

The Great Southern Trendkill Tour: Birmingham, Alabama

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: August 15, 2025
Location: Boutwell Memorial Auditorium — Birmingham, Alabama

Preview

WrestleUTA: 25 is over, and the UTA is going on the road. Kicking off The Great Southern Trendkill Tour is our first stop in Birmingham, Alabama.

With the fallout from 25, things are starting to heat up. Even more so as the UTA is in Iron City Wrestling's backyard. Tune in for UTA vs Iron City action!

SCHEDULED TO APPEAR: Rich Wingate, Scott Stevens, Chris Ross, Marie Van Claudio, and new UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine.

Results

Iron Sharpens Iron

Segment

Eric Dane [v/o]: "What happens when the big stage opens its doors to the steel mill? We don't write blogs. We show up."

At the Foundry, the ICW fans are rabid. Stock footage from the Iron Gauntlet tournament cuts through the voice of three-time Hall of Famer Eric Dane. Oh, you didn't know? Eric Dane is the founder and proprietor of Iron City Wrestling.

Eric Dane [v/o]: "UTA brings the reach and the bright lights. ICW brings calloused hands and nights that turn prospects into pros. Different banners, same language—violence, heart, and receipts."

The Only Star, the real life Original DEFIANT, sits proudly at the ICW commentation station where he calls the matches with Robbie Ray Carter as well as rules his Iron kingdom with an equally iron fist.

Eric Dane: "Graysie Parker leads the way—power in both hands, lungs that don't quit, eyes that don't blink. She doesn't chase smoke; she cuts through it."

Graysie rips a suplex with snap, rolls through, pops to her feet, jaw set.

Eric Dane: "She's not here to audition. She's here to plant a flag and dare you to pull it up."

Smash cut to the cockiest two goofs you've ever laid eyes on.

Eric Dane: "The Rich Young Grapplerz roll in loud and unapologetic, almost like they own the place. And don't tempt them, they've got the scratch. Jacoby Jacobs moves like he's got Wi-Fi in his boots—fast feet, faster instincts."

Jacoby ducks a lariat, hits the ropes, and drills a perfect dropkick.

Eric Dane: "Beside him, Darian Darrington brings the horsepower that turns shoulders into weapons."

Darian trucks a man, power lifts, the ring shudders.

Eric Dane: "They don't wait for respect. They invoice it, and collections happen every time the bell rings."

The ICW Kingpin grins that grin that your mom used to masturbate to in 1999.

Eric Dane: "And the Iron Kid? Mask on, nerves off. A sparkplug with springs for tendons—fearless enough to jump first and figure out gravity on the way down."

A springboard crossbody lands flush, corner burst; slick kip-up to a pop.

Eric Dane: "He doesn't do safe choices. He does right-now moments."

The former UTA World Champion ramps it up.

Eric Dane: "And don't get it twisted, this ain't about mergers and politics. It ain't some kind of half-assed Invasion, either. Just a proving ground. If you watched the Iron Gauntlet, you already know—our people don't ask for permission. They ask for bell time."

Taped fists tighten; a chop cracks; ref's hand hits two, crowd begs for three.

Eric Dane: "UTA opened the door. ICW walked through it. It's time for proof over promises. The lights are on and the ropes are tight—let's find out who shows up and who shows out."

Quick flash—Graysie's power, RYG's tag rhythm, Iron Kid mid-air—smash to dual logos.

Eric Dane: "Knuckles up. Iron sharpens iron."

FLASH!

Introduction

Segment

The lights inside the historic Boutwell Memorial Auditorium are low. A sea of flashbulbs ripple through the crowd. A red-and-gold LED ribbon pulses around the arena with the words: "THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL TOUR" blazing across it.

Suddenly—

BOOM!

An explosion of pyro fires off from both sides of the stage — golden sparks cascade down like a waterfall as the screen flashes with the WrestleUTA and Iron City Wrestling logos, back-to-back.

The familiar Pantera song "The Great Southern Trendkill" theme kicks in, and the Birmingham crowd roars to life. Signs wave in the air:

"? JARVIS = DESTINY"

"ICW STANDS TALL IN BAMA"

"VALKYRIE FEARS MVC"

"ROSS IS THE BOSS"

"TRENDKILL ME, BABY!"

The camera sweeps over the excited faces in the front row, past the announce desk where John Phillips and Mark Bravo are already standing by in their headsets.

John Phillips: "Welcome to Birmingham, Alabama and welcome to the kickoff of the Great Southern Trendkill Tour — I'm John Phillips, joined as always by the electrifying Mark Bravo, and folks... it's a brand new chapter for WrestleUTA."

Mark Bravo: "Damn right, Johnny! WrestleUTA: 25 is in the rearview, and now we're haulin' ass down the interstate with no brakes! New champs, new grudges, and new turf to conquer—starting right here in Iron City Wrestling's

backyard!"

John Phillips: "You heard him—Birmingham is buzzing tonight as UTA and ICW collide. And what a main event we have in store: Graysie Parker vs. Aaron Shaffer—WrestleZone Champion vs. Iron Crown Champion. Title for title. One winner. One legacy."

Mark Bravo: "That's your Bama BBQ-level main course, but the appetizers are spicy, too! Valentina Blaze clashes with Kaida Shizuka. The high-flying El Fantasma Oscuro takes on Iron Kid in a potential show-stealer. And Jaxson Ryder teams with Carter Durant against Velocity Vanguard and the always unpredictable Rich Young GRPLRZ."

John Phillips: "And let's not forget who else is scheduled to appear: Scott Stevens. Marie Van Claudio. Chris Ross. The chairman himself, Rich Wingate. And—"

Mark Bravo: "Say his name loud, Johnny!"

John Phillips: "The NEW UTA Champion... Jarvis Valentine."

The crowd pops as Jarvis' name is spoken, with a smattering of boos mixed into the overwhelming cheers.

The camera cuts to a shot of the championship belt on a pedestal at ringside — shining under a spotlight. A symbolic presence as the new era begins.

Mark Bravo: "I still haven't recovered from what happened at 25, but hey — love him or hate him, Valentine punched his ticket, and now the throne is his. The question is... who's coming to take it?"

John Phillips: "That's what this tour is all about, folks. The road begins here. Rivalries will be born. Champions will fall. And by the time we reach our final destination—The Great Southern Trendkill—you can bet the landscape of WrestleUTA will look very different."

The commentary fades as the camera zooms up the ramp to the ring, where the crew finishes prepping for the opening contest. The lights dim slightly as the stage readies for the first entrance of the night.

Post 25

Segment

Suddenly—

[SFX: *BANG*]

[The arena erupts as a *remixed version* of Z Mann Zilla's "Big Dick Fury" blasts through the speakers — this time reworked with a heavier bassline and new opening lyric:]

? "BIG RICH WINGATE COMES HARD WITH A BANG!" ?

The crowd immediately rises to their feet — some in disbelief, others howling with laughter and admiration as the remix continues.

Out from behind the curtain steps Rich Wingate — the Chief Operating Officer of WrestleUTA. Gone is the pink tights, the absurd feather boa, the 80s porn star strut. In its place: a crisp black business suit, deep crimson tie, gold cufflinks glinting under the spotlight. His hair is slicked back. Sunglasses hide the mischief in his eyes.

But the smirk?

Still 100% Dick Fury.

John Phillips: "Oh boy. You hear that remix, Bravo? That's not just a theme song. That's a declaration. Rich Wingate is BACK... and it looks like he means business."

Mark Bravo: "I thought I was still hallucinating from 25, Johnny. But no — that's our COO, that's the man, and yes —

that IS 'Big Dick Fury's' entrance theme turned corporate masterpiece!"

Wingate stops at the top of the ramp, lifting his arms as if orchestrating the crowd reaction. The Birmingham fans deliver — a thunderous mix of cheers, whistles, and knowing jeers. Several signs wave in unison: "CEO of Swagger," "Fury For Life," and one massive banner that simply reads: "HE CAME HARD."

He adjusts his cufflinks, soaks it in... then starts down the ramp with deliberate, confident steps. Every few feet he pauses to point at someone in the crowd like he remembers them personally — or like they owe him money. A nearby cameraman can't help but smirk as Rich passes with a wink.

At ringside, he ascends the steel steps slowly, pausing at the top to tap his chest twice, then step between the ropes. He's handed a microphone by a production assistant — who gets a pat on the back and a "thanks, kid" in return.

The music fades. The crowd simmers. Wingate lowers his sunglasses to the bridge of his nose and stares directly into the hard cam.

Rich Wingate: "Business... has just picked up."

The crowd explodes again.

John Phillips: "This man was in the middle of the Legends Battle Royal just weeks ago, and now he's leading WrestleUTA into its most ambitious tour yet."

Mark Bravo: "He may've left the ring gear backstage, Johnny, but you know that strut ain't goin' anywhere."

Wingate raises the mic again, ready to speak as the energy in the Boutwell Memorial Auditorium crests into a roar.

The crowd is still rumbling as Rich Wingate lowers his sunglasses and slowly turns to address every side of the arena. A faint chant of "RICH-IE FURY!" starts somewhere near the front row... but he raises a hand with a smirk, signaling it's time to get serious.

Rich Wingate: "WrestleUTA: 25 wasn't just the biggest event in this company's history..."

He pauses — lets the gravity of his next words settle.

Rich Wingate: "It may have been the greatest night in all of professional wrestling."

The crowd roars in agreement — a mix of pride, adrenaline, and goosebumps lingering from the video package that played moments ago.

John Phillips: "You won't get any argument from me on that."

Mark Bravo: "Big facts. Still feeling that one in my chest."

Rich Wingate: "Legacy and the future — colliding, intertwining... and delivering pure, unfiltered history."

He paces the ring slowly, eyes locked on the fans closest to the rail as he gestures with the mic.

Rich Wingate: "We crowned a new Ace in the Hole... and that man didn't wait. He cashed in — that same night — and became the new UTA Champion."

A pop for Jarvis Valentine, with a few louder boos starting to rise from the back sections.

Rich Wingate: "Marie Van Claudio came out of retirement, stepped back into that spotlight, and nearly — nearly — took home the Women's Championship."

He pauses, the crowd murmuring... until he holds up a finger.

Rich Wingate: "Before her own best friend, Amy Harrison, stabbed her in the back."

The crowd boos wildly. "YOU SOLD OUT!" chants begin to spark toward the mention of Harrison.

John Phillips: "Still one of the most shocking moments of the entire night."

Mark Bravo: "I'm still pissed about it."

Rich Wingate: "And let's not forget the Legends Battle Royal... where icons returned, surprises emerged, and yes — yours truly dusted off the boots, stepped back between those ropes... and proved that even at half-speed, Big Dick Fury still has the biggest moment in the room."

Laughter ripples through the crowd. A few "DICK FURY" chants ignite briefly before Rich cuts through it with a sly grin.

Rich Wingate: "But all of that... all of it... leads to one match. One war. One final exorcism."

His tone darkens. The crowd grows quiet again.

Rich Wingate: "The Spectre. Sean Jackson. One. Last. Time."

Rich Wingate: "In the most violent, most chaotic, most soul-draining match in UTA history — the Triple Tier of Fun. I've seen a lot in 25 years. But that match? That was something else entirely."

He lowers his head for a beat... then looks up to the hard cam.

Rich Wingate: "And if you thought WrestleUTA: 25 was the peak — you're wrong."

Rich Wingate: "Because tonight, right here in Birmingham... we kick off the Great Southern Trendkill Tour."

Rich Wingate: "UTA vs. ICW. Champion vs. Champion. New rivalries. Old scars. And a locker room full of men and women ready to prove they belong."

The crowd begins to stir, feeding off the energy.

Rich Wingate: "So whether you're backstage, in the front row, or watching from home..." "Buckle the hell up."

The crowd explodes.

Rich Wingate: "UTA isn't slowing down. We're just picking up steam."

He holds the pose at center ring as the crowd cheers... but the energy slowly begins to shift. A low murmur rises from the audience. You can hear it — a name. Then another.

"DANE!"

"ROSS!"

It builds. The audience wants more. They remember.

John Phillips: "Uh-oh... sounds like the people of Birmingham haven't forgotten one key moment from WrestleUTA: 25."

Mark Bravo: "Neither have I. That match between Eric Dane Jr. and Chris Ross? It wasn't just a brawl — it was a riot waiting to happen. And Wingate hasn't said a word about it... yet."

In the ring, Rich Wingate slowly lowers his mic and listens — one eyebrow raised, hands on his hips. He lets the murmuring build until it's undeniable. Then, slowly, a smile creeps across his face. That knowing, dangerous Rich Wingate grin.

Rich Wingate: "Don't worry."

He paces the ring once, turning toward the hard cam.

Rich Wingate: "I didn't forget about what happened during Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr's match."

The crowd responds with a tense mix of approval and curiosity. Cheers are tinged with unease.

Rich Wingate: "In fact... that's the exact reason I came out here tonight."

He stops dead center in the ring. The atmosphere sharpens.

Rich Wingate: "Someone needs to answer for that chaos."

John Phillips: "Uh oh..."

Mark Bravo: "That sounded like the other shoe about to drop, Johnny."

Wingate raises the mic again — steady, deliberate.

Rich Wingate: "Scott Stevens... why don't you come down to the ring and join me."

The crowd lets out a surprised reaction — gasps and murmurs all over again.

John Phillips: "Whoa! That's a name we haven't heard in this context in a long time."

Mark Bravo: "Former UTA ring veteran... Hall of Fame inductee... and now one of our top producers backstage — Stevens got physically involved in that Ross and Dane fiasco at 25."

[SFX: *"Hellraiser" by Motörhead with Ozzy Osbourne hits over the PA system.]*

The lights pulse to the beat as the crowd's reaction shifts again — a mix of respect and curiosity. From behind the curtain steps Scott Stevens, dressed in business casual: gray slacks, a tucked-in navy blue polo, and a lanyard with his backstage credentials still clipped to his belt.

There's no swagger. No pyro. No raised fists. Just nerves — plain and visible. He runs a hand over through his hair and exhales hard before beginning the slow walk down the ramp.

Every few steps, Stevens glances at the fans. They cheer for him — mostly. But the weight of Wingate's call-out clearly hangs in the air. He knows this isn't a celebration.

John Phillips: "You can see it on his face — this is not the way Stevens expected to be making a public appearance tonight."

Mark Bravo: "He's in the Hall of Fame, sure. But this ain't a ring entrance. This is a trip to the principal's office — and Rich Wingate is holding the paddle."

Stevens reaches the steps, hesitates for half a beat, then climbs into the ring. Wingate hasn't moved an inch. The music fades.

The crowd buzzes with anticipation.

Wingate hands Stevens a mic — but doesn't say a word. He simply waits.

And now... it's up to Scott Stevens to explain himself.

In the ring, Scott Stevens holds the mic in trembling hands. He brings it to his lips... and falters.

Scott Stevens: "I... I..."

Before he can finish, Rich Wingate raises a hand and gently waves him off — not with frustration, but with almost paternal calm.

Rich Wingate: "It's okay, Scott. Let's go over it together."

He takes a few steps closer, his voice slowing as he lays out the chain of events with surgical precision.

Rich Wingate: "Chris Ross attacks one of our most iconic champions — the legendary Eric Dane."

The crowd reacts with a mixed chorus of shock and anger.

Rich Wingate: "He blindsides Eric Dane Jr... and then tries to mutilate him with a screwdriver."

The audience gasps audibly. Flashbacks of the scene from *WrestleUTA: 25* ripple through the collective memory.

Rich Wingate: "He attacks every official, every security guard we send down — including you."

A long pause. Stevens looks down at the mat, shame and doubt washing over him.

Rich Wingate: "That wasn't a match, Scott. That was a slaughter. And this after weeks of unaddressed attacks across all our shows. Backstage beatings. Camera blindsides. Cheap shots."

He lets the silence breathe for a moment before landing the final note.

Rich Wingate: "And then... finally... at *WrestleUTA: 25*... you had him arrested."

The crowd reacts again, unsure whether to cheer or question what this all means.

Stevens gulps. His lips move like he's replaying it all in real time. Was it the right call?

Scott Stevens: "The attacks... the violence... he went overboard, Rich!"

Wingate nods, slowly. Then — he smiles.

Rich Wingate: "That he did, Scott. That he did. And you handled it."

Stevens blinks, confused. The crowd begins to buzz again. Even the commentary booth is caught off guard.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute... is Wingate... praising him?"

Mark Bravo: "This whole thing just flipped upside down, Johnny!"

Rich Wingate: "You went above and beyond. You didn't wait for orders. You took the reins. You made the call... and had him hauled away like the menace he had become."

Stevens straightens up just slightly, his nerves slowly giving way to curiosity — and a flicker of pride.

Rich Wingate: "When no one else stepped up... when everyone else let Ross run amok and do whatever the hell he wanted — YOU put an end to it."

The fans cheer loudly now. "STEVENS! STEVENS!" chants begin to take hold near ringside.

Scott Stevens looks around, visibly moved. His shoulders square a little more. The man who stepped in as producer... is beginning to believe.

Rich Wingate: "That's the kind of leadership we've been missing, Scott. You see — I'm too busy these days. I'm out there helping shape the future of this company."

Rich Wingate: "But here in the trenches? We need someone like you. Someone who knows when to draw the line. Someone who isn't afraid to enforce it."

Rich Wingate: "So, as of this very moment... you, Scott Stevens..." "are now the official General Manager of the United Toughness Alliance."

BOOM. The crowd explodes into massive cheers as Stevens' jaw drops. He's stunned — and clearly emotional. The chants now spread through the entire arena: "YOU DESERVE IT! YOU DESERVE IT!"

John Phillips: "Oh my God! It's official! Scott Stevens is the new General Manager of *WrestleUTA*!"

Mark Bravo: "The Hall of Fame just became a front office, baby! And I gotta say — the man earned it!"

Wingate steps forward and extends a hand. Stevens hesitates for half a second — then shakes it firmly. The crowd eats it up.

Rich Wingate: "There's a new sheriff in town..." "...and his name is Scott Stevens."

Another massive ovation. Stevens finally cracks a grin as he looks out at the fans — this time no nerves, just pride.

Rich Wingate: "Congratulations, Mr. Stevens. I know as we head into this new era — you won't let me down."

With that, Wingate exits the ring, his theme music hitting once again as the COO disappears up the ramp — leaving behind a stunned, newly minted General Manager standing tall in the ring under the spotlight.

John Phillips: "What a moment! WrestleUTA's Great Southern Trendkill Tour kicks off with a seismic shift in power."

Mark Bravo: "And if Chris Ross is watching this right now... I'd be real careful messin' with the law, because the law's got a Hall of Fame pedigree!"

As the segment fades, Stevens stands proudly in the center of the ring, microphone still in hand, with the crowd chanting his name.

Arrival

Segment

[CUT TO: PARKING GARAGE – BACKSTAGE]

The camera shakes slightly as it rushes into position near the loading dock. A loud, low rumble echoes through the underground corridor.

Headlights flare into view.

A lifted, battered black Chevy Silverado comes roaring into frame — exhaust popping, engine snarling like a beast let off the chain. The license plate is barely visible under layers of mud and road salt. This isn't a rental. This is personal.

The truck jerks to a stop. The driver's door creaks open with a metallic groan.

Out steps a man freshly released from jail — you can feel it in the way he moves, like a caged animal just set free. Chris Ross.

He slams the door shut without a second thought. His eyes? Wide. Bloodshot. Burning.

His jaw flexes. His fists clench. The man once called "The Boss" doesn't look like he's here for a match — he looks like he's here for vengeance.

John Phillips: "Oh no. That's him. That's Chris Ross — just days out of a holding cell and looking like he's ready to make up for lost time."

Mark Bravo: "Look at that stare, Johnny! That's not the face of a man looking to negotiate. That's someone who's about to unleash something awful."

Ross doesn't wait. He stomps toward the loading dock doors with heavy, deliberate steps — boots slamming down like he's trying to crack the concrete. Every production assistant and crew member instinctively steps aside, clearing a path without a word.

He's wearing a weathered black hoodie over a sweat-soaked T-shirt, jeans still streaked with dried blood and dirt from WrestleUTA: 25 — like he never changed. Like he's still in the fight.

As he reaches the double doors, Ross yanks the hood down. His eyes scan the hallway ahead, and he grits his teeth — veins bulging from his neck.

He doesn't speak. He doesn't have to. The rage is written all over his face.

John Phillips: "This man once curb stomped Calico Rose into a chair. He left Gage Blackwood scarred. He put Gunther Adler through hell. And now... now he's walking back into a WrestleUTA building without clearance."

Mark Bravo: "Someone tell the new GM — the monster just walked through the gates."

The camera follows Ross as he pushes through the loading dock doors and disappears into the hallway — wherever he's going, someone's going to get hurt.

[CUT BACK TO: RINGSIDE — Commentary scrambling to react.]

John Phillips: "I don't know who let him through, but someone needs to get security— real security — on standby."

Mark Bravo: "We've got a new sheriff, Johnny. But I don't know if even Stevens has the firepower to stop what Ross is about to do."

Backstage, the hunt has begun.

El Fantasma Oscuro vs. Iron Kid

Match

[RINGSIDE – THE LIGHTS DIM]

A chill ripples through the Boutwell Memorial Auditorium as fog begins to creep from the stage, flooding the ramp in ghostly white. A slow, eerie flute melody trickles through the speakers — each note haunting, deliberate.

From the shadows emerges El Fantasma Oscuro.

Draped in black and silver, his mask glinting like a wraith under the low lighting, Oscuro glides down the ramp — never breaking eye contact with the ring. He doesn't speak. He doesn't gesture. He just stares. Stalks. And enters the squared circle like he's been summoned from another realm.

John Phillips: "We kick off the Great Southern Trendkill Tour with the ghost in the ropes — El Fantasma Oscuro. Cold. Methodical. And for those who haven't seen him before... brace yourselves."

Mark Bravo: "That fog's not just for show, Johnny. This dude's like something out of a fever dream. If Edgar Allan Poe booked a wrestling match, it'd start with this guy."

[The fog slowly dissipates... and then—]

A beat of silence — then a burst of bass-heavy jock jam music hits. The crowd comes alive.

Charging out from the curtain with more heart than polish is The Iron Kid.

He's jittery, wired with adrenaline. His patched-up tights cling awkwardly to his lanky frame. His jacket flaps around like a parachute. But none of that matters — he slaps every hand on the way down and slides into the ring with a spark of youthful fire.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd — they want to believe in this kid!"

Mark Bravo: "He's green. He's raw. His boots are older than his matches. But the kid's got heart — and sometimes, that's enough to rattle a ghost."

The bell rings, and Oscuro stays frozen — motionless in his corner like a statue carved from shadow.

John Phillips: "You can feel that chill, Bravo. El Fantasma Oscuro doesn't just enter the ring — he haunts it."

Mark Bravo: "I've said it before, Johnny — you don't wrestle this guy. You survive him."

Across the ring, Iron Kid bounces on his toes, jittery with adrenaline. He beats his chest, points to the crowd — then bolts forward like he's shot out of a cannon!

John Phillips: "Look at the burst from the Kid!"

Oscuro sidesteps effortlessly, letting the rookie run right past — then whips around and sweeps the legs out with a low

dropkick to the knees!

Mark Bravo: "Yikes! That's a knee-cap assassin shot — and welcome to the big leagues, kid."

Iron Kid hits the mat hard. Oscuro wastes no time — hits the ropes, launches — springboard moonsault, perfectly placed right across the ribs!

John Phillips: "He floats like a phantom! This man's body control is unreal."

Oscuro hooks the leg.

One...

Two—Iron Kid kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "You gotta admire that. Lotta rookies would've stayed down. Kid's got guts."

Oscuro backs off and waits. The camera catches him crouched, watching with that cold, unblinking stare.

Iron Kid shakes the cobwebs. He scrambles to his feet, throwing a punch out of instinct — it misses — but the second one lands!

John Phillips: "That right hand caught Oscuro off guard!"

Another punch! The crowd starts to build! The kid hits the ropes — spinning wheel kick connects!

Mark Bravo: "He got all of that one! Don't look now — Iron Kid's heating up!"

Oscuro stumbles to his feet. Iron Kid springs to the second rope — crossbody!

He lands it! Hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

John Phillips: "The near fall of a lifetime! If Iron Kid pulls this off—"

Mark Bravo: "He'll go from unknown to legend in under four minutes!"

The Kid feeds off the crowd, clapping his hands and motioning for something big. He charges the corner, springboards up — Oscuro ducks the lariat — Iron Kid rebounds and nails a back elbow right to the jaw!

John Phillips: "That might've rattled the phantom! Iron Kid is in this fight!"

The crowd is on their feet. The Kid hits the ropes — slingshot dropkick — this time it's his turn to land it!

Mark Bravo: "He's learning mid-match, Johnny. That's scary potential!"

Oscuro rolls to the apron. Iron Kid doesn't hesitate — he rushes, but Oscuro disappears beneath the bottom rope like vapor.

The lights flicker. A burst of fog hisses from the stage. The crowd oohs—

Oscuro appears on the opposite side of the apron, springboards in — rope walk hurricanrana!

John Phillips: "How does he move like that!? It's like he's teleporting!"

Iron Kid rolls through instinctively — comes up swinging — superkick!

Mark Bravo: "THE KID CONNECTED!"

Oscuro wobbles! Iron Kid climbs the ropes, signaling the end!

John Phillips: "This crowd's about to blow the roof off! If he hits this—"

Moonsault! ...but Oscuro rolls out of range at the last second!

Iron Kid crashes and burns, clutching his ribs!

Mark Bravo: "And there it is! That one mistake — and Oscuro's already loading the next shot."

Oscuro slithers behind the downed rookie, waits for him to rise... then Somersault Cutter out of nowhere!

John Phillips: "Like a whisper in the dark — he's there, and then he's not!"

Oscuro drags Iron Kid to the corner — climbs the ropes... backwards... eyes never leaving his target...

WHISPERS OF DEATH! The second-rope inverted snap DDT spikes Iron Kid on the crown of his skull!

Cover.

One!

Two!

Three!

The lights dim again. Oscuro kneels beside the fallen Iron Kid, his black-gloved fingers gently pressed against the mat as if saying a silent prayer. He rises. Doesn't look at the crowd. Doesn't speak. Just... vanishes into the mist.

John Phillips: "A hard-fought battle from Iron Kid. You can't teach heart like that."

Mark Bravo: "But against a ghost? Sometimes heart ain't enough. Still — tonight, the world took notice of that kid."

In the ring, Iron Kid sits up slowly, holding his head, blinking into the lights. The crowd begins to clap. First a few... then more... then the entire building. He didn't win — but he proved something.

And UTA takes the first match of the night.

The Iron Queen Cometh

Segment

The WrestleUTA-branded backdrop hangs behind her like a flag at battle. The Iron Crown gleams on Graysie Parker's shoulder. She's already in gear — no mic, no interviewer — just the Suxlex Siren and the camera. Focused. Pacing. Breathing in the moment.

The roar of the Birmingham crowd is faint but rising. These are her people. Her city. Her night.

Graysie Parker: "I don't do a lotta talking backstage. Y'all know that. But tonight's different. Tonight, we ain't just punchin' the clock. Tonight's not just another defense. Tonight is about what this place means."

She pauses — just for a moment — letting the weight of her words settle.

Graysie Parker: "The Boutwell. Birmingham. Alabama. Iron City."

A smirk rises on her face — the kind that would make Dick Fury proud.

Graysie Parker: "Tonight, the South ain't just on the map — it's the center of the whole damn wrestling world."

She taps the title on her shoulder — the Iron Crown catching the backstage lights as she slowly raises it up for the camera to see.

Graysie Parker: "And I ain't sayin' that just 'cause I wear this crown."

She lowers it slightly, but the fire in her voice only grows.

Graysie Parker: "I say it 'cause I know what this thing stands for.

ICW ain't just initials on a flyer. It's fire. It's grit. It's guts. It's built by people with no backers and no safety net — just a stubborn refusal to go away.

We don't have corporate budgets. We don't have national TV.

But what we do have?

Is soul."

She starts to pace again — not out of nerves, but purpose. That Southern steel behind her eyes rising with every word.

Graysie Parker: "And tonight, that soul is steppin' into a WrestleUTA ring."

She stops and looks straight down the lens.

Graysie Parker: "Aaron Shaffer... I've seen what you do.

I've seen the clinics you've put on. The people you've taken down. You wear that WrestleZone Title like it was made for you — and maybe it was.

You're the man at the WrestleZone. Card-carrying. Flag-bearing. Gold belt-wearing man.

So when they said it was gonna be you and me? Title for title?"

She smiles — not cocky, but confident. Respectful. Competitive. Fierce.

Graysie Parker: "I didn't hesitate to sign on the dotted line.

Understand, I'm not just walkin' into that ring to wave the Iron City flag.

I'm walkin' in there to plant it.

Right in the middle of UTA's front yard."

Her voice hardens now. Her tone sharpens like a blade.

Graysie Parker: "Ya see, I know what this match means. I know what happens if you beat me.

You don't just take a title. You take momentum. You take hope. You take somethin' I've fought my whole damn life to build."

She steps closer. No smile now. Just fire.

Graysie Parker: "That's why I can't let that happen.

You're comin' to prove UTA's the biggest game in town?

Then bring your A-game, Shaffer.

'Cause tonight, you're not just fightin' a champion.

You're fightin' a city. You're fightin' a movement.

And win, lose, or bleed..."

She leans in — nearly nose-to-lens — and drops her voice low.

Graysie Parker: "You're gonna know you stood across from Graysie Parker.

And after tonight?

Everybody will."

She throws the Iron Crown back on her shoulder and walks out of frame. The camera lingers on the WrestleUTA backdrop as the noise from the crowd grows louder — a city rising behind its champion.

First Move

Segment

[BACKSTAGE – HALLWAY OUTSIDE LOADING DOCK]

The camera shakes slightly, trying to keep up as Chris Ross charges down the hall like a man possessed. His hoodie is soaked with sweat, his eyes laser-focused, fists clenched like cinder blocks. He nearly shoulder-checks a tech as he storms by.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross is on the warpath — again! Somebody better intercept him before this gets ugly... fast."

Mark Bravo: "The man just got outta jail, and now he's stompin' around like he never left the yard. This is bad news, Johnny."

Ross passes by a confused Graysie Parker whom just finished her vignette and rounds a corner—

And standing right in his path is Scott Stevens, flanked by two uniformed security guards. His shirt is still untucked from earlier. He raises a hand calmly.

Scott Stevens: "Whoa, whoa, whoa."

Ross stops — just barely — his chest heaving. His glare is locked on Stevens like a heat-seeking missile.

Scott Stevens: "Chris... I don't know if you've heard yet — but it's official. I'm the new General Manager of the UTA."

Ross doesn't blink. Doesn't move. His hands twitch slightly at his sides.

Stevens clears his throat and holds his ground.

Scott Stevens: "And under my watch, there are going to be some changes."

Ross steps forward, his nostrils flaring.

Mark Bravo: "Uh-oh. He's about to blow."

Scott Stevens: "First of all... we're not just going to run around attacking people whenever we feel like it."

Ross snarls slightly. His eyes narrow.

Scott Stevens: "And second... what are you even doing here? Eric Dane Jr. is still in the hospital after what you did to him at WrestleUTA: 25."

The hallway grows quiet. One of the security guards subtly places a hand on his belt. Ross notices — and smirks.

Scott Stevens: "If you wanna be here in the UTA... then be here as a competitor. Not as some menace terrorizing the crew."

Ross's smirk fades. His lips curl, but he doesn't interrupt.

Scott Stevens: "In fact... since you're already here—let's not waste it."

Stevens straightens up. His voice hardens.

Scott Stevens: "As my first official act as General Manager... you've got a match tonight."

Ross cocks his head slightly, brow raised. His rage now tempered by interest.

Scott Stevens: "So you can stop stalking the halls and go get ready to COMPETE in that UTA ring."

Scott Stevens: "Otherwise... you can take your ass out of here."

A tense beat hangs in the air.

Ross slowly steps forward — eye to eye with Stevens — the guards both tense.

Then... Ross grins.

Without a word, he turns and storms off in the opposite direction.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross has a match tonight... and that just might've saved someone backstage from a trip to the ER."

Mark Bravo: "Or made it worse for whoever he's stepping in the ring with, Johnny."

The guards glance at Stevens, who exhales slowly... but doesn't flinch. The new sheriff just made his first move.

Valentine's Day

Segment

[BACK TO RINGSIDE]

The house lights dim just slightly as orchestral rock swells over the PA — bold, clean, commanding. The crowd immediately responds with cheers.

Through the curtain steps Jarvis Valentine, standing tall with the UTA Championship strapped around his waist and the Florida State Championship draped respectfully over his shoulder. He pauses at the top of the ramp and looks out at the fans, a rare smile breaking across his face.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen — your NEW UTA Champion. Jarvis Valentine walking into a building tonight not as the hunter... but as the hunted."

Mark Bravo: "He climbed the ladder. He cashed in. He made history. And say what you will, Johnny — that man EARNED it."

Valentine makes his way down the ramp with quiet dignity, tapping the UTA title with one hand before slapping a few outstretched hands along the aisle.

He circles the ring, takes the steps, and steps through the ropes. A production crew member hands him a mic. He unhooks the UTA Championship and lifts it slowly into the air to a growing roar of approval.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd. It may've been shocking how he won it... but there's no doubt he's earned their respect."

Jarvis lowers the belt, drapes it over his shoulder beside the Florida State title, and brings the mic to his lips as the chants begin to die down.

Jarvis Valentine: "Truth be told... I'm still trying to wrap my head around it too."

The crowd chuckles. A few chants of "YOU DESERVE IT!" pop up, and Jarvis nods humbly.

Jarvis Valentine: "At WrestleUTA: 25, I climbed that ladder and claimed the Ace in the Hole briefcase. And later that night... I saw the moment. I saw the window. And I took it."

Jarvis Valentine: "I respect Brick Bronson. I respect everything he did to raise this title's profile. But this company is built on opportunity — and when mine came, I didn't flinch."

He looks down at the UTA Championship — his voice steadier now.

Jarvis Valentine: "So now... I stand before you not as the guy chasing headlines, but as your UTA Champion."

A solid pop echoes throughout the building. There's pride here. Validation.

Jarvis Valentine: "But that's not the only reason I'm out here tonight."

Jarvis looks over at the other title draped on his shoulder — the Florida State Championship. His expression softens a little.

Jarvis Valentine: "This title... means more to me than people realize. When WrestleUTA: Orlando launched, this was our calling card. Our mission statement. The idea that maybe something new could grow from familiar roots."

Jarvis Valentine: "I fought to make this title matter. I defended it with pride. And I thank every single person who supported that journey — in Florida, in Vegas, in every dark corner we lit up together."

The crowd applauds — a warm, appreciative response.

Jarvis Valentine: "But I think it's clear now... that journey has ended."

Jarvis Valentine: "And I can't carry both legacies. I can't carry the past and lead the future at the same time."

With a deep breath, he slowly removes the Florida State title from his shoulder. He turns, walks to the edge of the ring, and gently hands it to the timekeeper at ringside.

John Phillips: "Wow. That's a statement — relinquishing the Florida State Championship with grace. He's not discarding it — he's honoring it."

Mark Bravo: "Passing the torch to himself, Johnny. That's how you close a chapter and start a new one."

Jarvis turns back to the crowd, UTA Championship still over his shoulder.

Jarvis Valentine: "From this moment forward, my focus is on defending this championship with everything I've got."

Jarvis Valentine: "There's no backup plan. No second priority. Just this... and anyone who wants to take it from me, you'd better bring the truth with you — because I always do."

He raises the UTA Championship high once more as the crowd erupts in cheers — this time fully behind him.

John Phillips: "A message of honor. A champion with integrity. And a clear mission going forward."

Mark Bravo: "The truth ain't always pretty — but tonight, it's wearing gold and walking tall."

Valentine exits the ring to a standing ovation. The camera catches a glimpse of the Florida State title resting on the table at ringside, as the UTA Champion walks alone back up the ramp — future on his shoulders.

No Cap: Built Different

Segment

The screen flickers to life with a grainy, handheld camera feed. The sterile white walls of a hospital room come into focus, along with the soft beeping of medical equipment in the background. The lighting is harsh fluorescent, casting sharp shadows.

John Phillips (V.O.): "Folks, we're getting word that Eric Dane Jr. wanted to send a message to the UTA Universe tonight..."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "Kid's been holed up in that hospital since WrestleUTA: 25, and from what I'm hearing, he's got some things to get off his chest."

The camera adjusts, revealing Eric Dane Jr. sitting in a wheelchair by the window. He's still bandaged around his forehead and ribs, wearing a hospital gown with his own Iron City hoodie thrown over it. There's a small "No Smoking" sign visible on the wall behind him. He looks directly at the camera with an annoyed expression.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Yo, UTA Universe. Eric Dane Jr. here, live from... well, not so live, but you get it. Still stuck in this place for 'observation' or whatever."

He makes air quotes, then winces slightly from the movement.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Look, I'mma keep it real with y'all. Hospital life is NOT it. You know what's wild? I survived Chris Ross trying to end my career with a screwdriver, and now I'm getting lectured by nurses about 'contraband items' because apparently hitting your vape in the bathroom sets off smoke detectors. Who knew?"

He holds up a small purple GeekBar briefly before tucking it away.

Eric Dane Jr.: "And don't even get me started on the food situation. My mom — bless her heart — tried to bring me some actual cheeseburgers from that spot downtown, right? Security stopped her at the elevator like she was smuggling weapons. It's literally just Jack's, people. I'm not asking for a five-course meal, just something that doesn't taste like cardboard."

He shakes his head in frustration.

Eric Dane Jr.: "So now I'm stuck eating... whatever this is supposed to be—"

He holds up a hospital food tray.

Eric Dane Jr.: "—while playing hide and seek just to get five minutes of normalcy. They got me on a 'restricted diet' like I'm some kind of invalid."

His expression starts to shift, becoming more serious.

Eric Dane Jr.: "But you know what? All this sitting around, all this time to think... it's got me heated. Not at the nurses — they're just doing their job. Not at the doctors telling me I need more rest."

He leans forward, his voice growing more intense.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I'm heated at everyone thinking this is over. I'm heated at people acting like Chris Ross put me down for good. I'm seeing the comments online, the whispers backstage. 'Poor kid bit off more than he could chew.' 'Maybe he should stick to smaller opponents.'"

He stands up slowly from the wheelchair, steadying himself.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Let me make something crystal clear. I'm not some broken little boy hiding in a hospital room. I'm not done. I'm not finished. And I'm damn sure not scared."

His voice rises with conviction.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Chris Ross, if you're watching this — and I know you are — you better enjoy whatever victory lap you think you're taking. Because while you're out there telling everyone how you 'taught the kid a lesson,' I'm in here getting stronger. Getting hungrier."

He moves closer to the camera.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You wanted to break the Dane legacy? All you did was forge it in fire. You wanted to end my career before it started? All you did was give me a reason to come back harder than ever."

His voice drops to a deadly serious tone.

Eric Dane Jr.: "So to UTA management, to the boys in the back, to everyone who thinks Eric Dane Jr. is done..."

He points directly at the camera.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I'll be back sooner than you think. And when I am, Chris Ross and I are gonna finish what we started. No count-outs. No interruptions. Just me, him, and all the unfinished business between us."

He grins slightly, but there's no humor in it.

Eric Dane Jr.: "The legacy isn't dead. It's just getting started."

He sits back down in the wheelchair as medical staff can be heard approaching in the hallway.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Oh, and Mom? Next time, try the side entrance. These security guards need to chill."

The camera feed cuts to static, then fades to black.

Phillips (V.O.): "Strong words from Eric Dane Jr. — and it sounds like his war with Chris Ross is far from over."

Bravo (V.O.): "That kid's been through hell, but he's still got fire in his belly. Ross better watch his back when Dane gets cleared to compete again."

Are. Why Gee.

Segment

A long, gleaming white limousine creeps into frame, pulling up in front of the historic venue. The car is *obnoxiously* long — the kind of thing only the obnoxiously rich, or those desperate to appear so, would dare rent.

From inside the arena, the live crowd watches the scene unfold on the tron — and the boos come fast and loud.

The driver hustles to the back and opens the door with flourish. Stepping out in slow motion, as if emerging from a perfume commercial, is none other than TODDERICK DAVENPORT III.

Paisley sport coat. Designer sunglasses. Loafers that could pay off a mortgage. A monogrammed silk handkerchief flutters dramatically in his hand, waved in front of his face like he's shielding himself from the scent of... humility.

TD3: "Ugh. What is that smell?"

He glares at the Boutwell like the building itself just made eye contact with him at a country club brunch.

TD3: "No. No, no, no. I said limo to venue — not limo to *municipal embarrassment*. I am not setting foot in a UTA arena. I have standards. They serve hot dogs here with mustard packets, Darian."

On cue, the Rich Young GRPLRZ appear from the other side of the limo. Jacoby Jacobs sips bubble tea like it's champagne, while Darian Darrington adjusts his pastel cashmere scarf like he's prepping for a Paris runway, despite the Alabama humidity.

Darian Darrington: "You heard the man! Toddy ain't settin' foot in a rental gymnasium, boo. We don't do industrial lighting."

TD3: "Exactly. I'm far too valuable to be seen in a mid-tier civic auditorium. Besides... I'm not even booked. Which is a shame, really. UTA could've made a lot of money watching me demolish somebody's hometown favorite."

He pauses with a smirk.

TD3: "Graysie Parker, for example."

Jacoby Jacobs: "You know what, boss? Don't even worry about it. Me and Double-D here?"

Darian Darrington: "That's me."

Jacoby Jacobs: "We got this. Tag match? Light work. Three-way? Easy money. Vanguard? Mid. Jaxson Ryder? Yawn. Carter Durant? Never heard of *her*."

Darian Darrington: "We're about to show these sweatband-wearing sweatlords what happens when legacy and luxury collide."

Jacoby Jacobs: "We're not just rich. We're not just young."

Darian Darrington: "We're not even just grapplers."

BOTH: "We're the GRPLRZ, baby."

The duo fire off synchronized finger-guns at the camera, smug as ever.

TD3: "That's right, boys. Go defend my good name. And if you break a nail, bill UTA. I'm sure they'll pay in exposure."

With a dramatic eye roll, TD3 slams the limo door shut. The tinted window glides up like a final insult. The GRPLRZ strut toward the arena entrance as if the red carpet had been rolled out just for them.

[CUT TO RINGSIDE – LIVE]

John Phillips: "Well, folks... I guess that's what entitlement looks like in tailored silk."

Mark Bravo: "Say what you will, but the GRPLRZ get results. They're loud, they're loaded, and tonight, they're looking to add a win to their influencer résumé."

John Phillips: "Let's just hope they can back it up inside the ring."

Valentina Blaze vs. Kaida Shizuka

Match

The arena dims. Suddenly —

? A deep bass rumble hits, mimicking the crackle of fire. Lights flare orange and gold as Valentina Blaze bursts through the curtain. She traces a spark into the air with her finger and then sprints down the ramp, igniting the crowd with pure kinetic energy.

John Phillips: "Blazing a trail wherever she goes — here comes Miami's own, Valentina Blaze!"

Mark Bravo: "Every time she hits the ropes, it's like watching a human spark plug. This girl fights like she's got a point to prove every second she's breathing."

Valentina circles the ring, then leaps to the apron, throwing her hand into the air with a "Light it up!" gesture as the crowd mirrors her.

She enters the ring and warms up in the corner — bouncing, focused, smiling.

Then the tone shifts entirely.

The lights fade to deep indigo as a slow taiko drum roll reverberates through the arena. A gentle snowfall of cherry blossom petals falls from the stage rig as Kaida Shizuka steps forward, calm and centered.

She draws a faux katana from her belt, gives it a respectful motion toward the ring, and then bows deeply at the apron.

John Phillips: "And now we bow to the way of the warrior — Kaida Shizuka, stoic and dangerous, entering with grace but fighting with fury."

Mark Bravo: "This is strong style versus speed — silence versus fire. Kaida's not here to dazzle... she's here to dissect."

Kaida wipes the soles of her boots on the apron and steps between the ropes. She nods once toward Valentina, emotionless as ever. Blaze smirks and nods back — mutual respect, different energies.

The referee checks both women. The crowd begins to buzz louder now... sensing something is about to happen...

And then—

A flash of blue lightning appears on the tron. A pulsing synth beat kicks in. The fans gasp as Angela Hall steps onto the stage.

Over her shoulder is the Florida State Women's Championship. In her other hand? A microphone. And tucked under

her arm is something new, covered in a white cloth.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute... that's Angela Hall! The Florida State Women's Champion is here — but what's she holding?"

Mark Bravo: "That ain't just hardware, Johnny. That's an announcement walk if I've ever seen one."

Angela walks with purpose, smiling subtly as she steps between the ropes — the ref holding things up as both Kaida and Valentina watch cautiously.

Angela Hall: "I hope I'm not interrupting."

The crowd stirs. Some cheer. Some watch closely, unsure.

Angela Hall: "See, now that I'm up here — officially — on the main roster..." "...there's really no need to keep anything contained to Florida anymore."

She holds up the Florida State Women's Championship, giving it a gentle look before slowly lowering it.

Angela Hall: "So earlier today, backstage, Rich Wingate made it official. This title... is now retired."

She places the Florida State belt gently in the corner.

Angela Hall: "And in its place..."

Angela pulls back the cloth draped over her other arm — revealing the brand new UTA Women's United States Championship. The crowd pops with audible gasps and whistles.

John Phillips: "Oh my—what a beautiful title. It's official — we have a new championship in the women's division!"

Mark Bravo: "You wanna make a name for yourself now? It starts right there."

Angela Hall: "Now I've been watching both of you. Valentina... Kaida... you're not just good. You're dangerous."

Angela Hall: "So here's what I'm thinking. Why wait? Let's make this official. Right here. Right now."

Angela Hall: "Triple threat. Tonight. For the UTA Women's United States Championship."

Angela Hall: "What do you say?"

The camera zooms in on Kaida's blank stare... then pans to Valentina, who lights up with a knowing grin. The crowd is on their feet, chanting "LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT!"

Angela Hall stands at the center of the ring, the brand new UTA Women's United States Championship gleaming under the lights. The crowd is roaring in anticipation.

Kaida Shizuka doesn't move at first. Then, slowly, with quiet grace, she steps forward. She bows — deeply — to both Valentina and Angela. Then she rises, nods once... and steps back.

John Phillips: "That's a yes. That's Kaida's way of saying, 'Challenge accepted.' Stoic as ever, but make no mistake — she came here to win."

Mark Bravo: "She may not say much, but when she nods like that, it's like a signed contract in blood."

Valentina Blaze grins wide. She's already bouncing in place, fired up. She turns toward Angela and thrusts her hands to the sky with her signature gesture.

Valentina Blaze: "Let's light it up!"

The crowd erupts into a loud "YES!" chant as Valentina points from Angela to Kaida, then back to herself. She's in. One hundred percent.

John Phillips: "Valentina's not backing down for a second — and why would she? The stakes just shot through the roof!"

Mark Bravo: "Three elite athletes. Three different styles. One brand new championship. This ain't just a match, Johnny — this is a moment."

The referee quickly takes the new UTA Women's United States Championship from Angela and holds it up high in the center of the ring as the camera zooms in on the polished plate. The crowd cheers louder — some even rise to their feet in anticipation.

John Phillips: "You can feel it in the air — the electricity, the respect, the hunger. That's what this championship represents. The start of a new era in the UTA women's division."

Mark Bravo: "And all three of these women want to be the first name etched in history."

Angela Hall hands off her now-retired Florida State title and loosens her shoulders. Kaida adjusts her wrist tape with calm efficiency. Valentina points to the ropes and runs a few quick steps off them, staying loose and energized.

The crowd has risen fully now, a low rumble of excitement sweeping through the Boutwell Memorial Auditorium.

John Phillips: "We started tonight expecting a one-on-one match... and now we're about to witness a triple threat for newly minted gold. This is what the Great Southern Trendkill Tour is all about!"

The referee checks all three women, nods once to the timekeeper, and then—
—DING DING DING!

Mark Bravo: "Here we go!"

The UTA Women's United States Championship match is officially underway.

All three women circle the ring slowly, each measuring the others. The crowd buzzes with anticipation — every eye focused on the middle of the ring.

John Phillips: "There's that tension. No one wants to make the first move — because whoever does might be walking into a trap."

Mark Bravo: "This ain't a sprint. This is chess with closed fists."

Angela Hall strikes first — lunging at Kaida Shizuka with a hard lock-up. Kaida tries to deflect, but Angela's power wins out. She shoves Kaida into the corner — hard — and lets out a sharp yell of adrenaline.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall setting the tone early — raw athleticism, no hesitation."

Valentina Blaze rushes in behind her — dropkick to the back! Angela crashes chest-first into Kaida, then stumbles back into a schoolgirl roll-up from Valentina!

ONE!

T—Kickout!

Mark Bravo: "Quick thinking from Blaze! You give her a half-second window, she'll turn it into a firestorm!"

Angela kicks out, rolls to her knees — only for Kaida to leap over her with a springboard moonsault press!

ONE!

Valentina breaks it up with a stomp!

John Phillips: "Now we're rolling — three world-class athletes colliding and reacting in real time!"

Valentina and Kaida exchange a quick flurry — Kaida with a snap kick to the leg, Valentina answers with a drop-toe-hold into a stiff kick to the ribs!

Angela blasts them both with a double clothesline that knocks them flat.

Mark Bravo: "Whew! That's what Angela brings — sudden impact that changes the whole flow."

Angela grabs Valentina, yanks her up — Gale Force Knee to the gut! She turns, grabs Kaida — release German suplex! Kaida folds awkwardly and rolls under the bottom rope.

John Phillips: "Kaida's dumped to the outside — and now it's down to Hall and Blaze inside the ring."

Angela corners Valentina, going for a vertical suplex — but Blaze slips out the back and lands on her feet! She bounces off the ropes — spinning back kick! Angela stumbles!

Mark Bravo: "She's got Hall reeling! Blaze might be cookin' right now!"

Valentina charges — Angela sidesteps — pop-up into a powerbomb position! But Valentina counters with headscissors takedown!

The crowd is roaring as Valentina kips up and throws her arms out wide.

Valentina Blaze: "LIGHT IT UP!"

She turns — but Kaida's back in the ring! She launches off the top rope — springboard missile dropkick levels Valentina mid-turn!

John Phillips: "Kaida like a blade through the air! She's back and slicing through the momentum!"

Kaida grabs Valentina's arm — twists — transitions into a Sakura Clutch attempt — but Angela breaks it up with a clubbing forearm!

Kaida swings with a spinning back elbow — Angela ducks — Twister Slam! She covers—

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina dives in and breaks it up!

Mark Bravo: "Nobody's giving an inch tonight! They want that new title like it's air to breathe!"

All three women are down momentarily — breathing hard, the championship glinting in the distance as the crowd claps in rhythm, willing them to rise.

John Phillips: "This is what it's all about. History in the making. That title's not just new — it's waiting to define the next era."

Mark Bravo: "And these women are ready to burn, strike, or outlast to get there."

All three women slowly rise in different corners, soaked with sweat, breathing heavy. The crowd is clapping in rhythm, sensing something big is about to break.

John Phillips: "Three of the best — three completely different styles — and we're still just scratching the surface."

Mark Bravo: "We're in the deep rounds now, Johnny. This is when instinct starts taking over."

Valentina is first to move — she charges toward Kaida in the corner — running dropkick! Kaida slumps down into a seated position. Valentina backs up — hits the ropes — APR—

Angela intercepts her mid-sprint with a SPEAR! Valentina is folded in half!

John Phillips: "What a thunderclap of a spear! Angela Hall just cut her in half!"

Angela doesn't waste time. She turns to Kaida — grabs her by the wrist — Irish whip reversed!

Kaida hits the ropes — Silent Flash! The spinning back-kick connects flush with Angela's face! Hall collapses like a shot deer!

Mark Bravo: "Kaida! From nowhere! That's what makes her so dangerous — you blink, you bleed!"

Kaida covers Angela — hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina dives and breaks it up with a knee drop across Kaida's back!

John Phillips: "Perfectly timed save from Valentina — she's still alive in this thing!"

Kaida grimaces in pain and rolls away, clutching her spine. Valentina turns her attention back to Angela — drags her up — rope-walk arm drag! Hall crashes hard again!

Valentina signals to the crowd — they rise with her as she perches on the apron.

Mark Bravo: "She's going airborne again! Every time she does, it's like lighting a fuse!"

Apron Meteora! She crashes knees-first into Angela's chest!

John Phillips: "That's gotta be it! Angela is out!"

Valentina scrambles for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kaida grabs Valentina's ankle — Sakura Clutch attempt again!

Valentina spins out, kicks her off — charges — Kaida leapfrogs her! Valentina hits the ropes again—

Kaida with a back elbow! No — ducked!

BLAZE TRIGGER! The high knee catches Kaida on the jaw! She stumbles—

Valentina grabs her — Firestorm! Spinning sitout slam! Hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

ANGELA WITH A DOUBLE AXE-HANDLE TO THE BACK! She breaks it up just in time!

Mark Bravo: "Angela Hall barely saved her shot at that title!"

Valentina tries to stand — Angela snatches her — double powerbomb lift! First impact shakes the mat — second impact is nasty!

Angela screams out, grabs Valentina's legs — flips her over —

John Phillips: "She's setting up for it — if she locks in the Calm Before the Storm, it's over!"

But Kaida's on the top rope! She leaps — double stomp to Angela's back! That breaks the submission before it's locked in!

Mark Bravo: "She crashed down like a bomb! Nobody's walking out of here without bruises and regrets!"

All three women are down — the crowd begins to chant:

CROWD: "U! T! A! U! T! A!"

The referee checks each competitor. The camera pulls back just slightly — sweat glistening off foreheads, fists clenched, gold gleaming just outside the frame...

Kaida is the first to stir, rising to a knee. Angela is crawling toward the ropes. Valentina clutches her ribs, breathing hard, but rolls to her stomach.

John Phillips: "There is nothing left in the gas tank for any of these women — and yet they refuse to stop."

Mark Bravo: "That's what a brand-new championship'll do, Phillips. This ain't just a match — it's a legacy in motion."

Kaida stalks behind Angela — grabs her by the waist — deadlift German suplex! Angela folds like a lawn chair! Kaida bridges for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina breaks it up with a low shotgun dropkick! Kaida gets blasted across the mat!

John Phillips: "Another save! Valentina's survival instinct is off the charts tonight!"

Valentina yanks Kaida up — Snap Suplex! Follows it up — second snap suplex! Rolls through —

Mark Bravo: "Is she going for a third? Shades of the old school—"

Kaida elbows out! Reverses — pop-up knee strike — RISING DRAGON! Valentina's head jerks back violently!

Kaida collapses onto her for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

ANGELA FLIES IN — RAGING RAPIDS SUPLEX ON KAIDA! She throws her off Valentina!

John Phillips: "Angela Hall out of nowhere! She's back in control and that title's still up for grabs!"

Angela screams — slaps her own chest, rallying the crowd. She yanks Valentina up — spins her into position — lifts — HURRICANE HAMMER! Nails it flush!

Angela covers!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT! Valentina survives!

Mark Bravo: "How!? How!? Valentina Blaze just kicked out of the Hurricane Hammer!"

John Phillips: "Unreal! This crowd is thunderous and I don't blame them — we are witnessing one hell of a match!"

Angela shakes her head, disbelief creeping in. She drags Valentina back up again — sets for another powerbomb — but Kaida jumps on Angela's back!

Sakura Clutch! It's in! Kaida has the submission locked in deep — legs grapevined!

John Phillips: "Angela's caught! That hold is locked in tight!"

Angela flails — bends backward — smashes Kaida into the turnbuckle! But Kaida won't release!

Second impact! Kaida's grip loosens — third time — Kaida finally drops off!

Mark Bravo: "Angela's face turning purple — but she powers through it! That's Olympic grit right there!"

Angela staggers forward — and walks right into a Flashpoint from Valentina! The springboard roundhouse kick lands perfectly!

Kaida tries to rise — Firefly Plancha! Valentina vaults to the outside and takes Kaida out again!

John Phillips: "Bodies everywhere! Who's even legal!? Who's even breathing right now?"

Valentina drags herself back in — finds Angela down on the mat — climbs to the middle rope —

Mark Bravo: "Is she going for the Blaze Trigger again!?"

Valentina springs — Angela moves! Valentina crashes and burns on the canvas!

Angela grabs the legs — rolls through — Calm Before the Storm! It's locked in center ring!

John Phillips: "She's got it locked in deep! Valentina has nowhere to go!"

Valentina claws — screams — reaches — but Kaida's still on the outside!

TAP! TAP! TAP! The ref calls for the bell!

DING DING DING!

The bell has barely stopped ringing as Angela Hall releases the submission hold. She rolls backward onto her knees, panting, sweat glistening across her face. The referee retrieves the brand-new UTA Women's United States Championship and kneels beside her, presenting it formally.

John Phillips: "She's done it! Angela Hall has etched her name in history as the inaugural UTA Women's United States Champion!"

The crowd roars in approval as Angela clutches the title, staring down at the shining gold plate for a long, emotional second. She presses the belt to her chest before rising, her hand lifted high by the referee as the camera zooms in on her victorious expression — equal parts exhaustion and pride.

Mark Bravo: "That was a war. I've got goosebumps. Every woman in that ring brought the fire, but Angela Hall brought the storm."

Valentina Blaze remains on the canvas, sitting against the ropes, head down and breathing heavily. She pounds the mat once in frustration — not out of anger at anyone but herself. She looks up at Angela, then nods... and claps. Just once. But it's genuine.

John Phillips: "What a moment of respect there from Valentina. You know she wanted this win, but she knows Angela earned it."

Meanwhile, Kaida Shizuka has made her way back into the ring. She approaches Angela without a hint of emotion, the stoic warrior that she is. The crowd hushes slightly in anticipation.

Angela turns to face her — title still held tight — and Kaida... bows. A deep, deliberate bow of respect.

Mark Bravo: "Whoa. Kaida doesn't give those out freely. That's a warrior's salute."

Angela returns the bow, and the crowd gives them both an ovation. Kaida turns and exits the ring silently, her expression unreadable, but her actions speaking volumes.

Angela climbs to the second turnbuckle, raising the UTA Women's United States Championship high above her head as her music swells once more. Red, white, and gold lights pulse around the arena as the commentary team brings it

home.

John Phillips: "Incredible match. A new title. A new chapter in UTA's women's division begins tonight — and it begins with Angela Hall standing tall."

Mark Bravo: "She lit up Florida. Now she's lighting up the nation."

The camera fades on the image of Angela cradling the belt against her chest, looking out into a crowd that's fully behind her.

Mayhem

Segment

We cut backstage where the camera trails behind Chris Ross, stomping through the corridor like a man on a mission. His fists are clenched, shoulders squared, and there's an unmistakable fire burning behind his eyes. Crew members and staff quickly scatter as "The Boss" storms past. He's clearly heading toward the ring...

...until a figure casually steps into frame, blocking the path.

Maxx Mayhem: "Whoa, whoa, whoa..."

Chris Ross stops in his tracks, jaw tightening, eyes narrowing as he locks onto the eccentric but grinning face of Maxx Mayhem. Maxx, in a beat-up leather jacket and a cracked hockey mask hanging from his belt, raises both palms with a playful chuckle.

Maxx Mayhem: "Relax, Ross. I ain't here to throw hands. I'm here to talk."

Ross doesn't respond, but the tension in his shoulders remains. Maxx leans in just a bit, voice dropping into something between awe and twisted admiration.

Maxx Mayhem: "What you did to Eric Dane Jr. at WrestleUTA: 25? Chef's kiss. A masterpiece of violence. No finesse. No mercy. Just pure, unfiltered mayhem."

He chuckles again and taps his own temple with two fingers.

Maxx Mayhem: "Most people? They flinch at that. They flinch at the blood, the screams, the chaos. But me? I get it."

Ross tilts his head slightly, skeptical but listening.

Maxx Mayhem: "Look, I know you like flying solo. You're the 'Boss,' right? Don't need help, don't take advice, don't trust nobody. I get it. But let's just say... if the mood ever strikes... if you ever get the itch to turn this place inside out and leave a trail of bodies from gorilla to catering..."

He leans in close now, voice lowering, grin never leaving his face.

Maxx Mayhem: "...come find your boy Maxx. We'll make some art."

With that, Mayhem slaps Ross on the shoulder — a friendly gesture, but it carries an eerie intensity. Ross doesn't flinch. He just glares as Maxx backs away slowly, grinning the whole time before disappearing around a corner like he was never there.

The camera lingers on Chris Ross, still smoldering, still silent... but maybe... just maybe... considering it.

Fade out.

Broken Trust

Segment

The scene shifts backstage to the interview area, where Melissa Cartwright stands in front of a UTA-branded backdrop. She's dressed sharply as always, holding a microphone with a poised expression.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... Marie Van Claudio."

The camera pans to reveal Marie Van Claudio stepping into frame. Her expression is calm but unmistakably conflicted — a storm behind her eyes. She wears street-ready gear, her long dark hair tied back in a tight ponytail. The crowd watching on the Tron gives a respectful pop.

Melissa Cartwright: "Marie, first and foremost — you nearly walked out of WrestleUTA: 25 as the new UTA Women's Champion. You went toe-to-toe with Valkyrie Knox in what many are calling a Match of the Night contender. But what followed has left a lot of people shocked..."

Marie nods slightly, her eyes shifting down before locking back in.

Melissa Cartwright: "Your longtime friend, Amy Harrison, made her presence felt at ringside during that match — seemingly there in support — only to blindside you afterward in a brutal, unprovoked attack. The world saw it. You were blindsided, and since then... silence from Amy. No message. No explanation."

Marie takes a breath — slow and steady — before raising the microphone closer to her lips.

Marie Van Claudio: "Melissa... I've replayed that moment in my head a thousand times. One minute, I was walking back through the curtain, heartbroken but proud of the fight I gave. The next... I'm lying on the floor wondering why someone I called family just stabbed me in the back."

She pauses, holding back emotion. Her voice lowers, steady but cold.

Marie Van Claudio: "Amy... I don't know what twisted reason you think you had. I don't know what I did to deserve it. And maybe I won't know until you decide to crawl out from wherever you're hiding and say something — anything."

Her eyes flare with fire now, voice tightening.

Marie Van Claudio: "But I know this — you broke something that night. You broke trust, you broke loyalty... and you woke something up in me. You want to take your shot? You better make sure it counts. Because next time I see you — I won't be blindsided. I'll be ready."

Melissa gives a solemn nod as Marie turns and walks off frame, the crowd audibly buzzing in reaction.

Melissa Cartwright: "Strong words from a woman who refuses to stay down. Marie Van Claudio — still standing."

Fade out as the camera lingers on Melissa, the energy heavy with tension.

More Mayhem

Segment

The concrete hallways of the Boutwell buzz with background noise—production crew moving equipment, faint echoes from the arena. Chris Ross storms through, still radiating fury from his squash match moments ago. His taped fists are clenched. His jaw tight. He shoves aside a rolling crate with his shoulder as he powers forward.

Then—

From the shadows, like a cackling jack-in-the-box, steps Maxx Mayhem.

Maxx Mayhem: "See! That is what I'm talking about! The violence! The chaos! The mayhem!"

He's practically vibrating with excitement, wild-eyed and grinning like a lunatic. Chris Ross stops in his tracks, chest rising and falling with rage, eyes locked on Maxx like he's not sure if he wants to listen—or murder him.

Maxx Mayhem: "You *crushed* that poor guy, man! Calderon didn't even get a chance to say his name! That's the kind of carnage I've been looking for! That's the kind of statement that makes people scared to breathe your air!"

Ross glares at Maxx, sweat dripping down his brow. He doesn't speak.

Maxx Mayhem: "I'm telling you, Chris—*with* the kind of picture you just painted... and a little Mayhem at your side?"

He spreads his arms wide like a carnival barker unveiling the main attraction.

Maxx Mayhem: "You could be truly... unstoppable!"

Ross finally speaks. Calm. Cold. Dangerous.

Chris Ross: "I already am."

He shoulder checks past Maxx without another word. Maxx stumbles a step, then watches him disappear around the corner, expression shifting. The grin doesn't fade—but it twists into something more calculated. A spark behind the madness. This isn't over.

Velocity Vanguard vs. Jaxson Ryder & Carter Durant vs. Rich Young GRPLRZ

Match

[ARENA LIGHTS: house down, runway LEDs primed]

"Running in the 90's" (instrumental) blasts and the building pops. Red/white strobes sync to the kick while thin electric-blue pulses chase the ramp.

John Phillips: "Here come Velocity Vanguard—Tyler Cruz and Jet Lawson—tag fireworks waiting to happen."

Mark Bravo: "To the sky and beyond, baby."

A palm-sized drone zips from the stage, skimming the ramp for a sweeping shot. Out step Tyler Cruz and Jet Lawson together—Cruz vibing to the beat, Jet pointing to the sky with that easy grin.

Cruz hits a crisp two-step, handsprings down the ramp and lands in stride; Jet sprints through a short CO2 burst and sticks a quick apron flip to pop the front row.

John Phillips: "That drone? Lawson built it himself to film their aerial sessions. These two are students of their own highlight reels."

Mark Bravo: "Film it, post it, then top it tonight."

Cruz slaps hands on one side while Jet jogs the opposite, both meeting at ringside. In sync, they hop to the apron—Jet slingshots in with a light roll; Cruz rope-walks a step and arm-drag feints into a smooth landing, spreading his arms to the hard cam.

Cruz starts a rhythmic clap; the crowd answers. Jet points skyward, then taps forearm to Cruz's—Vanguard signal complete. They pose back-to-back as the music rides the hook.

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard are here for speed chains and big air. Buckle up."

Mark Bravo: "Tag physics about to get disrespectful."

They retreat to their corner, bouncing in place, eyes on the entrance for the next team.

[The lights shift to a sharp white-and-gold wash across the stage as the opening guitar of "Kickstart My Heart" by Mötley Crüe hits the speakers.]

John Phillips: "Listen to that! Business is about to pick up—here come Jaxson Ryder and Carter Durant!"

From the curtain step Jaxson Ryder and Carter Durant, both in matching black and silver tights with subtle metallic trim. They share a quick glance, then nod to one another before starting their stride down the ramp—measured, confident, clearly ready for the fight ahead. Ryder, tall and broad-shouldered, leads the way with an easy grin for the fans at ringside. Durant, ever the high-energy partner, slaps a few outstretched hands before jogging a few steps ahead, hyping the crowd with a quick arm pump.

Mark Bravo: "You know, John, this is a brand new pairing we're seeing tonight. But I'll tell you what—it's a unique one. Ryder's got that raw power, Durant's got the speed and agility. It's a mix that could really click if they can find their rhythm."

John Phillips: "Absolutely. You don't always see a powerhouse and a high-flyer team up out of the blue, but if these two can stay on the same page, they could cause some serious trouble for anyone in the tag division."

They reach ringside, and Durant vaults up onto the apron in one fluid motion, leaning into the ropes to point out toward the hard camera with a grin. Ryder takes the steel steps, pausing on the top one to scan the crowd before stepping inside. Durant hops over the top rope with ease, and the two meet mid-ring, tapping forearms before moving to their corner. The music fades, but the energy in the arena stays high.

The unmistakable warble of "Lifestyle" by Rich Gang hits, and the boos roll in before the beat even drops. A gold spotlight hits the entrance curtain, and through the smoke stroll the Rich Young Grapplerz — Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington — dressed like they just walked off the set of a reality show called Frat House Royalty.

John Phillips: "And here come Iron City's own Rich Young GRPLRZ. If there's a team that can make an entrance feel like an Instagram reel, it's these two."

Jacoby leads the way in designer joggers, oversized shades, and an obnoxious "RYG" varsity jacket slung over one shoulder. He chews gum with lazy confidence, phone in hand, recording the moment like it's just another flex for his socials. A few steps behind, Darian bounces with nervous energy — shirtless under a silk bomber, flexing his pecs and barking, "We're up! We're up!" to nobody in particular.

Mark Bravo: "You might not like 'em, John, but you can't deny they've got charisma. They strut like they own the place — and sometimes, that swagger can get in opponents' heads before the bell even rings."

They pause at the top of the ramp, soaking in the hate like it's applause. Jacoby throws up a smug finger-gun salute. Darian dabs. Loudly. Together, they strut down the ramp in synchronized swagger — every step like they own the building, because in their minds, they do. Darian shouts at fans in the front row, "Y'all could never!" while Jacoby films a slow pan of the crowd, captioning it with an eye-roll.

Sliding into the ring, Jacoby sprawls across the ropes like he's poolside, while Darian sprints the ropes once, twice, then hits a showy flex dead-center. The music fades, but the chorus of jeers only grows louder — exactly how they like it. In the middle of it all, Jacoby leans over the ropes with a wink and a smirk.

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

And just like that, the Rich Young Grapplerz are ready to shine — obnoxious, entitled, and dangerous.

DING! DING! DING!

All six launch at once—no feeling-out, just instant velocity.

John Phillips: "Here we go! Three teams, one ring—good luck to the referee!"

Mark Bravo: "GRPLRZ came to make a statement tonight, John. Iron City eyes are on 'em."

Darian Darrington trucks Jaxson Ryder with a football tackle that carries both men under the ropes to the floor.

Inside, Jacoby Jacobs sprints at Carter Durant—running hurricanrana—but Carter rolls through and pops up, meeting Jacoby with a quick springboard dropkick that sends him skidding to a corner.

John Phillips: "Durant's track speed on display early!"

Velocity Vanguard hit the ring in sync—Jet Lawson cracks Jacoby with a rolling savate kick while Tyler Cruz follows with a back-flip dropkick. The crowd pops as Jacoby bails to the apron.

Mark Bravo: "Vanguard are heat-seeking missiles—blink and you miss a highlight."

On the floor, Ryder scrambles up and nails Darian with a sharp uppercut, then hits a fast springboard crossbody off the apron that wipes them both into the barricade.

Back inside, Jet hits the ropes for a slingshot spear on Jacoby at the apron—

—but Jacoby beats him with Clip Rewind: springboard moonsault fake-out into a smug backflip taunt, then a sudden sliding clothesline that cuts Jet in half.

John Phillips: "Showboating with teeth from Jacoby Jacobs!"

Tyler Cruz darts in, rope-skip—enuigiri to Jacoby's ear! Cruz points to the sky; the crowd claps along. He rushes—
—and eats a blindside running clothesline from Darian, who just slid back in like a freight train.

Mark Bravo: "Darian Darrington is playing linebacker tonight—no finesse, just collision."

Carter re-enters with a rope-run burst, ducks Darian's swing, rebounds—tilt-a-whirl backbreaker puts the big man down! Carter turns—

—into Jacoby's springboard armdrag that slingshots him toward the Vanguard corner.

Jet snaps up first—running Sling Blade to Jacoby! Cover!

ONE!

TWO—Darian yanks Jet off with a The Trust Fall—style spinebuster save!

John Phillips: "GRPLRZ won't be denied—Iron City pride on the line!"

Ryder slides in hot—snap suplex to Jacoby—hangs on—rolls the hips—second suplex! He reaches for a third, but Darian Oklahoma Slams Ryder onto Jacoby by accident!

Mark Bravo: "Friendly fire cash-back special!"

Tyler Cruz rockets to the high rent district—Rocket Burst (running corner tornillo) crashes onto the pile! The crowd erupts.

Carter stumbles to his feet, sees bodies everywhere, and points up—Birmingham rises with him. He sprints—
—tope con hilo out onto Darian and Ryder on the floor!

John Phillips: "Durant airborne! Chaos level: maximum!"

Inside, Jet and Tyler reset on Jacoby—double whip—Jacoby ducks a double-line, rebounds—Stream Crash (running Spanish Fly) on Jet out of nowhere! He crawls for the cover—

ONE!

TWO—Cruz breaks it just in time!

Darian yanks Cruz by the ankle and Alabama Slams him into the buckles. He roars, beating his chest—
—and turns into Ryder's superkick on re-entry!

Mark Bravo: "Every time someone gets momentum, another team snatches it away—this is a car chase!"

All six are down or staggering as the crowd surges to their feet. The referee pleads for order, but nobody's listening.

John Phillips: "Birmingham is losing it—this is what three-team tag is supposed to feel like!"

Ryder and Durant lock eyes with Velocity Vanguard from opposite corners; GRPLRZ square up between them,

shouting, "We're up!"

Three-team standoff. The building hums.

Mark Bravo: "Statement time. Who's taking control?"

The referee finally muscles some order back into the chaos, shooin' bodies to the apron. He taps his shoulders: two legal at a time. On the inside it's Tyler Cruz for Velocity Vanguard and Jacoby Jacobs for Rich Young GRPLRZ.

John Phillips: "Alright—classic tag structure. Let's see who can actually wrestle this thing."

Mark Bravo: "GRPLRZ wanted the spotlight—now they gotta earn it under the bright lights."

Cruz darts in with a collar-and-elbow, slips behind—waistlock—but Jacoby mule-kicks the knee, snatches a headlock, and drags him to the GRPLRZ corner.

TAG: Darian Darrington.

Darian steps through and immediately bull-rushes Cruz—Credit Check: thudding shoulder tackles in the corner, one, two, three, four, each followed by a loud "LET'S GO!" and a flex. The ref counts, Darian breaks at four with a smirk.

John Phillips: "Cutting the ring in half—textbook from the GRPLRZ."

Darian hooks Tyler—short-arm lariat—then hauls him up for a crisp Oklahoma Slam, planting him center. Cover!

ONE!

TWO—Cruz rolls a shoulder.

TAG: Jacoby. Darian pins Tyler's arm across the mat so Jacoby can vault in with a springboard dropkick right to the bicep.

Mark Bravo: "Smart target—take away the arm, you take away half the rope work."

Jacoby yanks the arm, spins under—arm-wringer—whip to the buckles, and hits a quick Trackstar Stomp (meteora) to the chest. He pops up, winks to the hard cam, and shimmies. Boos rain down.

John Phillips: "That extra second to showboat could cost him—"

Tyler bursts out with a surprise rope-walk armdrag that slings Jacoby across the ring! Cruz dives—hand outstretched to Jet Lawson—

—and Darian yanks Tyler's ankle from the floor, ripping him back to GRPLRZ territory.

Mark Bravo: "Ring awareness 101. Darian just erased twenty feet with one tug."

Jacoby recovers, baseball slides into a leg pick, and twists Tyler into a grounded hammerlock. He drags him two steps and slaps Darian's chest.

TAG: Darian.

Darian stomps the triceps, then peels Tyler up into a spinebuster—the ring shudders. He floats to a half-nelson, cranking the neck while leaning all his weight across Cruz's shoulders.

John Phillips: "This is the 'prove-it' stretch. GRPLRZ are showing they can grind as well as fly."

Tyler fights to a knee—crowd clapping in rhythm—Darian shoves him to the corner and buries a shoulder. Another. Another. The ref warns again; Darian throws his hands up, grinning, then sneaks a forearm across the throat on the break.

Mark Bravo: "Not illegal if the ref didn't see it... and even if he did, Darian's got a five-count's worth of charm."

Ryder and Durant slap the turnbuckle pad, itching to get in. The ref turns to calm them—

—and GRPLRZ steal two beats: Jacoby yanks Cruz's arm over the top rope from the apron while Darian hammers the ribs. By the time the ref looks back, Darian is casually tagging Jacoby.

TAG: Jacoby.

Jacoby springs—Comet Crash? No—he fakes high, lands inside with a snap enzuigiri to the jaw. Lateral press.

ONE!

TWO—Tyler kicks out and rolls toward daylight—

—Jacoby hooks the ankle, drags him back, and slaps Darian's hand again.

TAG: Darian.

Big man in—Alabama Slam into the GRPLRZ corner! Tyler ricochets ugly. Darian flexes, turns, and misses a charging running clothesline as Tyler drops low and rolls between his legs!

Tyler dives—Jet leans as far as he can—

—Jacoby sprints the apron and punches Jet's hand off the tag rope at the last microsecond. The place groans.

John Phillips: "So close! GRPLRZ just stole the tag from thin air."

Darian hauls Tyler back again, hoists him—bearhug mid-ring. He thrashes Cruz side to side, squeezing the air out while barking, "WE'RE UP!"

Mark Bravo: "Textbook heat—no rush, just pressure. Make Cruz feel every second."

Tyler claps his hands over Darian's ears—once, twice, three times—Darian staggers. Cruz lands on his feet, flips back into a jawbreaker that sends the big man reeling!

Tyler crawls—fingertips brushing Jet's—

—and Jacoby cheap-shots Jet off the apron from behind, then snatches a blind tag on Darian's back and pounces on Tyler with a quick Jackknife cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Tyler bridges out! The crowd surges!

John Phillips: "Cruz is still alive—but GRPLRZ have executed a clinic in isolation."

Jacoby pulls Tyler up for a suplex; Tyler wriggles free behind and shoves him chest-first into Darian on the apron—accidental collision! Jacoby stumbles backward—

Tyler dives for the corner—Jet pops to the apron again, hand out—

—and Jacoby snags the waistband at the last heartbeat, yanking Cruz back to the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "GRPLRZ are a half-step ahead of the tag every single time."

Ryder slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting for a tag of his own. Carter paces. The audience is rumbling for the hot tag as Jacoby drags Tyler back into the danger zone and signals to Darian.

GRPLRZ stack the deck for one more double-team...

John Phillips: "Can Tyler Cruz survive one more cut-off, or is this where Velocity Vanguard finally breaks through?"

Tyler plants a boot, twists—jawbreaker to Jacoby! Space at last.

He dives—TAG: Jet Lawson!

John Phillips: "Hot tag! Here comes Jet!"

Jet vaults the top rope, running Sling Blade to Jacoby! Pops up, springboard knee strike to Darian on the apron, knocking the big man to the floor!

Jacoby swings wild—Jet ducks—snap rana spikes him! Cover!

ONE!

TWO—Jacoby shoots a shoulder up.

Mark Bravo: "Lawson flipped the switch—Vanguard in the driver's seat!"

Jet whips Jacoby—rebound—Comet Crash (rope-walk dropkick) blasts him in the mouth! Jet hits the ropes again—
—and Darian blind-tags Jacoby's back!

Jet never sees it—leaps high—standing shooting star press to Jacoby—no cover, because Darian storms in and spinebusters Jet so hard the ring shakes!

John Phillips: "Trust Fall save! Darian just erased a three-count!"

Darian covers Jet—

ONE!

TWO—Carter Durant slides in and dropkicks Darian off the pin!

Darian roars, swings at Carter—miss—Carter tilt-a-whirl backbreaker folds him! Carter sprints—
—and Jaxson Ryder tags Carter's back as he hits the ropes!

Mark Bravo: "Heads-up from Ryder—he's legal!"

Ryder in hot—dropkick to Jacoby returning, running bulldog to Darian! He snatches Jacoby—spinning neckbreaker bang-bang! Cover on Jacoby!

ONE!

TWO—Tyler Cruz dives to break it!

The ref corrals bodies; Ryder waves Carter in for a quick double—five-count window—

Double whip on Jacoby—pop—Ryder boosts, Carter hits a pop-up hurricanrana that slings Jacoby into the buckles!
Darian charges to save—

—Ryder superkick to the jaw! Carter follows with a springboard enzuigiri and Darian spills out!

John Phillips: "Ryder & Durant are cooking! New team, real chemistry!"

Ryder signals—hooks Jacoby—Ace Driver setup—

—Jacoby backdrops free! He stumbles to the ropes; Carter swings—Jacoby low-bridges and yanks the rope, sending Carter crashing to the floor!

Tyler tags Jet's back and slingshots in—springboard knee to Jacoby! Ryder reaches—Jet slaps Ryder's chest mid-run—

Mark Bravo: "Another blind tag—Jet's legal now!"

Jet rockets up top—

—Darian shoves a forearm across the ropes and rattles Jet's balance! Ryder climbs to stop Darian—Jacoby crawls under them—

We've got a stack: Darian hooking Ryder for a superplex, Jet perched above them, Jacoby crouched underneath...

John Phillips: "This is dangerous!"

TOWER OF DOOM! Darian superplexes Ryder while Jacoby powerbombs Darian, and Jet bails with a mid-air twist to land on his feet and roll through!

Jet springs back—snatches Jacoby—Ion Driver (sit-out powerbomb)!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Darian saves at the last heartbeat, bulldozing the pile!

John Phillips: "How is this not over?!"

All six men are down or crawling—the Boutwell is roaring. The ref checks who's legal: it's Jet Lawson and Jacoby Jacobs.

Mark Bravo: "Somebody's gotta string three moves together—first team to do it might steal this."}

Jet and Jacoby claw toward opposite corners as their partners reach in, hands out...

John Phillips: "Hot tag imminent—who gets it first?"

Jet and Jacoby hit their corners at the same time—

TAG: Tyler Cruz! TAG: Darian Darrington!

John Phillips: "Fresh men on both sides—this could decide it!"

Darian storms in swinging—Cruz slides under, pops up with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors that slings Darian into the buckles. Tyler sprints—Rocket Burst (running corner tornillo) crushes him!

Tyler yanks Darian out—whip—rebound—Fuel Injection tease (running Spanish Fly)—

—Darian blocks mid-rotation, plants the feet, and powers Cruz back up into a Bossman Slam—Overdraft Protection almost hits, but Cruz twists out at the last second and dropkicks the knee!

Mark Bravo: "Cruz just saved himself by a shoelace!"

Jacoby blind-tags Darian's shoulder and springboards—Spanish Fly on Cruz! Lateral press!

ONE!

TWO—Carter Durant dives to break it!

John Phillips: "Durant preserves it for the team-up!"

Ryder slides in—quick nod with Carter—double whip on Jacoby—pop—pop-up hurricanrana from Carter sends Jacoby into a waiting spinning neckbreaker from Ryder! Cover!

ONE!

TWO—Darian yanks Ryder out by the ankle and lawn-darts him into the barricade!

Inside, Carter and Tyler exchange a look—temporary alliance—both men hit the ropes and stereo tope con hilo wipe out Darian and Jacoby on the floor!

Mark Bravo: "Cross-team cooperation—only in a three-way does that make sense!"

Jet Lawson perches—waits for the traffic to stand—Skyline Spiral (top-rope corkscrew body press) to the pile! The Boutwell erupts!

John Phillips: "Human demolition derby!"

Jet rolls Jacoby back in, tags Cruz—

TAG: Velocity Vanguard reset—Jet legal.

They set for the finish—Cruz loads the Fuel Injection (running Spanish Fly) as Jet lines up the Meteor Lift follow—
—but Jacoby double-eyes the timing, drops flat, and Jet sails past! Darian snatches Jet from behind—Trust Fall spinebuster!

Jacoby crashes down with a Trackstar Stomp (meteora) on Jet's chest. Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Ryder kicks Jacoby off at 2.9!

Mark Bravo: "That was a heartbeat away from a statement win for GRPLRZ!"

Ryder fires up—superkick to Jacoby—hooks him—Ace Driver setup!

Jacoby fights it—rolls through—lands on his feet—and staggers right into Carter's Cyclone Kick from the apron! Ryder plants Jacoby—Ace Driver hits!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Darian avalanches the pin to break it!

John Phillips: "Everybody's throwing kill shots—nobody can keep the third team out!"

Darian heaves Ryder to the floor, turns—Carter springboards—450° splash attempt—

—Darian step-scoops and Alabama Slams Carter mid-air! He roars, "Let's go!" and points to the hard cam.

Tyler Cruz rockets back—rope-walk armdrag sends Darian stumbling; Jet rebounds with a slingshot spear to cut him down!

Vanguard spins to finish Jacoby—Jet hoists for Meteor Lift—Cruz sprints for Fuel Injection—

—and Jacoby thumbs Jet's grip, slips free, and shoves Cruz chest-first into Jet! Both stagger.

Jacoby dives—tags Darian—

Darian barrels in, lines both up...

Mark Bravo: "If he hits Overdraft Protection on one while the other's dazed, GRPLRZ might steal it!"

Ryder and Carter scramble back onto the apron, reaching—Jet and Cruz turn toward each other, reset—Jacoby pulls Jet's ankle from the outside as Darian squares on Tyler—

—and we're one move away from the finish as the arena surges to its feet.

John Phillips: "Who closes? Vanguard's combo, Ryder & Durant's Ace Driver encore, or GRPLRZ with Overdraft Protection? It's a race to the last shot!"

All six converge—hands out for tags, bodies in motion—

—and the next touch decides the endgame.

The ref slaps his hands together and points: Darian Darrington and Tyler Cruz are the legal men. Jacoby is lurking on the apron, one hand on the tag rope, the other ready to grab anything moving. Jet paces the Vanguard corner, arm outstretched.

John Phillips: "Here we go—endgame forming. Can GRPLRZ close, or does Vanguard find one last burst?"

Darian swings big—Cruz ducks, hits the ropes—rope-skip enzuigiri clips the jaw! Darian drops to a knee. Tyler points skyward and sprints—Fuel Injection (running Spanish Fly) load—

—Darian blocks, plants his feet, and tries to muscle Cruz up for Overdraft Protection.

Tyler wriggles free behind, back-flip dropkick staggers the big man—Cruz turns to tag—

—and Jacoby reaches from the apron to hook Jet's ankle, yanking Lawson off the ledge! The crowd boos loud.

Mark Bravo: "Heads-up sabotage! Jacoby just robbed the tag!"

Darian mows Tyler with a short arm lariat, reels him back in—whip—Cruz rebounds—

OVERDRAFT PROTECTION! Bossman Slam plants Tyler center ring!

Darian sprawls into the cover, hooks the far leg—Jacoby rushes the apron and bearhugs Jet's calves to stop the dive.

ONE!

TWO!

Ryder launches to break—

—and Jacoby dropkicks Ryder's knee mid-stride from the side!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

John Phillips: "They stole it! Iron City's Rich Young GRPLRZ just pinned Velocity Vanguard!"

Mark Bravo: "Statement made in Birmingham—GRPLRZ cash in on chaos and walk out with the W!"

Jacoby slides in and leaps into Darian, the two bumping chests and yelling, "We're up!" to a wall of boos. Darian flexes dead-center, pounding his chest while Jacoby films a quick selfie pan over the wreckage—Jet checking on Tyler, Ryder kneeling and clutching his knee, Carter snarling at the victors.

John Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard were a second from closing, Ryder & Durant had kill shots loaded—and GRPLRZ found the one opening they needed."

Mark Bravo: "That's triple-threat tag: keep your head on a swivel or get got. Tonight, Iron City got paid."

GRPLRZ backpedal up the ramp still jawing, fingers in the air, while the two UTA teams stare them down from the ring—receipts clearly coming on the tour.

A Fighting Champion

Segment

Backstage. Inside the freshly claimed office of General Manager Scott Stevens. A stack of papers rests crooked on the desk. The walls are bare. The UTA nameplate is freshly mounted, but Stevens himself looks like he's aged five years in one night.

He leans back in his chair, rubbing at his temples. The pressure's written all over his face.

A knock at the door.

Scott Stevens: "Yeah, come in."

The door swings open. In steps the WrestleZone Champion, Aaron Shaffer, already geared up and locked in for his upcoming main event. The gold glints under the light as he walks in, cool and composed.

Aaron Shaffer: "You wanted to see me?"

Stevens straightens up in his chair, eyes locking onto Shaffer with a seriousness that cuts through the tension.

Scott Stevens: "Look. It's my first night as GM. Already, Chris Ross is out there causing havoc... and one of the two UTA versus Iron City matches?"

He grimaces.

Scott Stevens: "Iron City's even with us. You have *no idea* how important it is that Graysie Parker doesn't walk out of here with that title tonight, Aaron. For both of us. For the UTA as a whole."

Shaffer smirks, calm and confident.

Aaron Shaffer: "There's no need to worry, Scott. I'm about to show you why bringing me—and the WrestleZone Championship—to the main roster was the right move."

He turns to go.

Aaron Shaffer: "I've got this."

Scott Stevens: "You better."

As Shaffer heads for the door, it opens again. Standing in the threshold is the UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine. The tension shifts immediately. Shaffer and Jarvis lock eyes. Shaffer glances down at Jarvis' title belt... and Jarvis looks to his own shoulder, tapping his gold with a hint of pride.

Jarvis Valentine: "Good luck... champ."

Shaffer cracks the smallest of smirks before exiting. Jarvis watches him go, then steps fully inside, laying his championship gently on the desk as he sits down opposite Stevens.

Scott Stevens: "You have a moment, Jarvis?"

Jarvis Valentine: "Of course I do. What can I do for you, Scott?"

He adjusts in his seat, posture straightening, eyes clear with intent.

Jarvis Valentine: "I want to be a fighting champion, Scott. I *need* to prove that I deserve this title."

He leans forward slightly.

Jarvis Valentine: "I get why Shaffer and Graysie are main eventing tonight. And I appreciate being given the chance to address the UTA Universe... but I need to be in that ring, *defending* this championship. I was hoping you could help."

Stevens nods slowly, thinking it over.

Scott Stevens: "You know what, Jarvis? I love the initiative. And I love that you want to be a fighting champion."

He stands, walking around the desk. Jarvis rises with him.

Scott Stevens: "How about you defend that title... next week?"

Jarvis perks up, eager.

Jarvis Valentine: "I love the sound of that. We've got two shows next week—IN THE ZONE and the Duluth special. Which one are you thinking?"

Stevens pauses with a sly grin forming.

Scott Stevens: "How about... both?"

Jarvis freezes slightly. It's only for a beat, but it's there. Concern flickers, quickly masked by a smile.

Jarvis Valentine: "That's... um... great. I'll absolutely defend this title twice next week. Gonna prove why I'm the champion of this new era. I love it!"

He grabs his belt off the desk, slinging it over his shoulder. Starts to turn—then pauses.

Jarvis Valentine: "Who am I defending against?"

Stevens taps his chin.

Scott Stevens: "Let's make things interesting. At IN THE ZONE? Jarvis Valentine versus the undefeated Malachi Cross."

Jarvis smirks.

Jarvis Valentine: "Cross? No problem."

Stevens just nods.

Jarvis Valentine: "And Duluth?"

Scott Stevens: "I think we give the fans a rematch for the ages... you and Brick Bronson. UTA Championship on the line."

From outside the room, the live crowd can be heard reacting loudly—clearly watching on monitors and loving every second.

Jarvis tenses. That smile fades slightly before being forced back into place.

Jarvis Valentine: "Now Scott... Brick already had his run. It lasted a whole two weeks."

Scott Stevens: "Until *you* cashed in, remember? Right after he went through a war. But hey—no worries, right? You're a fighting champ!"

Jarvis tries not to show it, but there's hesitation now. Stevens picks up on it immediately.

Scott Stevens: "Who cares if Brick's the only person to beat you so far? It was a fluke... right, champ?"

The silence is deafening. Jarvis lets out a tight-lipped smile.

Jarvis Valentine: "Yeah. Fluke..."

Jarvis nods and turns to leave, gripping his belt tighter than before. Stevens sits back down and exhales—long, heavy, and loaded.

A Brief Meeting of Champions

Segment

Backstage hallway. The crowd can be faintly heard buzzing in the background as the camera follows the new UTA

United States Women's Champion, Angela Hall.

She's no longer in ring gear—just travel-ready attire, gripping the handle of her rolling bag. Draped over the bag's top is the newly introduced championship title, its silver and crimson plates gleaming under the hallway lights.

As she rounds the corner—

—enter Valkyrie Knox.

The UTA Women's Champion.

The two women stop, now face to face. The hallway seems to tighten around them, the silence growing thick with tension.

Angela releases the handle of her bag and steps forward. Her eyes lock with Valkyrie's.

No words. Just glare against glare.

After a long beat, Valkyrie breaks the silence with a smug, knowing smirk.

Valkyrie Knox "I guess anyone can be champion as long as they make their own title, huh?"

She chuckles to herself and brushes past Angela, shoulder-checking her hard enough to shift her footing.

Angela doesn't react immediately. Instead, she slowly turns, eyes fixed on Valkyrie as she walks away.

The look on Angela Hall's face is one of smoldering intensity... and promise.

This isn't over.

WrestleUTA: 25 Package

Segment

[FADE IN: BLACK SCREEN]

[Orchestral score begins: slow piano layered with subtle strings and a rising pulse.]

[ON SCREEN TEXT: "WrestleUTA: 25" — A Night We'll Never Forget.]

[SHOT: Wide pan of the Pearl Theater in Las Vegas. Thousands chant: "U-T-A! U-T-A!"]

Narrator (V.O.): "Twenty-five years of chaos... of champions... of unforgettable legacies... all collided on one night."

[SHOT: Jarvis Valentine, drenched in sweat, clutching the Ace in the Hole briefcase as he breathes hard atop the ladder.]

[SFX: Ring bell dings. Flashbulbs pop across the arena.]

Narrator (V.O.): "Jarvis Valentine didn't just survive the Ace in the Hole... he claimed it. He etched his name in UTA immortality."

[SHOT: Valkyrie Knox on her knees, clutching the UTA Women's Championship. Bloodied lip. Tears in her eyes. The crowd behind her roaring.]

[SHOT: Marie Van Claudio steps out onto the stage. Valkyrie stares her down. No fear.]

[Quick flashes: MVC standing tall in 2013. Grinning in 2015. Walking down the ramp in 2025.]

Narrator (V.O.): "The First Lady returned. The new queen didn't blink."

[SHOT: Brick Bronson lifts Raging Dead high into the air... and drives him through the canvas with The Last Stop.]

[The arena stunned silent... then erupts. Brick stares down at his fallen opponent before raising the title high.]

Narrator (V.O.): "Brick Bronson buried the past... to prove he's the standard of today."

[SHOT: Ron Hall's hand is raised. Confetti falls. Uncle Rocky claps from ringside. Fans chant: "You still got it!"]

Narrator (V.O.): "For one night, the legends danced again... and the Outlaw rode one last time."

[MUSIC INTENSIFIES — swelling with synth and percussion. The tone shifts. Shadows flicker.]

[SHOT: Eric Dane Jr. walking backstage, eyes locked forward. Cut to Chris Ross pacing, snorting steam.]

[SFX: Ring bell. Explosions of fists. The crowd is a frenzy of cheers and boos.]

Narrator (V.O.): "A new Dane. A raging menace. And a match that nearly burned the building down."

[SHOT: Eric Dane Jr. hitting Chris Ross with a fire extinguisher. Chris Ross, bloodied and laughing like a madman.]

[SHOT: Post-match. Ross refuses to stop. Stevens storms the ramp. Police flood behind him. Security pile on.]

Narrator (V.O.): "When the dust cleared... the law had to step in."

[SFX: Slow echo of metal clanking.]

[SHOT: Sean Jackson, alone under a spotlight. Face blank. Cold.]

[SHOT: Spectre's glowing eyes flicker onto the big screen. A rumble of unease in the crowd.]

Narrator (V.O.): "Two of UTA's darkest souls... tied together by blood, by betrayal... and by barbed wire."

[FAST CUT: Both men falling together — from the third tier of scaffolding. Airborne. Timeless.]

[SFX: CRASH — bricks, cinder blocks, screams.]

[SHOT: Medics rush the scene. Bloodied faces push help away. Hands grasping for one another.]

Narrator (V.O.): "And in the end... even hatred found respect."

[SHOT: Mike Best slides the Hall of Fame ring onto his finger.]

[SHOT: Abdul bin Hussain and Hardcore Sandy seated in the front row, applauding. Quiet dignity.]

[SHOT: Johnny the Hyena sprinting down the ramp. Robot Pete spinning beside Uncle Rocky.]

[SHOT: Perfection in his skybox, smirking with a glass of something gold-rimmed and smooth.]

[MUSIC REACHES EMOTIONAL CLIMAX — every note a memory.]

[FINAL SHOT: Wide-angle view of the crowd — phones lit like stars. Spectre and Jackson embracing. Valkyrie on the ramp, eyes locked with MVC. Ron Hall high-fiving kids. Jarvis Valentine, briefcase raised, Vegas skyline glowing behind him.]

Narrator (V.O.): "Legends were honored. Futures were made. History was written... again."

AVAILABLE ON DEMAND NOW

Hands up. Eyes up. Breathe.

Segment

Backstage — a narrow corridor cluttered with production crates and coiled cables. Crew members weave through with purpose. A handheld camera's red tally light blinks on.

GRAYSIE PARKER rounds the corner almost at a jog—nearly colliding with MARIE VAN CLAUDIO. Both instinctively brace—stop just short. A half-second of awkward tension.

Then Graysie's eyes widen.

Graysie Parker: "Ohmigod—Marie Van Claudio!"

She claps a hand over her mouth, already mortified, then catches sight of the camera and straightens up, hurriedly tugging at her wrist tape.

Graysie Parker: "Uh—right. Hi. Ms. Van Claudio. Big fan. Huge. Sorry. Live TV brain... yeah."

Marie laughs, easy and unbothered. She takes the pop in stride with veteran cool.

Marie Van Claudio: "Relax, kid. Excitement looks good on you."

She glances at the camera lens, then back to Graysie with a nod of respect.

Marie Van Claudio: "I've seen your work. Indies, Iron City, Iron Crown. You grind. You grow. That crown on your shoulder? You didn't luck into it. You earned it."

Graysie tries to keep her composure, but a proud smile sneaks through.

Graysie Parker: "I watched your matches so many times. Had your poster on my wall. Not... like weird, just motivating. You're the reason I believed I could do this."

Marie shifts her stance so they're both in frame. She gently taps Graysie's wrist tape with two fingers.

Marie Van Claudio: "Then believe it now."

Marie Van Claudio: "Hands up. Eyes up. Breathe between the beats. Make Aaron Shaffer wrestle **your** pace—not his. When he reaches, make him pay for reaching."

Graysie nods slowly, absorbing every word like gospel.

Graysie Parker: "Yes, ma'am."

Marie smirks, tilting her head.

Marie Van Claudio: "No ma'am. Just Marie. And one more thing—take a second and enjoy this. You're exactly where you're supposed to be."

Graysie exhales. Her shoulders settle, her posture stronger now. Grounded.

Graysie Parker: "Would it be crazy to ask for a selfie? I swear I'll go full pro right after."

Marie glances at the camera and grins knowingly.

Marie Van Claudio: "We're already live. Might as well give 'em a moment."

Graysie lifts her phone. One shoulder-to-shoulder snap. Sharp. Sincere. The kind of moment that hits social in five seconds and lives in highlight reels forever.

Marie nods, voice soft but direct.

Marie Van Claudio: "Good luck tonight. Go write your chapter."

Graysie tucks the phone away. Her demeanor shifts—focused, fierce.

Graysie Parker: "Thank you, Marie."

They clasp hands—a short, firm handshake filled with mutual respect. Marie heads down the hall without another word.

Graysie watches her go for a half-second—then turns on her heel, marching toward gorilla position. The camera follows her briefly, the buzz rising again as she disappears behind the curtain.

Cut.

Graysie Parker vs. Aaron Shaffer

Match

The arena lights dim slightly, and the familiar crackle of a southern rock anthem cues up.

“Sweet Home Alabama!”

Hits the speakers like a thunderclap.

John Phillips: "Listen to that reaction, Mark! The roof just came off the Boutwell!"

Mark Bravo: "That's a whole damn city rising to its feet, Johnny. This is what happens when the hometown hero walks through that curtain!"

The Foundry explodes. The Birmingham crowd rises as one, a sea of purple and gold igniting with pride and passion. Spotlights sweep across the audience as the Iron City's own steps through the curtain—Graysie Parker.

The Iron Crown is slung over her shoulder, shining proudly under the house lights. She's already in her gear, taped wrists flexing as she pauses atop the ramp. A smirk curls on her lips—not cocky, just confident. Fierce. Focused.

John Phillips: "The Iron Crown Champion. The Suplex Siren. This woman IS Birmingham, and tonight, this is her proving ground."

Mark Bravo: "You can see it in her eyes, man. She's not here to entertain—she's here to represent. This ain't just another match, it's a declaration."

She raises one fist high into the Alabama air.

“GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE!” the crowd roars, rhythmic, thunderous, like war drums echoing through The Foundry.

With deliberate steps, she marches down the ramp. No theatrics. No pyro. Just purpose. The boots of Birmingham's Suplex Siren hit the aisle like hammers, every step radiating resolve.

John Phillips: "No flash, no frills—just that iron-willed determination. And you better believe she hears every voice in this building tonight."

Mark Bravo: "This woman was molded by Eric Dane himself, Johnny. She's made of steel—and when she hits, you feel it in your bones."

At ringside, she slides in under the ropes and immediately heads for the turnbuckle. Mounting it with a fluid motion, Graysie Parker hoists the Iron Crown high overhead for all to see.

Not just a title—it's a symbol.

A legacy. A fight. A city.

John Phillips: "That belt's more than gold. It's grit. It's soul. It's every bump, every sacrifice, every drop of sweat in that ICW ring."

The music fades, but the chant continues. Louder. Rawer.

“GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE!”

She steps down, turns, and locks her eyes toward the entrance. No smile now. Just fire. She's ready for war.

Mark Bravo: "She's not just stepping into a WrestleUTA main event... she's stepping into history. This ain't just South vs. North. This is heart versus hype."

The lights shift—deep blues and silvers cut across the stage like lightning bolts. A sudden blast of wind cues the arrival before a single foot hits the ramp.

Then—

FWOOOSH! Wind machines kick to life, and a figure sprints out from the back like a force of nature unleashed.

John Phillips: "Here he is, folks! The whirlwind from Chicago—Aaron Shaffer, the WrestleZone Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "You can feel the air shift when this guy shows up. It's like the storm just rolled in!"

Shaffer races to center stage, hair whipping in the artificial gusts, his arms thrown wide like he's surfing on the roar of the crowd. The WrestleZone Title gleams around his waist, bouncing with every step.

He hits the top of the ramp and crouches low for a moment—coiled energy ready to explode. Then he takes off again, sprinting halfway down before leaping into a twisting spin and landing like a superhero striking the earth.

John Phillips: "You want speed? You want flash? This man has both in spades. He's a human highlight reel waiting to happen!"

Mark Bravo: "And don't let the flair fool you—Shaffer's got teeth. He's danced with the best in WrestleZone and came out holding gold."

As he reaches ringside, Shaffer vaults clean over the top rope, twisting in midair and landing light on his feet inside the squared circle. He unstraps the title from his waist and lifts it high into the air, turning full-circle as the camera pans past the electrified crowd.

John Phillips: "From the street to the spotlight, from the indies to the main stage, Aaron Shaffer has made every stop on his way here matter."

Mark Bravo: "And tonight? Tonight he gets to prove he belongs in the main event picture—on the biggest stage—against one of the toughest competitors we've ever seen."

Shaffer lowers the belt and walks to his corner, eyes laser-focused across the ring. The wind dies. The lights reset. The anticipation becomes a living thing inside The Foundry.

John Phillips: "No distractions. No excuses. This is title versus title. Legacy versus momentum."

Mark Bravo: "You can feel it, Johnny. We're not just watching a match. We're about to witness something unforgettable."

The official raises both championships high: the Iron Crown and the WrestleZone Championship gleam under the house lights, a visual representation of everything on the line.

The crowd is a frenzy of chants—half chanting "GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE!" while others fire back "LET'S GO SHAFFER!"

John Phillips: "Title for title. Legacy meets velocity. This is what WrestleUTA is all about!"

Mark Bravo: "Big match feel? Try biggest match of the summer, Johnny."

Shaffer bounces on his heels, loose and ready. Graysie stays grounded, her stance firm, eyes unblinking.

The bell rings—

Shaffer charges in fast, looking for an early Cyclone Clothesline, but Graysie ducks under and spins him around—
—Graysie CLAPS him with a Biel throw that sends him skidding halfway across the ring!

John Phillips: "Shaffer came out hot—and got launched like a Frisbee!"

Mark Bravo: "That's Alabama power, baby! She just treated him like a bag of mulch!"

Shaffer pops up quick, eyes wide—but smiling. He's impressed. He circles. Graysie doesn't flinch. She wants more.

Collar-and-elbow. Shaffer slips low—rolls under—springboards off the second rope and hits a lightning-fast Gale Force Dropkick right to Graysie's chest!

John Phillips: "And there's that creativity from the Chicago native! You blink and he's already flying!"

Graysie stumbles back a few steps—but shakes it off and ROARS. The crowd erupts as she charges forward and LEVELS Shaffer with a shoulder block!

Shaffer hits the mat hard, rolls through to his feet—only to eat a thundering Overhead Belly-to-Belly Suplex that crashes him down near the corner!

Mark Bravo: "She is ragdolling him! He weighs almost a hundred pounds more and she's tossing him like he owes her money!"

Graysie stalks over, grabs a wrist, and pulls Shaffer into a Wrist-Clutch Fisherman's Buster—but Shaffer shifts his weight mid-lift and flips out of it!

Shaffer hits the canvas, rolls behind her, hits the ropes, SPRINGBOARDS—

—and connects with a Whirlwind DDT that spikes Graysie right on the crown of her head!

John Phillips: "That might've rearranged her spine! This isn't just flips for show—Shaffer's got impact behind every move."

Shaffer covers—

ONE!

T—

Kickout with authority from Graysie!

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't a kickout. That was a statement."

Shaffer looks down at her and nods. Respect. But no mercy.

John Phillips: "They're both in this to prove something. And they've both come out swinging."

The match resets briefly—both competitors circling again as the crowd comes alive, sensing that we're already deep into a classic.

The two circle again, each a little slower, more cautious now. They've tasted each other's power. The crowd continues to rumble, dueling chants rising like a storm.

John Phillips: "This is turning into a real clash of styles. Shaffer thrives on chaos and tempo. Graysie's a brick wall with boots on."

They lock up—Shaffer slips around with a slick go-behind, grabbing a waist lock. Graysie tries to fight it, but Shaffer snaps off a Tempest Suplex right on the back of her neck!

He bridges!

ONE!

TWO!

Graysie kicks out—but slower this time.

Mark Bravo: "She's tough as nails, but you get spiked enough, you start to feel it in the teeth."

Shaffer doesn't waste a second—he sprints to the ropes, rebounds, and lands a beautiful Storm Surge Moonsault

across Graysie's sternum!

John Phillips: "Picture perfect! Every move with purpose, every landing with pain!"

Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Graysie kicks out again, this time rolling to her side, gasping for air.

Shaffer slaps the mat once—not in frustration, but to fire himself up. He feeds off the tempo, thrives in the whirlwind.

He drags Graysie up, whips her to the corner—

—and follows with a Cyclone Clothesline that practically folds her in half!

Mark Bravo: "She just got spun like a rotary phone, man!"

Graysie drops to her knees. Shaffer backs up, charges—

—but Graysie EXPLODES from the corner with a brutal Lariat that sends Shaffer flipping inside out!

John Phillips: "SHE JUST DECAPITATED HIM!"

Mark Bravo: "I saw his soul leave his body for a second!"

The crowd is roaring now. Both competitors are down. The referee starts the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Both start to stir.

THREE!

Shaffer grabs the ropes. Graysie pushes up to her knees.

FOUR!

Both rise—wobbly, but upright. The tension resets again. Graysie slaps her chest and yells at the top of her lungs—

Graysie: "COME ON!"

The Boutwell Pavilion erupts with renewed energy.

John Phillips: "We're heading into the deep waters now—and neither one's backing down."

Both competitors stare each other down across the ring. Breathing heavy. Faces red. Sweat pouring. They charge in unison—

Graysie swings a short-arm clothesline—Shaffer ducks it—springboards off the second rope—

WHIRLWIND DDT!

Graysie's head spikes to the mat! Shaffer hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—NO!!

The Boutwell ERUPTS as Graysie kicks out at the last second!

John Phillips: "She's still alive! How?!"

Mark Bravo: "You try pinning the soul of Birmingham, Johnny. Ain't happening easy."

Shaffer slams the mat, adrenaline coursing. He drags Graysie toward the corner, climbs to the top rope—
—SIGNALING FOR IT—

John Phillips: "Eye of the Storm incoming!"

He leaps—

—AND GRAYSIE CATCHES HIM MID-AIR!

Raw strength. Unreal balance. She shifts—

Graysie Driver!

The ring shakes on impact. Graysie falls into the cover—

ONE!

TWO!

THRE—NO!!!

Shaffer kicks out just in time! Both competitors lie still, the crowd losing its mind.

Mark Bravo: "That should've been it! That was it!"

John Phillips: "This is a championship main event. This is what UTA and Iron City are all about!"

Graysie rolls to her knees, breathing heavy, eyes narrowing. She slaps the mat once—twice—three times. The rhythm catches the crowd, who begin clapping in unison.

She lifts Shaffer again—

—but he headbutts her! She stumbles!

Springboard—Shaffer hits the Gale Force Dropkick! Graysie crashes into the corner post!

Shaffer yanks her out, signals again—

Twister Slam!

Graysie's out of it, leaned back in the corner, dazed!

John Phillips: "He's setting her up—this is how he starts the end!"

Shaffer climbs again... the crowd is on their feet. He balances, leaps—

Eye of the Storm!!!

He hits it clean! Top-rope cutter! Hooks the leg deep—

ONE!

TWO!

THRE—NO!!! GRAYSIE GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

Mark Bravo: "No way! NO WAY!"

John Phillips: "There's no quit in Parker. Not in this town. Not in this fight!"

Shaffer pulls at his hair, sitting upright, stunned. He's thrown everything he has and more—and the Iron Crown

Champion refuses to stay down.

Mark Bravo: "We are way past game plan. This is survival now."

Both wrestlers are spent, crawling in opposite directions to regroup. The crowd is thunderous, chanting for both athletes—split right down the middle.

Crowd: "LET'S GO GRAY-SIE!" / "SHAF-FER! SHAF-FER!"

Shaffer clutches the ropes, pulling himself to his feet, a wild look in his eyes. Graysie grits her teeth and slams a fist to the mat, forcing herself up by pure will.

John Phillips: "There is so much on the line tonight. For Aaron Shaffer, this isn't just a match. It's a proving ground."

Mark Bravo: "He brought the WrestleZone Championship to the main roster! He told Scott Stevens this was the right move—he has to win or risk looking like a footnote!"

Shaffer explodes forward—

—Graysie sidesteps and pulls him in—

Butterfly Bomb!

The crowd gasps as Shaffer crashes hard! Graysie rolls into a tight lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!!

Shaffer kicks out, just barely. Graysie sits up, wiping sweat from her brow. She doesn't complain. She doesn't argue. She just adjusts her grip and hauls Shaffer up again.

John Phillips: "This is where Aaron's gotta find something—anything—because Graysie is dragging him into the deep end!"

Graysie hoists him again—

—but Shaffer fights it! Forearm! Elbow! Another elbow! He drops to his knees—

—and with a last burst of speed, he ducks under, bounces off the ropes—

CYCLONE CLOTHESLINE!

He drills Graysie! The crowd gasps as she flips inside out and lands hard. Shaffer doesn't cover—he stumbles backward into the ropes, panting like he just ran a marathon.

Mark Bravo: "He's digging deep! That was desperation, but it landed, and it bought him time!"

John Phillips: "Aaron Shaffer has to win tonight to validate everything he said. This is the biggest match of his career!"

Shaffer looks to the top rope. The crowd buzzes. He climbs, slow but determined. Graysie is barely stirring. He points to the sky—

Storm Surge Moonsault!

He connects!! It lands flush across Graysie's chest! He hooks the leg—

ONE!

TWO!

THR—NO!!! SHE KICKS OUT AGAIN!

Mark Bravo: "I don't believe it! What's it gonna TAKE to keep Graysie Parker down?"

John Phillips: "You can feel the frustration building in Shaffer. He's hit her with his best, but this is Iron City's finest. This is her house!"

Shaffer slaps the mat, forcing himself to his feet. His chest heaves. He yells, rallying whatever he has left. He pulls Graysie up and whips her hard into the corner—

She hits the turnbuckles chest-first, stumbles out—

TWISTER SLAM!

She's dazed in the corner. Again. The setup is clear.

John Phillips: "He's going for it again! Eye of the Storm!"

Shaffer climbs, slower this time. Every muscle in his body screaming. Graysie doesn't move. He perches—

Mark Bravo: "He hits this, it's over. It has to be!"

Shaffer takes flight—

—AND GRAYSIE ROLLS UNDER!

He crashes and burns! The ring rattles!

Both competitors are down again, the crowd now completely unglued.

John Phillips: "This is what main events are made of!"

Mark Bravo: "And it's STILL anyone's game!"

Shaffer rolls onto his side, clutching his ribs, wincing in pain. Graysie is on her hands and knees, chest rising and falling rapidly, her braid draped over her face. The crowd is split, but surging with energy.

Mark Bravo: "I don't know how either of these two are still conscious, much less standing. This is a war."

John Phillips: "Aaron Shaffer knows what's at stake. Graysie Parker has already pinned two UTA stars in the past few weeks. If she gets a third one tonight... it's a statement."

Shaffer crawls to the ropes, pulling himself up one foot at a time. Graysie tries to rise—but Aaron grabs her by the wrist and yanks her in—

TEMPEST SUPLEX!

Graysie bounces off the mat and rolls instinctively to her stomach. Shaffer slaps the canvas and roars, pumping himself up. The audience responds with a huge swell of noise.

Mark Bravo: "Tempest Suplex! That's one of those moves that makes your chiropractor flinch!"

He drags Graysie upright again—she's wobbling, barely aware of where she is—

Shaffer whips her into the ropes—no, he pulls her into a short-arm rotation—

WHIRLWIND DDT!

He PLANTS her with authority! And now, he doesn't wait. He motions to the crowd, climbing to the top rope with renewed fire.

John Phillips: "This could be it! He's going back to the sky—when Aaron Shaffer flies, it's either highlight reel or crash landing!"

Perched on the top rope, he looks down at Graysie, who's still trying to push herself up. He waits—timing it perfectly—
Mark Bravo: "If he hits this next move, we might be crowning a new narrative tonight. Shaffer's not just fighting Graysie Parker—he's fighting the weight of expectation!"

Shaffer rises to a full stand on the top turnbuckle. The camera zooms in—his face is locked in, steely and focused. The crowd is on its feet.

John Phillips: "Eye of the Storm incoming!"

He leaps—

Mark Bravo: "This... is Shaffer's moment!"

Shaffer launches into the air with grace and velocity—

John Phillips: "Eye of the—"

NO!! GRAYSIE PARKER ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!

Aaron CRASHES to the canvas, ribs first, a brutal thud that echoes through The Foundry!

Mark Bravo: "HE MISSED! HE MISSED! Nobody home, and Shaffer just cratered!"

Shaffer groans and rolls onto his side, clutching his abdomen. Graysie is already stirring, wincing but focused. She sees her opening and pounces like a shark smelling blood in the water.

Graysie snatches Aaron's arm and traps his legs—she spins and drops, locking in her signature submission—

John Phillips: "GRAYSIE LOCK!! SHE'S GOT IT!!"

The Iron Crown Champion has the hold cinched in deep, her powerful arms wrapping around Shaffer's neck and shoulder. She wrenches back with everything she has, digging her boots into the mat for leverage.

Mark Bravo: "She caught him like a steel trap! You can feel her grip from here!"

Shaffer thrashes, twisting left and right, trying to shift his hips—he almost gets a hand free, but Graysie adjusts, locking the hold tighter.

John Phillips: "He's fighting it—he's still alive in this—but Graysie's a machine with that hold!"

Shaffer claws toward the ropes... inches away...

But Graysie pulls him back to center, roaring as she cranks the hold even harder!

Mark Bravo: "He's fading—he's got nowhere to go!"

Aaron raises his hand—he's thinking about it. The pain is unbearable.

John Phillips: "This is do or die..."

His hand slaps the mat.

DING DING DING!!

Mark Bravo: "He tapped! Shaffer tapped out!! GRAYSIE PARKER WINS!!"

The Birmingham crowd explodes as the referee immediately signals for the bell. Graysie Parker releases the hold and rolls away, exhausted but triumphant.

John Phillips: "In her hometown, on the biggest stage, against UTA's breakout star—Graysie Parker just submitted Aaron Shaffer!"

The crowd erupts into a deafening roar as Graysie releases the hold and rolls to her knees, breathing hard, jaw clenched. The referee rushes over—

—and raises not one, but both titles high into the air: The Iron Crown... and the WrestleZone Championship.

Graysie looks up, eyes wide for just a second before she takes both championships into her arms. The Iron Crown slung over one shoulder. The WrestleZone title pressed to her chest.

John Phillips: "Graysie Parker is now a dual champion! The Iron Crown stays in Birmingham... and the WrestleZone title leaves with her too!"

Across the ring, Aaron Shaffer lies on his side, one hand gripping the bottom rope, the other clutching his ribs. He stares up at the lights, disbelief etched across his face.

Mark Bravo: "That title was supposed to be the future of UTA... now it's headed back to Iron City Wrestling."

The referee raises Graysie's arm. The Foundry is in full celebration mode, fans on their feet, chanting her name with unwavering pride.

CROWD: "GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE!"

She climbs the nearest turnbuckle, lifting both titles overhead—the Iron Crown in her right hand, the WrestleZone Championship in her left. The camera zooms in on her intense, unflinching expression. No theatrics. No over-the-top celebration. Just fire, grit... and triumph.

John Phillips: "First the GRPLRZ upset Vanguard. And now this—Graysie Parker steals the WrestleZone Championship from under UTA's nose."

Mark Bravo: "It's not stealing when you earn it, Phillips. And she just earned everything tonight."

As her music blares and the lights pulse in purple and gold, Graysie descends the ropes, both championships in hand. She pauses on the apron, glancing once back at the ring—at Aaron Shaffer still down, and the UTA crew scrambling to recover.

Then she steps down. And she walks out—

—a champion twice over, and the embodiment of Iron City's vengeance.

Conclusion

CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE

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