracks across Angela's jaw, staggering the champion back a step. The crowd roars at the sudden spark.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower's not done yet! There's that junkyard fire!"

Angela shakes it off, stepping back in — but Emily meets her with another stiff forearm, then another. Each shot lands heavier than the last, the crowd stomping along with every blow. Emily roars, adrenaline surging, and starts throwing heavy right hands that back Angela into the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "She's throwing bombs, Johnny! This is pure fight, not finesse!"

Angela swings back with a clothesline, but Emily ducks under and barrels into the ropes. On the rebound she launches herself into the air — BAM! — catching Angela with a flying crossbody that slams the champion to the mat. Emily hooks the leg!

One... Two— Angela kicks out hard, shoving Emily off. The crowd groans with anticipation, but Emily slaps the mat and scrambles back to her feet, fire in her eyes.

John Phillips: "She nearly had her! Emily Hightower almost stole the title right there!"

Angela rises, furious, but Emily meets her head-on — ramming her with a shoulder to the midsection. She hooks the champ and plants her with a suplex, then pops up, shouting out to the crowd. The fans erupt in response. Angela tries to rise again, but Emily rushes and drills her with a big boot right to the face. The champion spills to the canvas as Emily roars, pounding her chest with both fists.

Mark Bravo: "She calls that 'putting in work!' And brother, she's putting it in right now!"

Emily drags Angela up by the arm, pulling her into position. She spins and drives a hammering elbow right into Angela's temple — the "Ode to My Father." The champion crumples to the mat as Emily drops into a cover, the crowd rising to their feet.

John Phillips: "Bull Hammer! Ode to My Father! Emily could have it!"

One... Two... Angela kicks out at the last second, throwing her shoulder up to a wave of noise from the crowd. Emily sits up, wide-eyed but grinning, her chest heaving as she realizes just how close she came.

Mark Bravo: "What a shot! She almost shocked the world on her debut, Johnny!"

Emily slaps the mat, shaking her head, then points at Angela, signaling that she's not done yet. The crowd stomps along, the energy rising again.

Emily pulls Angela up by the hair, still riding that surge of adrenaline, but the champion suddenly fires back with a sharp uppercut palm strike that snaps Emily's head back. The challenger stumbles, dazed, and Angela seizes the moment, wrapping her up and snapping her over with a crisp Cyclone DDT. The ring shakes as Emily lands hard.

John Phillips: "And just like that — Angela Hall slams the brakes on Emily's momentum!"

Angela rolls to her knees, shaking out the cobwebs. Her face never betrays panic — only focus. She rises smoothly, grabbing Emily by the wrist and dragging her up with her. In one fluid motion, Angela whips Emily into the corner with brutal force. The challenger collides chest-first, her whole body jarring from the impact. Angela takes two steps back, then charges in and crushes Emily with a Thunderclap Spear into the corner.

Mark Bravo: "Good God, she folded her in half! That spear had some serious storm surge behind it!"

Emily collapses to her knees, gasping for breath, but Angela doesn't give her an inch. The champ hauls her up into a double underhook, lifts, and drives her down with a suplex variation that rattles the mat. Angela covers, pressing her forearm across Emily's face.

One... Two— Emily kicks out with grit, the crowd roaring in her support. Angela doesn't argue, doesn't scowl — she just pulls Emily up again, ice-cold as ever.

John Phillips: "That's the difference right there — Angela doesn't waste time arguing with the referee or second-guessing herself. She just keeps pressing forward."

Angela hooks Emily's arm, lifts her high into a vertical suplex, and stalls. The crowd gasps as the challenger hangs in the air, legs kicking. Angela holds her there — then plants her with a crushing slam straight into the mat. She floats over into a pin, hooking the leg.

One... Two— Emily kicks out again! The crowd comes alive, stomping their feet as Angela sits up, her jaw tight but her demeanor unchanged. She grabs Emily's wrist, dragging her back up, and signals to the crowd. She's setting up for the Hurricane Hammer.

Mark Bravo: "Angela Hall is done playing around — she's lining up for the kill shot, Johnny!"

Angela tightens her grip, yanking Emily up by the arm. She sets her stance, muscles coiling, ready to hoist her into position for the Hurricane Hammer. The crowd rises, sensing the end. Angela lifts—

—but Emily kicks her legs wildly, fighting like a cornered animal. She twists her body mid-air, slips behind Angela, and shoves her forward with every ounce of strength she has. Angela stumbles chest-first into the ropes. As she rebounds backward, Emily lunges—

BAM! Emily crushes her with a Hit and Run: a splash into the ropes, followed immediately by a running big boot that cracks Angela right across the jaw. The champion crashes to the mat, stunned. The crowd explodes!

John Phillips: "What a counter! Emily Hightower just dodged the Hurricane Hammer and nearly took Angela's head clean off!"

Emily drops to one knee, clutching her ribs, the punishment of the match still written all over her. The fans rally behind her, stomping and clapping. She looks out at the crowd, then at her father and Whiskey watching proudly from the stage, before pounding her chest with both fists.

Mark Bravo: "She's running on fumes, but she's not quitting. That's that junkyard toughness, Johnny — you can't teach it, you can't coach it. It's bred into you."

Angela stirs, shaking her head, trying to get her bearings. Emily seizes the moment. She grabs the champion by the arm, hauls her upright, and signals to the crowd with a roar. She spins and drives her elbow with ferocity—

CRACK! The "Ode to My Father" bull hammer connects square to Angela's temple! The champion collapses flat to the mat as the arena explodes in shock. Emily dives into the cover, hooking the far leg.

John Phillips: "Ode to My Father! That's it! We could have a new champion right here!"

One... Two... Angela kicks out at the last heartbeat! The crowd gasps, half cheering, half stunned disbelief. Emily rolls off, eyes wide, gripping her hair in frustration but refusing to lose her fire.

Mark Bravo: "She almost had her! Emily Hightower just came within a split-second of winning the Women's U.S. Championship on her debut!"

Emily pounds the mat, rallying the fans again. Angela crawls to the ropes, clutching her jaw, shaking her head. Both women are battered, exhausted, but the fight is still burning hot in Lawton.

Emily pushes herself up, sweat dripping, chest heaving as she wipes her face with the back of her taped hand. Across the ring, Angela steadies herself on the ropes, the champion's expression still ice cold but her jaw marked red from the Ode to My Father. The referee hovers between them, checking both competitors, but neither woman is backing down.

The crowd surges, clapping and stomping. A chant breaks out — "LET'S GO EM-ILY!" followed by "AN-GE-LA HALL!" The arena rocks with dueling voices, the fans split right down the middle, wild with respect for what they're seeing.

John Phillips: "Listen to this place! They're not picking sides anymore — they're just saluting two incredible athletes giving it everything they've got."

Angela steps away from the ropes, her eyes never leaving Emily's. Emily nods at her, a flicker of a grin breaking through the pain. Angela doesn't smile back — but she does dip her head ever so slightly, an acknowledgment of the fight. Emily nods once more, slaps her chest, and beckons the champion forward. The crowd erupts again.

Mark Bravo: "You see that? That's respect, but it's also a dare. Emily Hightower's telling Angela Hall, 'Come on. Hit me again. Let's find out who's walking out of here tougher.'"

They step toward the center of the ring. The noise is deafening now. They circle once, twice, then lock up again — collar-and-elbow, grinding at each other's shoulders. Neither woman yields. Both push, strain, grit teeth, trying to force the other back. The referee watches close, but it's pure willpower at the heart of the struggle.

John Phillips: "We're right back where we started — champion and challenger, face-to-face, neither backing down an

inch."

The tension mounts as the lock-up grinds. Angela tries to twist into a headlock again, but Emily plants her feet and wrenches free, shoving her off. The champion rebounds into the ropes — and the crowd rises as they brace for the next collision.

Angela charges back off the ropes, her long stride carrying her fast across the ring. Emily meets her head-on, both women throwing their weight into simultaneous clotheslines. BOOM! The sound echoes as their arms collide and both bodies crash to the mat at the exact same time.

The crowd erupts, stomping and clapping as both champion and challenger lie on their backs, chests heaving, eyes blinking up at the lights. The referee hovers over them, checking, beginning the count.

John Phillips: "They just leveled each other! Champion and challenger both down in the middle of the ring — and this crowd is losing their minds!"

The referee raises a hand — ONE! — as the camera pans across the sea of fans on their feet, dueling chants again breaking out. "LET'S GO EM-ILY!" thunders from one side of the arena. "AN-GE-LA HALL!" answers from the other. The energy is electric, shaking the walls of the Great Plains Coliseum.

Mark Bravo: "This is one of those moments, man. Neither woman's backing down, neither woman's giving an inch. They hit each other like two freight trains and the fans are eating every second of it up!"

The referee's count hits FOUR as Emily rolls to her side, clutching her ribs, grimacing but dragging herself toward the ropes. Angela presses an arm across her chest, pushing herself up slowly but with purpose. The crowd only gets louder with each motion from either woman.

John Phillips: "They're both stirring — they're not staying down. You can't keep either of these women down tonight, not with this championship on the line!"

At SIX, both women are on their knees, facing each other again. Angela wipes sweat from her brow, Emily snarls through clenched teeth. They're battered, winded, but unbroken — and the crowd is deafening as they slowly rise, eyes locked, ready for the next exchange.

Both women rise to their feet, face-to-face, sweat dripping, chests heaving. Emily wipes her mouth with the back of her hand and fires the first shot — a heavy forearm smash right across Angela's jaw. The champion's head snaps to the side. The crowd pops.

Angela steadies, turns back, and answers with a stiff chop to Emily's chest. CRACK! The sound echoes like a gunshot, and Emily staggers a step but growls right back at her. The fans erupt again.

John Phillips: "Ohhh! These two are just standing and trading! This is a slugfest now!"

Emily winds back and nails another forearm. Angela rocks, steadies, then slaps a brutal overhand chop across Emily's chest again, the challenger's skin already welted red. The crowd "WOOOOOOS!" in unison. Emily answers with another forearm — BAM! Angela answers with another chop — CRACK!

Forearm. Chop. Forearm. Chop. The rhythm grows faster, the crowd counting along with each shot, the noise deafening. Emily finally cuts off the rhythm with a sudden headbutt that jolts Angela backward. The champion stumbles, clutching her forehead as Emily roars, pumping her fists to fire up the crowd.

Mark Bravo: "Emily Hightower is digging deep, Johnny! That's her dad's mean streak right there — when the fight gets ugly, she gets tougher!"

Angela steadies herself against the ropes, fury flashing in her eyes. She storms back, ducking a wild swing, and plants her knee hard into Emily's midsection. The challenger doubles over. Angela hooks her and snaps her down with a

lightning-quick Cyclone DDT that spikes Emily on the canvas. The crowd gasps at the impact as both women stay down, the pace and punishment taking its toll.

John Phillips: "What an exchange! Neither woman gave an inch, but Angela Hall with the answer — that DDT could be the turning point!"

The referee checks on both as they stir slowly, the crowd clapping in rhythm, urging them back to their feet for the next round of punishment.

Angela shakes the stars from her eyes, pushing herself to her feet. She grabs Emily by the wrist and yanks her upright with cold precision. With a sudden surge of strength, Angela scoops Emily onto her shoulders, muscles straining as she steadies her stance. The crowd rises as she shifts her grip — everyone knows what's coming.

John Phillips: "She's going for it — Hurricane Hammer incoming!"

Angela spins and drops with thunderous force — WHAM! Emily slams hard to the canvas, rattling the ring boards. Angela hooks the far leg, leaning across her with full body weight. The referee slides into position.

One... Two... Thr— Emily kicks out! She jerks her shoulder off the mat just before the three, the arena exploding with shock and cheers. Angela sits up, eyes narrowing, the first hint of frustration creeping into her normally stoic face.

Mark Bravo: "No way! No way she survived that! Emily Hightower just kicked out of Angela Hall's Hurricane Hammer — on her debut!"

Angela pushes to her knees, breathing heavy, then glances down at Emily with something between disbelief and respect. She drags the challenger up again, determined to finish it. She hooks Emily under the arms, sets her up for the double powerbomb — the setup she always uses before the Calm Before the Storm submission. She lifts —

—but Emily explodes with life, firing desperate right hands down into Angela's head. The champion stumbles, losing her grip. Emily slips free, landing on her feet behind Angela. The challenger seizes her chance, leaping up and drilling Angela with the Burn Out — a tornado double arm DDT that spikes the champion head-first into the mat! The crowd detonates!

John Phillips: "Burn Out! Burn Out from Emily Hightower! She hit it clean in the middle of the ring!"

Emily crawls across Angela's body, draping an arm over her chest. The referee dives into position.

One... Two... Angela kicks out! The crowd erupts again, a mix of groans and cheers, as Emily rolls to her side, clutching her ribs, too exhausted to believe it didn't end the match.

Mark Bravo: "This is insane! Both of these women have unloaded the heavy artillery, and neither one will stay down!"

The camera pans the crowd — people on their feet, hands on heads, mouths wide open at the spectacle. Inside the ring, both women stir, sweat-drenched and battered, the title still hanging in the balance.

Emily drags herself to the ropes, pulling up on the middle strand, face flushed red with exhaustion. Across from her, Angela steadies herself in the corner, one hand braced on the top rope, the other pressed to her jaw. The referee checks both competitors, but the women wave him off — neither wants this stopped.

The crowd rises again, dueling chants shaking the building. Emily slaps her chest, snarling, while Angela narrows her eyes, laser-focused. They stagger toward the center of the ring, their movements slower but heavier, every shot now carrying desperation.

Emily throws the first blow — a wild right hand that lands flush. Angela stumbles, then answers with a sharp knee to the ribs. Emily doubles over, but fires back with a suplex attempt — she hoists Angela high...

Angela twists in mid-air, counters, and plants Emily with a crushing Twister Slam! The ring shakes and the crowd

gasps. Angela immediately covers, hooking the far leg.

One... Two... Emily kicks out again, to a thunderous ovation! Angela sits up, staring down at her challenger in disbelief, her expression cracking just enough to show frustration.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower is still alive! What is it gonna take to keep this woman down?"

Angela slaps the mat once in determination, pulls Emily up by the wrist, and Irish whips her into the ropes. Emily rebounds — Angela swings for the Lightning Bolt Lariat, but Emily ducks! She bounces off the opposite ropes and comes flying back — BAM! A diving clothesline nearly turns Angela inside out!

The champion crashes to the canvas and the crowd detonates as Emily staggers back to her feet, roaring through the pain. She stumbles to the corner, climbing to the second rope, rallying the fans with both arms raised. She leaps off with a flipping rebound moonsault — Crash Landing! — but Angela rolls at the last second. Emily eats canvas with a crash that shakes the ring.

Mark Bravo: "Crash Landing missed! That might've been her one chance, and it just slipped away!"

Angela pulls herself up, shaking her head, then sees her opening. She stalks Emily from behind, the crowd buzzing as the champion lines up her kill shot.

John Phillips: "The champion smells blood in the water... she's about to end this!"

Angela stalks from behind, her eyes burning holes in Emily's back as the challenger struggles to her knees. The crowd rises, the buzz deafening. Angela hooks Emily's arms, lifts — Hurricane Hammer setup again. She spins, plants — CRASH! Emily slams into the canvas with sickening force. The referee dives in as Angela hooks the leg, the whole arena counting along.

One... Two... Thr— Emily kicks out! The roof blows off the building, fans screaming in disbelief. Angela sits up, stunned, her stoic demeanor broken for the first time all match. She looks at the referee, holding up three fingers, but the official shakes his head — only two.

John Phillips: "I don't believe it! Nobody survives that! Emily Hightower just kicked out of a second Hurricane Hammer!"

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, I thought for sure we were done. I thought that was it! How is she still breathing?"

Angela rises slowly, dragging Emily up with her. She hooks the arms again, preparing for another attempt, but Emily drops to one knee, deadweighting the hold. Angela wrenches harder, but Emily suddenly springs alive — biting down, clawing for survival. She twists her hips, shoving Angela into the ropes. The champ rebounds — and WHAM! Emily catches her flush with the "Ode to My Father" bull hammer elbow! Angela crumples to the mat, the crowd roaring like thunder.

Emily doesn't waste a second. She staggers back to her feet, adrenaline coursing, and scales the ropes. She steadies herself, looks out at the sea of fans, then leaps — CRASH! A flawless Crash Landing moonsault lands across Angela's chest. Emily hooks the leg, the crowd counting with the referee's hand.

One... Two... Three! The bell rings and the arena explodes. Emily rolls off Angela, collapsing to the mat as the referee snatches the Women's United States Championship from ringside and raises her arm in victory. Emily clutches the belt tight to her chest, wide-eyed, overwhelmed.

DING DING DING

Announcer: "Here is your winner... and the NEW UTA Women's United States Champion... EMILY HIGHTOWER!"

The camera cuts to the stage where David Hightower is holding Whiskey, tears in his eyes as he claps for his daughter. The crowd chants "EM-I-LY! EM-I-LY!" as she rises to her feet, raising the title high above her head, the

legacy of the Hightower name reborn.

John Phillips: "What a moment! Emily Hightower, in her debut match, just shocked the world! She's the new Women's U.S. Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, this is one for the highlight reels forever. David Hightower raised hell in this company — and tonight, Emily Hightower raised gold!"

Emily Hightower clutches the Women's United States Championship tight against her chest, still on her knees, overwhelmed by the roar of the crowd. The referee raises her hand again for emphasis. But behind her, Angela Hall stirs. The former champion pushes herself up, slow and deliberate, her face a mask of exhaustion and heartbreak.

Emily turns, watching as Angela stands tall despite the loss. For a moment, the two women lock eyes across the ring. The noise from the crowd dips into a respectful hush, anticipation building. Angela steps forward, sweat dripping, and extends her hand. The crowd erupts into cheers.

John Phillips: "What a sign of respect! Angela Hall giving the rookie her due — that's what a champion looks like, win or lose."

Emily hesitates, then nods firmly. She grips Angela's hand, the two shaking firmly. Angela pulls Emily close, saying a few unheard words, before patting her on the back. Then, Angela raises Emily's hand high for all to see, prompting another thunderous ovation.

Mark Bravo: "No excuses. No bitterness. Angela Hall just passed the torch in the middle of that ring, Johnny. That's respect."

Angela releases Emily's hand and steps toward the ropes. Emily bows her head slightly, offering a small, humble bow toward the former champion. Angela nods once more before exiting the ring, holding her ribs as she limps up the ramp to the sound of cheers.

Emily turns back toward the stage just as David Hightower makes his way down the ramp, Whiskey trotting carefully beside him. The fans come unglued, stomping and clapping as David climbs into the ring. Emily's eyes well up with tears as her father steps toward her. David grins wide, pride etched into his weathered face, and pulls his daughter into a tight hug as the crowd roars.

John Phillips: "What a moment — David Hightower never held championship gold here in UTA, but tonight he gets to watch his daughter do what he never could. This is history."

David raises Emily's arm high, her title gleaming in the lights. Emily wipes her face, then climbs to the second rope, raising the belt for the fans. David claps behind her, nodding, tears visible under the bright arena lights. Whiskey barks from the corner, as if sealing the moment.

Mark Bravo: "From one generation to the next — the Hightower name is alive and well in the UTA. And tonight, Emily proved she's not just carrying that name — she's carving her own legacy."

The scene closes with Emily and David standing side by side in the ring, the new UTA Women's United States Champion holding her title high as the crowd chants her name.

## **KVlog V 1**

Segment

We cut to a handheld vlog-style video. The camera is propped up at the end of a lavish bed. Draped in a silk robe and oversized sunglasses, Klelia Orestis lounges back against a mountain of pillows. A designer cappuccino cup sits in her hand, the logo turned deliberately toward the lens.

Klelia Orestis: "I have good news... and bad news."

She takes a slow sip, flashing the faintest smirk as she lowers the cup.

Klelia Orestis: "Great news? I'm coming to UTA. Bad news? I'm here to take over UTA. And trust me, I will prove that I'm more than just a pretty face."

Another sip, followed by an exaggerated roll of her eyes at the camera.

Klelia Orestis: "Just remember... what I'm about to do? It's business, not personal."

She sets the empty cup on the nightstand, snapping her fingers for someone off-camera to take it away. With a sly grin, she leans in closer to the lens.

Klelia Orestis: "Please remember to like... and subscribe. Goodbye, for now."

The feed cuts to black with her smirk lingering in the frame.

## **A Storm Waiting to Happen**

Segment

The camera cuts elsewhere backstage to the loading bay hallway of the Great Plains Coliseum. The fans inside the arena pop as Jarvis Valentine, the UTA Champion, makes his way down the corridor, duffel bag slung over his shoulder. His face is serious, locked in for the night ahead.

As Jarvis turns a corner, he suddenly stops. Standing in the middle of the hall are Gunnar Van Patton and Avril Selene Kinkade. The atmosphere shifts instantly — the noise of the crowd dimming under the weight of the moment. Avril, sharp-eyed and not the type for physicality, positions herself behind her client, while GVP snorts and spins his ballcap backwards, still carrying that unnerving aura.

The two men lock eyes. Silence. Gunnar doesn't speak — he sizes up the UTA Champion, the suspense building with no one sure what violence could possibly ensue. After a tense pause, and with a cocky smirk on his face, Van Patton spews a tobacco juice at the champion's feet and marches past. Avril cannot stop herself from looking at Jarvis with a look of utter contempt, as she follows right behind. The sound of GVP humming "Taps" echoes down the hall as the camera lingers on Jarvis.

Valentine exhales, visibly unsettled, shaking his head as if to clear the thought. He adjusts the strap on his duffel bag and continues forward, his jaw tightening as he heads toward his destination.

John Phillips: "That was no accident, Mark. The UTA Champion and Gunnar Van Patton crossing paths backstage — and look at Jarvis' face. He didn't like that one bit."

Mark Bravo: "Would you? GVP doesn't need words, Johnny. Just a smirk and suddenly the champ's got something else to think about. That's a storm waiting to happen."

## **Forged in Steel**

Segment

The screen cuts to black. A single spark strikes. Then another. The rhythmic clang of hammer against steel echoes. Sparks fly in slow motion as the sound grows louder — the sound of hard work, of sweat, of Birmingham steel.

Images flash: steelworkers in helmets and gloves, fire blazing from furnaces, molten metal poured into molds. Between each shot — clips of wrestling: bodies crashing to the mat, fists colliding, sweat spraying in the lights.

Narrator: "Birmingham's toughest... Birmingham's proudest... Birmingham's premiere wrestling promotion."

The screen fills with a bold logo: IRON CITY WRESTLING. Heavy guitars riff underneath, the tagline rising in flames across the screen.

Narrator: "Forged in fire. Forged in steel. Forged in Birmingham."

A montage slams across the screen — steel beams rising into place, wrestlers lifting opponents high, a furnace roaring, a piledriver dropping with devastating impact. Every image tied together by grit, sweat, and strength.

Narrator: "Iron City Wrestling. Where the strong are forged... and the weak are broken."

The music crescendos as the logo burns hot white, then slams into steel-gray. The tagline fades in one more time: "Forged in Steel."

Announcer (live voice-over): "And ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is brought to you by Iron City Wrestling — Birmingham's premiere wrestling promotion."

## **Rich Young GRAPPLRZ vs. El Fantasma**

Match

The arena plunges into gold light as the unmistakable warble of "Lifestyle" by Rich Gang rattles the speakers. The boos hit instantly — a tidal wave before the beat even drops.

Through the smoke step Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington, the Rich Young GRAPPLRZ, Birmingham's own and the reigning Trust Fund Tag Team Champions. They look like they've strolled out of a music video instead of a wrestling match — dripping in designer threads, smug grins plastered across their faces.

John Phillips: "Well here come the champions, and you can feel the heat in this building! The Grapplrz are as hated as they are talented."

Mark Bravo: "Hated? No, Johnny — they're envied! Look at them! That's money, that's style, that's success before they even step in the ring. Jacoby and Darian don't just wrestle, they trend."

Jacoby struts ahead, oversized shades on, chewing gum like this is just another night out. He films a slow selfie pan of the crowd with his phone, throwing up a lazy finger-gun salute. Behind him, Darian bounces like a linebacker before kickoff, shirtless under a silk bomber, barking "We're up! We're up!" as he flexes his pecs for the front row.

They pause at the top of the ramp. Darian dabs obnoxiously while Jacoby throws his varsity jacket over one shoulder, smirking at the camera like he's already gone viral. Then, in perfect swagger-sync, they strut down the ramp.

John Phillips: "You can love them or hate them, but you can't ignore them. The Rich Young Grapplrz have dominated Iron City Wrestling's tag division, and now they've brought those Trust Fund Tag Team Titles to the UTA."

Mark Bravo: "And tonight they prove what I've been saying for weeks, Johnny — that these titles aren't just belts, they're investments. And the Grapplrz always get a return."

At ringside, Darian shouts at a fan in the front row: "Y'all could never!" Jacoby, meanwhile, slides his phone into his trunks and casually rolls under the bottom rope. He sprawls across the ropes like he's poolside, blowing a kiss to the hard cam. Darian hits the ring and sprints the ropes twice before planting himself center-ring, flexing like he owns the place.

The chorus of boos grows louder, but the Grapplrz soak it in like applause. Jacoby leans over the ropes with a wink and a smirk.

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

The fans rain heat, but the Grapplrz don't care. They're champions, they're obnoxious, and in their minds? Untouchable.

The lights go out. A hush falls. Then — the haunting intro of "Cemetery Gates" by Pantera rolls through the arena. A thick fog creeps across the stage as two silhouettes emerge in perfect sync: El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and El Fantasma Oscuro 2. Their masks glint under a pale spotlight, their movements slow, deliberate, unnervingly identical. The crowd

reacts with awe and unease — the aura is unmistakable.

John Phillips: "Here they are, Mark — El Fantasma Oscuro, twins cut from mystery and menace. The UTA faithful have been asking for weeks who these two really are, and tonight, they step onto the stage for the very first time."

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, I don't know if we're looking at wrestlers or specters. That's how unsettling they are. I don't like it — and that's saying something."

Then, between them, striding into the fog with a grin stretched ear to ear — Madman Szalinski. The reaction explodes. The crowd erupts into cheers, rising to their feet for the cult hero, the legend, the unpredictable cornerstone of an era. Fans clap and chant his name: "MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!"

Madman throws his arms wide, basking in the ovation, his grin never fading. He points dramatically at the Oscuros on either side of him as if introducing the world to his masterstroke. On the ramp, he takes a big, exaggerated step forward... and promptly trips over the fog machine cable. He stumbles, catching himself on the barricade, before straightening up and laughing at his own misstep. The crowd pops louder, delighted. "That's Madman," someone shouts from the front row.

John Phillips: "You gotta love it — Madman Szalinski is back in the spotlight, and listen to this ovation! He's a Hall of Fame lock one day, Mark, no doubt about it."

Mark Bravo: "I'll give the man his flowers, Johnny — Madman's one of a kind. And you know what? He's grinning because he knows he's about to unleash these phantoms on the tag champs."

Madman regains his showman stride, playing to the fans with lighthearted antics — slapping a few hands, jokingly shadowboxing with a kid in the front row — before hopping onto the apron with exaggerated flourish. Meanwhile, the El Fantasma Oscuro remain statuesque, their unblinking stares locked on the ring, their aura completely unbroken by Madman's antics.

Once inside, Madman spreads his arms wide, soaking in the love from the crowd, before pointing to each Oscuro like they're his prized monsters. The twins climb the ropes in perfect synchronization, arms slowly rising into the fog as if conjuring it themselves. The cheers rain down, the legend and his eerie protégés making their mark.

John Phillips: "For the first time ever — El Fantasma Oscuro, with Madman Szalinski in their corner. This place is electric!"

Mark Bravo: "And it's about to get dangerous. The Grapplrz better be ready, Johnny, because this is a storm they didn't see coming."

The music fades, but the energy doesn't. The Grapplrz are leaning against their corner, sneering and jawing at the crowd. Across the ring, Madman Szalinski gathers El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2, crouching low with his hands animated, clearly trying to give some last-second coaching.

The twins don't move. They don't nod. They don't even blink. They just stare forward, masks unreadable, not a hint of acknowledgment. Madman pauses, tilts his head, then throws up his hands with a shrug and a grin.

John Phillips: "You can tell Madman's trying to get through to his team, but Johnny, these two don't speak, don't blink, don't break. They're like statues come to life."

Mark Bravo: "Hey, sometimes less is more. They've got the creepy silence thing down — Madman's the one doing all the talking for them."

Madman finally turns, pacing to the ropes nearest the Rich Young Grapplrz. He cups his hands around his mouth and starts jawing at them, motioning with his arms like, "Come on, boys! These are your champs?" The crowd pops as Madman points dramatically to the Oscuros, hyping them up like they're unstoppable monsters.

Jacoby Jacobs doesn't take kindly to it. He storms forward, leaning over the ropes, and takes a wild swing at Madman's head. Madman's eyes go wide as he hops back just in time, the fist swiping at air. He nervously laughs, holding his hands up like, "Whoa, easy there!" before stepping back toward his corner.

The fans cheer as Madman shakes his head, still grinning, and slips out to the apron, motioning for the Oscuros to take center stage. Meanwhile, the twins never broke their posture once, standing in eerie unison, cold eyes locked on the Grapplrz.

John Phillips: "Madman's not the one you wanna swing at — he's here to guide the chaos, not take the hits."

Mark Bravo: "That's right, Johnny. The Grapplrz better save their swings for the Oscuros — because those boys don't miss."

DING! DING! DING!

Jacoby Jacobs starts for the Grapplrz, strutting out of his corner like he's about to film another TikTok highlight. Across from him, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 steps forward, hands raised, moving in eerie, deliberate fashion. The crowd buzzes, waiting for that first clash.

Jacoby doesn't lock up. Instead, he circles dramatically, then suddenly drops into a mock "spooky" crouch, wiggling his fingers like a cartoon ghost. The Grapplrz laugh, and even Darian slaps the top turnbuckle like it's the funniest thing he's ever seen. The boos rain down instantly.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on! Jacoby Jacobs mocking the Oscuros right out of the gate. This is what they do, Mark — they clown, they showboat, they disrespect."

Mark Bravo: "And nine times outta ten, Johnny, it works. Look at El Fantasma, not even reacting. You can't get inside the head of a ghost, but you can sure clown him in front of a live crowd."

Jacoby steps in like he's finally ready for a lock-up — but instead, he slaps Oscuro 1 across the mask and bolts back, pointing and laughing as if he just went viral again. Darian howls with laughter from the apron, shouting "Worldstar!"

The Oscuro twin doesn't move. He just tilts his head ever so slightly, eyes still locked on Jacoby. The crowd buzzes at the unsettling non-reaction. Jacoby shrugs, smirks, and charges back in — but this time he eats a sharp, stiff chop to the chest that echoes through the arena.

John Phillips: "Whoa! And just like that, the mood changes!"

Jacoby stumbles back, clutching his chest, wide-eyed. He immediately tags in Darian with a dramatic slap on the chest like a football handoff. Darian flexes, storms into the ring, and gets right up in Oscuro 1's face. He shouts, "Take that mask off! Let's see what's under there!"

Before Darian can make a move for the mask, he's met with another sharp chop that spins him halfway around. The crowd roars. Darian scowls, fires back with a heavy forearm, and finally overpowers Oscuro 1 with a clubbing clothesline, knocking him down hard. The Grapplrz throw their arms up like they've cracked the code.

Mark Bravo: "There you go! Mystery solved, Johnny — you just knock the ghost down, and he's just another guy in a mask."

John Phillips: "I don't know about that, Mark. These Oscuros aren't ordinary. But right now, the Grapplrz are in control, and they're loving it."

Darian yanks Oscuro 1 up by the arm and drags him into the Grapplrz corner. Jacoby leans way over the ropes, arm stretched out with a cocky grin, begging for the tag. Darian obliges with a loud, showy slap to the chest — a "tag" that looks more like a frat-boy celebration than teamwork.

John Phillips: "And there's the tag to Jacoby Jacobs, but even their tags are showboating, Mark."

Mark Bravo: "Hey, style points count, Johnny. These boys are making tag team wrestling cool again."

Jacoby springboards in with exaggerated flair, landing on Darian's shoulders in a sitting position. Darian struts forward a few steps before launching Jacoby off his shoulders like a missile, crashing into Oscurο 1 with a diving clothesline that takes him flat to the mat. The Grapplrז stand over him, arms raised like it was effortless.

Jacoby immediately drops into a push-up over Oscurο's body, then pops back up with a smirk and a wink at the hard cam. Darian applauds his partner's "workout," the two chest-bumping like they just scored a touchdown. The boos are deafening, but they only fuel the Grapplrז.

John Phillips: "This is ridiculous! They're treating this like a game, not a championship defense!"

Mark Bravo: "Correction, Johnny — it's a highlight reel. And guess what? It's working."

Jacoby drags Oscurο 1 up, taunting him with a fake ghost wobble, then whips him hard into the ropes. Darian charges forward at the same time — the two connecting with a tandem shoulderblock that nearly flips Oscurο inside out. Darian flexes while Jacoby drops next to Oscurο, pretending to take a selfie with the downed opponent. The crowd roars with boos, while the Grapplrז revel in every ounce of hate.

John Phillips: "They're mocking, they're clowning — but let's not forget, the Grapplrז are dangerous when they're in sync. This is how they've held onto those Trust Fund Titles."

Mark Bravo: "Exactly! They're not just rich kids, Johnny. They've got chemistry, they've got athleticism, and right now they're making El Fantasma look like just another tag team."

Jacoby Jacobs struts around the ring, blowing kisses to the hard cam, before stomping down on Oscurο 1's chest. He drags him up by the mask and whips him into the ropes again, telegraphing another big double-team. Darian cocks his arm, ready to run through him like a linebacker.

But this time, Oscurο 1 ducks under the double clothesline. He hits the ropes on the far side — and Oscurο 2 slaps his back blind, tagging himself in. The Grapplrז don't notice as they spin around. Oscurο 1 rebounds and throws himself into a low dropkick to Jacoby's knees, taking him down hard. The crowd pops as suddenly Oscurο 2 bursts into the ring, springboarding off the ropes with a missile dropkick that sends Darian sprawling.

John Phillips: "And here we go! The Oscurοs are alive — and in sync!"

Mark Bravo: "I swear to you, Johnny, I didn't even see that tag! These two move like shadows."

Madman Szalinski slams his hands on the apron, shouting encouragement, eyes wide like a kid at Christmas. He points at the Grapplrז and then at the twins, hopping in place as the crowd roars behind him.

Oscurο 2 pulls Jacoby up, whips him into the corner, and tags his brother back in. In perfect tandem, they both run opposite ropes, then converge with twin running dropkicks that smash Jacoby against the turnbuckles. He crumples to the mat. Oscurο 1 immediately slingshots in with a springboard moonsault while Oscurο 2 perches on the ropes and comes down with a somersault cutter on Darian trying to break it up. The crowd erupts as both Grapplrז hit the canvas at the same time!

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! The Grapplrז are getting a taste of their own medicine, and it's coming in stereo!"

Mark Bravo: "I don't like this, Johnny. I don't like it one bit. When they hit in unison like that, it's not wrestling — it's like something out of a horror movie!"

Madman leans halfway through the ropes, yelling "That's how you do it, boys!" before quickly hopping back down and laughing at himself, brushing off his jacket as if he hadn't almost gotten caught in the action. The fans eat it up,

chanting his name as the twins stand tall in eerie silence over the champs.

Oscuro 1 drags Jacoby up by the wrist, his masked face expressionless, and whips him across the ring. As Jacoby hits the ropes, Oscuro 2 is already in motion, vaulting onto the apron and springboarding in with a slingshot dropkick that blasts Jacoby flat on his back. Oscuro 1 follows instantly, hitting the ropes and landing a running senton across his ribs. The timing is flawless, back-to-back like a dance.

John Phillips: "That's what makes them so dangerous! The Oscuros don't tag like a normal team — they flow in and out like they're sharing one brain!"

Mark Bravo: "And I don't like it one bit, Johnny. How do you game plan against this? You don't know which one's legal, they're flipping in and out without a word!"

Madman Szalinski pounds the apron with both hands, shouting, "That's it! That's it, boys! Keep it going!" He then backs up and throws his arms to the crowd, hyping them up like a cheerleader. The fans respond with a booming "LET'S GO FANTAS-MA!" chant, the energy building.

Darian storms in to break it up, but the Oscuros are ready. Oscuro 2 sidesteps him, and Oscuro 1 drops low with a basement dropkick to his knee, cutting him down. The twins glance at each other for only a second — then Oscuro 2 sprints to the corner, springboarding off the middle rope to hit a hurricanrana that sends Darian tumbling back out of the ring. The crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "Good heavens, the Oscuros just dismantled the Grapplrz in the blink of an eye!"

Mark Bravo: "This is wrong! I mean, it's effective, but it's wrong. Darian didn't even know what hit him!"

Jacoby staggers to his feet, wild-eyed, clutching his chest. Both Oscuros turn to him in unison, tilting their heads at the exact same angle. The crowd buzzes with unease. Jacoby waves his hands frantically, begging off — but the twins move as one, whip him into the ropes, and crush him with a tandem tilt-a-whirl headscissors takedown that leaves him rolling to the outside with Darian.

Madman Szalinski slaps the mat and points to the floor, hollering, "Where you going?! Get back in here!" He laughs, leaning over the ropes, playing to the fans as the Grapplrz regroup on the floor, holding their ribs and glaring back in disbelief.

John Phillips: "The champions are rocked! The Rich Young Grapplrz didn't see this coming, and right now the Oscuros have them completely out of rhythm!"

Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington spill out to the floor, shaking their heads and pointing angrily back toward the ring. The crowd showers them with boos, while Madman Szalinski paces nearby at ringside, grinning wide, clapping his hands, and shouting encouragement to the Oscuros in the ring.

John Phillips: "The Grapplrz are rattled! Look at Madman — he's eating this up!"

Jacoby notices Madman circling, and his face twists with frustration. He stomps over, jabbing a finger right in Madman's chest, barking insults. Darian joins him, looming close, motioning like they're about to corner him against the barricade. Madman's eyes widen — he stumbles back a few steps, hands raised in mock surrender, nervously laughing it off like only he can. The crowd swells in noise, sensing what's about to happen.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, they've had enough of the circus, Johnny. The Grapplrz are about to wipe that smile off Madman's face once and for all!"

Jacoby swings a hand out toward Madman — but before he can lay a finger on him, the crowd erupts with a thunderous roar.

WHOOOOSH! Both Oscuros shoot through the ropes like bullets, twin suicide dives catching the Grapplrz flush on the

outside! All four men crash to the floor in a tangle of bodies, the impact rattling the barricades. The fans leap to their feet, chanting, "U-TA! U-TA!" at the top of their lungs.

John Phillips: "Did you see that?! Stereo dives from the Oscuros, saving Madman Szalinski and wiping out the champions!"

Mark Bravo: "And listen to this place, Johnny — they just lost their minds!"

Madman hops in place, pumping his fists, shouting, "That's my boys! That's how you do it!" He struts a small circle on the floor, laughing gleefully as the Grapplrz writhe in pain. Meanwhile, the Oscuros rise slowly and eerily, their masked faces tilting toward the crowd in unison, drawing another massive pop.

On the floor, chaos reigns. Darian and Oscuro 2 are still down, clutching their sides after the double dive. Madman Szalinski is pacing, pointing to the ring, shouting encouragement, "Finish it, finish it!"

Inside the fray, Oscuro 1 peels Jacoby Jacobs up off the ground. Jacoby's clutching his ribs, grimacing, but there's no escape — Oscuro drags him by the wrist and shoves him under the bottom rope, rolling him back into the ring. The crowd buzzes as Oscuro 1 slides to the apron, never breaking that cold, eerie composure.

John Phillips: "Smart move by Oscuro 1, keeping this legal! Darian's neutralized outside, and now they've got Jacoby all alone!"

Oscuro 1 grips the top rope, scaling the turnbuckles with smooth, deliberate steps. He perches on the top, crouched like a phantom, one hand gripping his mask as the arena holds its breath. The spotlight catches the silver of his gear, shimmering against the fog still lingering at ringside. The fans rise, anticipation thick in the air.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no, Johnny... I don't like where this is going. When these guys go airborne, bad things happen. Real bad."

Jacoby stirs on the canvas, crawling to his knees, completely unaware of what looms above him. Oscuro 1 steadies himself on the ropes, arms outstretched in a ghostly pose, as if conjuring the crowd's energy before unleashing it in one devastating strike.

John Phillips: "He's about to fly! El Fantasma Oscuro, perched up top with Jacoby Jacobs right where he wants him!"

Oscuro 1 rises to his full height on the top rope, arms outstretched as the fans roar. He launches into the air, twisting into the Phantom Spiral corkscrew plancha — a picture-perfect dive aimed to crush Jacoby Jacobs into the canvas.

But at the very last second, Jacoby rolls forward. Oscuro 1 crashes chest-first into the mat with a sickening thud that echoes through the arena. The crowd gasps, half in shock, half in dismay.

John Phillips: "Oh no! He missed it by inches!"

Mark Bravo: "That's why they call it high-risk, Johnny! You miss by a hair, and you're done!"

Jacoby sprawls on the mat, sucking wind, his face twisted in pain. But he grins through it, pounding the mat with one hand before dragging himself to his feet. He grabs Oscuro 1 by the mask, yanking him up with a vicious jerk, and immediately slams him back down with a snap DDT. The boos rain in, but Jacoby spreads his arms wide like he's just gone viral again.

John Phillips: "Jacoby Jacobs has stolen control! Oscuro 1 went for broke, and the Trust Fund Champs might make him pay for it."

Jacoby stumbles backward toward his corner, chest heaving, and slaps Darian's hand. Darian bursts back into the ring with fresh energy, shaking off the damage from outside. The Grapplrz immediately pounce, dragging Oscuro 1 up and whipping him into the ropes. On the rebound, they hit a tandem flapjack, sending him face-first to the mat.

Madman Szalinski slaps the apron furiously, pacing with worry, his earlier grin now gone. He shouts encouragement, waving his arms wildly, "Come on, boys, shake it off!" The crowd rallies with him, clapping in rhythm to try and will Oscurro 1 back into the fight.

Mark Bravo: "Now this is where the Grapplrz shine, Johnny. One mistake, and they're in control, and when they're in control? It's like watching two frat boys celebrate homecoming — ugly but effective!"

Darian scoops Oscurro 1 up like dead weight and slams him hard in the center of the ring. He drops down over him, grinding a forearm into the side of his masked face, sneering at the crowd as the referee counts.

One! Tw— Oscurro kicks out, but Darian immediately drags him up again and muscles him back into the corner. Jacoby tags in, the two stomping him down in unison as the boos cascade from every corner of the building.

John Phillips: "The Grapplrz have cut the ring in half, and they're keeping Oscurro 1 completely isolated from his twin. This is smart tag team wrestling, but it's ugly to watch."

Mark Bravo: "Smart? It's beautiful, Johnny! Look at this — they've got the mask trapped, they've got the crowd in their palms. This is dominance."

Jacoby pulls Oscurro 1 up, then plants him with a snap suplex. Instead of going for the cover, Jacoby rolls over, slaps the mat twice himself, and then pops up to taunt the hard cam, pointing to his face as if he just scored a viral win. The boos rain harder, but he soaks it in like applause.

Jacoby tags Darian back in with another chest slap, the two whipping Oscurro 1 into the ropes. On the rebound, they catch him and drill him with a tandem powerslam, Darian making the cover this time.

One! Two! Oscurro 1 kicks out again, and the crowd explodes with cheers, chanting, "LET'S GO FAN-TAS-MA!" Madman Szalinski slaps the apron, leaning down and shouting encouragement, his face red with energy. "C'mon! You got this! Shake it off!"

Darian snarls at the crowd, pounding his chest, and yanks Oscurro 1 into a bear hug, squeezing tight. He shakes him like a rag doll, laughing and shouting, "This is how the champs do it!" The crowd boos louder, clapping to rally Oscurro 1. His masked hands twitch, his legs kick — the fans getting behind him in waves.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! They're trying to will Oscurro 1 back to his feet, but Darian has that hold cinched in tight."

Mark Bravo: "It doesn't matter, Johnny. You can chant all you want — money and muscle beat ghosts every single time."

Oscurro 1 starts to stir, elbowing at Darian's ribs, but Darian powers him back into the Grapplrz corner and tags Jacoby in again. Together, they hoist him up onto the top rope like a trophy, and Jacoby climbs up after him, mocking the crowd with an exaggerated "shhh" before setting up for a superplex.

Jacoby Jacobs perches high on the turnbuckle, smirking at the hard cam as he hooks Oscurro 1's arm and signals for something big. Darian Darrington steadies him from below, patting his back like a coach hyping up a star player. The boos rain down, but the Grapplrz are soaking in every ounce of it.

Jacoby heaves — and with Darian bracing the base, he drives Oscurro 1 crashing down with a thunderous superplex from the top rope! The whole ring shakes, and Oscurro 1 bounces violently off the mat, clutching his ribs. The crowd groans in unison, a gasp that rolls into loud boos.

John Phillips: "Good lord! A superplex from way up top, and Oscurro 1 landed hard! This could be it!"

Jacoby immediately drapes over him for the cover, Darian barking at the referee to count faster.

One! Two! Oscurο 1 shoots a shoulder up at the last possible moment, and the arena explodes with cheers. Jacoby sits up wide-eyed, pulling at his hair, before turning to the referee to argue.

Mark Bravo: "I thought that was three! You can't tell me that wasn't three, Johnny!"

Madman Szalinski is bouncing up and down at ringside, pointing both arms toward Oscurο 2 and yelling, "Get in there! Tag him! Tag him!" He slaps the apron furiously as the crowd claps in rhythm, rallying behind the fallen Oscurο 1.

Jacoby, fuming, drags Oscurο 1 by the mask toward his corner and tags Darian back in. Together, they haul him up again — this time dropping him with a tandem sit-out powerbomb into a neckbreaker. Oscurο 1 hits the canvas with a sickening thud, his body folding awkwardly. Darian sprawls over him for the cover, tongue out, flexing his biceps while Jacoby mugs to the hard cam.

One! Two! Oscurο 1 somehow kicks out again! The crowd roars, stomping and clapping, trying to will him back to life. Darian slaps the mat in frustration, yelling "Stay down!" while Jacoby looks genuinely rattled for the first time.

John Phillips: "The Grapplrz are pulling out everything in their playbook, but Oscurο 1 refuses to stay down! He's desperate, he's hurting — but he's still alive in this fight!"

Darian hauls Oscurο 1 up again, snarling as he shoves him into the ropes for another double-team. Jacoby slaps the turnbuckle, demanding the tag, and the Grapplrz look ready to finish this once and for all. The crowd is on edge, clapping and stomping, rallying behind the fallen Oscurο.

Darian whips Oscurο 1 into the ropes — but as he lowers his shoulder for a back body drop, Oscurο 1 somehow vaults over him with a sunset flip attempt! Darian thrashes, staggering backward, trying not to fall, when Oscurο 1 releases and rolls through. He pops up just enough to launch a desperate enzuigiri that CRACKS Darian in the side of the head, staggering the big man back toward his own corner.

John Phillips: "He caught him! Out of nowhere, Oscurο 1 landed that enzuigiri!"

Jacoby tries to rush in to cut him off, but Oscurο 1 collapses forward, sliding between Jacoby's legs and scrambling across the mat. The crowd explodes as he stretches, every ounce of strength left in him poured into one final dive.

TAG! Oscurο 2 slaps his brother's hand and vaults over the ropes like a phantom unleashed, the crowd roaring as he explodes into the ring. Jacoby turns around too late and eats a slingshot dropkick right to the chest. Darian staggers back to his feet, only to get floored by a springboard hurricanrana that sends him tumbling through the ropes to the floor.

Mark Bravo: "Here comes the fresh man, Johnny! This is what the Grapplrz didn't want — an Oscurο at full strength!"

Oscurο 2 kips up to his feet in eerie silence, head tilting toward the crowd before sprinting full-speed into the ropes. He rebounds and launches into a corkscrew plancha over the top rope, crashing down onto Darian at ringside! The fans are on their feet, losing their minds.

John Phillips: "What a dive! El Fantasma Oscurο 2 has blown this match wide open!"

Back in the ring, Jacoby crawls to the ropes, gasping for air, only to have Oscurο 2 slide back in behind him like a shadow. He grabs him around the waist, hoists him up, and drops him with a snap German suplex that sends Jacoby folding in half. The crowd chants "U-TA! U-TA!" as Madman Szalinski pounds the apron with both fists, a huge grin plastered across his face.

Mark Bravo: "I can't believe this, Johnny — the Oscurοs are about to steal this whole thing!"

Jacoby Jacobs lies twisted on the mat, clutching his neck after that German suplex. Oscurο 2 doesn't even cover — instead, he rises slowly, tilting his masked face toward his twin. Oscurο 1, still battered but standing on the apron, immediately climbs back through the ropes. The crowd's volume spikes, realizing something is coming.

John Phillips: "Oh, Johnny, look at this! The Oscuros are moving together again! Whatever this is, the Grapplrz aren't gonna like it."

Oscuro 2 pulls Jacoby to his knees, hooking his arms back. Oscuro 1 hits the ropes, rebounds, and leaps — running knee strike to the face! Jacoby slumps, but the twins keep him up. They share a single, eerie nod before hauling him upright. Together, they whip him into the ropes, then spring into motion — Oscuro 1 hitting a spinning heel kick to the chest while Oscuro 2 connects with a low dropkick to the legs at the exact same time. Jacoby is folded in half, crumpling to the canvas.

Madman Szalinski is going nuts at ringside, stomping and clapping, yelling, "That's it, boys! Put the nail in the coffin!" He points both arms to the hard cam, mugging for the crowd as they roar in unison.

Mark Bravo: "This is terrifying, Johnny. They don't talk, they don't celebrate — they just dismantle people together. It's like they're not even human!"

Oscuro 1 drags Jacoby's limp body into position while Oscuro 2 scales the turnbuckles. The crowd rises in anticipation, buzzing, sensing a tandem finisher on the way. Darian Darrington stirs on the outside, shaking the cobwebs, his eyes going wide as he sees what's about to happen.

John Phillips: "Oh no — this could be the end of the Trust Fund Champs' reign right here!"

Oscuro 2 steadies himself on the top rope, crouched low like a predator about to pounce. Below, Oscuro 1 hoists Jacoby Jacobs upright, setting him in perfect position. The crowd is on their feet, buzzing, knowing they're seconds away from history. Madman Szalinski points to the heavens, shouting, "FLY, BOYS, FLY!"

Oscuro 2 launches off the top — twisting into a corkscrew splash aimed directly at Jacoby's chest. But before impact can land, Darian Darrington explodes into the ring from the outside, barreling into Oscuro 1 with a shoulder tackle that sends him flying backward into the turnbuckles!

Oscuro 2 still collides with Jacoby, but the impact isn't clean. Jacoby rolls to the side at the last moment, and Oscuro 2 crashes hard into the mat, clutching his ribs. The entire arena groans as the chance for a pin vanishes in an instant.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on! Darian Darrington with the save at the very last second, and it just derailed the Oscuros' momentum completely!"

Mark Bravo: "That's why they're the champs, Johnny! Right place, right time — Darian just saved the Trust Fund Titles!"

Darian drags Jacoby toward their corner, shaking him by the shoulders to keep him alert, then stomps on Oscuro 2 to keep him down. Jacoby, still dazed, gives a weak thumbs-up, and Darian claps his chest before stomping over to pummel Oscuro 1 in the corner, cutting him off completely.

Madman Szalinski slams the apron in frustration, yelling at the referee and rallying the crowd with wild hand motions. The fans boo furiously,

Darian storms across the ring, stomping on Oscuro 1 in the corner before pivoting and crushing Oscuro 2 with a boot to the ribs. Back and forth he goes, pounding away, the Oscuros writhing on the mat. The crowd is booing relentlessly, and Madman Szalinski can't take it anymore. He leaps up onto the apron, waving his arms furiously at the referee.

John Phillips: "Madman's had enough! He's trying to tell the referee what's happening here — but look, Johnny, look!"

With the official's attention turned to Szalinski, Jacoby Jacobs grins ear to ear. He staggers up, yanks Oscuro 1 by the mask, and drives a blatant low blow into his groin. Oscuro 1 collapses instantly. Darian sees the opening and does the same to Oscuro 2, doubling him over with a cruel shot below the belt. The boos rain down, deafening, but the Grapplrz just laugh through it.

Mark Bravo: "That's how you keep the belts, baby! Work smarter, not harder!"

Madman hops down in frustration, still shouting, and the referee finally turns back just in time to see Darian draping himself across Oscuro 2. Jacoby, wheezing but grinning, plants himself across Oscuro 1's chest, using both hands to hold his shoulders down.

The referee drops for the count — completely oblivious to what just happened.

One! ... Two! ... Three!

John Phillips: "No! Not like this! The Grapplrz just robbed the Oscuros!"

Mark Bravo: "Robbed? That's called championship instincts! Winners find a way, and the Grapplrz always find a way!"

The bell rings as "Lifestyle" hits again. Jacoby and Darian roll out of the ring immediately, clutching their Trust Fund Tag Titles tight to their chests, booed out of the building. Madman Szalinski throws his hands up in disgust, pacing ringside and trying to explain to the referee, who shrugs helplessly. The Oscuros lie on the mat, clutching themselves in agony, robbed of their moment.

Announcer: "Here are your winners, and still the Trust Fund Tag Team Champions... the Rich Young Grapplrz!"

The camera catches Jacoby filming himself on his phone as they back up the ramp, Darian flexing one belt over his shoulder and laughing. Meanwhile, Madman kneels beside his team, checking on them, his face a mix of anger and disappointment.

## **Respect**

Segment

Backstage, the UTA logo wall fills the frame as the camera settles on Melissa Cartwright, mic in hand. Beside her stands the brand-new UTA Women's United States Champion, Emily Hightower, sweat still shining on her brow, silver plates of the title belt catching the light over her shoulder.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the new Women's United States Champion—Emily Hightower. Emily, the building is still shaking after that match. How does it feel?"

Emily takes a breath, hand tapping the center plate like she's steadying a heartbeat.

Emily Hightower: "Feels like steel in the hands, Mel. Heavy in all the right ways. I said I was clocked in—dirt under my nails, callouses on my hands—and tonight I punched that time card 'til it bent."

Melissa: "You went to war with Angela Hall, a champion known for endurance and explosiveness. You survived the storm and came out with the gold. What does Angela mean to this moment?"

Emily: "Respect. She's a gale that don't quit. I ain't interested in talkin' down on a woman who pushed me to the edge. Angela—thank you for makin' me prove it. You want it again, you know where to find me."

Melissa: "We all saw your father, David Hightower, earlier tonight—an emotional passing of the torch. What's running through your head right now?"

Emily: "My old man came to this business with a six-pack, a dog, and mean intentions. I came with that same grit—just added miles in the gym and miles in the air. He lit the fire. I'm keepin' it fed."

Melissa: "Message to the rest of the women's division?"

Emily shifts the title higher on her shoulder, eyes narrowing just a touch.

Emily: "You don't have to like me, you just gotta move me, and that's the hard part. I turn matches into workdays. If you clock in with me, expect overtime."

Melissa: "Final thought before we move on to the next stop on the tour?"

Emily: "Road keeps rollin'. New town, same grind. I'm the one punchin' the ticket now."

She taps the faceplate twice—clink, clink—then nods to Melissa and steps off frame, the United States Championship glinting as she disappears down the hallway.

## Heart of Dixie

Segment

The screen goes black. Then — a guttural scream rips through the PA as "Eyes Wide Open" by Kittie hits. Blood-red strobes slash across the footage, each flash showing Graysie Parker storming through the curtain in Huntsville with the WrestleZone Championship in her fist. The crowd's roar is deafening, shaking the Von Braun Center.

Narrator (voice-over): "On September 22nd, at the Heart of Dixie Tour... the bounty was on the line."

Clips show Graysie stomping to the ring, climbing the ropes, holding the belt high. Then — the sudden hit of Aaron Shaffer's music. The former champion barrels down the ramp and blindsides her from behind. The bell rings in chaos as fists fly.

RRC (ICW voice-over): "It's Aaron Shaffer! The man Graysie Parker tapped out to win that title — and he's not waiting another second!"

Cut to Shaffer pounding her into the mat — a suplex, a near-fall, the crowd booing viciously. Graysie grimaces, trying to stand, but eats a thunderous clothesline that nearly turns her inside out.

Mark Bravo (UTA voice-over): "And there it is — Scott Stevens' bounty making waves. The WrestleZone Title has a price tag, and Graysie Parker is a target every time she walks into an arena."

Then, the comeback. Clips show Graysie fighting back — forearms, a bulldog out of the corner, missile dropkick from the top rope that blasts Shaffer across the mat. The crowd erupts with each strike.

RRC (ICW voice-over): "Graysie Parker absorbing that early flurry — and now she's firing back!"

John Phillips (UTA voice-over): "You can feel it, Mark. Graysie's carrying this fight like a flag. She's making a statement — that belt isn't going anywhere."

Shaffer rakes her eyes, desperate. He tries to muscle her into a spinebuster — but Graysie hammers elbows, drops him with a DDT, and signals to the crowd. The arena is molten. In slow motion, she hooks him, lifts, and spikes him with the Graysie Driver. The referee counts — one, two, three. The bell rings as "Eyes Wide Open" hits again, the Von Braun Center erupting.

Angus (ICW voice-over): "She had him! Aaron Shaffer came to collect the bounty — and walked away empty-handed again!"

Cut sharply — Graysie storms to commentary, throws the belt across the desk, grabs a headset, and leans right into the camera. Her words echo raw and unfiltered.

Graysie Parker (live audio): "You see this? This is the WrestleZone Championship. It's not going back to Orlando, it's not going back to UTA. It lives in Birmingham now. You want it? Don't send your mouthpieces. Don't send your contracts. Send your fighters. Send your killers. Bring 'em all to Iron City, because I'm not leaving. This belt stays with me until somebody's tough enough to take it out of my hands — and Aaron Shaffer just proved once again that he ain't the one."

She slams the headset down, storms up the aisle with the title, the crowd roaring. The final shot freezes on her defiant glare, belt raised high, blood-red strobes cutting across her face.

John Phillips (UTA voice-over): "Strong words from Graysie Parker — but make no mistake, that championship is a UTA creation. Whether she likes it or not, it will always draw the attention of this company."

Mark Bravo: "I'll give her this, Johnny — she's got guts. But guts don't make her bulletproof. That bounty's real, and one day soon, someone's gonna collect."

Narrator (voice-over): "Graysie Parker survived the Heart of Dixie... but the bounty still looms. And in Iron City Wrestling, the hunt has only just begun."

## **The Cage**

Segment

The screen splits down the middle. On the left, we see Brick Bronson backstage, his fists taped, sweat already dripping down his neck. He shadowboxes with heavy shots, each punch echoing like a drum as he storms down the hall toward gorilla. His jaw is clenched, his eyes locked straight ahead, ready for war.

On the right, Jarvis Valentine appears in the corridor, the UTA Championship draped proudly over his shoulder. His face is bloodied from earlier battles, but his stride is steady, every step carrying the weight of a champion who refuses to back down. He adjusts the belt, slaps the side plate once for good measure, and keeps walking toward destiny.

John Phillips: "Two men. One steel cage. One championship. It doesn't get bigger than this."

Mark Bravo: "The challenger, Brick Bronson, is pacing like a caged animal. The champion, Jarvis Valentine, carrying the pride of the UTA on his back. Johnny, they're both headed for the same ring — and only one walks out on top."

The crowd inside the arena roars as the feed cuts back to the live shot of the cage, looming ominously over the ring, waiting for its two warriors. The camera pans up as the massive steel cage begins its descent from the rafters, rattling chains echoing through the arena. The crowd roars in anticipation, a low hum building into a frenzy as the structure lowers over the ring.

John Phillips: "There it is, folks — the unforgiving steel cage! No way out, no disqualifications, no outside interference. The UTA Championship is about to be decided inside twenty feet of steel!"

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, this thing has ended careers and shortened lives. And tonight, it's Jarvis Valentine and Brick Bronson locked in with nowhere to run. This is going to get violent."

The cage lands with a heavy clang, locking into place around the ring. The camera cuts to fans pressed against the barricades, wide-eyed and chanting "U-TA! U-TA!" while the commentary team continues to build the anticipation.

John Phillips: "The stage is set. The steel is down. And the UTA Championship hangs in the balance. All this, in just a few moments."

## **Focused**

Segment

Backstage, the camera opens on Chris Ross seated on a folding chair in front of a small table. His head is down, focus unwavering, as he meticulously wraps tape around his fists. The tension in the air is thick—no words, just the sound of the tape stretching and tearing as Ross prepares himself for war.

The silence breaks as the door creaks open. In steps Maxx Mayhem, grinning like a man who's already seen the carnage that awaits. He strides into frame, cracking his knuckles, his voice booming with manic confidence.

Maxx Mayhem: "Tonight, Chris... tonight you're gonna be victorious in violence. You'll be the majesty of murder, the king of chaos—and I'll be right there every step of the way!"

Ross doesn't flinch. His eyes remain on his hands, wrapping tighter, pulling harder, the tape snapping as he pulls it off

the roll. He gives Mayhem nothing. No reaction.

Maxx Mayhem: "It all led to this. Every fight, every scar, every damn war we've waged—it brought us here. Our night. The blood will spill, the bones will break, and the world will never forget it!"

Finally, Ross pauses. He slowly lifts his head, his eyes narrowing as they meet Mayhem's. A cold, grounded fire in his stare cuts through Mayhem's manic energy.

Chris Ross: "It's just Dane and me tonight. I'm going to finish this."

Ross stands, towering in the shot now, his fists balled tight under the fresh tape. He brushes past Mayhem without another word, leaving the locker room door swinging in his wake.

Mayhem watches him go, his smirk twitching into something more annoyed. He shakes his head, chuckling darkly to himself.

Maxx Mayhem: "He'll come around."

## **Jarvis Valentine vs. Brick Bronson**

Match

The arena plunges into darkness, the buzz of the crowd growing louder by the second. A low red light washes over the steel cage already hanging above the ring, casting long, jagged shadows across the canvas. The camera pans up the looming structure — cold, unflinching steel, waiting to decide the UTA Championship.

? "Walk with Me in Hell" by Lamb of God ?

The opening roar of guitars hits like a shotgun blast. The red light pulses in rhythm as smoke spills from the entranceway. Then, through the haze, Brick Bronson emerges. Shoulders squared, fists taped, eyes narrowed like a man walking into judgment. He doesn't rush — he stomps forward, step after step, each one syncing with the thunder of the drums.

John Phillips: "And there he is... the man they call Brick Bronson. Six-foot-four, two hundred sixty-three pounds of sheer punishment. He's walked into this arena tonight not to wrestle, but to wage war."

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, look at him. Look at that focus. Brick Bronson isn't smiling, he isn't pandering. He knows exactly what's waiting for him inside that cage — and he wants it. He wants the steel, he wants the fight, and he wants the UTA Championship."

Brick stops at the top of the ramp, glaring toward the cage. He cracks his knuckles loud enough for the nearby cameras to pick up, then flexes his taped hands before starting the march down the ramp. Fans lean over the barricade, some jeering, some clapping him on the back, but his eyes never leave the cage. He doesn't acknowledge anyone — the only thing that exists to him right now is the steel and the man waiting to enter it after him.

At ringside, Brick pauses. He places both palms against the steel mesh, leaning into it, testing it, feeling its strength. Then he pulls back, slams a fist into the side of the cage — the whole structure rattles, echoing like a warning shot across the arena. The crowd reacts with a mix of gasps and boos, but Brick smirks, climbing the steel steps with slow, deliberate menace.

John Phillips: "You can feel it in your bones, folks. This isn't just another contender. This is Brick Bronson walking into the biggest opportunity of his career, and he's not showing a shred of fear."

Mark Bravo: "Fear? No. Brick Bronson feeds on this. He's the kind of man who looks at a cage and doesn't see a trap — he sees a weapon. And Jarvis Valentine... might just be walking into his own execution."

Bronson ducks through the cage door, stepping inside with that slow, deliberate stride. He doesn't look at the fans, he

doesn't even look at the referee. He circles the ring once, dragging his hand along the mesh wall as if he's claiming it as his own. Then he stops dead-center, rolls his shoulders, and waits, staring back at the stage with unblinking intensity. The arena lights dim further, spotlighting the challenger alone in the cage — a predator waiting for the champion to walk into his world.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson is inside the cage, and this entire building feels different now. You can sense it. He's not just ready — he's daring Jarvis Valentine to come face him."

Mark Bravo: "And I'll tell you what, Johnny — if Jarvis walks in thinking he's got momentum, Brick's about to break that momentum in half. Tonight, we find out if the champ is tougher than steel."

The spotlight stays fixed on Brick Bronson inside the cage, his eyes glued to the stage. The crowd noise swells, restless, waiting for the arrival of the champion. Then—

? "American Flags" by Tom MacDonald ?

The arena detonates in red, white, and blue lights. Pyro erupts like fireworks on the Fourth of July, shaking the rafters. The crowd roars, deafening, as Jarvis Valentine steps out onto the stage, the UTA Championship strapped tight around his waist. He pauses in the glow of the fireworks, shoulders squared, breathing deep — a man walking into war with the weight of the company on his back.

John Phillips: "Here comes the champion! Jarvis Valentine — months into his reign and still standing tall, still fighting off every challenger thrown his way. And tonight, the road comes full circle inside the steel cage!"

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, you said it. This isn't the first time he and Brick Bronson have thrown down — they've battered each other across this whole damn tour. But this? This is the exclamation point. No more run-ins, no more controversy. Tonight, one man walks out champion, and the other gets broken."

Jarvis unhooks the title and raises it high, the lights catching the gold plates as the fans explode in cheers. With his free hand, he makes the subtle "Q" gesture toward the hard cam, then drapes the belt over his shoulder and starts the walk down the ramp. Every step is deliberate, the intensity in his eyes telling the story: he knows Brick Bronson better than most — and he knows this fight will be the worst yet.

Halfway down the ramp, Jarvis glances at the cage looming ahead. He stops, running his free hand along the faceplate of the championship, and mouths something to himself. The camera catches the words: "It's mine." Then he starts forward again, climbing the steps and ducking into the cage as the referee holds the door open.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine has survived every challenge to this point — Brick Bronson included — but never like this. Never locked in with nowhere to run."

Mark Bravo: "And that's what makes this so dangerous. Every time these two have fought, it's been violent. It's been ugly. And now we've caged it up and said, 'Go finish it.' This is gonna get nasty."

Jarvis steps inside, belt still in hand, and walks straight to the center of the ring. The two men lock eyes across the cage — Bronson unblinking, Jarvis defiant. The champion raises the title once more, directly between them, as the arena shakes with cheers. The referee closes the cage door — this time with finality — as the tension reaches a fever pitch.

John Phillips: "The UTA Championship. The steel cage. Valentine and Bronson one more time. Folks... we're about to find out who the better man truly is."

The cage door clangs shut, echoing through the arena. The referee hands the UTA Championship belt to the ringside official, who raises it high for the cameras before passing it out. Inside the ring, both men stand in opposite corners — Jarvis Valentine with the fire of a champion, Brick Bronson with the cold focus of a predator. The crowd's roar rises as

the ring announcer steps into the spotlight, microphone in hand.

Ring Announcer: "Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is your main event of the evening! This match will be contested inside the steel cage! The only way to win is by pinfall, submission, or escaping the cage."

The camera pans across the crowd, fans holding up signs and championship replicas, the noise swelling as the announcer continues.

Ring Announcer: "Introducing first, the challenger... standing six feet four inches tall, weighing in tonight at two hundred sixty-three pounds... from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... BRICK... BRONSON!"

The crowd erupts in a mix of boos and cheers, but Bronson doesn't flinch. He steps out from the corner, jaw tight, pounding a fist into his palm before pointing toward Jarvis across the ring. The red lights glint off his sweat, his expression unreadable, pure menace.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson looks like he's already picturing how he's going to use that steel against Jarvis Valentine."

Mark Bravo: "If you think this man came to play, you haven't been paying attention. Bronson isn't here for the spotlight — he's here for the UTA Championship."

Ring Announcer: "And his opponent... standing six feet two inches tall, weighing two hundred seventy-four pounds... from Lincoln, Nebraska... he is the reigning, defending, UTA Heavyweight Champion of the World... JARVIS... VALENTINE!"

The roof nearly blows off the Coliseum. The fans roar as Jarvis steps forward, raising his fist in defiance before holding his gaze steady on Brick Bronson. He nods once, tapping his chest, then points directly at the belt now resting at ringside. The energy is electric — Jarvis isn't intimidated, he's fueled by it.

John Phillips: "That's the reaction of a champion, Mark! Jarvis Valentine has carried the banner for UTA through this entire tour, and tonight he defends it in the most dangerous environment of them all!"

Mark Bravo: "And listen to this crowd! They love him, they respect him, but all that noise doesn't mean a damn thing once the door locks. Jarvis Valentine knows Brick Bronson's coming to crush him. And Jarvis better be ready for hell."

The referee stands between them now, arms wide, staring at each man before finally signaling to the timekeeper. The bell has not rung yet. Both competitors step forward, nose to nose in the center of the ring, the crowd's roar at fever pitch. The referee shouts final instructions, then gestures to the timekeeper.

DING! DING! DING!

The match is officially underway.

The bell echoes through the Coliseum. For a moment, neither man moves. Jarvis Valentine and Brick Bronson stand nose-to-nose in the center of the cage, the crowd roaring around them, the steel walls looming like sentinels. Both men finally step back, circling, eyes locked like predators testing the distance.

John Phillips: "Look at this. Neither one wants to blink first — and in a match like this, that first mistake could be the last."

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis knows it, Brick knows it — hell, everyone in this building knows it. This isn't just about the title, Johnny. This is about who's the better man."

They lunge into a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Both strain, muscles bulging, feet grinding against the mat. Bronson leans in hard, his strength obvious, forcing Jarvis back a half step. But Jarvis digs in, twisting his hips, and suddenly he has Bronson backed into the ropes. The referee calls for a clean break — but there are no rope breaks in this match. Jarvis lets go anyway, raising his hands with a glare.

Bronson doesn't like it. He surges forward with another tie-up, wrenching Jarvis into a side headlock. He grinds down, his forearm across the champ's temple, wrenching it tight. Jarvis fights it, shoving at the cage wall with his free hand for leverage before slipping behind with a waistlock. He lifts — German suplex attempt! But Bronson blocks, stomping hard, then fires back with a sharp back elbow to the jaw. Jarvis staggers but doesn't fall.

The two snap right back into another lock-up, this time Jarvis snapping into a crisp arm drag, sending Bronson sprawling across the canvas. Bronson pops back up — but Jarvis is already there with a drop-toe hold, grinding him into the mat, transitioning quickly into a front facelock. The crowd roars, the pace blistering from the start.

John Phillips: "This is what I expected, Mark — snug, tight wrestling, no wasted motion! These two have fought before, but inside this cage there's nowhere to run, nowhere to breathe."

Mark Bravo: "And notice, Johnny — no big swings yet. This is calculated. They're trying to grind each other down, prove who can outlast who. But the second somebody slips? That's when this thing explodes."

Bronson fights to his knees, driving a stiff forearm into Jarvis' ribs. Another. He forces himself up, grabs Jarvis around the waist, and rips him off the mat with a thunderous belly-to-back suplex that shakes the canvas. Both men scramble back to their feet instantly — Jarvis charges with a clothesline, Bronson ducks, but Jarvis hooks him mid-motion and plants him with a snap German suplex into the turnbuckles!

The crowd erupts, the steel rattling as Bronson crumples in the corner. Jarvis slaps the mat, pacing back toward the center, chest heaving as the fans cheer on their champion.

John Phillips: "Good lord! Jarvis Valentine just dumped Brick Bronson right on his neck! This thing is already turning violent, and we're not even five minutes in!"

Mark Bravo: "And Brick's already pushing back up, Johnny. That's the scariest part — that man eats suplexes for breakfast. This is gonna get ugly fast."

Bronson shakes off the suplex, pulling himself upright in the corner. His jaw tight, eyes blazing, he storms out at Jarvis like a bull. Valentine tries to catch him with another tie-up, but Bronson ducks low, scoops Jarvis clean off his feet, and drives him spine-first into the steel cage wall! The whole structure rattles, the sound reverberating like a gunshot through the arena.

John Phillips: "Oh my god! Bronson just turned Jarvis into a battering ram and planted him in that steel wall!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at him — no hesitation. That's Brick Bronson's game plan, Johnny. Wear him down, break him down, and then crush him when he's got nothing left."

Jarvis slumps in the corner, clutching his ribs, but Bronson isn't done. He stomps down with heavy boots — one, two, three — each stomp driving the champion deeper into the mat. Then he yanks Jarvis up by the arm, twists, and whips him hard into the opposite corner. The champion hits chest-first and bounces back, right into Bronson's waiting arms. SNAP spinebuster in the center of the ring! The canvas shakes, and Bronson hooks a forearm across Jarvis' jaw, grinding it down as he presses all his weight on top of him.

John Phillips: "That spinebuster shook the whole ring, and Bronson isn't going for the pin — he's smothering him!"

Mark Bravo: "It's smart. Look at the torque on that jaw, look at the way he's leaning in. This isn't flashy, this isn't about crowd noise — this is about Bronson making Jarvis Valentine miserable inside that cage."

Bronson transitions seamlessly, wrapping his massive arm around Jarvis' throat and cinching in a chinlock, grinding his forearm across the champion's face. Jarvis thrashes, trying to pry free, but Bronson leans back, dragging him down to the mat, his weight pressing like a vice.

The fans start clapping, rallying Jarvis to fight back. He elbows once, twice, forcing Bronson to loosen his grip — but

Brick clubs him across the back of the neck with a forearm, then drags him up into the corner. Bronson pins him against the turnbuckle with one massive hand to the throat, then unloads with a series of stiff body shots — each one thudding into Jarvis' ribs like a hammer.

John Phillips: "This is just raw cruelty! Every punch is finding a rib, every forearm to the jaw! Bronson's trying to grind the fight right out of the champion!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what makes this man so dangerous. He doesn't rush. He doesn't chase. He takes his time, and he makes you pay for every single second you're in that cage with him."

Bronson hooks Jarvis around the waist and sends him flying with a belly-to-belly suplex that lands dangerously close to the cage wall. Jarvis rolls in pain, clutching his lower back, while Bronson slowly rises, wiping the sweat from his brow, calm and methodical. He stalks the champion, planting a boot on his chest and pressing down, grinding his heel as the referee drops to check.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is being manhandled right now, folks. He's fought Brick before, but never like this. Not inside the cage."

Mark Bravo: "And the scary thing? Bronson doesn't even look tired. He's pacing himself. Jarvis better find an opening fast, because Brick Bronson is systematically tearing him apart."

Bronson hauls Jarvis up by the wrist, yanking him into another corner. He cocks back for a lariat—

—but Jarvis explodes out of the corner with a stiff forearm to the jaw! The crowd comes alive instantly. Bronson staggers back a half-step, more annoyed than hurt. He swings again, wild—Jarvis ducks it, plants his feet, and rattles off another forearm, then another, then another! Each shot lands flush, the crowd counting along with every strike.

John Phillips: "Here comes the champion! Valentine's digging deep, answering back with those heavy forearms!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the fight in him, Johnny! Jarvis Valentine's been beaten down all match, but you give him a window—he'll kick it wide open!"

Bronson staggers, but he swings again with a haymaker. Jarvis ducks under, grabs the waist, and with a burst of energy, heaves the bigger man up and over with a German suplex! The crowd erupts as Bronson bounces off the mat, clutching his neck.

Jarvis doesn't stop. He snarls, pops to his feet, and grabs Bronson again. Another German suplex! This time he bridges—1...2—Bronson powers out with authority, but the arena is electric now.

John Phillips: "Back-to-back Germans! Jarvis Valentine just turned this place upside down!"

The champion wipes the blood from his mouth, fire in his eyes. He pulls Bronson up again, but the challenger clubs him across the back. Jarvis grits his teeth, shoves Bronson off, and hits the ropes—BOOM! Discus clothesline! Bronson goes down hard, the crowd roaring as Jarvis pumps his fists and slams the mat for momentum.

Mark Bravo: "He's not done yet! Valentine is running hot now, Johnny, and Bronson might be in real trouble!"

Jarvis points to the cage wall, dragging Bronson up by the head. The fans cheer louder, sensing the brutality to come. Jarvis hooks his arm, lines it up, and launches Bronson face-first into the unforgiving steel! The cage rattles as Bronson rebounds, dazed. Jarvis catches him from behind—another German suplex, this time launching Bronson into the wall itself!

The crowd comes unglued, chanting "U-TA! U-TA!" as Jarvis rolls to his knees, sweat pouring, chest heaving. He pounds the mat with one fist, rallying the fans as Bronson crawls toward the ropes, clutching at the mesh.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine just turned the tide! He's using the steel as his ally now, and Brick Bronson's the one

feeling the punishment!"

Mark Bravo: "But don't forget, Johnny — Bronson can take a hell of a beating. Jarvis is firing on all cylinders, but if he doesn't put him down soon, Brick's gonna come right back."

Jarvis drags Bronson up by the head, the crowd buzzing as he hooks him for another suplex. He grits his teeth, pulling hard — but this time, Bronson blocks, dropping his hips low. Jarvis tries again, roaring with effort, but Bronson drives a sharp elbow down into the champion's temple. Jarvis stumbles back, dazed.

Bronson seizes the opening. He rips Jarvis up and drives him shoulder-first into the cage wall, holding him there, grinding his face across the steel mesh like a man trying to erase his opponent's identity. The fans groan as Jarvis' forehead scrapes, crimson smearing across the unforgiving steel.

John Phillips: "Oh no... no, not like this! Jarvis Valentine's face is being torn open against that steel!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Bronson's counter. You let him breathe for a second and he'll make you pay for it tenfold. That's why this guy is so damn dangerous!"

Bronson yanks Jarvis away and plants him with a thunderous uranage slam, the ring rattling from the impact. He sprawls across Jarvis, pressing his forearm hard across the champ's jaw as the referee counts—

1...

2—

Jarvis kicks out to a roar from the crowd!

Bronson doesn't argue. He just grabs a handful of Jarvis' hair, pulling him to his knees before drilling him with a stiff headbutt that echoes through the arena. Jarvis collapses back down, blood dripping from his forehead now. Bronson stands tall above him, chest heaving, the crowd booing and buzzing in equal measure.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine came alive for a moment, but Brick Bronson just ripped that momentum away — and now the champion is bleeding!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at Bronson. He's not showboating, he's not wasting time. He's smothering Jarvis, making this cage his weapon. That's exactly how you beat a champion."

Bronson wipes his own brow with the back of his forearm, then drops down, mounting Jarvis and pounding stiff, clubbing forearms across the champion's bloody face. Each blow lands with a sickening thud, the referee powerless to intervene. Bronson finally stands, hauling Jarvis up by the hair like a hunter showing off his trophy.

John Phillips: "This is hard to watch. Bronson isn't wrestling right now — he's dismantling Jarvis Valentine."

Mark Bravo: "And every second that cage is there to help him do it, Johnny. You don't have to be pretty inside those walls — you just have to be cruel."

Bronson hooks Jarvis around the waist, powers him up, and rams him spine-first into the steel wall. Jarvis howls in pain, slumping but still on his feet. Bronson doesn't let him drop — he grips the champion again, hoists him higher, and launches him like a sack of concrete across the ring. Jarvis crashes shoulder-first into the opposite cage wall, the sound like a car wreck.

Bronson stalks after him, slow and deliberate, before stepping on Jarvis' hand, grinding it into the mat with his boot. The champion yells out, clutching his wrist as Bronson shifts gears, dropping a knee across his spine to pin him down. He wrenches Jarvis' arm back into a vicious hammerlock, cranking it high while pressing his weight down.

John Phillips: "That arm could snap! Bronson's twisting Valentine like a pretzel and using every pound of his frame to crush him into the mat."

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis wanted to prove he was tougher than Brick Bronson? This is the proving ground, and right now Bronson's making him regret every bit of it."

Jarvis screams but refuses to submit. Bronson snarls, drags him up with the arm still twisted, and slams him shoulder-first into the turnbuckle. Jarvis collapses, clutching his arm as blood runs freely from his brow. Bronson methodically stomps him down into the corner — one, two, three, four, five heavy boots — then drives his knee across Jarvis' throat, using the cage wall as leverage for added pressure.

The referee shouts for space, but in this environment there's no break to give. Bronson steps back only when he's satisfied, then yanks Jarvis up again and nails a snap spinebuster in the center of the ring. He floats over lazily into a cover—

1...

2...

Jarvis kicks out to a thunderous pop from the crowd, his body trembling from the punishment.

John Phillips: "How in the world did Valentine kick out of that?!"

Mark Bravo: "Instinct, Johnny. Pure instinct. But instincts don't beat Brick Bronson. Not when he's like this."

Bronson sits back, his face a cold mask, then drags Jarvis up once more. He whips the champion into the cage wall again, then hooks him into a gutwrench position. The crowd gasps as Bronson hauls him up, holding him in the air for a brutal second before slamming him spine-first into the mat with a thunderous Gutwrench Powerbomb! Jarvis bounces off the canvas like he's been electrocuted.

Bronson hooks the leg for another cover—

1...

2...

Jarvis kicks out again! The crowd erupts, stomping and chanting, trying to will the champion back to life.

John Phillips: "Listen to this place! Jarvis Valentine refuses to die, but he's hanging on by a thread!"

Mark Bravo: "Bronson doesn't even look frustrated, Johnny. That's what terrifies me — he's just going to keep grinding Jarvis into the mat until there's nothing left to kick out."

Bronson sits up after the knockout, shaking his head slowly, not in disbelief — in irritation. He wipes the blood from his chest where Jarvis' earlier forearms landed, then drags the champion back to his feet by the hair. Bronson hooks Jarvis' arm, twisting it savagely before shoving him chest-first into the cage wall. The clang rattles through the arena as Jarvis slumps, his forehead pressed against the mesh.

John Phillips: "This is systematic, Mark. Brick Bronson isn't looking for a highlight — he's carving Jarvis Valentine apart piece by piece."

Mark Bravo: "It's like watching a butcher work. Every shot is measured, every slam right on target. He knows what he's doing in there."

Bronson takes a step back and launches forward — running avalanche splash against the cage! The whole structure shudders as Jarvis collapses to the mat, gasping for air. Bronson doesn't hesitate, stomping down on Jarvis' chest with his boot, pressing his weight into the ribs, grinding down until the referee shouts, powerless to enforce a break.

The challenger drags Jarvis upright again and hooks him for a suplex. With frightening ease, he lifts him high, walks him toward the cage wall, and drops him ribs-first across the top rope, driving his midsection against steel cable. Jarvis bounces off, crumpling onto his knees, clutching his ribs and gasping for air. Bronson smirks coldly, dragging a thumb

across his own throat before hauling the champ up once more.

John Phillips: "Jarvis is in deep trouble here. His ribs might be cracked after that — and Bronson knows it!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the Brick Bronson we've been warning people about. There's no wasted motion. It's all damage, all punishment, and Jarvis Valentine is fading in front of our eyes."

Bronson slams Jarvis' face into the steel one more time, opening the wound even wider, blood streaming now. The fans chant louder — "VAL-EN-TINE! VAL-EN-TINE!" — trying to will the champion back. Bronson doesn't care. He scoops Jarvis up, hoists him onto his shoulder, and drives him down with a running powerslam in the center of the ring. He hooks the leg—

1...

2...

Jarvis kicks out again! The crowd explodes, stomping and chanting louder. Bronson sits up, shaking his head, sweat and blood dripping down his frame. This time, there's a flicker of frustration in his eyes.

John Phillips: "He won't stay down! Jarvis Valentine, bloodied and broken, still refuses to let go of the UTA Championship!"

Mark Bravo: "But how many more shots can he take, Johnny? Bronson's like a machine, and machines don't get tired."

Bronson drags Jarvis up again, sweat dripping from his brow, and hooks him into position for another gutwrench. The crowd buzzes nervously — they've seen what's coming. Bronson lifts, but suddenly Jarvis drops his weight, blocking it! Bronson tries again, muscles straining, but Jarvis drives a desperate headbutt straight into Bronson's nose. The challenger stumbles back, shaking his head.

The arena roars. Jarvis wipes the blood from his eyes, snarls, and latches onto Bronson's waist. With every ounce of strength he has left, Jarvis rips him up and over with a German suplex! The cage rattles as Bronson bounces off the canvas. Jarvis doesn't release — he holds on tight.

John Phillips: "German! And he's not letting go, Mark! Jarvis Valentine is hanging on like his life depends on it!"

Mark Bravo: "This is that fire, Johnny! The champ's digging down to a place only champions can find!"

Jarvis hauls Bronson up again, locking the grip tighter. Another German suplex! The crowd counts along—"TWO!" Jarvis roars, sweat and blood spraying from his face, and pulls Bronson up again. A third German suplex rattles the ring—"THREE!"

The fans are on their feet, screaming with every impact. Jarvis doesn't stop. He snarls like a wild animal, dragging Bronson up once more. The challenger swings a wild elbow, but Jarvis ducks, spins behind, and launches him into a fourth German suplex! This one lands Bronson near the cage wall, his back smashing into the steel as he crumples to the mat.

John Phillips: "Four! Four Germans! Jarvis Valentine is alive! Listen to this crowd!"

Jarvis slaps the mat, chest heaving, blood pouring down his face. He stumbles to his feet, the crowd chanting "U-TA! U-TA!" as he stalks Bronson. He drags the challenger up one more time, setting for a fifth—

—but Bronson drops to his knees, blocking it. Jarvis clubs him with forearms, trying to rip him up, but Brick fires back with a desperate elbow. Both men collapse against the ropes, spent, the crowd on fire from the exchange.

Mark Bravo: "That's what it means to be a champion! That was pure adrenaline from Jarvis Valentine, but how much more does he have left?"

John Phillips: "And how much can Brick Bronson even take?! Those suplexes rattled the entire arena — but neither

one of these men is done yet!"

Both men slump against the ropes, their chests heaving, their faces painted crimson and sweat. The arena is thunderous, fans on their feet, clapping in unison. Slowly, Jarvis drags himself upright, his fingers curled around the steel mesh for balance. On the opposite side, Bronson pulls himself up the same way, jaw tight, blood dripping down his face.

John Phillips: "We're at the breaking point now. Both men running on fumes, both men fighting for the richest prize in our industry."

Jarvis turns first, teeth clenched, and drives a stiff forearm straight into Bronson's jaw. The crowd roars. Bronson reels, then answers back with a forearm of his own, snapping Jarvis' head to the side. The fans thunder again. Back and forth they go — Jarvis with a shot! Bronson with another! Each blow heavier, slower, fueled by pride as much as strength.

Mark Bravo: "This is a war of attrition now! Every strike is a gamble, every hit could be the one that breaks you!"

Finally, Jarvis gets the edge — three forearms in succession that stagger Bronson back against the cage wall. Jarvis charges, roaring, but Bronson ducks! Jarvis collides with steel shoulder-first, the clang rattling the arena. He screams in pain, clutching his arm. Bronson seizes the opening — hoists Jarvis high and slams him spine-first into the cage wall before letting him fall to the mat like dead weight.

John Phillips: "Into the cage again! Jarvis Valentine's body has been broken on that steel tonight!"

Bronson doesn't go for a cover. He looks up at the cage wall, then back at Jarvis, grinning through blood. He begins to climb, slow but steady, the crowd buzzing with panic as he reaches higher and higher.

Mark Bravo: "He's going for it! If Bronson escapes, we've got a new UTA Champion!"

But Jarvis stirs. He claws at the ropes, dragging himself up, then latches onto Bronson's boot just as he hooks a leg over the top! The fans erupt as Jarvis yanks with everything he's got, dragging the challenger down rung by rung. The two meet on the top rope, teetering dangerously, and trade headbutts while the arena shakes with noise.

John Phillips: "They're perched on the top rope inside a steel cage! Somebody's going to get killed up there!"

Both men teeter on the top rope, one arm hooked on the cage mesh for balance. Jarvis smashes Bronson with a headbutt. Bronson fires back with one of his own. They sway dangerously, the fans screaming with every blow. Finally, Jarvis hooks Bronson's arm, gritting his teeth through the blood and sweat. The crowd realizes what's coming and erupts in a deafening roar.

John Phillips: "Oh no... no, no, no! He can't—he won't—Jarvis Valentine's going for it all!"

With a guttural scream, Jarvis heaves Bronson up and over with a superplex from the top rope, both men crashing down in the center of the ring. The impact shakes the canvas, rattles the cage, and sends the fans into a frenzy. Bodies bounce violently and collapse, lifeless, into the mat.

Mark Bravo: "SUPERPLEX! Off the top rope, inside the steel cage! Both of these men might be broken in half!"

The referee kneels, checking on both, his face pale. Neither moves. The crowd chants "HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!" as replays flash on the tron, showing the horrific fall from every angle. Inside the ring, Jarvis finally twitches, rolling one shoulder to the side. He drapes an arm across Bronson's chest—

1...

2...

Bronson kicks out! The arena gasps in disbelief. Jarvis rolls away, clutching his ribs, staring at the referee in shock.

John Phillips: "How?! How in God's name did Brick Bronson kick out of that?"

Mark Bravo: "Because this isn't just a match, Johnny — it's survival. Both of these men will leave a piece of themselves inside this cage tonight."

Jarvis lies on the canvas for a long moment, chest heaving, his arm draped across his ribs. The crowd is still buzzing from the superplex, but slowly, the champion stirs. He rolls toward the ropes, blood streaking down his face, and begins to claw his way up the cage wall.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is climbing! He's running on instinct, pure adrenaline — but if he can make it over the top, this one is over!"

Hand over hand, Jarvis pulls himself higher. The fans are deafening, urging him on, every step like a miracle. His foot slips once, but he clings tighter, groaning through the pain. He's three-quarters of the way up now, reaching desperately for the top.

But Bronson stirs. The big man's body trembles, every muscle screaming, but he sees the champion climbing. He snarls, slamming both fists into the mat before staggering to his feet. Slowly, methodically, he stalks toward the corner and begins to climb after him.

Mark Bravo: "And there's the danger, Johnny — you can't just escape. You've got to do it before a man like Brick Bronson can drag you right back down."

Jarvis hooks an arm over the top, fingertips brushing the top bar of the cage. The crowd reaches a fever pitch—

—but Bronson grabs his leg. Jarvis kicks frantically, trying to shake free. The crowd screams, half in panic, half in hope. Bronson plants his foot on the middle rope, yanks Jarvis down with frightening strength, and slams him spine-first into the steel mesh! Jarvis crumples into Bronson's waiting arms, and the challenger drives him into the mat with a thunderous powerbomb!

John Phillips: "Oh my God! A powerbomb off the cage wall! Jarvis Valentine is broken in half!"

The crowd gasps as Jarvis lies motionless in the wreckage. Bronson kneels over him, sweat and blood dripping, his eyes cold and relentless. He doesn't glance at the door. He doesn't glance at the cage. He just leans down, pressing his forearm into Jarvis' jaw as the referee counts—

1...

2...

Jarvis kicks out! The crowd erupts, the building shaking with disbelief. Bronson slams a fist into the mat, snarling through gritted teeth.

Mark Bravo: "How is he still alive?! Jarvis Valentine refuses to die in this cage!"

Bronson sits back on his haunches, blood dripping down his nose, chest heaving. The crowd is deafening after Jarvis' kickout, but the challenger doesn't look rattled. He looks... focused. Cold. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and grabs Jarvis by the ankle.

John Phillips: "Oh no, he's got the leg—Bronson's locking him up!"

Bronson twists Jarvis' ankle violently, folding him into a vicious heel hook, his massive frame bearing down on the joint. Jarvis screams in agony, clawing at the mat, blood streaking across the canvas as he scratches for anything to relieve the pressure.

Mark Bravo: "This is Bronson at his cruelest. He doesn't just want to beat Jarvis Valentine — he wants to dismantle him, piece by piece!"

Jarvis tries to twist, tries to roll, but Bronson transitions seamlessly, wrenching the leg higher into a single-leg Boston

crab, leaning back so far his own face is twisted with strain. The cage rattles with the stomping of the fans, urging Jarvis to fight. The champion pounds his fist into the mat, shaking his head violently, refusing to quit.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine has never submitted in his career, but my God, he's close here! Look at the torque on that spine — look at the agony on his face!"

Bronson lets the hold go, but only to change tactics. He drags Jarvis by the hair, forcing him upright, and whips him chest-first into the cage wall again. Jarvis bounces off, collapsing to his knees, but Bronson isn't finished. He locks his arms around Jarvis' waist from behind and hurls him backward with a release German suplex — Jarvis' head and shoulders smashing against the bottom of the cage wall before he folds like a ragdoll.

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't just a suplex — that was an execution. Bronson is using this cage like a weapon!"

The challenger drags Jarvis up once more, scooping him into a gutwrench and slamming him with bone-crunching force in the center of the ring. He doesn't cover. Instead, Bronson kneels beside the battered champion, grabs his jaw, and snarls directly into his face.

Brick Bronson: "This ends when I say it ends."

Then, with deliberate cruelty, Bronson locks in a crossface variation, wrenching back on Jarvis' neck while grinding his forearm into the bloody wound on his forehead. Jarvis howls, arms flailing, trapped dead center of the ring with nowhere to go.

John Phillips: "He's tearing Jarvis Valentine apart! If the champion doesn't find a way out of this, we're about to crown a new UTA Champion!"

Bronson wrenches back harder on the crossface, his forearm grinding deep into Jarvis' bloody brow. The champion screams, his hand hovering over the mat as the referee leans close, asking if he wants to give up. The fans thunder "NO! NO! NO!" as Jarvis shakes his head violently, refusing to submit.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is hanging on by a thread! He might not have anything left, but he won't quit!"

Bronson snarls, reefing back even harder, but that slight adjustment gives Jarvis the opening he needs. With a sudden surge, he shifts his hips, rolling his body under Bronson's arm. The challenger fights to keep the hold, but Jarvis grabs his own hands together, plants his legs, and flips Bronson over with sheer desperation — a modified cradle pin!

1...

2...

Bronson powers out just in time! Both men scramble, Jarvis gasping for breath, his face a crimson mask, but alive. Bronson charges — and Jarvis cuts him down with a desperation German suplex! The crowd explodes!

Mark Bravo: "Where is he finding this?! Valentine just won't die!"

Jarvis staggers, barely on his feet, and when Bronson lurches up again, he grabs him for another German! The ring shakes on impact! The fans are on their feet, screaming "U-TA! U-TA!" as Jarvis holds on, dragging Bronson up for a third!

John Phillips: "The champion is alive! Jarvis Valentine is throwing everything he has left at Brick Bronson!"

He hits it, collapsing on top of Bronson afterward, his chest heaving, the crowd white hot from the sudden burst of offense.

Jarvis lies on the mat for a long moment, chest heaving, every breath ragged. The crowd is on their feet, clapping in rhythm, begging their champion to keep pushing. Slowly, Jarvis drags himself up by the ropes, his crimson-streaked face barely visible under the sweat and blood. He turns toward the cage wall... and starts to climb.

John Phillips: "He's going for it again! Jarvis Valentine is clawing his way to the top of the steel, trying to escape with his championship intact!"

Hand over hand, Jarvis hauls his exhausted frame upward. The chants grow louder with every pull — "U-TA! U-TA!" — as the champion nears the top of the cage. His fingers hook over the edge, the crowd in a frenzy.

But below, Bronson stirs. He wipes blood from his eyes, snarls, and sees Jarvis almost over the top. With frightening determination, Bronson lumbers to his feet and follows, shaking the cage as he climbs. The fans gasp as Bronson grabs Jarvis by the leg just as he swings it over the top.

Mark Bravo: "So close! He almost had it — but here comes Bronson again, dragging him back down!"

Jarvis kicks wildly, the crowd roaring with each desperate shot, but Bronson refuses to let go. He clubs Jarvis across the spine with a massive forearm, then slams his head into the cage mesh. Jarvis' grip loosens, his body sagging dangerously... and Bronson yanks him back down onto the top rope. The challenger hooks him tight — and delivers a sickening belly-to-back suplex from the ropes, both men crashing into the canvas with a thunderous impact!

John Phillips: "GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! A suplex off the ropes — that could've ended Jarvis Valentine's career!"

The crowd explodes in shock, half screaming, half chanting, as both men writhe in pain on the mat. The referee checks on them, but neither is quitting. Slowly, Bronson rolls onto his stomach, pushing up on trembling arms, his eyes wild with blood and determination.

The ring shakes from the impact, both men lying wrecked in the center. For a moment it looks like neither can rise... until Brick Bronson pushes up onto his knees, blood dripping down his chest, eyes blazing with cruel intent. Slowly, he hauls himself upright, staring down at Jarvis like a hunter ready to finish the kill.

John Phillips: "Oh no... oh no, I know that look. Brick Bronson is ready to end this once and for all!"

Bronson drags Jarvis up by his hair, the champion limp, legs barely holding him up. The challenger roars, hooks Jarvis around the waist, and hoists him into position for the Gutwrench Powerbomb. The fans gasp in unison, the noise deafening as Bronson steadies his stance, ready to drive the champion straight through the mat.

Mark Bravo: "We've seen this before, Johnny — when Bronson hits the Gutwrench Powerbomb, nobody gets up! We might be seconds away from crowning a new UTA Champion!"

Bronson lifts him high — Jarvis dangling in the air, blood dripping to the canvas — the crowd screaming at the top of their lungs, knowing this could be the end.

Bronson heaves Jarvis high into the air, the champion deadweight above his shoulders, poised for destruction. The crowd holds its breath—

—but suddenly, Jarvis shifts! With the last burst of adrenaline in his battered body, he swings his weight down and twists, hooking Bronson's head mid-lift. In one fluid motion, Jarvis spikes the challenger into the mat with a desperate DDT!

John Phillips: "HE COUNTERED IT! VALENTINE COUNTERED THE GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB!"

The ring explodes on impact, Bronson bouncing off the canvas, clutching his skull. Jarvis collapses beside him, both men sprawled out, neither able to move. The crowd is molten, stomping and chanting "U-TA! U-TA!" as the referee hovers, checking both warriors.

Mark Bravo: "But look at 'em, Johnny — they're both out! Jarvis had the counter of his life, but he's too broken to follow up!"

Replays roll on the tron, showing Bronson's near-victory and Jarvis' desperate reversal, the impact drawing gasps even

in slow motion. Back in the ring, both men stir faintly, rolling to opposite sides, bloodied, exhausted, and nearly spent.

John Phillips: "This is what the UTA Championship means! Two men giving everything they have — and still neither one willing to stay down!"

The arena is a cauldron of noise. Both men lie broken, blood smeared across the mat, their chests rising and falling like they're breathing fire. Slowly — agonizingly — they stir. Jarvis claws at the canvas, dragging himself toward the ropes. Bronson does the same on the other side. Neither man looks like they should be standing, but somehow, they both find the cage wall.

Hands trembling, they clutch the steel mesh, pulling themselves upright rung by rung. The crowd rises with them, a thunderous chant swelling: "U-TA! U-TA!" Every movement is torture, every climb a miracle. Both men grimace through the blood, sweat, and agony as they begin scaling opposite corners.

John Phillips: "This is incredible! After everything they've endured — the suplexes, the steel, the blood — both Jarvis Valentine and Brick Bronson are trying to climb their way to victory!"

The camera pans — Jarvis on one side, Bronson on the other, both men inching higher, bodies shaking, faces twisted in pain. For a heartbeat, it looks like they might both collapse. But they keep climbing, side by side, like two warriors locked in destiny.

Mark Bravo: "This is the definition of grit! Whoever reaches the top first... whoever can survive this climb... is going to leave Lawton, Oklahoma, as the UTA Champion!"

The fans are in a frenzy now. Both men hook their arms over the top bar of the cage, dangling precariously, blood dripping down onto the mat below. They turn their heads — and lock eyes. Champion and challenger. No words, just a shared recognition that this is the endgame. The final push. One of them has to fall.

John Phillips: "You can feel it, folks. This is the final act. Who wants it more?!"

Both men teeter on the top of the cage, the crowd at a fever pitch. Jarvis Valentine, blood masking his face, clings to the steel with one hand and swings with the other. Brick Bronson, jaw tight, fists like sledgehammers, fires back with brutal shots of his own. Each punch echoes through the arena as 8,000 fans rise to their feet, screaming with every connection.

John Phillips: "They're nearly twenty feet above the ring! One wrong move and a career could end tonight!"

Jarvis lands a right. Bronson reels, but steadies. Bronson answers with a stiff elbow. Jarvis sways, nearly slipping, his legs dangling dangerously. The crowd gasps, hands over mouths. He clings on, barely, and responds with a wild headbutt that rocks Bronson back against the mesh wall. Both men are groggy, both arms wrapped around the steel, knuckles white.

Mark Bravo: "They're not just fighting for the championship anymore, Johnny — they're fighting for survival!"

Another punch from Bronson. Another headbutt from Jarvis. The cage rattles with every impact. Both men sway like pendulums, locked in a duel high above the ring. Finally, Jarvis lands a desperate combination — right hand, left forearm, another headbutt — that staggers Bronson, his grip loosening, his body tilting toward the ring.

Bronson hangs there, dazed, dangling by one hand. Jarvis tries to pull himself over the top — one leg hooks, one arm draped over — but Bronson surges back to life! He lunges upward, clutching Jarvis by the tights, dragging him back into the fray!

John Phillips: "HE'S GOT HIM! BRONSON'S NOT LETTING GO! This is insane!"

Both men now perched precariously, half over the top, half clinging to the cage, raining blows on each other with the last of their strength. The arena shakes with chants of "THIS IS AWESOME!" as the battle for the UTA Championship

teeters on the edge of catastrophe.

The two men teeter dangerously atop the cage, fists flying, blood spraying with every desperate strike. The crowd is on their feet, roaring with every connection. Jarvis Valentine, battered beyond recognition, summons the last of his strength. He drives a right hand into Bronson's jaw. Then another. Then a final, sickening headbutt that rattles the steel.

Bronson's body goes slack. His grip slips. The challenger falls backwards, crashing down with a bone-rattling thud in the center of the ring. The sound of flesh and bone slamming canvas echoes like a gunshot. The crowd gasps, then erupts into a frenzy.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson just fell from the top of the cage! He could be broken in half!"

Jarvis hangs there, clinging to the top of the cage. His chest heaves, blood dripping down into his eyes. For a long moment he doesn't move, the world spinning beneath him. Then, slowly, he drapes one arm over the steel beam, pulling himself upright at the summit. The champion sits there, crimson mask under the spotlight, looking down at his fallen challenger.

Mark Bravo: "Look at him, Johnny... look at the UTA Champion! Jarvis Valentine, beaten, bloodied, but still alive at the top of the mountain!"

The camera pans wide: Bronson writhing on the canvas below, Jarvis perched at the apex of the cage above, breathing like every breath might be his last. The fans are a thunderous wall of sound, half begging him to climb down, half chanting his name.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine has a choice right now. He can climb down and escape... or he can dive back into hell and try to finish Brick Bronson once and for all!"

Jarvis steadies himself at the top of the cage, his bloodied face looking down into the chaos below. The fans are on their feet, chanting his name, urging him to climb. Slowly, shakily, he begins his descent — one leg over, one hand at a time, sliding down the mesh with exhaustion in every movement.

But inside the ring, Brick Bronson stirs. The fall rattled his bones, but not his resolve. With trembling arms, he begins to crawl toward the cage door, dragging his battered frame across the canvas. The referee at ringside sees him and instantly swings the door open, holding it wide as the crowd erupts in a frenzy of noise.

John Phillips: "Oh my God, Bronson's crawling for the door! Jarvis Valentine is climbing down the wall — it's a race to see who can escape first!"

Jarvis looks down, his eyes widening as he spots Bronson clawing for the open door. The champion forces himself to move faster, his boots scraping the cage, every second like an eternity. Bronson drags himself inch by inch, his fingers stretching out, grazing the apron. The crowd is split in half, one side screaming for Jarvis, the other for Bronson.

Mark Bravo: "This is what the UTA Championship is all about! Two men, broken and bloodied, clawing their way to victory with nothing left in the tank!"

The camera cuts — Bronson's hand reaching toward the floor just beyond the door. Jarvis, halfway down the cage wall now, his boots scraping for footing. The fans count in unison, a deafening roar of anticipation as the drama hits a fever pitch.

John Phillips: "Who's it gonna be?! Bronson out the door or Valentine off the cage wall? This is as close as it gets!"

The arena is a wall of sound. Jarvis Valentine claws down the cage wall, blood dripping from his face, every movement a miracle of willpower. Across the ring, Brick Bronson drags himself toward the open door, his body screaming in agony but his hand reaching further, closer, desperate for escape.

John Phillips: "It's gonna come down to inches! Who's gonna make it?!"

The camera splits the shot — Jarvis leaping the last few feet off the cage wall, collapsing toward the floor — at the exact moment Bronson lunges out the cage door, half his body spilling onto the arena floor. Both men land in a heap, nearly simultaneous, the crowd exploding in shock.

Mark Bravo: "I... I can't tell! Did Jarvis hit first? Did Bronson make it out the door?! We need a replay — somebody get us a replay!"

The referees rush in, one pointing to Bronson, another insisting Jarvis hit first. The ringside official waves his arms frantically, signaling confusion. The cage official shouts toward the timekeeper, shaking his head. The fans are split — half chanting "VAL-EN-TINE!" and the other half roaring "BRON-SON!"

John Phillips: "This is chaos! We need a decision, but how can anybody call this with certainty?!"

The head referee and Scott Stevens rush down the ramp, quickly conferring with both officials. Replays flash on the tron, showing angles of Jarvis hitting the floor, Bronson crawling out the door — none of them conclusive. The building shakes with anticipation as Stevens argues with the referees, the crowd chanting "RE-PLAY! RE-PLAY!"

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, we may have just witnessed the most controversial finish in UTA history. And it's happening in the middle of The Great Southern Trendkill!"

The referees huddle around Scott Stevens, voices raised over the roar of the crowd. One official is handed an iPad from ringside staff, frantically swiping through camera angles. Finally, he freezes one, jabbing a finger at the screen and spinning it toward Stevens.

John Phillips: "Wait a second — what are they looking at? Did they get the angle?!"

The tron flickers back to life. The replay runs in slow motion. Brick Bronson crawls out the cage door, his body spilling onto the steps and floor. The crowd gasps as the frame freezes — one of Bronson's boots clearly planted on the arena floor... but the other still draped across the steel steps. At the same instant, Jarvis Valentine drops from the cage wall, both boots landing flat on the arena floor.

Mark Bravo: "There it is! Jarvis Valentine hit the floor first! Bronson's second foot wasn't down — only one touched!"

The officials point furiously at the screen, and Stevens nods, slapping the side of the cage in frustration but accepting the evidence. He waves to the timekeeper, barking instructions. The crowd builds, half on their feet, half in disbelief.

Announcer: "Ladies and gentlemen... the referee has ruled that the second foot of Brick Bronson did not touch the floor until after Jarvis Valentine had landed. Therefore... your winner... and STILL United Toughness Alliance Champion... JARVIS VALENTINE!"

The arena erupts. Jarvis collapses against the cage wall, tears of exhaustion in his eyes, blood soaking his face, clutching the championship belt that's handed to him. Bronson, on the floor by the door, pounds the steps in frustration, shaking his head furiously as the fans split between cheers and boos.

John Phillips: "What a war! What a decision! Jarvis Valentine survives the steel cage and walks out of Lawton STILL the UTA Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "But you can't tell me this is over, Johnny. Not after that. Not after being that close. Bronson has every right to demand another shot!"

The final shot lingers on Jarvis, battered and broken but holding the belt high at the top of the ramp, while Bronson glares up at him from ringside, eyes burning with unfinished business.

## **Not the Way We Wanted**

#### Segment

The camera cuts backstage. Madman Szalinski stands with El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2. His energy is a little lower than usual, but he's trying to find the right words.

Madman Szalinski: "Ya know... tonight didn't go the way we wanted. Not by a long shot. But listen—" he jabs a finger at their chests "—you two went out there and fought like hell. You showed 'em something. You showed 'em you belong here."

The Oscuros stand silently, masks expressionless. No nods, no movement. Szalinski sighs, rubbing the back of his neck, then forces a grin.

Madman Szalinski: "I'm proud of ya. Even if you don't say much. Or... anything. Ever. Y'know, usually when I give this speech people smile or clap or... I dunno, high five me or something. But you two? Nah. Dead silent. I'm starting to think those masks don't even have mouths under 'em."

He leans closer to one of the Oscuros, squinting like he's trying to peek through the mask. No response. He throws up his hands and chuckles.

Madman Szalinski: "Fine, fine. Keep your secrets. But I know what I saw. You gave everything out there, and we'll come back stronger. That's a promise. And next time, we're not just knocking on the door — we're kicking the damn thing down!"

He slaps both men on the shoulders, the sound echoing off the masks. They still don't react, standing frozen as statues. Madman shrugs, chuckles again, and throws a look at the camera.

Madman Szalinski: "Seriously though... if either of you ever smile, someone better get a picture 'cause I ain't gonna believe it."

He shakes his head, still grinning, before walking off with the Oscuros trailing silently behind. The scene fades as the crowd gives a small laugh at Szalinski's antics.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Madman Szalinski trying to keep things light after a tough night, but you can tell he still believes in his team."

Mark Bravo: "He's always been that way, Johnny. Win or lose, Madman's gonna fight for the people he believes in. The question is... when do the Oscuros start fighting for him?"

## **It Stings**

#### Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands poised with a mic in hand. Beside her, Marie Van Claudio still looks worn from the brutal Fatal Four-Way earlier in the night. A thin sheen of sweat glistens on her brow, her expression a cocktail of disappointment and quiet determination.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm joined here backstage by Marie Van Claudio. Marie, earlier tonight you competed in the Fatal Four-Way for the UTA Women's Championship, but unfortunately it was Amy Harrison who left with the title. How are you feeling in this moment?"

Marie pauses, takes a slow breath, then shakes her head with a small, wry smile that doesn't quite reach her eyes.

Marie Van Claudio: "How do I feel? Melissa, it stings. I came into tonight wanting to prove that after all these years, after everything I've sacrificed, I could once again carry that championship. And instead... Amy Harrison walked out with it. Credit where it's due — she had a plan, and it worked. But don't mistake this look on my face for defeat. I've been knocked down before, and every single time, I've gotten back up stronger."

The crowd watching on the tron cheers, sensing the grit in her words. Melissa nods, leaning in slightly.

Melissa Cartwright: "Amy Harrison has already promised a 'celebration' next week in Philadelphia. Where does that leave Marie Van Claudio?"

Marie's eyes narrow. She adjusts her hair, steadies her tone, and stares straight into the camera lens.

Marie Van Claudio: "Let Amy celebrate. Let her parade that title around like she's conquered the world. But she knows me better than anyone — and she knows I don't go away quietly. This isn't over. Not by a long shot. The era of Amy Harrison may have started tonight, but I promise you this, Melissa... it won't last forever. And when the dust settles, it'll be Marie Van Claudio standing tall with that championship."

She gives Melissa a firm nod, then walks off camera, leaving the crowd buzzing.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Marie Van Claudio showing fire, even in defeat. You can hear it in her voice — she's not done with Amy Harrison."

Mark Bravo: "You can't kill history, Johnny. Marie was the first lady of UTA for a reason, and if Amy Harrison thinks a celebration in Philly's gonna go unchallenged? She better think again."

## **Last Encounter**

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to the medical area. Jarvis Valentine sits on a bench, blood still drying on his face, chest heaving as a trainer checks over his ribs. Gauze and ice packs are scattered around. The UTA Championship rests on the table beside him, faintly glimmering under the fluorescent lights. Jarvis winces as the trainer presses on his side.

The room goes quiet when the door creaks open. In steps Brick Bronson. His face is swollen, his body smeared with blood and sweat. He moves stiffly, every step heavy. The trainer instinctively steps aside. Jarvis, spotting him, immediately pushes to his feet — championship instinct kicking in, bracing for another fight.

But Bronson doesn't raise his fists. He doesn't say a word at first. He just stands there, breathing hard, eyes locked on Jarvis. The tension hums in the air... until Brick slowly extends a hand.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Wait a minute... Brick Bronson isn't here to fight. That's respect, Mark. That's respect after absolute hell inside the cage tonight."

Jarvis glances down at the hand, his jaw tight, still wary. For a moment, it looks like he might refuse. The crowd inside the arena buzzes, their reaction feeding into the moment. Finally, Jarvis wipes the blood from his eyes, exhales, and clasps Brick's hand firmly. The two men shake, eye-to-eye, neither blinking.

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "That right there? That's what it's all about. They damn near killed each other tonight, Johnny, and now they're shaking hands like warriors. That's the game."

Brick gives one firm nod, then pats Jarvis on the shoulder before stepping back. No words exchanged. No promises made. Just mutual respect. Jarvis watches him leave, still clutching the UTA Championship at his side. The trainer returns as the camera lingers on Valentine's battered but defiant face, the belt in frame.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Jarvis Valentine is still the UTA Champion — but after tonight, both he and Brick Bronson will never be the same."

## **Ross/Dane II**

Segment

The screen fades to black. A low rumble of thunder rolls, followed by the metallic scrape of a chair on concrete. White letters appear across the screen: "THIS HAS BEEN BREWING FOR MONTHS."

Quick cuts flash — Chris Ross blindsiding Eric Dane Jr. backstage. Eric diving off the barricade onto Ross in

retaliation. Security swarming in every week, struggling to pull them apart. The violence escalating with every encounter.

Narrator: "For months, Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr. have fought... and fought... and fought again. Every arena. Every town. Every night — their hatred has spilled into chaos."

Clips of Ross suplexing Eric onto the floor. Eric driving Ross through a table at ringside. Ross wielding his screwdriver, the crowd booing violently as Eric staggers away bloodied. Back to Eric screaming into the camera: "This doesn't end until one of us is DONE."

John Phillips (voice-over): "They've crossed every line imaginable. They've left bodies, blood, and wreckage everywhere they've gone."

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "And Johnny, the scariest part? They like it that way."

The screen shakes with each heavy impact — chairs bending, fists flying, glass shattering. Ross laughing through blood. Eric staggering but defiantly raising a middle finger. The feud has become bigger than either man — an uncontrollable storm.

Narrator: "Tonight, there are no rules. No mercy. No escape. This is an Oklahoma Street Fight."

The music crescendos — heavy drums and distorted guitars pounding as the final montage hits: Ross and Eric staring each other down, Ross gripping the screwdriver, Eric climbing the ropes, fans roaring. White letters hit the screen in rapid flashes: "NO RULES. NO ROPEBREAKS. NO STOPPAGES. FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE."

The package ends with Ross and Eric charging at each other in slow motion from a previous brawl. The screen cuts to black. Red letters slam into place: "ROSS VS. DANE JR. — OKLAHOMA STREET FIGHT."

The sound of a helicopter blade whirs faintly as the package fades out — a foreshadow of what's to come.

## **Chris Ross vs. Eric Dane Jr.**

Match

The arena plunges into darkness. A low rumble rolls through the sound system, then the opening notes of "Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow erupt like a detonation. The crowd comes alive — a mix of venomous boos and fever-pitch energy, because love him or hate him, everyone knows Chris Ross means violence.

The spotlight snaps on at the stage. There he is — Chris Ross, The Keystone State Killa. Dressed in torn black jeans, boots scuffed from a thousand fights, a shredded hoodie hanging from his frame. His hair is unkempt, his face gaunt, eyes dead cold. And in his right hand, like always, like an extension of his very soul — the screwdriver glints beneath the lights.

John Phillips: "There he is. The man who's been at the center of more bloodshed than anyone else in this company's history. Chris Ross doesn't walk to the ring, he marches into war."

Mark Bravo: "And that screwdriver? That's not a prop. That's not for show. That's his calling card, his weapon, his reminder to the world that when Chris Ross is around, somebody's leaving with scars."

Ross keeps his head down, walking slowly, deliberately, like each step is dragging the weight of everything he's lost — and everything he's done — behind him. The crowd pours hate at him, but the noise only adds to the aura. This isn't just another match. This is the endgame of months of violence, and the entire Great Plains Coliseum knows it.

John Phillips: "Every fight, every attack, every scar — it's all led to this moment. The Oklahoma Street Fight. No rules, no escape, no mercy."

Ross stops halfway down the ramp, raising the screwdriver up into the air for just a moment, the lights bouncing off the

steel. The crowd rains boos, but he doesn't smirk, doesn't gloat. He just lowers it and continues forward, methodical, menacing. When he reaches ringside, he slides under the ropes, pulls himself into the corner, and sits, back against the turnbuckles, screwdriver across his lap.

Mark Bravo: "Chris Ross doesn't care about the roar of this crowd, doesn't care about what the office thinks, doesn't even care about winning. What he cares about is making sure Eric Dane Jr. regrets ever stepping into his world."

The music fades, but the image lingers — Chris Ross, coiled in the corner, screwdriver in hand, a man who isn't here to compete, but to survive and destroy. The storm is coming.

The lights shift again, silver and blue strobing across the arena as "Made You Look" by Nas blasts through the sound system. The crowd reaction is immediate: a tidal wave of boos, mixed with laughter at the sheer audacity of what's coming. Through the curtain bursts Eric Dane Jr., and he's bouncing like a man possessed.

Not in sequins this time — no boas, no robes. Tonight he's "serious." But serious, Eric Dane Jr.-style. Expensive designer joggers, spotless high-end sneakers, a fitted tank top with "EDJ" in rhinestones across the chest. He shadowboxes as he makes his way to the stage, firing off crisp air jabs, then a wild uppercut that nearly spins him around. He hops in place, bobbing like a prizefighter, screaming at the crowd to get loud — though it's pure venom being thrown back at him.

John Phillips: "Look at him — bouncing around like he's training for a title fight in Vegas. Eric Dane Jr. is acting like this is his moment, but you gotta wonder if he really knows what kind of war he's walking into."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, he knows, John. He just doesn't care. He's Eric Dane Jr. — he thinks he was born for the spotlight. If Chris Ross wants to bring blood and violence, the kid's ready to bring swagger and chaos right back at him."

Eric pumps his fists, throwing mock combinations into the air as he jogs down the ramp. He leaps up onto the apron in one bound, pounding his chest, then climbs a turnbuckle and raises both arms like he's already won. The fans boo louder, but he eats it up, shouting back at them, "I'm the future! I'm the star!"

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd Mark. I am actually hearing boos for Dane."

Mark Bravo: "Chris Ross came out here last week and told us why he's done the things he's done. The pain he has been through, the rejection. That resonates with the crowd JP."

John Phillips: "That it does. Almost like once they heard Chris' side for the first time, they knew if put in the same position they would act the same way."

He hops down, still bouncing, still throwing punches at nothing, trying to project the image of a fighter who can handle anything. But across the ring, Chris Ross hasn't moved an inch. Still sitting in the corner, screwdriver in hand, staring a hole through him. The contrast is sharp — the dangerous calm of Ross against the desperate bravado of a man who thinks he's unbreakable.

John Phillips: "This kid's dancing like Rocky, but across from him is a man who doesn't care about the show. Chris Ross came here to hurt somebody."

Mark Bravo: "And Eric Dane Jr. came here to prove he's not just his father's name. Love him or hate him, that's guts. Now let's see if guts is enough."

Eric peels off his rhinestone tank and tosses it to the floor, pacing, fists still flying at the air as the referee checks between them. The tension spikes — the crowd sensing the powder keg about to blow.

DING DING DING

The bell barely echoes before Chris Ross is already on his feet. He doesn't circle. He doesn't hesitate. He explodes out of the corner like a cannon, screwdriver in hand, a murderous look carved into his face. Eric Dane Jr. barely has time to

flinch — Ross swings for his head with a vicious stab!

Dane ducks at the last second, the screwdriver grazing past his ear. Ross' momentum carries him forward — and he stumbles, losing his balance as he crashes through the ropes. The screwdriver clatters to the floor, skittering under the guardrail. The crowd gasps, the danger already sky-high.

John Phillips: "Oh my God! Chris Ross was about half a second away from ending this thing before it even started!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what I told you, Johnny — Ross doesn't wrestle, he wages war! He's not here for a match, he's here to commit a crime scene!"

Ross hits the floor hard, rolling on his shoulder before scrambling to his knees. He's cursing, furious at himself for losing the screwdriver so early. Up above, Eric Dane Jr. stares down at him with wide eyes — not fear, but opportunity. The kid bounces once on his heels, runs the ropes, rebounds with full speed—

—and LAUNCHES over the top rope! Eric flips through the air in a daredevil leap, crashing down onto Chris Ross with full force. Both men hit the floor with a sickening thud, the impact shaking the ringside mats. The crowd erupts, half in shock, half in disbelief.

John Phillips: "SUICIDE DIVE OVER THE TOP! Eric Dane Jr. just threw his whole body like a missile — and he wiped out Chris Ross on the floor!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the kid's only chance, John! He's not gonna out-brawl Chris Ross. He's gotta throw his body, throw caution, throw everything! And he just did it big time!"

Eric scrambles to his feet, slapping his chest, roaring to the crowd like he's already conquered the world. Ross, however, is already stirring beneath him, his fury boiling. The camera cuts to the screwdriver wedged beneath the guardrail, a reminder of the violence to come. The referee stays in the ring — knowing he has no control — as the Oklahoma Street Fight spills fully to the outside.

Eric Dane Jr. wastes no time, his chest heaving as the crowd showers him with boos and scattered cheers for the spectacle. He grabs Ross by the hoodie, yanks him to his feet, and whips him shoulder-first into the steel steps. The crash echoes through the arena, Ross flipping over the corner of the steps and landing hard on the concrete floor. The fans gasp, then erupt into noise.

John Phillips: "Ross just got rag-dolled into those steps! Eric Dane Jr. is throwing everything at him — and so far, it's working!"

Eric smirks, bouncing on the balls of his feet, shadowboxing again like he's proving a point. He takes a few steps back, points at Ross, and then sprints forward — leaping onto the steps and launching off with a cannonball senton that crushes Ross against the barricade. Both men collapse in a heap, but Eric is the first to stir, arms raised like a conquering hero.

Mark Bravo: "Say what you want about this kid, but that was nuts! He's fearless — maybe stupid, but fearless!"

Eric drags himself up using the barricade, then grabs a folding chair from ringside. He slams it shut with a loud metallic CRACK, then lifts it high, taunting the fans. The boos rain louder, but we have quite a few cheers starting to come through now. Eric smirks, turns, and slams the chair across Ross' back with a vicious thud. Ross jolts, rolling onto his stomach, clutching his spine.

Another chair shot. CRACK. Ross roars in pain but tries to crawl. Eric follows with another. CRACK. The crowd's reaction is a mix of horror and bloodlust as Ross struggles to his knees.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. is taking the fight right to Chris Ross! Chair shot after chair shot, and Ross can't even get to his feet!"

Eric tosses the chair aside and looks around ringside. He spots a trash can, drags it out, and empties the contents onto the floor — bottles, wrappers, debris spilling everywhere. With a cocky grin, he shoves the can over Ross's head, trapping him inside. The fans buzz as Eric picks up another chair, winding up...

BAM! He smashes the chair against the trash can, the sound echoing like a gunshot. Ross writhes under the metal prison as Eric swings again, denting the can. Another swing, another dent, the fans wincing with each impact.

Mark Bravo: "This kid is insane! He's turned Chris Ross into a human drum and the arena into his concert hall!"

Eric tosses the chair, rips the can off Ross's head, and throws it aside. Ross is dazed, eyes glassy, but still trying to rise. Eric doesn't let him. He drags him by the hair toward the announce table, shouting at the commentators.

Eric Dane Jr. (shouting): "You watching this? You watching a star being made?"

The crowd reaction is thunderous as Eric slams Ross face-first onto the announce table. He climbs up onto the apron, points at Ross, then the fans, then leaps — a springboard shooting star press aimed directly at Ross laid across the table!

Ross rolls at the last second! Eric crashes through the table in an explosion of wood and debris, the arena erupting into shock and chaos. Ross lies on the floor, battered but alive, while Eric writhes in the wreckage clutching his ribs.

John Phillips: "GOOD LORD! Eric Dane Jr. just went for broke and it backfired! He put himself through our table!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the gamble, John — live by the high risk, die by the high risk! Ross might be broken, but Dane Jr. just damn near killed himself!"

The referee hovers uselessly as the crowd chants "HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!" Both men lie amid the carnage, the match still just beginning, the promise of more destruction hanging thick in the air.

Eric writhes in the wreckage of the announce table, clutching his ribs, sucking in short breaths. The crowd is on their feet, some cheering the chaos, others booing the arrogance. But Chris Ross is already moving. He rolls onto his knees, dragging himself up with the apron skirt, eyes narrowing on the wreckage in front of him.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. went for broke — springboard shooting star through the table — but Ross rolled away at the last heartbeat."

Mark Bravo: "And that's the thing, John. You leave an opening against Chris Ross? He's not gonna let it go. He's gonna make you pay for it."

Ross grabs Eric by the hair, yanking him out of the splintered wood. He slams him face-first against the apron, then again, each impact rattling the challenger's body. Ross growls through gritted teeth, then hooks Eric's jeans and hurls him into the barricade with a sickening thud. The fans groan at the impact.

John Phillips: "Straight into the steel! Eric's back just met the barricade and that was ugly!"

Ross stalks him, picking up one of the broken monitors from the table. He holds it high, the crowd buzzing, before slamming it down across Eric's spine. The crack of plastic and metal echoes as Dane Jr. cries out, rolling on the floor.

Mark Bravo: "That's classic Ross — use whatever's in front of you as a weapon. Doesn't matter what it is, doesn't matter how. If it hurts, it works."

Ross tosses the broken monitor aside and drags Eric up again. He digs a shoulder into his ribs, driving him spine-first into the ring post. Eric crumples, gasping for air, clutching his ribs. Ross steps back, breathing hard, but his face shows no mercy. He charges — and knees Eric flush in the temple against the post. The crowd gasps, half in awe, half in horror.

John Phillips: "Oh my God! That knee just sandwiched Eric's head against the post! That could end a career right

there!"

Ross doesn't stop. He grabs a nearby chair and unfolds it — not to sit, but to trap Eric's neck in it. He snarls, slamming the chair shut around Dane Jr.'s throat before stomping down on it. Eric thrashes, clutching at his neck, the fans screaming in shock and fury. Some boo, some cheer, but everyone is on their feet.

Mark Bravo: "Ross isn't trying to pin him, John. He's trying to end him. This is the brutality we've seen from Chris Ross for years — and it's terrifying."

The referee kneels outside, pleading with Ross, but it's useless — there are no rules. Ross glares at him, spitting to the floor, then drags Eric out of the wreckage by his arm. He hooks him under the waist, lifts — and with raw, ugly strength, deadlifts him up before tossing him over his head in a release German suplex onto the pile of debris from the table. The crash rattles the ringside mats as Eric sprawls lifeless among the rubble.

John Phillips: "That's a German suplex on solid wood and steel! Eric Dane Jr. may not get back up from that!"

Ross sits up, chest heaving, eyes wild. The screwdriver lies under the guardrail just a few feet away. He notices it. He crawls toward it, reaching slowly, deliberately, as the camera zooms in on his bloodied knuckles and furious glare.

Chris Ross crawls across the debris-strewn floor, his chest heaving, his eyes locked on that familiar glint beneath the guardrail. The crowd buzzes, knowing exactly what's coming. Ross reaches out with bloodied fingers and grips the handle tight. Slowly, deliberately, he pulls the screwdriver free and holds it high, the steel shining under the arena lights.

John Phillips: "And there it is. Ross' trademark, his weapon of choice — the screwdriver."

Mark Bravo: "If that thing connects, John, this match is over. Forget pinfalls. Forget submissions. It's over."

Ross' lips curl into a twisted half-smile as he turns back toward Eric Dane Jr., who lies sprawled among the broken table and monitor pieces. Ross raises the screwdriver over his head, his body trembling with rage and anticipation. Then — with a roar — he drives it downward, aiming straight for Eric's chest!

At the very last heartbeat, Eric rolls to his side! The screwdriver plunges into the mat where he was laying, Ross' arm jarring from the force of the miss. The crowd gasps and then erupts, the close call sending a wave of noise through the Coliseum.

John Phillips: "He missed! Good God almighty, Ross just tried to stab Eric Dane Jr. right through the heart!"

Mark Bravo: "And he almost did it, John! If Dane doesn't move, we're talking about this match being stopped for real!"

Eric scrambles away, clutching his ribs, his eyes wide with shock. Ross snarls, yanking the screwdriver out of the mat with a sharp tug. He swings again, wild, reckless — Eric ducks, stumbling toward the barricade, narrowly escaping. Ross stalks him, screwdriver still in hand, the fans in the front row recoiling at the violence inches away from them.

Ross lunges again, stabbing downward — but this time Eric grabs a fan's half-empty soda cup off the barricade and flings it into Ross' face. Sticky liquid sprays everywhere, blinding Ross for just a moment. The crowd pops huge for the improvisation.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. using anything he can get his hands on! That soda just saved his life!"

Mark Bravo: "Hey, it's a street fight! Whatever's in arm's reach is fair game — and right now, that bought the kid some breathing room."

Ross wipes at his eyes, cursing, still gripping the screwdriver tight. Eric, clutching his ribs, pulls himself up with the barricade, desperation in his eyes. The fight is far from over, but for now, he's still breathing.

Ross shakes the soda from his eyes, dripping and snarling, the crowd buzzing as he wipes his face on the sleeve of his

hoodie. He doesn't hesitate. He grips the screwdriver tighter, knuckles white, and spins back toward Eric Dane Jr. with murder in his eyes.

John Phillips: "He's not stopping, Mark. Chris Ross is doubling down! That screwdriver is still in his hand and he wants blood!"

Ross lunges, swinging wildly. Eric stumbles backward against the barricade, ducking another stab that whistles past his ear. Ross drives forward again, this time aiming for Eric's midsection. Eric twists, the screwdriver slamming into the top of the barricade with a nasty scrape of steel on metal, the crowd gasping at how close it was.

Mark Bravo: "That could've gutted him! If Dane hadn't moved, we'd be calling for paramedics right now!"

Ross rips the screwdriver free and swings again, but Eric kicks up desperately, his boot catching Ross in the chest. The strike barely slows him down. Ross snarls, grabs Eric by the neck, and pins him against the barricade with one hand — the screwdriver poised in the other, inches from Eric's throat. The crowd roars, a mix of panic and anticipation, the tension suffocating.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross is trying to end Eric Dane Jr. right here in front of us!"

Eric's eyes widen, panic flashing through his bravado. Ross raises the screwdriver high — but before he can drive it down, Eric fires a desperate headbutt. The crack of skull-on-skull staggers Ross, his grip loosening. The screwdriver drops to the floor with a clatter, rolling under the ring apron.

The crowd explodes with relief and energy as Eric collapses to his knees, gasping, sweat pouring down his face. Ross stumbles backward, shaking his head, furious at having lost his weapon again. He slams a fist into the steel steps, denting the corner with raw frustration.

Mark Bravo: "That was survival instinct, plain and simple. Eric Dane Jr. just saved his own life with that headbutt!"

John Phillips: "But Chris Ross is still standing, and when he gets his hands back on Eric, you know it's gonna get even uglier!"

Both men are reeling, sweat-soaked and battered, but neither backing down as the Oklahoma Street Fight grinds deeper into pure violence.

Both men stagger to their feet, breathing heavy, their bodies already showing the toll of this fight. Eric clutches his ribs, pulling himself upright on the barricade. Ross wipes blood from the corner of his mouth, his eyes narrowing as he sees his opening.

Ross surges forward, snatching Eric by the wrist and waist. With raw, brute strength, he spins and hurls him up and over the barricade like a sack of bricks. Eric flips awkwardly into the first few rows, crashing down on top of folding chairs and scattering fans in every direction. The arena erupts with a thunderous "HOLY SHIT!" chant.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross just launched Eric Dane Jr. into the damn crowd! He tossed him like yesterday's trash!"

Security and officials scramble to move fans back as Eric writhes among the wreckage of broken chairs. Ross gets his screwdriver from right under the ring and places it in his waistband before heading to the side where he climbs over the barricade slowly, deliberately, his face twisted into a scowl. He shoves aside a security guard trying to help, then grabs a chair from the front row and hurls it across Eric's back. The clang echoes through the arena as Eric cries out.

Mark Bravo: "This is what makes a street fight so dangerous, John. We're not in the ring anymore, we're not even ringside. We're in the middle of the people, and Chris Ross doesn't give a damn who's in his way."

Ross yanks Eric up by the hair, dragging him through the crowd. Fans boo and cheer all at once, some throwing middle fingers, others screaming in wild excitement at the chaos happening just feet from their seats. Ross slams Eric's face into the edge of the guardrail, then again, opening a small cut along his eyebrow. Blood trickles as Eric reels, stumbling

deeper into the sea of humanity.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. is busted open! That's the kind of punishment Chris Ross dishes out — no finesse, no mercy, just violence."

Ross doesn't stop. He grabs a fan's discarded beer can, smashes it against Eric's head, then drags him further up the steps into the bleachers. The cameras follow, fans holding up phones, capturing the madness as the fight rages further into the crowd.

Mark Bravo: "This ain't a wrestling match anymore — this is a riot, and Chris Ross is in his element!"

Ross shoves Eric forward, driving him deeper into the mob of fans. Security does their best to push people back, but the energy is out of control — fans surge toward the action, screaming, phones raised high to catch every second. The two men stagger up the steps, exchanging wild shots as they go, bodies bouncing off rails and spilling into rows of chairs.

John Phillips: "They're halfway through the crowd now — this fight has completely left ringside!"

Mark Bravo: "And it's only getting uglier! Chris Ross isn't just dragging Eric Dane Jr. into a fight — he's dragging him straight into hell!"

Ross grabs a plastic chair from a fan and cracks it across Eric's back. CRACK! Eric stumbles, clutching at his ribs. Ross doesn't hesitate — he grabs Eric by the waistband and the back of his neck, and with a roar of rage, flings him sideways into an entire row of fans' chairs. The chairs collapse beneath him, clattering and tangling as Eric writhes among the wreckage. The fans explode with a unified chant:

Crowd: "HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

John Phillips: "He just launched him into those chairs! Good Lord, Eric's body is mangled in the middle of the crowd!"

Ross doesn't play to the audience — he doesn't need to. He grabs Eric by the hair, dragging him upright, blood streaking down his forehead, sweat pouring. Ross shouts in his face, spittle flying, before slamming his head into the steel railing that divides sections. The impact rattles the barrier, sending vibrations all the way through the fans pressed against it.

Mark Bravo: "Look at this crowd — they don't know whether to boo, cheer, or just get out of the way! Chris Ross is treating Eric Dane Jr. like a ragdoll in the middle of these people!"

Ross pulls Eric up again, hooks him tight around the waist — and with terrifying strength, lifts him and spikes him with a release suplex across two rows of empty chairs. The sound of steel and bone colliding is sickening, the fans screaming as Eric rolls off the wreckage, clutching his ribs, his face a crimson mask of blood. Chris pulls the screwdriver from his waistband.

John Phillips: "A suplex into the chairs! Somebody stop this — Ross is gonna kill him out there!"

Ross kneels beside Eric, sweat dripping, screwdriver still clutched in his hand, his expression cold and unrelenting. Around them, the sea of fans are standing on chairs, screaming, chanting, the atmosphere wild and electric. The Oklahoma Street Fight has fully consumed the arena.

Eric Dane Jr. lies crumpled across the bent and broken chairs, blood smeared down his forehead, chest heaving. Ross looms over him, screwdriver in hand, looking to finish the job. He raises it high again — but Eric's hand shoots up, catching Ross by the wrist. The crowd pops instantly, a roar swelling like a wave.

John Phillips: "Wait a second—Eric's not done! He's still alive in this fight!"

Blood dripping into his eyes, Eric digs deep, forcing Ross' arm down with raw desperation. He fires a wild headbutt —

CRACK — blood splattering both men. Ross staggers, stunned. Eric hurls himself upward, fists flying, pummeling Ross with a flurry of punches that are more heart than technique. The fans in the section lose their minds, some jumping up and down, others pounding on the barricades.

Mark Bravo: "Look at this kid! He's not pretty, he's not polished, but damn it, he's fighting back with everything he's got!"

Eric rips a chair from the wreckage and slams it across Ross' back. CRACK! Ross roars in pain but doesn't go down. Eric winds up again, chair in hand, and smashes it across Ross' head with a sickening clang. Ross stumbles backward into the aisle, dazed. The crowd erupts, the "HOLY SHIT!" chants starting up again.

John Phillips: "Steel on skull! Chris Ross just got waffled with that chair and he's rocked!"

Eric throws the chair down, climbs onto a row of seats, and screams out, blood covering his face like war paint. The fans around him cheer wildly, phones raised to capture the chaos. He steadies himself, looks down at Ross staggering in the aisle — then LEAPS, launching a diving crossbody into the mass of humanity. Both men crash down in a heap, chairs collapsing, security struggling to hold the mob of fans back.

Mark Bravo: "That's insane! A blood-soaked Eric Dane Jr. just dove off the chairs and took Chris Ross down with him!"

The crowd is white-hot now, the chants alternating between "U-TA! U-TA!" and "HOLY SHIT!" Eric scrambles to his feet, swaying but alive, roaring in defiance as he stomps down on Ross' chest. For the first time all match, the momentum has shifted fully, the kid feeding off the chaos like fuel.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. is soaked in his own blood, but look at him! He's standing tall in the middle of this sea of fans! This is turning into something unforgettable!"

Eric Dane Jr., blood dripping down his face like a crimson mask, staggers across the debris field of chairs. His eyes drop to the floor — and there it is. The screwdriver, lying inches from Chris Ross' sprawled body. The crowd gasps as Eric snatches it up, clutching it tight, holding it high in the air like a trophy. The fans erupt, a deafening roar shaking the Great Plains Coliseum.

John Phillips: "Oh my God, Eric Dane Jr. has the screwdriver! The one weapon Chris Ross has made infamous — and now it's in the kid's hands!"

Mark Bravo: "You can't tell me that isn't poetic, Johnny! Ross brought this monster into the fight, but now Dane Jr. might be the one to carve him open with it!"

Eric leans down, grabs Ross by the hoodie, and yanks him to his feet. The crowd parts as security and ushers push fans back, creating a human tunnel. Eric snarls, dragging Ross forward, the screwdriver flashing in his other hand. Every few steps, Eric smashes Ross' head off the steel railing or bounces him off a seatback, the fans screaming, some booing, some cheering, all of them on fire for the spectacle.

Ross staggers, blood starting to smear his temple, but Eric doesn't let go. He shoves Ross deeper into the sea of people, toward the back of the seating area. The camera follows closely, weaving between fans, capturing the chaos. People are spilling drinks, screaming in Ross' face, pounding the barricades, while Eric keeps pushing him forward, screwdriver raised like a blade ready to strike at any moment.

John Phillips: "This fight is spilling further and further into the crowd! Eric Dane Jr. is leading Chris Ross into uncharted waters here in Lawton!"

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, I don't think the ring matters anymore! This is about survival — and Dane Jr. is showing he's willing to take Ross to places even Ross might not have expected!"

At the back of the fan area, Eric shoves Ross against a steel support railing, pinning him there with one arm across his

chest. He raises the screwdriver high, the crowd collectively gasping, flashes from cellphones popping everywhere. For one heart-stopping second, it looks like Eric might drive the steel straight into Ross' skull.

Eric Dane Jr. has Ross pinned against the steel railing, the screwdriver raised high above his head. The crowd is buzzing, camera phones flashing in every direction. For a heartbeat, Eric hesitates, his chest heaving, sweat and blood pouring down his face. Then — with a primal roar — he drives the screwdriver downward.

The tip plunges into Ross' shoulder with a sickening THUNK. Ross lets out a blood-curdling scream, his voice tearing through the chaos like nails on glass. The fans recoil in shock, some covering their mouths, others leaping to their feet in disbelief. A "HOLY SHIT!" chant breaks out almost instantly, the sound thunderous and unrelenting.

John Phillips: "GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! He stabbed him! Eric Dane Jr. just stabbed Chris Ross with his own weapon!"

Mark Bravo: "I don't believe it, John! I don't think Eric believes it either — look at his face! He didn't think he'd actually do it!"

The camera zooms in on Eric's wide eyes, his hands trembling as he looks at the screwdriver buried in Ross' shoulder. His mouth hangs open, shock spreading across his face. The bravado is gone, replaced by horror at what he's just done. Around them, the fans are in a frenzy — some cheering the justice, others booing the brutality, all of them unable to look away.

Ross collapses to one knee, clutching at the handle sticking out of his flesh. His teeth grit, blood pouring from the wound, his face twisted in agony. He snarls up at Eric through the pain, his eyes wild and murderous. Even stabbed, even screaming, Chris Ross is still dangerous.

John Phillips: "This is beyond a street fight. This is beyond wrestling. This is carnage, this is mutilation — and Eric Dane Jr. is standing there realizing he just crossed the line you can never come back from."

Eric stumbles back a step, hands still shaking, staring down at the blood on his palms. The crowd noise is deafening, a chaotic mix of awe, horror, and adrenaline. Ross, meanwhile, fights to his feet, dragging the screwdriver out of his shoulder with a grotesque squelch, blood running down his arm, his face twisted in rage.

Mark Bravo: "And John... if Ross is still standing after that, I don't even want to imagine what comes next."

Eric Dane Jr. stumbles backward, blood running down his face and staining his designer street clothes. His hands are still shaking from what he just did, his eyes wide with shock. He backs through the crowd, security frantically pushing fans out of the way to clear a path. Eric slips through the open aisle that leads to the corridor, gasping, clutching at his ribs.

Behind him, Chris Ross straightens up. The screwdriver wound in his shoulder pours crimson, his hoodie now soaked, but he doesn't fall. He doesn't even flinch. Slowly, methodically, he steps forward, his glare fixed on Eric like a predator stalking prey. Every step is deliberate, heavy, purposeful. The fans closest to him recoil, some screaming, others filming, the atmosphere shifting into pure dread.

John Phillips: "Look at him... look at Ross! He's bleeding like a stuck pig, but he's still moving forward! This is like something out of a horror film!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Jason Voorhees, that's Michael Myers — pick your monster, John. Eric Dane Jr. thought he had him finished, but all he did was make Ross angrier!"

Eric glances back, his chest heaving, and sees Ross coming — slow, deliberate, unstoppable. His bravado crumbles further, fear finally breaking through his cocky exterior. Eric shouts at the referee trailing behind them: "Get him away from me!" But there's no getting away. Ross keeps coming, one bloody step at a time.

The fight spills into the corridor, fans on either side pressed against the walls as Eric shoves through, trying to create

distance. He grabs a trash can and hurls it behind him, but Ross just kicks it aside, never breaking stride. His face is pale, his shoulder drenched, but his eyes burn with murderous intent.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. is running for his life, but Chris Ross isn't stopping. He's like a nightmare that won't end!"

Eric staggers past the concession stand, shoving over a table of sodas and popcorn as he scrambles. Ross steps right through it, stomping over spilled drinks and shattered cups, his boots leaving bloody prints across the tile floor. The fans in the corridor scream, some scattering out of the way, others cheering the madness.

Mark Bravo: "Eric Dane Jr. wanted to prove he was a star tonight, John — but now he's starring in his own horror movie!"

Eric backs into a wall, panic flashing across his face, just as Ross finally closes the gap, looming over him, breathing heavy, bloodied but unbroken. The fans chant "U-TA! U-TA!" at the top of their lungs, the building shaking from the chaos.

Eric Dane Jr. has his back to the wall, chest heaving, blood streaking down his face. His eyes flicker with relief as security and medics suddenly flood the corridor. A swarm of black-shirted officials push through the mass of fans, interjecting themselves between him and the advancing Chris Ross.

Ross thrashes against their hands, his teeth bared, his good arm shoving guards aside. The screwdriver wound in his shoulder gushes crimson, running down his chest and dripping onto the tile floor in steady streams. Two medics press in, trying to assess the injury, but Ross snarls and swats them away, barely contained.

John Phillips: "We need to get some order here! Chris Ross has lost a sickening amount of blood — somebody's got to get that shoulder under control!"

Mark Bravo: "You're not kidding, Johnny. That's not a cut, that's a faucet. I don't care how tough Ross is — you lose that much blood, you're not just in danger of losing the match, you're in danger of losing consciousness!"

Eric slumps against the wall, one hand pressed to his ribs, exhaling hard. For the first time in the match, he looks almost relieved. The swarm of bodies between him and Ross feels like a shield. His trembling hands relax, if only for a moment. He mutters to himself, "Thank God... thank God..."

Meanwhile, Ross roars, his voice echoing through the corridor as security holds him back, blood still pouring down his arm. He tries to lunge again, but four men restrain him while medics press gauze against the wound. The crowd packed into the corridor chants and shouts, half in awe, half in panic, their camera phones raised high to capture every second.

John Phillips: "It looks like this match is on hold, folks. Ross is bleeding everywhere, medical has to step in, and I honestly don't know if we're going to see this continue."

Mark Bravo: "For Eric Dane Jr., this might be the only break he gets all night. He's battered, he's bloodied, but right now Ross is the one who looks like he could drop at any second."

The camera cuts from Eric's bloodied, wide-eyed relief to Ross, snarling through the hands of medics and security, demanding they let him loose. The tension in the building is electric — the war isn't finished, only paused.

The medics swarm, trying to get Ross seated, but he shoves one aside with a snarl. His eyes dart down into one of the open bags at their feet, spotting a roll of silver duct tape. With a bloody hand, he snatches it up. The arena gasps as he presses it against his shoulder, blood dripping down his arm like rain.

One of the medics protests, stepping forward. Ross snarls and shoves the tape into the man's chest, shouting so loud the camera mic picks it up clearly.

Chris Ross: "JUST TAPE IT CLOSED, GOD DAMN IT!"

The medic freezes, eyes wide, before Ross rips the tape back out of his hands. He jerks his hoodie aside and starts winding it himself, wrapping strip after strip over the open wound, his teeth grit, his face twisted in fury. The tape sticks against the fresh blood, soaking through almost instantly, but Ross doesn't stop. He cinches it tight until his entire shoulder and upper chest are bound in a rough, makeshift patch job.

John Phillips: "This is insane! Chris Ross is literally taping himself shut — he's holding his own body together with duct tape!"

Mark Bravo: "I've seen some sick things in this business, John, but this? This is a new level of disturbing. He's bleeding like a stuck pig, and he doesn't care! He just wants to keep fighting!"

The camera cuts to Eric Dane Jr., who's slumped against the wall. His jaw hangs open, his chest heaving, eyes wide in disbelief. He shakes his head slowly, muttering, "What the hell is this guy?" Fans pressed against the barricades are going ballistic, some chanting "U-TA! U-TA!" while others scream in shock.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. can't believe it. Hell, nobody can believe it. Chris Ross is refusing medical care, refusing to stop, and he's literally holding his body together with duct tape just to keep this fight alive!"

Ross rips the roll of tape free, tosses it to the floor, and turns toward Eric. His chest rises and falls with slow, heavy breaths, but his eyes burn with murderous intent. The duct-taped shoulder glistens under the lights, a grotesque badge of defiance. And step by step, he starts toward Eric again.

Mark Bravo: "This isn't a man anymore, John. This is a monster."

Chris Ross rips the last strip of tape into place, his shoulder bound crudely but tightly, blood still seeping at the edges. He doesn't even wait for the medics to step back. With a guttural roar, Ross lunges forward, shoving past security and medical staff. The crowd in the corridor erupts as he pounces on Eric Dane Jr. like a rabid animal.

Ross tackles Eric against the wall, the impact rattling the cinderblocks. He drives his taped-up shoulder into Eric's ribs over and over, every blow echoing through the narrow hallway. Eric gasps, clutching at his sides, trying desperately to shove him off, but Ross is relentless, fueled by rage and adrenaline.

John Phillips: "Ross isn't slowing down for anything! He's bleeding out, but he's still throwing himself like a human battering ram!"

Mark Bravo: "That duct tape didn't stop the bleeding, John, but it stopped him from stopping. That's all that matters to Chris Ross right now!"

Ross grabs Eric by the back of the head and slams his skull into the concrete wall. Once. Twice. A third time. Eric's blood smears against the bricks, the fans and staff watching from behind barricades screaming in shock. Eric slumps, dazed, but Ross yanks him back up, dragging him by the collar.

With a roar, Ross hurls Eric down the corridor, the younger man skidding across the floor and crashing into a concession stand. Popcorn, soda, and candy scatter everywhere as Eric tumbles into the wreckage. The crowd nearby surges forward, chanting "U-TA! U-TA!" as security scrambles to hold them back.

John Phillips: "Good Lord! Ross just sent Eric crashing through the concession stand! This is absolute chaos!"

Mark Bravo: "And notice, John — Ross isn't even looking for a pin or a submission yet. He's not here to win, he's here to destroy. That's what makes him the most dangerous man in this company."

John Phillips: "With what we've seen, I think one of these men will have to die for this match to end."

Ross stalks forward, blood still dripping from beneath the tape, his expression blank and murderous. Eric lies in the rubble of the concession stand, groaning, trying to pull himself out, but Ross is already closing the distance again.

Eric Dane Jr. writhes in the shattered concession stand, popcorn sticking to his bloodied face, soda soaking through his designer streetwear. Chris Ross looms closer, boots crunching over broken plastic and spilled ice. The crowd in the corridor is deafening, the chants splitting between “U-TA!” and “HOLY SHIT!” as the chaos unfolds.

Ross reaches in, grabbing Eric by the hair to haul him up — but Eric’s hand shoots out, fumbling through the wreckage. His fingers close around something metal. A steel serving tray. With a blood-soaked snarl, Eric swings it wildly, smashing it into Ross’ face with a loud CLANG!

John Phillips: "Tray to the skull! Eric Dane Jr. just found a lifeline in the rubble!"

Ross staggers back, dazed, blood from his taped-up shoulder dripping down to mix with the new cut opening above his eyebrow. Eric pushes himself up to his knees, gasping for breath, then snatches a plastic soda pitcher off the counter. He smashes it across Ross’ head — shards of hard plastic flying everywhere as Ross stumbles again.

Mark Bravo: "Doesn’t matter what it is, John — if it’s in front of him, Eric’s using it! That’s survival instinct right there!"

Eric, feeding off the roar of the crowd, grabs a half-empty mustard bottle and squeezes it right into Ross’ bloodied face. The crowd erupts, some laughing, others groaning as Ross wipes at the burning yellow mess. Eric seizes the moment — grabbing a broomstick from behind the counter and snapping it across Ross’ back with a sharp crack. Ross roars, collapsing forward onto the sticky tile floor.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. is fighting with everything he can get his hands on! This kid is pulling weapons out of thin air!"

Eric, chest heaving, finally gets to his feet, leaning against the counter for support. He raises the broken broomstick above his head and lets out a primal scream, blood dripping down his face, mustard smeared across his chest. The fans in the corridor lose it, the sound deafening, feeding into his momentum.

Mark Bravo: "And look at the crowd, John! They’re not booing anymore — they’re living for this chaos! Eric Dane Jr. is actually turning them in his favor!"

Ross groans on the floor, blood, sweat, and mustard mixing as Eric circles him, broken weapon in hand, a new fire in his eyes.

Chris Ross pushes up off the sticky floor, bloodied, taped, and now smeared with mustard. Eric Dane Jr. raises the jagged broomstick, charging forward like a man possessed. He thrusts it toward Ross’ chest — but Ross swats it aside with his forearm, the wooden shard scraping past him harmlessly. He snarls, his eyes blazing with fury, and the two men start swinging fists in tight quarters.

They hammer each other with wild shots — Eric’s fists fueled by desperation, Ross’ by pure malice. The crowd of fans and staff pack tighter into the corridor, security struggling to keep the path clear as both men crash against the walls and concession counters.

John Phillips: "Good lord, they’re trading haymakers in the back halls of the Coliseum! This isn’t wrestling anymore — this is a fistfight in a warzone!"

Mark Bravo: "And they’re not stopping, John. You can’t keep this contained — look where they’re headed!"

Eric shoves Ross into a vending machine, the glass rattling dangerously. He throws a knee into Ross’ midsection, but Ross responds with a headbutt that snaps Eric’s head back, blood flying from his face. Ross grabs him by the shirt collar, dragging him forward like a ragdoll. They stumble past another corridor, the camera crew hustling to keep up as the brawl surges through the building.

The double doors to the front entry swing open with a bang as Ross hurls Eric through them. They spill into the wide concourse, fans screaming and scattering as security desperately tries to keep a clear path. The noise is deafening,

the fight now on full display for everyone pouring into the front of the Coliseum.

John Phillips: "They've fought through the crowd, through the concession stands, and now they're in the entryway of the Great Plains Coliseum!"

Mark Bravo: "This is madness! You can see fans rushing in from outside just to get a glimpse — this is going to spill right into the streets if someone doesn't stop it!"

Eric stumbles, wiping blood from his eyes, but manages to shove Ross back into the glass doors of the entry. The impact rattles the panes, the crowd around them shrieking in shock. Ross glares, almost smiling through the pain, before lunging again — and the fight continues to spill forward, step by step, toward the front doors of the arena itself.

Eric Dane Jr. stumbles forward, blood streaking down his face, his chest heaving. He throws a desperate right hand that connects with Chris Ross' jaw, staggering him back into the glass doors. The fans packed into the entryway gasp as Eric lowers his shoulder and drives Ross straight through the doors with a violent spear!

The glass shatters outward, spraying across the concrete as both men spill into the cool Oklahoma night. The arena erupts in chaos, fans rushing to the front windows and doors to see. Security and cameramen flood outside as the fight bursts into the parking lot, headlights from cars illuminating the carnage.

John Phillips: "They're outside! This fight has broken out into the parking lot of the Great Plains Coliseum!"

Mark Bravo: "This is exactly what an Oklahoma Street Fight is supposed to be, John — no limits, no rules, and no mercy!"

Eric scrambles to his feet, wiping the blood from his eyes. He grabs a loose parking cone and hurls it at Ross, the plastic bouncing off his shoulder. Ross snarls, shaking it off, then lunges forward with a wild clothesline that nearly decapitates Eric onto the asphalt. The crowd watching from the doors roars in shock.

Ross drags Eric up by the shirt and delivers two vicious right hands, each one echoing through the night. Eric stumbles back, dazed, almost falling. Ross pauses, bending over with hands on his knees, taking a breather while blood continues to seep through the duct tape on his shoulder. His chest rises and falls like a bull catching its breath before charging again.

Then — headlights. A car suddenly swings into view, speeding across the lot. Gasps ripple through the crowd as the vehicle barrels toward them. Eric turns his head just in time. With a desperate burst of instinct, he leaps — barely avoiding being run over — but crashes hard onto the hood of the car instead. His body bounces, smashing into the windshield with a shattering CRACK before rolling off the side and crumpling onto the asphalt.

The car screeches to a stop. The crowd behind the glass explodes, some screaming in horror, others chanting uncontrollably. Eric lies sprawled on the pavement, blood mixing with broken glass around him.

John Phillips: "He just got hit by a car! Eric Dane Jr. just went through the windshield of a moving car!"

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, I don't even know what we're watching anymore! That kid's body folded like a ragdoll! How is this match still happening?!"

Ross lifts his head, breathing heavy, eyes narrowing at the wreckage. He spits blood onto the concrete and starts to limp toward Eric, that cold, murderous determination never fading. The cameras pan over Eric's mangled body, his chest barely rising as he groans in pain.

The car door slams open. Out steps Maxx Mayhem, wild-eyed, sweat-soaked, his shirt half-ripped like he dressed for violence. He's cackling manically, stomping across the asphalt with his arms outstretched as if embracing the chaos.

Maxx Mayhem: "HAHAHAHA! Delivered on a silver platter for ya, Chrissy-baby!"

The fans behind the glass gasp, then roar, half in shock and half in awe as Maxx points down at Eric Dane Jr.'s broken body sprawled across the pavement. He kicks at shards of glass, doubling over in laughter, then pounds his own chest like a drum.

John Phillips: "That's Maxx Mayhem! Maxx Mayhem just drove that car right into the fight — and he's acting like this is some kind of gift!"

Mark Bravo: "He's lost it, Johnny! That maniac just turned a wrestling match into vehicular assault!"

Chris Ross, bloodied, taped, and barely standing himself, looks from Maxx to Eric, then back to Maxx. Instead of thanks, his face twists in disgust. He storms toward Mayhem, his voice hoarse and furious.

Chris Ross: "What the hell are you doing out here?! I didn't ask for this! I don't need you!"

Maxx's grin only widens. He steps closer, inches from Ross' face, his eyes bulging with unhinged delight.

Maxx Mayhem: "Oh, but you do, Chrissy-baby! You wanted chaos, right? You wanted violence? Well I just handed you the win on a damn windshield platter!"

Ross shoves him back, the crowd roaring. Maxx stumbles a step, then tilts his head back and laughs even louder, pounding the hood of the car like a madman. Ross glares, furious, shaking his head. He points at Mayhem and spits blood on the asphalt.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross doesn't look grateful, Mark — he looks insulted! He wanted to do this on his own!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the thing about Ross — he doesn't want handouts. He wants blood on his own hands. But Maxx Mayhem? He's not the type to walk away now."

Ross paces, furious, while Mayhem cackles in his face. Eric Dane Jr., meanwhile, stirs on the ground, coughing, glass sticking to his back as he weakly crawls away from the wreckage. The camera zooms in on Ross, torn between finishing Eric and unleashing his rage on Maxx.

Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem stand nose-to-nose, the tension thick. Ross seethes, his taped-up shoulder still leaking, his chest heaving. Mayhem laughs maniacally, pounding his fists into his own head as if daring Ross to strike him. The crowd inside the Coliseum is on their feet, pressing against the glass, desperate to see what happens next.

And then — movement. Behind them, Eric Dane Jr. crawls across the asphalt, bloodied, glass sticking to his back, but alive. He grips the hood of a nearby car, pulling himself up inch by inch. His chest rises and falls like a bellows, his face crimson, but his eyes flash with defiance.

John Phillips: "Wait a second — Eric's moving! Eric Dane Jr. isn't done yet!"

Mark Bravo: "That kid's got nine lives, Johnny! He just went through a windshield, and now he's getting back up?!"

Ross and Mayhem are still barking at each other, lost in their own madness, when Eric staggers forward. He snatches up a discarded road sign propped against the barricade. With a roar that shocks even himself, Eric swings it like a baseball bat, smashing it across Ross' back! The clang echoes through the parking lot, Ross collapsing forward onto his knees.

The crowd explodes, the glass rattling from the noise inside the Coliseum. Eric, swaying on his feet, raises the bent sign above his head again, his body trembling but his spirit burning. Mayhem spins around just in time for Eric to ram the edge of the sign into his gut, doubling him over and sending him stumbling back against the hood of his own car.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. just took down Chris Ross and Maxx Mayhem! He's fighting like a man who refuses to die!"

Mark Bravo: "That's survival, John! That's desperation! The kid's drenched in blood, he's running on fumes, but right

now he's standing tall in this parking lot!"

Eric collapses to one knee, clutching the road sign for balance, blood dripping onto the asphalt in thick splatters. Ross writhes on the ground, clutching his back, while Mayhem coughs against the hood, grinning even through the pain. The fans are thunderous, the chants of "U-TA! U-TA!" booming into the night air.

Eric Dane Jr., trembling and blood-soaked, staggers back to his feet with the bent road sign still in hand. His chest heaves, his face a crimson mask, but his eyes are locked on Chris Ross crawling on the pavement. The crowd inside the Coliseum is in a frenzy, pounding on the glass, chanting at the top of their lungs.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. has weathered hell tonight, and now he's looking to finish it! He's got Chris Ross dead to rights!"

Eric raises the road sign again, screaming in defiance, and slams it down across Ross' back. Ross roars in pain, his body arching before collapsing flat on the asphalt. Eric drops the mangled sign, wipes blood from his eyes, and crouches low, ready to grab Ross and end it.

But just as he reaches down — Maxx Mayhem barrels in, grabbing Eric from behind. He spins him around and cracks him with a wild forearm to the jaw. Eric stumbles back, Mayhem shrieking with laughter as he boots him in the gut, doubling him over.

Mark Bravo: "Here we go again! Maxx Mayhem just can't keep himself out of this fight!"

Mayhem drags Eric toward the hood of his car, looking to smash him into the steel. He laughs maniacally, shouting at Ross on the ground: "I did this for you, Chrissy-baby!" But before he can follow through, Eric explodes — firing up with a surge of adrenaline. He rams his shoulder into Mayhem's gut, then rains down desperate fists, the crowd erupting with every blow.

Eric hooks Mayhem's head, lifts with everything he has left, and with a roar, plants him with a brutal DDT onto the hood of the car! The sheet metal dents deep on impact, Mayhem's body bouncing lifelessly before slumping onto the ground beside it.

John Phillips: "Good God Almighty! Eric Dane Jr. just laid Maxx Mayhem out cold on the hood of that car!"

Mark Bravo: "That's definitive, John! That's Eric Dane Jr. saying 'enough is enough' — and finally shutting that lunatic up!"

Eric falls back to his knees, covered in blood and sweat, his chest heaving. Mayhem lies sprawled on the asphalt, unconscious, a twisted grin still frozen on his face. The fans thunder, chanting "U-TA! U-TA!" while Ross begins to stir in the background, dragging himself upright, his taped shoulder soaked through with fresh blood.

John Phillips: "Eric's back in this fight, but Chris Ross is still moving — and you know damn well this isn't over yet!"

Eric Dane Jr. staggers upright, blood streaking down his face, Mayhem lying in a heap beside the dented hood. Chris Ross pulls himself to one knee, duct tape stained crimson, his chest heaving as he glares at the kid. The air is heavy, charged — and then, a low thrum begins to build overhead.

The sound grows louder, a chopping rhythm cutting through the night sky. Fans inside the Coliseum gasp and point as a helicopter swoops into view above the parking lot, searchlight beam snapping on and sweeping across the chaos below. It locks onto the three men, illuminating the asphalt like a stage in the middle of a warzone.

John Phillips: "What in the world?! That's a helicopter! We've got a helicopter hovering over the Great Plains Coliseum!"

Mark Bravo: "John, this is beyond a wrestling match now. This looks like a damn crime scene — and honestly, that's what it's become!"

The spotlight follows Ross as he rises to his feet, blood soaking his shoulder, his expression twisted into something feral. It slides across Eric Dane Jr., bent but not broken, standing with fists clenched, face a crimson mask of determination. The crowd inside the building roars at the cinematic sight — the parking lot turned battlefield, lit up by the night sky and roaring blades overhead.

Ross and Eric lock eyes, the helicopter light glaring between them. Maxx Mayhem twitches on the pavement, laughing weakly even as he fades. The image is unforgettable — two warriors, illuminated from above, about to decide their war in the most violent way imaginable.

John Phillips: "It doesn't get bigger than this. It doesn't get darker than this. Eric Dane Jr. and Chris Ross — they've torn through the arena, through the crowd, through the parking lot, and now they're fighting under a damn helicopter!"

Mark Bravo: "And John, that spotlight isn't for drama. It's because this fight has gotten so far out of control, they're lighting up the scene like it's a warzone. This is everything ugly, everything dangerous — and neither man is backing down."

Eric takes a shaky step forward. Ross cracks his neck and grins through bloody teeth. The helicopter hovers, blades thundering overhead, as the Oklahoma Street Fight roars forward.

The helicopter hovers above, blades chopping the night air, its spotlight fixed on the battlefield below. Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr. stagger toward each other in the center of the illuminated lot, bodies broken, clothes soaked with blood and sweat. Neither man has much left — but both men refuse to go down.

Ross swings first — a heavy right hand, landing flush across Eric's jaw. The impact twists his head sideways, blood spraying from his mouth. Eric's knees buckle, but he doesn't fall. Instead, he cocks back and answers with his own right hand, slamming Ross across the temple. Ross stumbles, spittle flying, then steadies himself and fires back again.

John Phillips: "Look at this! These two men have beaten each other half to death, but they're still throwing bombs!"

The punches come slower now, but every one lands like a cannon. The crowd behind the glass is thunderous, stomping, chanting, their voices carrying across the lot. Eric wipes blood from his eyes and slams a forearm into Ross' jaw. Ross reels back, then snarls and delivers a headbutt that splits Eric open further, both men nearly collapsing from the force.

Mark Bravo: "Neither one's got much left, Johnny. Their bodies are gone, their blood's on the pavement, but it's pride — it's hate — it's survival keeping them upright!"

The spotlight follows as they sway, fists barely lifted, both men looking like they'll collapse any second. Ross digs deep, unleashing another wild right hand. Eric answers with a chop to the chest that echoes across the lot. Ross growls through the pain, hitting a backfist that spins Eric around. Eric stumbles forward, turns back, and charges with a desperate clothesline that takes both men to the asphalt in a heap.

The helicopter blades thunder, the fans erupt, and both men lie there side by side, gasping, refusing to stay down. It's not pretty anymore. It's survival. And neither one is quitting.

John Phillips: "These two aren't just fighting for victory, they're fighting to prove who can outlast the other in the ugliest, most violent war we've ever seen!"

The helicopter spotlight still floods the lot when a new sound cuts through the night — the piercing wail of sirens. Red and blue lights strobe across the walls of the Coliseum as a line of police squad cars screeches into the parking lot. Tires squeal, doors slam, and officers pour out, some with hands on their batons, others waving the crowd back.

Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr. barely notice at first. They're still trading shots in the center of the lot, staggering like drunks, blood flying with each sluggish punch. The helicopter circles above, and now the flashing lights from the

cruisers bathe the scene in chaos — red, blue, white — as if the parking lot itself has turned into a warzone.

John Phillips: "Oh my God... it's the police! The Oklahoma authorities are here, and I can't say I blame them. This has gone way, way beyond a wrestling match!"

Mark Bravo: "Look around, John! A helicopter overhead, blood in the parking lot, a damn car wreck! If this wasn't UTA, this would be headline news on every channel tomorrow morning!"

Eric swings, cracking Ross with another right hand, sending him staggering back toward the flashing lights. Ross wipes blood from his face and spits onto the asphalt before charging back in with a wild clothesline that flips Eric inside out. The crowd behind the glass bangs on the windows, a deafening "U-TA! U-TA!" chant rising up as cops close in cautiously, unsure if they should break it up or let it burn out on its own.

One officer shouts for them to stop. Another waves security back, hands hovering near his belt. But Ross and Eric don't even acknowledge them. Their eyes are locked on each other, bloodied and broken, yet still throwing everything they have left in the middle of the flashing lights and chaos.

John Phillips: "The police might be here to shut this down — but Eric Dane Jr. and Chris Ross aren't hearing it. They're deaf to everything but each other!"

The visual is surreal — cops circling, sirens wailing, lights flashing, a helicopter overhead — while two men, drenched in blood, keep hammering away at each other as if nothing else in the world exists.

The flashing red and blue lights paint the parking lot in chaos as Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr. continue slugging it out, oblivious to the sirens and shouting around them. Suddenly, a wave of suits and officials rushes into the scene — led by none other than Scott Stevens. He waves his arms frantically, shoving past security and sprinting toward the cluster of police officers already forming a perimeter.

John Phillips: "That's Scott Stevens! The general manager is here, and he looks like a man trying to stop a riot!"

Stevens gets in the face of one of the officers, his voice loud, his hands gesturing wildly toward the brawl under the helicopter's spotlight. Other UTA officials, producers, and referees arrive with him, desperately trying to explain to law enforcement what's happening. The officers look skeptical, pointing at the blood on the asphalt, at Maxx Mayhem still sprawled by the car, at the glass-strewn wreckage of the parking lot.

Mark Bravo: "You can't blame the cops for being confused, John. Look at this scene! It looks like a gang fight in a warzone, not a wrestling match!"

Meanwhile, Ross and Eric crash into the hood of another parked car, fists still flying. Ross hammers Eric with a right hand, Eric fires back with a headbutt, both men collapsing to their knees before pulling themselves back up again. The officers glance toward Stevens, demanding answers, while Stevens yells himself hoarse.

Scott Stevens: "It's sanctioned! It's a street fight! It's under control—"

His voice cracks as Ross tackles Eric into a cruiser door, setting off another car alarm. The officers flinch, their hands reaching instinctively toward their belts. Stevens and the officials immediately throw their arms out, pleading with them not to step in. The cops exchange looks, some shaking their heads, others muttering about shutting it down.

John Phillips: "Scott Stevens is trying to talk down the Oklahoma City Police Department while two men tear each other apart under a helicopter spotlight! I've covered this sport a long time, but I've never seen anything like this in my life!"

Mark Bravo: "And the kicker, John? I don't think Ross or Eric would stop even if the entire National Guard showed up! This is beyond law, beyond control — this is about who survives!"

The crowd behind the glass is louder than ever, chanting "U-TA! U-TA!" as the surreal scene unfolds: police cars, flashing lights, officials pleading, and two blood-soaked men still locked in combat.

The flashing lights reflect off the blood-streaked pavement as the helicopter hovers, its blades chopping the night air. Scott Stevens is still waving his arms, pleading with officers, but the scene is too far gone. Finally, one of the sergeants barks an order, and the line of officers surges forward, batons drawn, hands outstretched, aiming to physically restrain the combatants.

Chris Ross is the first to react. An officer grabs his arm, trying to pull him away from Eric Dane Jr. Ross snarls and smashes him with a back elbow, sending the officer stumbling back. Two more rush in, but Ross fires wild punches, knocking them both aside. Eric, meanwhile, is dragged by his wrist — only to lash out with a headbutt to the bridge of a cop's nose, dropping him instantly.

John Phillips: "Good Lord almighty! They're fighting the police! The UTA has lost all control of this situation!"

Three officers grab Eric by the waist, trying to haul him down, but Ross suddenly lunges forward, shoulder-checking them all off. For a heartbeat, the bloodied rivals glance at each other — battered, staggering, but united in fury. And then, unbelievably, they fight side by side, swinging fists and boots into the swarm of officers.

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, do you see this?! Ross and Eric Dane Jr. are fighting together! They're beating the hell out of the cops!"

Ross rips a baton from one officer's hands and cracks it across another's back, sending him sprawling over a hood. Eric hurls one into a cruiser door, the impact denting the steel. For thirty insane seconds, it's pandemonium — police scattered, fans inside the building shrieking, cameras struggling to follow the carnage.

Stevens is red-faced, screaming at the officers to stand down, his pleas drowned out by the chaos. The parking lot is a riot zone: squad cars, alarms, sirens, helicopter, officials, and two bloodied wrestlers now standing shoulder to shoulder, defying the law itself.

John Phillips: "I don't even know how to describe this! This isn't just a street fight anymore — this is anarchy! Ross and Dane Jr., enemies a second ago, are destroying everything and everyone in front of them!"

Mark Bravo: "And sooner or later, Johnny, something's going to give. Somebody's not walking out of this parking lot under their own power."

The camera pans over the scene — flashing lights, officers groaning on the ground, Stevens screaming himself hoarse, and Ross and Eric, blood-soaked, standing tall in the center, panting like wild animals.

The helicopter thunders above, its spotlight still fixed on the carnage. Red and blue lights flash against the pale faces of fallen officers scattered across the lot. Eric Dane Jr. wipes blood from his eyes, spitting a thick glob onto the pavement, his chest heaving. Across from him, Chris Ross stands like a ghost — skin pale, lips trembling, duct tape soaked through, every breath a struggle. He looks half-dead... but still standing.

For the first time all night, their eyes meet without rage. Ross exhales slowly, a sigh rattling from his lungs. He gives Eric the faintest shrug, motioning with a hand like: "Whatever. Do what you gotta do."

John Phillips: "Is this... is this respect? After everything they've done to each other tonight?"

Mark Bravo: "I can't believe what I'm seeing, Johnny. It's like they've bled so much, fought so hard, that neither one can deny the other anymore. That's not friendship — that's survival respect."

A manic cackle splits the night. Maxx Mayhem, somehow upright again, staggers into the spotlight, clapping his hands and stomping his boots like a lunatic conductor reveling in his symphony of destruction.

Maxx Mayhem: "HAHAHAHAHA! THE CHAOS REIGNS SUPREME! LOOK AT THIS! LOOK AT IT! THIS IS WHAT I LIVE FOR!"

He throws his arms out wide, laughing like a man possessed as he stares at the sea of downed police and bloodied

bodies. His eyes glimmer with madness, like this was all his plan from the start. The fans watching from behind the glass boo and scream, their chants drowned out by the chopper blades overhead.

Eric Dane Jr. glances at Ross one more time. Ross just shakes his head, weary, barely able to breathe. That shrug again — “Do it.”

Eric squares up, digs deep, and blasts Mayhem with a running strike that drops him like a stone onto the asphalt. The lunatic’s laughter cuts short, his body jerking before collapsing, sprawled flat in the middle of the carnage. Eric stands over him, swaying, blood dripping down his face like war paint.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. just shut Maxx Mayhem up! And maybe for good!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross gave him the nod, John. He wanted Mayhem out of this picture just as bad. And Dane Jr. — say what you want about the kid, but he just pulled the trigger."

The scene is surreal — Maxx Mayhem unconscious, officers groaning in the distance, Ross barely upright but watching, and Eric Dane Jr. standing tall in the spotlight of the helicopter, bloodied but unbroken.

The sirens still wail faintly, red and blue lights flashing across the fractured parking lot. The helicopter’s blades roar overhead, its spotlight bathing the scene like a grim theater. Chris Ross, swaying on his feet, wipes a trembling hand across his mouth. Eric Dane Jr., face a crimson mask, leans against the hood of a dented car, chest heaving. Both men take a long look around them.

There’s Maxx Mayhem, unconscious on the pavement. Officers laid out, groaning. Cars dented and glass shattered. A roll of duct tape stained deep red. Blood smeared across asphalt like brushstrokes of madness. And above it all, the sound of fans pressed against the Coliseum glass, screaming themselves hoarse. It’s only now — finally — that both men seem to realize what they’ve done.

John Phillips: "Look at them, Mark. It’s sinking in. For all the hate, for all the blood, for all the carnage... they’ve turned this arena, this entire parking lot, into a battlefield."

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, they wanted to kill each other, but look at them — they can’t even believe it themselves! You can see it on their faces... they know they’ve gone somewhere you can’t come back from."

Ross stumbles a step closer to Eric, his skin pale from blood loss, his breaths ragged and shallow. Eric lifts his head, blood dripping down his nose, his eyes glassy but sharp. For a long beat, they just stare at each other, the chaos around them fading to a low hum. Enemies. Survivors. Two men standing in the wreckage they created — and neither can believe it.

Ross shakes his head slowly, almost like he’s laughing at the absurdity. Eric leans forward on the car hood, exhaling, whispering something that can’t be picked up on the cameras. Neither one smirks. Neither one smiles. Just mutual disbelief, and maybe... the first flicker of respect.

John Phillips: "It’s finally hitting them. Where they’ve been. What they’ve done. How far they’ve gone. And somehow, some way... this match isn’t over."

The helicopter still circles above, its searchlight cutting through the dust and smoke of the parking lot. Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr. stand in the spotlight, both bloodied to the point of collapse, staring at one another through swollen eyes. The scene feels frozen in time — until Scott Stevens storms in, his suit jacket half-off, his face flushed with fury and desperation.

He waves his arms wide, stepping between them, his voice echoing over the sirens and blades overhead.

Scott Stevens: "Guys... what’s it going to be?! YOU both wanted this! This is where you’ve come!"

He gestures around wildly, pointing at the smashed cars, the unconscious bodies, the shattered glass glittering on the

asphalt like broken stars.

Scott Stevens: "LOOK AT ALL OF THIS!"

Ross leans against a car hood, his taped-up shoulder hanging limp, his skin chalk-white from blood loss. Eric, barely standing, wipes his face with trembling hands, his chest heaving. Stevens locks eyes with Ross first, his tone shifting, pleading.

Scott Stevens: "Chris... you proved your damn point. You belong here, damn it! You don't need to keep proving it like this."

Ross exhales hard, shaking his head, his jaw tightening as if he doesn't want to hear it — but there's no fire in his eyes anymore. Just exhaustion.

Stevens turns to Eric, his voice softening further.

Scott Stevens: "And Dane... you... you're not just your father's name. Not anymore. Tonight proved that. You survived this. You earned it."

Eric sways, gripping the car door for balance, blood dripping down his chin. He glances at Ross, then back at Stevens, his expression torn between rage and realization.

Scott Stevens: "So I'm asking you both — do you really need to keep this bullshit going?!"

The words hang heavy in the night air. The crowd inside the arena, still pressed against the glass, has gone from chanting to murmuring, watching the scene unfold like a movie. Ross wipes at his mouth, glaring at Eric but with less venom than before. Eric spits another mouthful of blood to the pavement, his breathing ragged, his body trembling. The insanity of it all is finally sinking in.

John Phillips: "Scott Stevens is right in the middle of hell itself, trying to talk these men back from the edge... and for the first time tonight, I think they might actually be listening."

Mark Bravo: "Or they might tear each other — and Stevens — apart anyway. With these two, Johnny, you never know."

The spotlight remains fixed, the helicopter blades roaring overhead, as Ross and Eric continue to stand across from each other, silence replacing fists... for now.

Chris Ross collapses to the asphalt, his body finally giving out. Eric Dane Jr. staggers, blood running into his eyes, his chest heaving like he can barely breathe. He looks down at Ross, then over at Scott Stevens, who is still in the middle of the madness. Eric waves a weak hand, his voice ragged and broken.

Eric Dane Jr.: "We're done, Scott... we're done... get him some help."

Eric drops to one knee, his head hanging low, barely able to move himself. His entire body trembles with exhaustion. Stevens immediately turns and waves frantically to the medical staff.

Scott Stevens: "Get out here! NOW!"

Paramedics and trainers sprint into the spotlight, bags in hand, crouching beside both Ross and Dane. The scene is surreal — blood pooling on the asphalt, sirens still flashing, the helicopter hovering. The fans inside the Coliseum watch through the glass in stunned silence at first, then erupt in chants of "U-TA! U-TA!"

John Phillips: "I don't believe it. After everything we've seen — the blood, the weapons, the police, the car wreck — Eric Dane Jr. calls it off. He says enough is enough."

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, that's respect. That's survival. That's two men who just went through hell together and now share something no one else can understand."

The referee jogs to Stevens, the two exchanging urgent words. Stevens points at both men, making his intent clear. The referee nods, pressing the button on his two-way radio, speaking quickly into his shoulder mic. Moments later, the house announcer's voice booms through the Coliseum, echoing out into the lot.

Announcer: "Ladies and gentlemen... by order of Scott Stevens, this match is officially declared a draw. Both men will have a victory placed in the record books."

A wave of boos erupts inside the building, fans disappointed not to see a definitive winner. But as quickly as they rise, they are drowned out by an even louder wave of cheers, the crowd applauding the war, the sacrifice, the shared respect. The chant rises again, louder than ever: "U-TA! U-TA! U-TA!"

On the asphalt, Ross lies flat as paramedics tend to him, his pale face streaked with blood. Dane slumps against the fender of a cruiser, barely conscious, whispering something inaudible to a medic at his side. Stevens stands over both of them, hands on his hips, his own face drawn with exhaustion. The camera pulls back wide, capturing the full tableau — flashing lights, circling helicopter, shattered glass, medics, and two men broken but bound forever by what they endured.

John Phillips: "No winners. No losers. Just two men who gave everything. This... this will never be forgotten."

Mark Bravo: "And I'll tell you what, Johnny — nobody in Lawton, Oklahoma, or anywhere watching tonight will ever see Chris Ross or Eric Dane Jr. the same way again. They didn't just fight... they survived."

The screen fades on the sight of Ross and Dane being lifted onto stretchers, fans pounding the glass in ovation, the "U-TA!" chants echoing into the night sky.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite