

# The Great Southern Trendkill Tour: Duluth, Georgia

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** August 22, 2025  
**Location:** Gas South Arena — Duluth, GA

## Preview

The Great Southern Trendkill tour marches through the south to Georgia.

## Results

### Introduction

Segment

The lights in the Gas South Arena dim, and a wave of red, white, and blue strobes washes over the roaring crowd. A slow hum builds to a thundering heartbeat, as images flash across the screen: the towering silhouette of Brick Bronson, the wild-eyed glare of Chris Ross, the fire in Athena Storm's stride, and the cold defiance in Jarvis Valentine's eyes.

Then — BOOM! Pyro explodes from the stage. The camera sweeps across a sea of fans, signs waving, energy pulsating like a Southern summer storm.

John Phillips: "From the peach state to the power state — we are LIVE in Duluth, Georgia, and this... this is The Great Southern Trendkill Tour! Welcome to another stop on the wildest tour in professional wrestling today — welcome to WrestleUTA!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, it's about to get LOUD in here, Johnny! The air's thick, the stakes are high, and you can \*feel\* the tension cracklin' like barbecue grease on an open flame!"

John Phillips: "Tonight — we've got gold on the line, rivalries renewed, and some of the hardest-hitting competitors in the business. Angela Hall defends her newly won UTA Women's United States Championship against the unpredictable Athena Storm."

Mark Bravo: "And if you've never seen Athena fight before? Strap in. She hits like a hurricane, talks like a freight train, and don't give a damn whose night she ruins."

John Phillips: "Plus, the boss of brutality himself, Chris Ross, faces the mysterious El Fantasma Oscuro. What does Oscuro have planned? And can he survive the wrath of The Boss?"

Mark Bravo: "But the big one, Johnny — it's do or die. Jarvis Valentine defends the UTA Championship against the man he stole it from: Brick Bronson. You think Brick forgot? You think he forgave?"

John Phillips: "Not a chance. Bronson's coming to reclaim his crown — but Jarvis has momentum and the gold. One more time. One last shot. UTA Title on the line."

Mark Bravo: "And don't sleep on that tag team chaos either. U.S.A. — the new boys on the block — taking on the freakin' Iron Dominion. That's like showin' up to a gunfight with a folding chair. I don't know what they're thinking!"

John Phillips: "The table is set. The crowd is ready. Duluth is on fire. WrestleUTA starts NOW!"

Another burst of pyro erupts as the crowd roars. The camera pans toward the entrance ramp as the opening match prepares to begin.

### U.S.A vs. Iron Dominion

Match

The house lights in the Gas South Arena abruptly cut to black. A low rumble echoes through the building — then the industrial guitar riffs of Godsmack's "I Stand Alone" hit like a steel pipe to concrete.

Sparks explode from either side of the stage, cascading downward like a forge erupting. Out of the fire and shadow steps Gideon Graves — towering, silent, cold — his hammer-fist pounding into his armored gauntlet as if calling thunder from the underworld.

Red strobes begin to flicker like a warning siren. A wolf howl pierces the static, and Magnus Wolfe emerges beside him, calm, composed — but with a predator's gaze fixed on the ring. His fingers trace the scar carved across his brow, a ritualistic motion that seems to silence the crowd before he even speaks a word.

John Phillips: "There they are, folks — the Iron Dominion. Gideon Graves and Magnus Wolfe. A steel-hearted storm, and no one — I mean no one — has found the blueprint to stop them yet."

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, every time these two step through that curtain, I start lookin' for the nearest shelter. Graves is a walking blast furnace, and Wolfe? That guy dissects opponents like they're lab experiments."

Gideon marches forward, no wasted motion, boots heavy on the steel ramp. Magnus lingers slightly behind, eyes flickering toward the crowd — a knowing smirk curling his lips as he soaks in their unease.

They reach ringside. Graves ascends the steel steps without breaking pace, stepping through the ropes with a deliberate stomp that shakes the canvas. Magnus slides under the bottom rope and perches in the corner, wolf-like — poised, calculating.

John Phillips: "They may stand alone... but tonight, it's U.S.A. that has to stand against them."

Mark Bravo: "Hope Durant and Ryder brought more than handshakes and highlight reels, 'cause this ain't gonna be pretty."

Graves glares toward the entrance ramp, gauntlet clenched. Wolfe kneels, hands spread, waiting. The ring feels smaller with them in it — as if even the air knows to stay clear.

The lights shift — red, white, and blue begin pulsing across the arena like a heartbeat. A booming brass fanfare punches through the tension, layered with a gritty, modern alt-rock beat. The screen flashes with bold text: U.S.A — UNITED STATES ATHLETES.

Out from the curtain burst Carter Durant and Jaxon Ryder — high energy, full velocity, fists raised to the sky as a roar ignites from the Georgia crowd.

John Phillips: "Listen to that reaction! The United States Athletes — Carter Durant and Jaxon Ryder — are in the building, and they are FIRED UP!"

Mark Bravo: "Durant's got the jets, Ryder's got the grit, and together they've got the crowd in the palm of their hand. But let's see if that's enough against two guys forged in HELL."

Durant bounds to one side of the ramp, slapping hands, pointing to the sky as teal and purple lights swirl overhead. Ryder follows with a salute to the crowd, his face lit with determination, energy surging like a fuse burning toward something explosive.

Together, they sprint toward the ring — Durant springing up onto the apron with one leap, Ryder sliding in underneath the ropes. They hit the corners simultaneously, throwing up proud fists to a chorus of cheers.

In the opposite corner, Graves and Wolfe don't move. They simply watch. Predators studying prey.

John Phillips: "There's no fear on the faces of U.S.A. tonight — only fire. But standing across from them is a storm

made of steel and scars. Something's gotta give."

Mark Bravo: "If heart and hustle win fights, these boys might just pull it off. But Iron Dominion doesn't care about hearts. They break bones. And spirits."

The music fades. The ref checks both teams. The crowd simmers into anticipation.

This one's about to explode.

John Phillips: "Y'know, Mark, both Jaxon Ryder and Carter Durant came into WrestleUTA with high expectations. Speed, talent, heart — they've got all the tools. But in the singles division? They just couldn't quite catch fire."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, it's like they had all the kindling but couldn't get the match lit, Johnny. Close calls, flashes of brilliance — but no real traction. A loss here, a draw there... and before you know it, you're stuck watching the show instead of stealing it."

John Phillips: "That changes now. A fresh start in the tag division — as U.S.A., the United States Athletes. These two are betting that together, they're greater than the sum of their parts."

Mark Bravo: "And they better hope that gamble pays off, because their first stop? It ain't exactly a warm-up match. It's the Iron freakin' Dominion."

John Phillips: "Gideon Graves and Magnus Wolfe don't care about dreams, they don't care about redemption arcs — they care about domination. About punishment. And U.S.A. just volunteered to stand across from that."

Mark Bravo: "I respect it. I love the guts. But tonight, we find out if Durant and Ryder are really a team — or just two solo flyers hoping the parachutes open at the same time."

The referee checks with both corners again. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as the bell draws near.

The referee signals for the bell — DING DING DING — and the match is officially underway.

It's Carter Durant who steps forward for U.S.A., bouncing lightly on his toes, eyes locked on the far side of the ring. Across from him, Magnus Wolfe slinks through the ropes, cracking his neck side to side like he's walking into a dissection lab, not a wrestling match.

John Phillips: "And it'll be Carter Durant starting things off against the cunning technician of Iron Dominion — Magnus Wolfe. Watch that left hand of Wolfe. He'll go after a wrist, an elbow, a knee — whatever bends funny."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and Durant? He better be ready to fly, because staying grounded against Wolfe is like offering your limbs up with a side of fries."

They circle, the crowd rallying behind Durant — clapping, stomping, chanting his name. Wolfe just smirks and lowers his stance, one hand extended lazily like he's daring Durant to try something reckless.

Durant lunges for a lock-up — Wolfe sidesteps, snatches the arm, and yanks him into a lightning-quick hammerlock. Durant grimaces, trying to twist out, but Wolfe hooks the elbow and torques the shoulder back with surgical cruelty.

John Phillips: "And there it is. No wasted motion. Wolfe latches onto a joint like a shark with a taste for cartilage."

Mark Bravo: "He's not trying to win yet — he's trying to shorten Durant's career one pop and crack at a time."

Durant plants his foot and rolls forward — kip-up escape! He fires off a sudden springboard enzuigiri — but Wolfe ducks it by inches! Wolfe reaches for the leg — and eats a second enzuigiri right to the temple on the rebound!

The crowd pops hard as Wolfe stumbles back, stunned — and Durant races to the corner, tags in Jaxon Ryder!

John Phillips: "Tag made! Here comes Jaxon Ryder!"

Ryder explodes into the ring with a springboard crossbody that takes Wolfe off his feet! The crowd is electric as the

fresh man lays in a series of fast forearms, backing Wolfe into the corner — snap suplex to center ring! Ryder floats over for a quick cover —

Ref: "ONE!"

Kickout at one and a half!

Mark Bravo: "That's what they need to do — use speed, use quick tags, don't let Iron Dominion set the pace. You try to brawl with them? You get broken."

But Wolfe's already crawling back toward his corner. And rising like a war machine behind the ropes... is Gideon Graves.

John Phillips: "Uh oh. Tag made — and now the big man's in."

Wolfe slaps Graves' chest — the tag is legal — and Ryder freezes as the steel-mill monster steps into the ring. No fanfare. Just menace.

Mark Bravo: "Now we get to see what happens when lightning meets a bulldozer."

Jaxon Ryder blinks once. Twice. The Gas South Arena is on edge — a collective breath held tight as Gideon Graves steps through the ropes like a war golem carved from Pittsburgh steel.

Ryder doesn't back down. He puffs out his chest and nods. The crowd roars behind him — they believe. And maybe, for a second, so does he.

John Phillips: "Jaxon Ryder not flinching, not budging. You gotta admire the courage here, but—"

Mark Bravo: "Courage ain't armor, Johnny. It don't stop a Grave Maker."

They circle. Ryder feints a low dropkick — Graves doesn't move. Just watches. Calculating. Ryder shoots in again, ducks under a swing — bounces off the ropes — leaping forearm!

It lands — barely. Graves stumbles a half step. Ryder fires again, this time with a running dropkick — Graves staggers into the ropes!

John Phillips: "He's rocking the big man! He's got momentum—"

Ryder charges for a third strike — but Graves comes alive. With one arm, he snatches Ryder out of the air mid-leap and drives him down with a thunderous pendulum backbreaker that echoes like a gunshot.

Mark Bravo: "AND JUST LIKE THAT! Momentum? Deleted!"

Ryder arches in pain, clutching his spine — Graves doesn't give him a second. He yanks Ryder up like dead weight and hurls him, full-force, into the Dominion corner. The turnbuckles shudder on impact.

Tag to Wolfe.

John Phillips: "And now Iron Dominion are doing what they do best — cut the ring in half. Here comes Wolfe."

Magnus Wolfe slips in and instantly goes to work — snap German suplex folds Ryder in half. Wolfe slithers up, grabs the arm, and begins torquing the shoulder, forcing Ryder toward his own corner — only to drag him right back by the wrist and plant him with a knee lift to the jaw.

Cover —

Ref: "ONE! TWO!"

Ryder kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "Still alive! But barely. Wolfe and Graves — they don't just beat you, they dissect you. This is a wrestling

class in joint destruction and soul erosion."

Wolfe tags Graves back in. Quick, fluid. No wasted time. Graves enters — lifts Ryder for a gorilla press slam — and hurls him like a sandbag across the ring.

Durant reaches out on the apron, hand extended, willing Ryder toward him. The crowd begins to stomp. Clap. Rally. Ryder, down but not broken, crawls—

Graves grabs a foot —

Ryder spins onto his back and fires a desperation kick to the face!

Another! And another! Graves finally releases — and Jaxon dives —

John Phillips: "TAG MADE! Durant's in!"

The arena erupts as Carter Durant launches into the ring — springboard dropkick sends Graves staggering! Wolfe tries to cut him off — Durant hits a Frankensteiner off the top!

Mark Bravo: "Durant's on fire! This crowd's about to blow the roof off!"

Durant charges Graves — springboard enzuigiri to the side of the head — the big man drops to a knee. Durant leaps again — 450° splash!

Cover!

Ref: "ONE! TWO! THR—"

KICKOUT! Graves powers out and sends Durant into the air with the force of it!

John Phillips: "So close! Durant nearly shocked the system!"

Durant pops to his feet, feeding off the roar of the crowd — but he turns straight into a steel gauntlet clothesline from Gideon Graves that turns him inside out.

Mark Bravo: "Welp. There's your receipt."

The pop dies into a thud of concern as Graves slowly rises, shaking off the burst of offense. He doesn't rush. He never does. He just steps over Durant's body like a fallen traffic cone and drags him back to Iron Dominion's side of the ring.

John Phillips: "And once again, the Dominion carves the ring in half. It's textbook tag strategy — but with a crueller twist."

Tag to Wolfe. Graves hoists Durant up in a two-hand lift, exposing the ribs — and Wolfe blasts him with a running knee trembler to the side, crumpling Durant like scaffolding hit by a wrecking ball.

Wolfe doesn't go for a pin. Instead, he grabs Carter by the wrist, pulls him upright, and begins twisting into a brutal wristlock–arm wrench combo, bending the elbow at angles it was never meant to go.

Mark Bravo: "This is Magnus Wolfe's happy place. Picking a limb. Dismantling it like it owes him money."

Durant tries to roll through — Wolfe stays with him, transitioning beautifully into a modified Fujiwara armbar, dragging Durant just close enough to Jaxon Ryder to make the tag feel possible — and then yanking him back into the center with a smirk.

John Phillips: "He's mocking the distance. He's showing Durant just how far he has to go."

Wolfe releases and stands over Durant, tracing the scar on his brow — then hits a sudden swinging neckbreaker — the crowd gasps as Durant bounces off the canvas.

Cover—

Ref: "ONE! TWO!"

Durant kicks out — barely.

Mark Bravo: "Gotta admire the kid's guts, but this isn't heart vs. heart. It's heart vs. iron. And right now, the iron's winning."

Tag back to Graves. Wolfe holds Durant's arm in place as Graves steps in and drives a gauntlet-clad elbow right into the shoulder joint. Durant howls. He tries to roll away — Graves stomps on the back of the knee, halting the crawl with cruel efficiency.

Graves lifts Durant like a sack of cement — Snake Eyes onto the middle rope! Durant bounces backward — Graves hits the ropes and FLATTENS him with a corner lariat!

Durant's body goes limp. Graves just stands over him, breathing heavy, cold eyes fixed on the crowd who's now starting to clap in desperation.

John Phillips: "Durant's in real danger now. He's been isolated, dissected, and hammered down. And U.S.A. — this new tag team experiment — may be falling apart in its first test."

Mark Bravo: "That's what Iron Dominion does, Johnny. They don't just win matches. They make sure you question whether you should've even shown up."

Graves yanks Durant up again — lifts him for the Iron Drop—

— but Durant counters mid-lift! A wild tilt-a-whirl headscissors takes Graves off balance! Durant collapses onto his stomach — crowd rallies behind him!

He's crawling — slowly — desperately — inching toward Ryder —

But Magnus Wolfe drops off the apron, circles the ring — and yanks Ryder off the apron just as Durant reaches out!

John Phillips: "NO! Ryder got pulled! The ref didn't see it!"

Mark Bravo: "Beautiful! Classic Dominion tactics — legal? Maybe not. Effective? Always."

Durant slams the mat in frustration as the crowd boos mercilessly. Wolfe smirks from the outside. Graves grabs Durant again — drags him back into the Dominion corner like a corpse into a pit.

Durant's in trouble. And the storm is far from over.

Gideon Graves lifts Carter Durant for another punishment blow — but Durant surprises him with a wild jawbreaker that snaps the big man's head back!

Graves stumbles — Durant crashes to a knee, gasping, eyes glazed — but the crowd is rising behind him now. Stomping. Clapping. Chanting his name.

Crowd: "LET'S GO DURANT! \*CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP!\*"

Graves charges — Durant ducks a big boot and dives through his legs!

Durant rolls forward, leaps — TAGS IN RYDER!

John Phillips: "Tag made! Jaxon Ryder is in — and he's exploding into this match like a house on fire!"

Ryder hits the ropes — springboards — crossbody to Graves! The big man stumbles to his knees! Ryder pops up — superkick to the jaw! Graves teeters — another kick — and finally Ryder hits the ropes and blasts him with a running bulldog!

Mark Bravo: "Ryder's got fire in his veins tonight! That's not a comeback — that's a lightning strike!"

Magnus Wolfe slides in — Ryder meets him instantly with a snap suplex that plants Wolfe center ring. Wolfe tries to crawl away — Ryder springboards again — crossbody on Wolfe this time!

Graves is up — dazed — Ryder charges — POP-UP HURRICANRANA! The monster is rocked!

John Phillips: "The power of this building is surging through Jaxon Ryder right now! Every move crisp, clean — U.S.A. is alive!"

Durant is back on the apron, clutching his ribs but shouting support — the crowd is deafening as Ryder points to the corner.

He climbs — the crowd rises with him —

But Wolfe grabs at his boot! Ryder kicks him off — Graves stumbles into the corner —

Durant tags himself in!

Mark Bravo: "Smart move! Ryder got them here — Durant's gonna try and finish it!"

Durant leaps — Whirlwind Finale! The twisting corkscrew senton connects flush on Graves!

Cover!

Ref: "ONE! TWO! THR—"

Magnus Wolfe breaks it up at the last split second!

John Phillips: "That was it! That was three if not for Wolfe!"

Ryder barrels back into the ring, charging Wolfe — the two crash to the outside in a flurry of limbs and fury!

Back in the ring, Carter Durant stumbles to his feet, adrenaline still surging — but Gideon Graves is rising too, slowly, mechanically — and he does not look pleased.

Mark Bravo: "Durant better have a Plan B, C, and D ready — because Plan A just ticked off a steel giant."

Gideon Graves stands tall again, fury radiating off his shoulders. He grabs Durant by the neck with both hands — lifts him high for the Iron Drop —

— but Durant twists mid-air and counters into a frankensteiner! The ring shakes as Graves crashes awkwardly to the mat!

Durant rolls to the corner — tags Ryder back in!

John Phillips: "Back and forth they go — U.S.A. using everything they've got left!"

Ryder slingshots over the top — forearm smash to Graves — hits the ropes — springboard neckbreaker! Durant scrambles back in — they nod.

Together, U.S.A. hit opposite ropes — double running dropkicks to a kneeling Graves!

Wolfe stirs outside — Ryder sprints — tope con hilo to the outside! He takes Wolfe down and lands on his feet, hyped, slapping the barricade in rhythm with the crowd!

Mark Bravo: "Ryder just took Wolfe out of the equation! It's two-on-one inside the squared circle now — and that one is down!"

Durant ascends the top rope as Graves lies flat, winded and dazed. Ryder yells — crowd surges —

John Phillips: "He's going for it!"

Durant leaps —

WHIRLWIND FINALE! The corkscrew senton connects — full impact to Graves' chest! The arena erupts!

Durant hooks the leg as Ryder slides back in to cut off Wolfe —

Ref: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

DING DING DING!

The bell rings — the crowd explodes in celebration!

John Phillips: "They did it! U.S.A. takes down Iron Dominion!"

Mark Bravo: "What an upset! What a performance! Ryder and Durant just made a STATEMENT in the tag division!"

Durant rolls off Graves, exhausted but grinning wide. Ryder pulls him to his feet, and the two meet mid-ring with a proud embrace, then raise each other's arms to a standing ovation from the Georgia crowd.

Iron Dominion regroups on the outside — not defeated often, but very much beaten tonight. Wolfe glares daggers. Graves... just stares.

John Phillips: "From missed opportunities in singles competition... to their first win as a team — Carter Durant and Jaxon Ryder just put the rest of the division on notice."

Mark Bravo: "They just beat the steel. Let's see who has the guts to try and stop U.S.A. next."

The red, white, and blue strobes flash again as U.S.A. stands tall, soaking in the moment, a new force forged in resilience and ready to rise.

## **Orchestra of Chaos**

Segment

Backstage — somewhere deep in the halls of the Gas South Arena, a camera catches Chris Ross pacing like a caged animal. His jaw clenches. His fists tighten. Each step echoes off the concrete like a warning shot. The Boss is in no mood for conversation — and even less for company.

Enter Maxx Mayhem.

He strolls into frame with a wild grin, eyes alight like he's heard a joke no one else gets. He doesn't walk so much as glide — jittery, unhinged energy radiating from every movement.

Maxx Mayhem: "We're both on tonight, ain't we, Chris?"

Ross doesn't stop pacing. Doesn't even glance at him.

Maxx Mayhem: "Tonight is a night of violence..."

He waves his hand between them both — like painting blood on a canvas.

Maxx Mayhem: "You and me — the conductors of the orchestra of chaos!"

Ross pauses mid-step. Turns just slightly. Snarls. No words — just a look that could break teeth.

Maxx Mayhem: "You just wait, man. Wait till you see what I do to ol' B.R. Ellis out there. You're gonna love it!"

He laughs. A jagged, high-pitched cackle that echoes through the hallway as he saunters off, leaving behind only the sound of his boots and mania.

Ross watches him go — eyes narrowed. Still no words. He just shakes his head slowly, jaw still clenched, as if unsure whether to respect the madness... or end it.

Cut to black.

## Iron City Fallout

Segment

The driving riffs of "Hellraiser" by Motörhead and Ozzy Osbourne rip through the Gas South Arena. Red and silver lights flash in time with the beat as the crowd rises, mixed reaction flooding the air — some cheer, others wait to see what's on his mind.

Through the curtain steps the towering figure of Scott Stevens. The UTA General Manager is dressed in a sharp charcoal suit, blazer unbuttoned, tie loose — but the unmistakable glint of cowboy boots flashes with every step. His expression is flat. Stern. All business tonight.

John Phillips: "There he is — the man in charge, the General Manager of WrestleUTA, Scott Stevens. And I'd say by the look on his face... this ain't gonna be a pep rally."

Mark Bravo: "You think? This is a guy who made it very clear to Aaron Shaffer how important it was that he win his match against Graysie Parker. Not just for himself — but for UTA."

John Phillips: "And instead... Parker walked out of Birmingham with the WrestleZone Championship, took it right back to Iron City Wrestling. A slap in the face to this company. To Stevens."

Mark Bravo: "To be honest? I thought Stevens was gonna fire Shaffer on the spot. But he didn't. And that makes me think what he's got to say right now... might be even worse."

Stevens ascends the steps, wipes his boots on the apron like it's ritual, then ducks between the ropes and calls for a microphone. His music fades, but the murmur of the crowd swells. They're listening — but unsure whether to cheer or brace for what's coming.

John Phillips: "He's not a happy camper."

He raises the mic, pauses. Takes a long, slow look around the arena, the tension stretching out like barbed wire.

With the microphone in hand and the crowd still buzzing, Scott Stevens adjusts his blazer, then begins to speak, calm but razor-sharp.

Scott Stevens: "I know what y'all expected. You thought I'd come out here, call Aaron Shaffer down to this ring, dress him down in front of the world and send him packin'."

He shakes his head.

Scott Stevens: "But I'm not gonna do that. Because Aaron Shaffer? He's not here tonight. I sent him home. So I could evaluate this whole mess without any distractions... and so he can sit there, at home, and think long and hard about what he allowed to happen."

John Phillips: "Wow. So Shaffer's suspension is official. That explains why he hasn't been seen since Birmingham."

Scott Stevens: "I'm not angry. I'm not even surprised. I'm just... disappointed. Disappointed that Orlando's own, the man handpicked by Rich Wingate himself to be the breakout star of this new era... let someone from Iron City Wrestling walk into our ring... and take the WrestleZone Championship."

He lowers the mic for a beat. The crowd murmurs. He brings it back up, voice colder now.

Scott Stevens: "And not just lose the title. Submit. Gave it up. Tapped out. Our first night of the new tour — my first night as General Manager — and that's the headline we're left with."

Mark Bravo: "He's not wrong, Johnny. That match changed the temperature in this company real quick."

Scott Stevens: "I've been in closed-door meetings all week trying to figure out what comes next. And lemme tell you... he smirks, rubbing his backside lightly, half-joking "...half my ass is still missin' from all the chewings I've taken since

then."

Light laughter from the crowd, but the seriousness returns as Stevens straightens up again.

Scott Stevens: "But I made a promise. I swore that the WrestleZone Championship would come home. And to make that happen, I've been on the phone all week with an old... friend."

The crowd perks up.

Scott Stevens: "Eric Dane."

Crowd pops loudly at the mention of the Hall of Famer.

John Phillips: "Whoa! Eric Dane! The Godfather of Violence himself!"

Mark Bravo: "Stevens and Dane go way back — and not always as allies."

Scott Stevens: "Now... me and Eric? We don't always see eye to eye. And this situation? No different. He's been stubborn — to put it politely. But make no mistake... the championship will come back where it belongs."

Before Stevens can say more — the opening horns of "Made You Look" by Nas hit the speakers.

The crowd erupts again, but with a mix of surprise and intrigue as Eric Dane Jr. steps onto the stage — no swagger, no smirk. He walks with a slight limp, wrapped ribs visible beneath his jacket. His body shows the damage done at WrestleUTA: 25... but his eyes burn with purpose.

John Phillips: "Well, speak of the devil — there's the son of the Hall of Famer. Eric Dane Jr. making his first appearance since Chris Ross left him in a hospital bed!"

Mark Bravo: "That ain't the same cocky kid we saw last month. He looks hurt. And pissed."

Dane Jr. climbs the steps slowly, clearly favoring his side. Stevens watches him with an irritated scowl but steps back and allows him into the ring. Dane calls for a microphone — he gets one.

Scott Stevens: "Eric Dane Jr... welcome back."

Dane doesn't flinch. Doesn't nod. Just glares.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I don't want welcome backs. I want Chris Ross. And I know he's here tonight."

Stevens quickly raises his hands.

Scott Stevens: "Whoa, whoa, whoa."

Scott Stevens: "Yes — Chris Ross is in the building. Yes — I know what he did to you. And your father. But I told him the same thing I'm telling you: we're not just going to run around attacking people whenever we feel like it."

Dane steps forward, jaw tight, but Stevens doesn't back down.

Scott Stevens: "I get it. You want blood. And I don't blame you. But there's a time and a place — and tonight... ain't it."

Scott Stevens: "You're not medically cleared. And until you are? I will not sanction any fight between you and Ross."

Eric Dane Jr. explodes in frustration, shouting off-mic, gesturing wildly. The mic picks up fragments — "He's a coward!" — "I don't need clearance!" — "Give me the fight!"

Scott Stevens: "No."

Scott Stevens: "I'm the man in charge now. This ain't the wild west, son. You'll get your shot. At the right time. In the right place. But until then? You're out of here."

Scott Stevens: "I don't want to see you again tonight. If I do... there will be consequences."

The crowd stirs as Stevens walks to the ropes and holds them open. He doesn't yell. He doesn't grandstand. He just waits, motioning for Dane Jr. to leave.

Dane Jr. fumes. He looks at the crowd. At the mat. Then back at Stevens. Finally, after a long pause, he storms past him and drops out of the ring, mic still in hand, rage burning under every step.

John Phillips: "You can feel the tension — that kid wants Ross bad, but Stevens made it clear... it's not happening tonight."

Mark Bravo: "This new regime's got order. And rules. But with guys like Dane Jr. and Ross? That powder keg's gonna blow, Johnny. It's just a matter of when."

Stevens stays in the ring, arms crossed, watching Dane Jr. exit through the curtain. The lights fade slowly as the crowd buzzes with anticipation of what's still to come.

## **Arrival**

Segment

Backstage — a loading dock door slowly rolls open with a metallic clatter. A black SUV pulls into frame, headlights slicing through the shadows. After a moment, the back door swings open... and out steps the UTA Champion himself — Jarvis Valentine.

He's dressed sharp, as always — tailored jacket over a black designer tee, dark shades shielding his eyes despite the dim light. Over his shoulder hangs the unmistakable gold of the UTA Championship, and in his other hand, a sleek roller bag trails behind him.

John Phillips: "And there he is — the champ. Jarvis Valentine, cool as ever, arriving before what could be the biggest test of his title reign so far."

Mark Bravo: "Biggest test? Johnny, this ain't a test. This is a reckoning. Brick Bronson is pissed off and he wants his title back. Jarvis didn't win that belt — he stole it, remember? Cashed in the moment Brick's back was turned."

Jarvis doesn't acknowledge the camera crew. He simply keeps walking, UTA Championship glinting under the overhead lights, roller bag clacking against the concrete with each confident stride.

John Phillips: "Say what you want about how he won it — Jarvis has held onto that title ever since. But tonight? There's nowhere to hide. One-on-one. Champion versus former champion. It ends tonight."

Mark Bravo: "And if Valentine slips up for even a second, Brick's gonna turn him into a highlight reel."

The camera lingers on Jarvis' back as he vanishes through the corridor. No words spoken. Just the aura of a man who believes he owns the world... and intends to leave with it still in his grasp.

## **Maxx Mayhem vs. B.R Ellis**

Match

The arena lights dim to a low blue hue as a single spotlight casts a focused beam down the center of the ramp. The opening notes of "Remember the Name" by Fort Minor blend into a crisp, orchestral rhythm — pulsing strings and percussive Greco-Roman drums creating a sense of precision and legacy.

Out steps B.R. Ellis.

Dressed in a deep-blue singlet trimmed with gold, high-laced wrestling boots, and white tape carefully wrapped around his wrists, Ellis takes his place at the top of the ramp. He pauses — no flair, no shout — and delivers a respectful bow to the crowd before beginning his march toward the ring with deliberate, grounded strides.

John Phillips: "B.R. Ellis — the mat technician, the quiet storm. A man who carries Olympic discipline in every

movement he makes."

Mark Bravo: "Ellis don't talk much, Johnny, but he wrestles like a man who wrote the textbook. Smooth transitions. Clean technique. No wasted motion. And if you think that means he's soft? You're gonna find out how hard a German suplex can land."

Ellis reaches ringside, circles toward the steel steps, then slides into the ring with fluid economy. He kneels at the center, adjusts his knee pads, and slowly rises, cracking his knuckles as the house lights flare back up. His eyes don't scan the crowd — they stay locked on the entryway. Focused. Unshaken.

John Phillips: "He's never been about the noise. He's about execution. And with Maxx Mayhem on deck? He's going to need every bit of that technical control."

Mark Bravo: "Because Maxx ain't coming down that ramp to lock up. He's coming to blow things up."

The lights twitch to static as the sound of blaring sirens floods the arena—

And here comes chaos.

The sirens wail louder. Red lights pulse in erratic bursts as the entrance screen glitches with static and spray-painted symbols. Then —

"Holiday" by Green Day blasts through the speakers like a Molotov cocktail through a storefront window.

Maxx Mayhem explodes onto the stage, swinging a dented trash can lid like it's a trophy, shouting something completely unintelligible at the crowd. His hair is wild. His boots are untied. His mouth is twisted in a grin that says: "You might get hurt, and I might like it."

Mark Bravo: "Here he is! The eye twitch. The scream. The airborne objects — yep, it's Maxx Mayhem!"

John Phillips: "The most unpredictable man in WrestleUTA. Maxx Mayhem doesn't have a game plan — he is the game plan. And the goal is carnage."

He pounds the trash lid against the ramp twice, startling fans in the front row, then licks the edge of it before hurling it down like a dropped mic. Maxx sprints toward the ring — slides in — and IMMEDIATELY rolls across the canvas in a full circle like a pinball, popping up in the center on one knee, arms wide like he just won a war.

He spots Ellis standing calmly in the corner, not flinching, not blinking — and that just makes Maxx grin wider.

John Phillips: "There's B.R. Ellis — calm, locked in — and there's Maxx Mayhem... possibly deciding what part of the ring he wants to set on fire."

Mark Bravo: "This ain't a wrestling match. It's a science experiment gone wrong."

The referee quickly checks Maxx for weapons — Maxx laughs and raises his arms like he's at airport security — then pretends to pat himself down just to speed things along.

The bell hasn't even rung yet... and already, the atmosphere feels combustible.

DING DING DING!

B.R. Ellis steps out of his corner with the posture of a man preparing for a clinic — body low, arms raised in classic grappling stance, ready to begin this bout with fundamentals.

He extends his hand upward, calling for a test of strength — a respectful, controlled start.

John Phillips: "Ellis, as always, trying to dictate the pace. Textbook chain wrestler's mindset — start with control, build pressure, make Mayhem play your game."

Maxx Mayhem looks at the offered hand... then down at Ellis' boots... then up at the ceiling.

Then he laughs. Loud. High-pitched. Grating.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, buddy, he ain't lockin' up. He's sizing up how many parts of B.R. Ellis he can legally relocate."

Instead of engaging the test of strength, Maxx spits in his own hand — and slaps himself in the face with it!

The crowd gasps. Ellis blinks once, confused. Maxx howls like a lunatic.

Maxx Mayhem: "LOCK THAT UP, PROFESSOR!"

Maxx charges before Ellis can reset — ducks under the arm, spins behind, and rakes the eyes with both hands like he's swiping a foggy windshield.

The referee starts warning immediately, but Maxx just skips away, hands in the air like he's done nothing wrong.

John Phillips: "So much for a clean start!"

Mark Bravo: "He's redefining 'ring awareness.' Mostly by ignoring every rule printed in the manual."

Ellis shakes it off, blinking hard — but Maxx is already bouncing off the ropes — discus elbow! It lands flush on the jaw and drops Ellis to a knee!

Maxx cackles, hits the ropes again — goes for a running neckbreaker — but Ellis counters with a tight waistlock!

German Suplex! Maxx bounces hard — crowd pops for the impact!

John Phillips: "And that's how you stop a tornado — with precision and leverage!"

Ellis doesn't waste a second. He goes right into a headlock takeover, dragging Maxx to the mat and cinching it in tight. The chaos pauses — briefly — under pure technique.

Mark Bravo: "Ellis just hit CTRL+ALT+DELETE on that whole flurry. That's what he does — resets you back to zero."

But Maxx isn't trying to escape like a normal wrestler — he bites Ellis' wrist tape and starts laughing again until the ref counts to four and forces the break!

Ellis backs off reluctantly, now understanding the assignment: this isn't a match. It's a brawl disguised as a comedy sketch... with broken bones at the punchline.

B.R. Ellis steps in again, cautiously now — looking to tie up from the side — but Maxx fakes a collar-and-elbow and instead boots him in the gut, doubling him over!

Ellis stumbles — Maxx snatches him into a tight front facelock — Snap DDT! Spikes Ellis headfirst into the mat!

John Phillips: "That wasn't clean, but it was nasty. And that's how Mayhem likes it."

Maxx scrambles to the outside, yanking up the apron like a madman looking for treasure — and sure enough, he finds it: a battered trash can lid from earlier. He slides it into the ring like he's feeding a shark.

Mark Bravo: "Uh-oh. Here comes the extracurriculars!"

The ref steps in — waving his arms, warning him — Maxx just throws both hands up again and backs off innocently... then lunges past the ref and drives a boot to Ellis' midsection again!

With the official distracted putting the lid back outside, Maxx pulls Ellis into the ropes and chokes him with his forearm, sneering through the referee's five-count.

Ref: "ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!"

Maxx releases at the last second, then backs away with exaggerated jazz hands.

Maxx Mayhem: "What?! I'm a gentleman!"

John Phillips: "He's like if Bugs Bunny was raised in a junkyard and taught how to street fight."

Ellis crawls out of the ropes, trying to stand — Maxx hits the far side — Running Cannonball into Ellis in the corner!

The crowd groans from the impact — Maxx crashes into Ellis and himself, but laughs through the pain, slapping the mat like he's having the time of his life.

Mark Bravo: "That's the Crash Course — the move that hurts everyone involved, and Maxx lives for it!"

He yanks Ellis out by the wrist, drags him to center ring, and drops a heavy elbow to the spine — then slaps on a tight rear chinlock, grinding in with forearm pressure and body weight.

John Phillips: "Mayhem's not just brawling now — he's smothering. Grinding. And the longer Ellis stays down, the harder it is for that clean game plan to matter."

Maxx leans in close, lips by Ellis' ear —

Maxx Mayhem: "This ain't no high school gym, wrestler boy. This is Mayhem 101."

Ellis grimaces but begins to fight up, crowd clapping in rhythm —

Mark Bravo: "You can tell Maxx wants to win... but he also wants to leave a message carved in Ellis' chest while he does it."

As Ellis rises, Maxx knees him in the gut and drives him back down with a swinging neckbreaker! He covers!

Ref: "ONE! TWO!"

Kickout!

John Phillips: "Ellis stays alive — but how long can he hold out in this chaos?"

Maxx slaps the mat in mock frustration, then crawls toward the ropes, muttering to himself and clearly planning something reckless.

Maxx Mayhem crawls toward the corner, grinning through his busted-up offense, eyes on the top rope like it owes him money. He climbs to the second buckle, arms wide, tongue out —

— but B.R. Ellis snaps to life!

He charges the corner and meets Maxx with a clubbing forearm to the spine! Maxx stumbles, stunned — Ellis climbs the ropes behind him — and with a roar, hits a thunderous German suplex off the second rope!

John Phillips: "Whoa! Second-rope German suplex! That'll rip the air out of your lungs!"

The ring shakes as Maxx lands awkwardly, crumpling to his side. Ellis doesn't cover — he doesn't have the energy — but the crowd rallies behind him, sensing the shift.

Mark Bravo: "You hear this crowd? B.R. Ellis just took the wheel — now let's see if he can drive this thing home!"

Ellis wipes the sweat from his brow, pulls Maxx to his feet with both arms locked — gut-wrench lift — but Maxx throws wild elbows, fighting it off! Ellis shoves him to create space — Maxx rebounds —

SNAP SUPLEX! Ellis plants him!

Maxx bounces on impact, clutching his back — Ellis moves fast, wrapping the arm — transitions into the Lockjaw Lock! Modified Fujiwara!

John Phillips: "Submission attempt! He's got the arm — that's a tight angle!"

Maxx screams and flails, eyes wide with panic as Ellis cranks the arm back. The ref drops to check —

Ref: "Do you give up?!"

Maxx shouts "NO!" and claws at the mat — inching — inching — he reaches the ropes!

Mark Bravo: "Mayhem survives — but barely. That arm's gonna be dangling like a noodle the rest of the night!"

Ellis breaks clean at four. He backs up — hands on hips — breathing hard, but focused. He points to Maxx's shoulder, clearly targeting it now. The technician is back in control... but Maxx?

Maxx rolls to the outside, clutching his shoulder, limping. The crowd boos as he stumbles around the ringside area, muttering to himself.

John Phillips: "Maxx might be regrouping... or scheming. You never really know with him."

The ref begins counting. Ellis stays centered, motioning for Mayhem to get back in. But Maxx suddenly flips over the timekeeper's table!

Mark Bravo: "Oh boy. This ain't over — it's about to get weird again."

Maxx grabs a folding chair — the ref is shouting at him — and Maxx just lobs it across the floor like a frisbee, yelling "THIS IS FINE!" before staggering back toward the ring, half laughing, half limping, full unhinged.

John Phillips: "The technician brought him to the edge of defeat — but Maxx Mayhem refuses to stay in a straight line."

The match isn't over. The storm's just shifting directions.

As the referee finishes lecturing Maxx about the chair toss, Ellis leans through the ropes, urging him to get back in and finish this the right way.

Big mistake.

Maxx suddenly leaps onto the apron and snaps Ellis' neck across the top rope with a guillotine-style drop! Ellis whiplashes back and hits the mat hard, clutching his throat.

Mark Bravo: "There he goes again — no setup, no warning, just violence at the speed of thought!"

Maxx slips back into the ring like a hyena through a cage door. He pounces on Ellis with rapid stomps to the chest, then rakes his forearm across the face while yelling, "CHAIN WRESTLE THIS, COLLEGE BOY!"

John Phillips: "The ref's losing control again — and Maxx Mayhem is loving every second of it."

Ellis tries to sit up — Maxx sprints past him — rebounds — running cannonball to the back! Maxx flattens Ellis like a folding chair!

He doesn't go for the cover. Instead, Maxx drags him upright and hooks him for a DDT — plants him again with a snap!

Mark Bravo: "That's the second time he's targeted the head and neck. He's trying to crack the foundation!"

Maxx gets to his knees, sweaty hair in his eyes, breathing heavily — then he rolls out again.

John Phillips: "Where's he going now?"

Maxx yanks the steel steps slightly away from the ring, clears a bit of floor space — then sprints back in, grabs Ellis by the arm, and whips him HARD to the outside through the middle rope!

Ellis lands with a sickening thud on the mat-covered concrete. Maxx follows immediately.

He stalks over to Ellis — drags him up by the waist — running cannonball into the guardrail!

John Phillips: "Good God! He might've cracked a rib with that one!"

Ref: "FOUR!"

Maxx gets up slowly, holding his lower back from the impact — but smiling. Always smiling. He turns to a kid in the front row and steals their popcorn, pours a handful into his mouth, chews once, and then spits it over Ellis with a dramatic flourish.

Mark Bravo: "Popcorn assault! This dude has no filter — or hygiene!"

Ref: "SIX!"

Maxx rolls Ellis back in at seven, then slithers in behind him. He hooks both arms — butterfly position — and lifts Ellis halfway before slamming him with a double-arm sitout facebuster!

He covers, finally.

Ref: "ONE! TWO!"

Kickout!

John Phillips: "Ellis survives again — but Maxx is peeling this match apart one layer at a time."

Mark Bravo: "And you can tell — he's just getting started."

Maxx grabs the camera rope-side, leans in, and licks the lens.

Maxx Mayhem: "You like that? Huh? THIS is art!"

But behind him... Ellis is moving again.

Maxx turns around just as Ellis gets to a knee — and without hesitation, slaps him across the face with the back of his hand.

Not a strike. A message.

Maxx Mayhem: "You think you're better than me?! You think rules keep you safe?!"

Ellis tries to stand — Maxx charges — and barrels him over the top rope with a wild clothesline! Both men crash to the outside!

John Phillips: "This is spiraling fast — Maxx Mayhem has dragged this match so far from Ellis' world, it might as well be held in an alley!"

Maxx gets up first, panting like a beast. He yells at the timekeeper to move — then yanks up the ringside mat!

Mark Bravo: "Oh no... now we're in Maxx Mayhem's favorite place: exposed concrete."

He drags Ellis by the boot — lifts him to a vertical base — and hooks the head.

Snap DDT on the concrete!

The crowd gasps as Ellis' body stiffens and then rolls limp. Maxx sits next to him, wide-eyed, mouthing "BOOM" as if he's impressed by his own handiwork.

Ref: "FOUR!"

Maxx finally hauls Ellis' lifeless form back up and shoves him under the ropes — following slowly, deliberately, like a man dragging home a trophy.

Inside the ring, Maxx grabs Ellis' arm and bends it behind his back — then stomps on the elbow joint repeatedly while grinning at the crowd, asking "STILL TECHNICAL, BRO?"

John Phillips: "He's targeting the arm now — looking to rip away Ellis' whole offense!"

Mark Bravo: "That armbar of his? It's not much use when your whole shoulder's been pulverized."

Maxx picks Ellis up again — this time dragging him to the corner. He sets him in a seated position against the bottom turnbuckle... and backs up to the opposite corner.

The crowd starts to stir. They know what's coming.

John Phillips: "He's setting up for it... the Crash Course."

Maxx beats his chest — sprints full speed — and launches into a cannonball senton!

BOOM! He crushes Ellis in the corner — and himself.

Both men slump to the mat, Maxx grinning through the pain, Ellis barely moving.

Mark Bravo: "He's not trying to win — he's trying to end careers and get cheered for it!"

Maxx crawls over — throws an arm across Ellis for the cover.

Ref: "ONE! TWO!"

...

TH—KICKOUT! Ellis gets the shoulder up!

John Phillips: "Unreal resilience! Ellis just survived a car crash and kicked out!"

Maxx rolls to his back, laughing again — this time more manic, more ragged.

Maxx Mayhem: "Okay, okay... let's go bigger."

He sits up slowly, eyes flicking toward the top rope — a rare look for Maxx. A new plan forming.

Meanwhile... Ellis is starting to stir.

As Maxx Mayhem climbs to the top rope — slowly, gingerly — B.R. Ellis rolls to his stomach, pushing himself up on one trembling arm. The crowd stirs. He's still fighting.

John Phillips: "How is Ellis even moving after everything he's been through tonight?"

Maxx pauses atop the turnbuckle, sees Ellis rise, and yells:

Maxx Mayhem: "You just don't DIE, do you?!"

He leaps — going for a flying elbow — but Ellis sidesteps!

Maxx crashes hard, ribs-first to the mat! Ellis pounces — wraps the waist — GUT-WRENCH LIFT!

The crowd explodes as Ellis heaves Mayhem up, every muscle shaking—

—but Maxx jabs a thumb into the eye mid-lift!

Mark Bravo: "DIRTY! But effective!"

Ellis stumbles back, blinded — Maxx explodes to his feet and blasts him with a discus elbow! Ellis staggers —

CHAIR-ASSISTED DROPKICK! Maxx grabs the chair he stashed near the apron, hurls it into Ellis' chest, then dropkicks it straight into him!

John Phillips: "Come on! That's illegal — the ref didn't see it!"

Ellis crashes to the mat, coughing, barely conscious. Maxx throws the chair back outside and yells at the crowd:

Maxx Mayhem: "This is YOUR hero?! THIS GUY?!"

He drags Ellis into the corner again — slaps himself in the face three times — then charges across the ring with full-speed fury—

CRASH COURSE! That cannonball connects again — and this time, it might have knocked Ellis out cold.

Maxx slowly peels Ellis out of the corner — hooks the leg — and screams in victory as the ref drops to count.

Ref: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

DING DING DING!

"Holiday" hits the speakers again as Maxx Mayhem rolls onto his back, cackling like a man who just blew up a building and loved every second of it.

John Phillips: "That was less of a match and more of a beatdown. B.R. Ellis came in with a plan — Maxx Mayhem came in with a wrecking ball."

Mark Bravo: "Ellis tried to chain wrestle his way through a war zone — and Maxx showed him what happens when the rules don't apply."

Maxx stumbles to his feet, arms outstretched, yelling "ART!" at the booing fans while mocking them with exaggerated bows. He mouths off to commentary, throws sweat in their direction, and finally exits the ring — leaving Ellis broken and gasping on the canvas.

Tonight... chaos won.

## **Time to Go**

Segment

Backstage — the camera cuts to the loading bay, where two uniformed security guards are flanking a clearly fuming Eric Dane Jr. His jaw is tight, fists clenched, still wearing the same scowl from earlier. Walking just a few steps behind him in a dark blazer and those signature cowboy boots... is Scott Stevens.

Scott Stevens: "You're not gonna like this, son. Hell, I wouldn't like it either. But this... this is for your own good."

Dane Jr. doesn't stop walking, but his glare shifts sideways.

Scott Stevens: "You'll get your shot at Chris Ross. I promise you that. But it'll be in the ring. When the time is right. When you're cleared. Not before."

Eric suddenly yanks his arm free from one of the guards and spins on his heel to face Stevens.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I don't give a damn if it's in the ring, in the parking lot, or in the depths of hell... I'm going to get Chris Ross."

Stevens doesn't flinch. He simply sighs, almost tired.

Scott Stevens: "Yeah. I figured you'd say that."

The guards gently redirect Dane Jr. toward the exit doors. He doesn't resist — but his glare never leaves Stevens as he backs through the door, burning holes with his eyes.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Eric Dane Jr. being escorted out of the Gas South Arena — per orders of General Manager Scott Stevens. And after what Chris Ross did to him and his father at WrestleUTA: 25... you know that fire isn't going out any time soon."

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "No chance. That kid's a live wire. And when you trap electricity... eventually it's gonna explode."

The door slams shut, leaving Stevens standing alone in the corridor. He adjusts his cuffs, exhales slowly, and walks off in the opposite direction.

## Checking in with the Boss

Segment

Backstage — a dim, tucked-away hallway. A small monitor sits on a rolling cart, playing a feed of moments ago: Eric Dane Jr. being escorted from the arena by security, Scott Stevens trailing behind.

Standing in front of the screen is Chris Ross.

The Boss doesn't move. Doesn't blink. He stares at the image of Dane Jr. like he's willing it to burn. His jaw is clenched so tight it looks like it might crack. A low, throaty snarl escapes his lips.

Then —

SLAP! Maxx Mayhem bursts into frame, grinning like he just robbed a bank and got away with it.

Maxx Mayhem: "Did you see that, Chrissy-baby?! Did you see the ART that I created out there?!"

He slaps Ross on the shoulder again. Once. Twice. A third time —

Ross turns. Slowly. Eyes burning.

Mayhem doesn't flinch — he just spins to the monitor and sees what Ross was watching.

Maxx Mayhem: "Oh, that bozo? Forget about 'em, Bossman. Just like his daddy, he ain't nothin'!"

Ross' fists clench. His nostrils flare. He doesn't speak — but the temperature in the room drops instantly.

Maxx Mayhem: "I mean, come on! You settled it already! You proved your point! You broke 'em both!"

He throws his arms wide like he's presenting a stage.

Maxx Mayhem: "It was BEAUTIFUL! Why linger on the past when there's so much violence for us to bring in the future?"

He gestures outward toward the arena, manic eyes scanning the horizon only he can see.

Maxx Mayhem: "You and me, man... we're gonna do BIG THINGS!"

He cackles like a madman and gives Ross a final playful nudge before skipping off down the hallway, his laughter echoing behind him.

Chris Ross stares after him, unmoved... then turns back to the monitor. His face says everything — he did not sign up for this.

## Athena Storm vs. Angela Hall

Match

The arena lights dim to a cool, electric blue. A low rumble of thunder rolls across the PA system — then CRACK! A loud burst of lightning sizzles through the speakers as blue strobes whip across the crowd in rhythmic pulses.

As the first bass drop of a pulsing tropical-house beat hits, Athena Storm bursts through the curtain — spinning a glowing blue staff above her head, its trail leaving streaks in the strobe light.

John Phillips: "She is speed. She is fury. She is unstoppable when the skies break loose — Athena Storm has arrived in Duluth!"

Mark Bravo: "And listen to this crowd! They're already chanting it —"

Crowd: **"\*LET IT RAIN! LET IT RAIN!\*"**

Athena strikes a pose at the top of the ramp — then sprints full speed toward the ring, rolling under the ropes, and popping up into a smooth cartwheel-twist that ends in a kneel. She points both fingers to the sky, drawing cheers and

thunderous foot-stomps from the crowd.

John Phillips: "Tonight is her first title opportunity since arriving in WrestleUTA — and she's earned it the hard way. Striking her way through everyone in front of her."

Mark Bravo: "But now? She's gotta outpace someone who never slows down — the newly crowned Women's United States Champion, Angela Hall."

Athena climbs the corner ropes and signals with her hands for the rain — the crowd responds in kind, filling the Gas South Arena with storm chants and anticipation.

The lights hold blue... until a sudden flash of white lightning hits the tron —

The champ is here.

The arena is bathed in white as a single crack of lightning splits across the video wall. On the tron, in bold capital letters:

ANGELA HALL

In a sudden flash, the screen lights up again — this time showing highlights: Angela hitting the Thunderclap Spear... soaring through the air with the Storm Surge Moonsault... standing tall at \*The Great Southern Trendkill: Birmingham\* with the newly won U.S. title hoisted high.

From the back emerges Angela Hall — tall, powerful, locked in.

The UTA Women's United States Championship glistens around her waist. She doesn't wave. Doesn't play. Her gaze is locked dead ahead on the ring. This is business. This is war.

John Phillips: "No hesitation. No games. That's the face of a woman who's already broken a glass ceiling and now plans to shatter expectations."

Mark Bravo: "She's been on fire since day one. Angela Hall didn't just win that title — she retired the Florida State Women's Championship and kicked off a new era in the same night."

Hall moves down the ramp with long, athletic strides, eyes locked on Athena Storm the entire time. She stops at ringside, then climbs the steps and enters the ring slowly, never breaking her stare.

She unhooks the belt and hands it to the referee — but not before raising it once, firmly, as if to say: "You can chase the storm... but I am the storm."

Athena meets her in the center — they don't touch — but the energy crackles between them. Two lightning bolts, seconds from impact.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm versus Angela Hall. Two explosive forces. One championship on the line."

Mark Bravo: "And only one is walking out with gold around her waist — and a forecast full of thunder."

The referee raises the belt. The bell is moments away. The energy in the Gas South Arena is electric.

The referee hands the title belt to the timekeeper and signals for the bell—

DING DING DING!

Angela Hall and Athena Storm circle slowly. The air feels heavier now, the arena buzzing with tension. Two of the fastest women in the division, standing center ring, poised to explode.

John Phillips: "A dream matchup for the Women's U.S. Championship — technical explosiveness vs. unpredictable fury. Angela Hall, the defending champ. Athena Storm, the rising force."

Athena offers a quick nod of respect. Angela gives a subtle one back — then surges forward. The lock-up is crisp, tight, and tense.

Angela muscles Athena into the corner — but Athena slips behind her in a flash, grabs the waist — roll-up!

Ref: "ONE!"

Angela kicks out easily, rolls to her feet, and charges — but Athena leapfrogs, rebounds — roundhouse kick! Angela ducks it and hits the ropes — Lightning Bolt Lariat! Athena ducks that too!

The two women spin around at the same time, both landing in a ready stance — the crowd erupts!

Mark Bravo: "Okay! Okay! You wanna talk about lightning strikes? We just saw three of 'em in under ten seconds!"

Angela cracks her neck. Athena bounces on her heels, smirking. The tension is gone — replaced by fire.

Athena darts in — jumping knee strike! Catches Angela under the jaw! Angela stumbles back — Athena whips her into the ropes — tilt-a-whirl headscissors! Angela rolls through it, lands on her knees!

Athena sprints — standing shooting-star press! Angela gets the knees up!

John Phillips: "The champion saw it coming — and that may have just shifted the pace back her way!"

Angela grabs Athena while she's grounded — Gale Force Knee! Snap impact to the side of the ribs!

Angela pulls her in — Raging Rapids Suplex! A deep bridge!

Ref: "ONE! TWO!"

Athena kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "You can feel the rhythm of this thing starting to build — move for move, strike for strike, and neither woman blinking!"

Angela doesn't waste time — she hits the ropes again — goes for the Thunderclap Spear—

—but Athena jumps over it! Angela slides out under the bottom rope to recover —

—Athena hits the opposite ropes, sprints—

ROPE-WALK ENZUIGIRI! She springboards to the top rope, balances for a split second, and cracks Angela with a kick across the jaw as she's getting up!

The champion collapses at ringside as the crowd erupts in chants:

Crowd: "\*LET IT RAIN! LET IT RAIN!\*"

John Phillips: "Athena Storm taking to the skies — and she just knocked the champ back into next week!"

Mark Bravo: "This match is already a highlight reel and we're not even five minutes in!"

Athena poses briefly on the top rope, rallying the fans with her signature "Let it Rain" motion. But she knows — this storm isn't over yet.

Athena leaps off the top and lands on her feet inside the ring. She turns to find Angela already crawling back in — the champion's jaw clenched, eyes sharp.

Athena rushes forward—

Angela Hall pops up—LIGHTNING BOLT LARIAT!

Athena FLIPS end over end and crashes hard on the mat!

John Phillips: "Oh! What impact! That lariat had smoke trailing off it!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not just a lariat — that's weather warfare, my man!"

Angela grabs Athena and whips her hard into the corner — charges in—  
—But Athena gets the boots up!

Angela stumbles back—Athena vaults to the middle rope—Missile Dropkick! Straight to the chest!

The champion tumbles! Athena scrambles to hook a leg—

Ref: "ONE! TWO!"

Angela powers out!

John Phillips: "Every time it looks like one woman is pulling ahead, the other shifts gears!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what championship wrestling is all about — two athletes, no fear, all gas, no brakes!"

Athena hits the ropes — charges — spinning wheel kick! Angela ducks under it — grabs her waist—

TWISTER SLAM! Angela plants Athena into the mat and floats into a cover!

Ref: "ONE! TWO!"

Athena kicks out again!

John Phillips: "That was close! Angela Hall showing off that devastating power again — she doesn't just hit, she drives you through the canvas!"

Angela grabs Athena's wrist and pulls her in—

—but Athena breaks free—POP-UP BICYCLE KICK! STORM FRONT!

Angela's head snaps back! She drops to one knee—Athena springboards off the ropes—

SNAP GERMAN SUPLEX!

Angela gets folded up and rolls to the ropes, clutching the back of her head!

Mark Bravo: "That's it! That's the setup for Lightning Crash! We might be seconds away from a new champion!"

Athena stomps the mat—fans are rising—

She pulls Angela to her feet—

—Angela bursts out of nowhere with a THUNDERCLAP SPEAR!

John Phillips: "SHE CUT HER IN HALF!"

Both women are down! The crowd roars in disbelief!

Mark Bravo: "Double down! That spear was pure instinct! I swear Athena was about to end it!"

The referee begins the count.

Ref: "ONE!... TWO!... THREE!"

Angela rolls over... arm draped on Athena...

Ref: "ONE! TWO!"

Kickout!

John Phillips: "Still alive! Still fighting! This isn't just a match — this is two hurricanes clashing over one coastline!"

Both women start crawling toward opposite ropes. Their chests heaving. The energy has turned into raw grit now.

Mark Bravo: "This crowd can feel it. We can feel it. These two aren't just chasing gold — they're rewriting what it means to be in this division."

Angela pulls herself up first using the ropes. Her chest rises and falls with every breath. Across from her, Athena uses the turnbuckle to steady herself.

The crowd is on their feet — clapping in rhythm. Two warriors. One prize.

John Phillips: "If this were a video game, we'd be hearing warning sirens. Both of these women are running on heart now!"

Mark Bravo: "Storms don't quit. And neither do champions. We're in the deep end, baby!"

Angela charges — Athena ducks — roll-up!

Ref: "ONE! TWO!"

Angela kicks out — but Athena hangs on to the arm and transitions immediately into an arm-trap elbow barrage!

John Phillips: "Listen to those elbows! Athena's finding the last gear!"

Angela covers up — Athena springs up and hits the ropes — **STANDING SHOOTING STAR PRESS AGAIN!**

She crashes down — but Angela gets the knees up!

Mark Bravo: "DENIED! That's pure survival instinct!"

Athena clutches her ribs. Angela uses the moment — grabs her around the waist and launches her with a **RAGING RAPIDS SUPLEX!**

John Phillips: "What a release! Athena's body ragdolled halfway across the ring!"

Athena lands in a heap. Angela slaps the mat once. Twice. The crowd rallies behind her now.

Mark Bravo: "This is the storm surge. When Angela Hall finds that second wind, it's like watching a cyclone take form."

Angela hauls Athena up — double underhooks — Powerbomb!

She doesn't let go.

John Phillips: "Here it is — the setup!"

Second Powerbomb! Athena's head bounces!

Angela hoists her one last time—

Angela Hall: "IT ENDS NOW!"

**HURRICANE HAMMER!!!**

The crowd gasps. Angela hooks the far leg—

Ref: "ONE! TWO! THR—NO!!!"

Athena's shoulder rockets off the mat!

John Phillips: "I cannot believe it! Athena Storm just survived a triple-stack into the Hurricane Hammer!"

Mark Bravo: "That was the kill shot! How is this match still going?"

Angela sits up. She looks to the referee, three fingers up — the ref shakes his head.

The crowd is screaming — "This is awesome!" chants ripple through the arena.

Angela pushes to her feet, wiping sweat from her brow, stalking her opponent again...

John Phillips: "The next moment could decide everything. One mistake... one counter... and the title swings the other way."

Angela drags Athena to her feet again, but the challenger fires back with a sudden pop-up bicycle kick! — STORM FRONT!

Mark Bravo: "WHOA! Storm Front outta nowhere! Did she catch all of it?!"

Angela stumbles backward, dazed — Athena leaps up and crashes down with a SNAP GERMAN SUPLEX!

John Phillips: "She spiked her! Athena's cooking now — she's letting it rain!"

Athena rises, twirls her arm in a circle — the crowd shouts in unison:

Fans: "LET! IT! RAIN!"

Angela tries to stand — ROUNDHOUSE KICK! Athena lands it flush!

Angela drops to her knees — Athena hits the ropes — ROPE-WALK ENZUIGIRI!!!

Mark Bravo: "Surgical precision! Right to the temple!"

Angela collapses forward. Athena seizes the moment — grabs her arm, pulls her up — TEMPEST DRIVER!!!

John Phillips: "That's it! The Tempest Driver just folded the champ in half!"

Athena hooks the leg deep—

Ref: "ONE! TWO! THR—NO!!!"

Angela kicks out — barely. Athena slaps the mat in disbelief.

Mark Bravo: "How is Angela Hall still in this? She's like a machine programmed to never say die!"

Athena stands up — motions with her arms again: "Let it rain!" — the crowd is thunderous!

She heads to the top rope — aims — STANDING SHOOTING STAR—

—Angela rolls out of the way!

John Phillips: "She missed it! Angela's still alive!"

Athena crashes — gasping — Angela fights to one knee — then two — then rises like a phoenix in a storm.

Athena turns—

THUNDERCLAP SPEAR!!!

Angela drives her through the mat!

Mark Bravo: "That was ALL of it! She bent Athena in half!"

Angela doesn't stop. She lifts Athena — DOUBLE POWERBOMB COMBO! — the crowd counts along:

Fans: "ONE! TWO!"

Angela spins her into position—

HURRICANE HAMMER!!!

She hooks the leg!

Ref: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

Bell: \*DING DING DING!\*

John Phillips: "She did it! Angela Hall survives the storm and walks out STILL the Women's United States Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "That was a slugfest, a showcase, a war — and Angela Hall earned every inch of that W!"

The referee raises Angela's arm as she clutches the Women's U.S. Title tight to her chest, emotion washing over her face. Athena sits up slowly, disappointed but respected — and the crowd shows both women appreciation with a long, loud ovation.

John Phillips: "What a performance by Athena Storm. But tonight belongs to Angela Hall!"

Mark Bravo: "She didn't just weather the storm... she conquered it."

Angela leans against the ropes, still catching her breath, championship gold in hand. Across the ring, Athena Storm rises to one knee, wiping sweat from her brow, her chest heaving with exhaustion.

The crowd begins to stir — clapping slowly at first... then louder, into a full-blown ovation.

John Phillips: "That's what it's all about right there. Two warriors who left it all in the ring."

Angela turns and looks at Athena. The two lock eyes. No words. Just a storm of shared respect between champions.

Athena pushes herself to her feet, takes a step forward—

—Angela extends her hand.

Mark Bravo: "Okay... alright... what's she thinking here?"

A beat passes. The crowd rises. And then—

—Athena takes the hand. A firm shake. A nod between two elite competitors.

John Phillips: "That's the moment. That's sportsmanship. That's the heart of the UTA Women's Division!"

The crowd erupts into a loud chant:

Fans: "LE-T IT RAIN! LE-T IT RAIN!"

Angela raises Athena's arm in the air for all to see, even as she holds her title with the other. Athena smiles faintly and gives one last whirl of the arm — signaling the storm — before exiting the ring and leaving Angela Hall to celebrate alone.

Mark Bravo: "She may not have won tonight, but Athena Storm won a whole lotta fans!"

John Phillips: "And Angela Hall just cemented her place as one of the best rising stars in the entire UTA."

The camera lingers on Angela Hall, standing tall on the turnbuckle with the U.S. Women's Championship held high, bathed in the blue light of victory.

## **Symbols Break; Just Like Bones**

Segment

Backstage, the camera cuts to Melissa Cartwright standing by with a towering and visibly agitated Brick Bronson. The crowd's buzz can still be heard from the arena floor as she raises the mic.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the former UTA Champion, Brick Bronson. Brick, tonight you have the chance to reclaim the title you lost at WrestleUTA: 25. Your thoughts heading into this main event?"

Brick glares past the camera for a moment, jaw tight. He slowly turns to Melissa, cracking his knuckles before speaking in a low, cold voice.

Brick Bronson: "Jarvis Valentine... has been living on borrowed time."

He pauses, letting the words sink in.

Brick Bronson: "What happened at WrestleUTA: 25? That was a fluke. That wasn't a championship reign beginning — that was a mistake being made."

Melissa Cartwright: "Are you saying Jarvis hasn't proven himself since becoming champion?"

Brick Bronson: "I'm saying this whole run has been a farce. Jarvis wants to be a hero, a symbol of truth? That's fine. But symbols break. Just like bones. Just like spirits."

He takes a step forward, intensity rising with every word.

Brick Bronson: "Tonight, that UTA Championship comes home. I don't care how many red, white, and blue lights they flash. I don't care what conspiracy Q-shape he throws to the crowd. I'm not here for pageantry. I'm here for pain. And I'm here to end this lie..."

Brick Bronson: "...permanently."

He glares into the camera — no shouting, no theatrics, just pure menace — before walking off. Melissa lowers the mic, stunned by the blunt finality of his words as the feed cuts back to the arena.

## **Enjoy the Spotlight**

Segment

The camera follows Angela Hall as she walks through the backstage corridor, towel draped around her neck, still catching her breath from her hard-fought match earlier in the night. She rounds a corner—

—and stops dead in her tracks.

Leaning casually against a stack of production crates is Valkyrie Knox. Arms crossed. Smirk fully loaded.

Valkyrie Knox: "Congrats, chump... sorry — champ."

Angela halts, brow furrowing. She steps forward without hesitation.

Angela Hall: "You got a problem, Valkyrie?"

Valkyrie shrugs with mock innocence, pushing off the crates to meet her face-to-face.

Valkyrie Knox: "Yeah, I do. I earned my championship. Bled for it. Fought legends for it. You? You got handed a new belt and called it a legacy."

Angela scoffs, stepping in even closer, now nose to nose.

Angela Hall: "Handed? You weren't watching WrestleUTA: Orlando then. I beat three women to claim that title. That's not handed — that's earned."

She taps her chest firmly, eyes locked on Knox.

Angela Hall: "And if I remember correctly... I've defended mine more times than you've defended yours. So, if you're doing math, Valkyrie — maybe I'm the one setting the standard now."

There's a beat of silence as the tension thickens. Neither woman backs down. Finally, Valkyrie lets out a dry chuckle and steps back, sizing Angela up with narrowed eyes.

Valkyrie Knox: "Enjoy the spotlight, sweetheart. Just know it doesn't last forever."

She brushes past Angela with a shoulder bump, heading off into the corridor without looking back. Angela watches her go, jaw clenched, fire building behind her eyes as the camera lingers on her determined stare.

## Chris Ross vs. El Fantasma Oscuro

Match

The lights dim instantly. A crimson hue floods the arena, casting shadows that slither along the fog rolling across the entrance ramp. The eerie whistle of a single flute cuts through the tension — delicate, mournful, haunting.

John Phillips: "You know what that sound means. That unsettling chill crawling up your spine can only mean one thing—El Fantasma Oscuro is here."

Mark Bravo: "I swear, every time this guy enters the arena, it's like time itself gets colder."

"Cemetery Gates" by Pantera kicks in — slow at first, distorted, before roaring into full clarity as the mist thickens and swallows the stage. A silhouette forms at the top of the ramp. It's him. The silver skull mask. The black cloak. Standing perfectly still in the swirling fog, head tilted ever so slightly as if listening to something the rest of us can't hear.

John Phillips: "There he is. The Phantom of UTA. El Fantasma Oscuro... and I don't think I'll ever get used to this entrance."

Suddenly—flicker. The lights strobe once, twice... and then total blackout.

One breath. Two.

The lights SNAP back on—

And El Fantasma Oscuro is now standing in the center of the ring, staring straight into the hard cam, unmoved, unreadable.

Mark Bravo: "Nope. Nope. I don't like that. That is not normal. He was at the top of the ramp. I saw him. You saw him. And now he's standing dead center like he's been there all night?"

John Phillips: "I've called hundreds of entrances. I've never seen one that makes the hairs on my arm stand up like this. You can say it's tricks, you can say it's sleight of hand, but... I don't know, Mark. I really don't."

The fog lingers, clinging to the ropes like fingers. El Fantasma Oscuro doesn't speak. Doesn't move. He simply waits, his presence as suffocating as the mist that bore him into the ring.

Mark Bravo: "Say what you want about the guy's tactics, but man... when he shows up, you feel it. This match is about to get weird — and violent."

The lights cut to black again... but this time it's no illusion. A wall of distortion punches through the silence—

"Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow rips across the speakers like a war cry, guttural and menacing. A single spotlight flicks on, pointed at the stage. The smoke is still hanging in the air from El Fantasma Oscuro's entrance, but now it's tinged in sickly amber.

Through the haze... he appears. Chris Ross. Shoulders hunched. Screwdriver in hand. Eyes sunken. Hair disheveled. Like a man who hasn't slept in weeks—and wouldn't care if he never did again.

John Phillips: "And now we trade mystique for menace. That's not just a man walking to the ring—it's a loaded gun with no safety and a grudge against the world."

Mark Bravo: "The Keystone State Killa... I don't even think he hears this music. Look at him. He's marching like he's walking through a graveyard. And he's not here to pay respects, John."

Ross doesn't posture. Doesn't acknowledge the fans. He stalks straight down the ramp, that rusted screwdriver clenched tight in his right hand. He slides under the bottom rope and sits in the far corner, back against the turnbuckles, head down—his whole body practically vibrating with restrained violence.

John Phillips: "This is a man who's lost everything. His family, his sanity... whatever soul he had left got scorched years ago. All that remains is pain—and tonight, he's looking to share it."

Mark Bravo: "And the guy he's sharing it with? A dude who might not even be human. This might not be a wrestling match, this might be an exorcism or a damn séance."

Ross opens one eye... and locks it on El Fantasma Oscuro.

There is no fear in it. No curiosity. Just the steady glare of a man who's already decided what he's going to do—and how far he'll go to do it.

John Phillips: "I don't know if El Fantasma Oscuro can be intimidated... but if anyone can drag that ghost into the real world and beat the spirit out of him, it's Chris Ross."

Mark Bravo: "Call the priest. Call animal control. Call the National Guard. This one's going to get messy."

DING DING DING!

Ross doesn't wait for a bell to finish echoing. He charges like a bull—

John Phillips: "Ross WASTING no time! El Fantasma Oscuro—"

—but the phantom evades with a sudden blur of motion, darting past Ross, springing into a forward roll and slipping through the ropes to the outside in a single breathless motion.

Mark Bravo: "Gone like a shadow! Ross just swung at air!"

Chris Ross spins, stalking to the ropes with murder in his eyes. He points the screwdriver down at El Fantasma Oscuro, who stands outside, tilting his masked head ever so slightly—

John Phillips: "Look at Ross... furious already. El Fantasma Oscuro might be toying with him."

—until he's not there anymore.

Mark Bravo: "Wait, what?! Where'd he go?"

Ross growls, leaning over the ropes, scanning the floor like a predator robbed of prey. Fans near the barricade start pointing and yelling—

John Phillips: "He just... slipped under the ring?"

Before Ross can process, the crowd erupts behind him—

Mark Bravo: "HE'S IN THE RING! BEHIND HIM!"

El Fantasma Oscuro has slid out from under the opposite side of the ring—somehow—rising like smoke behind Ross, silent, surgical, haunting.

John Phillips: "How the hell—?! He was just outside!"

Ross senses something, slowly turning—

Mark Bravo: "He's not a wrestler, John. He's a damn poltergeist!"

And El Fantasma Oscuro strikes—

Chris Ross turns—

—RIGHT INTO a low dropkick to the knee!

John Phillips: "Shot to the knee! That caught Ross flush!"

El Fantasma Oscuro pops back up before Ross can react, spinning into a rope-assisted tilt-a-whirl headscissors—

—and FLINGS Ross halfway across the ring!

Mark Bravo: "Did you see that? He just launched the Boss like a ragdoll!"

Ross scrambles to his feet, furious, but El Fantasma Oscuro is already mid-air—springboarding into a moonsault that crashes down across Ross' chest!

John Phillips: "The Phantom is flying tonight—he's hitting Ross from every direction!"

El Fantasma Oscuro doesn't stop—he hits the ropes again, ducking a wild clothesline attempt—bounces off the far side—

—and nails a corkscrew plancha to a rising Ross that knocks the big man back into the corner!

Mark Bravo: "He's overwhelming Ross with speed! Blink and you'll miss him!"

Ross tries to shove his way forward—but walks right into a running corner knee strike—

John Phillips: "Black Veil! He nailed it!"

The crowd roars as Ross stumbles out of the corner, glassy-eyed. El Fantasma Oscuro stalks behind him like a shadow—

Mark Bravo: "That's what you get for trying to bully a ghost, Johnny!"

Chris Ross lurches out of the corner, swinging wild—

—but El Fantasma Oscuro ducks beneath and leaps onto the second rope—

—springboard somersault—CUTTER!!!

John Phillips: "Somersault Cutter! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!"

Mark Bravo: "WHAT IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW?! This is Chris Freakin' Ross we're talking about!"

Ross rolls to his back, stunned—only for El Fantasma Oscuro to scale the ropes with ghost-like agility—

—he perches on the top, eyes locked—

—PHANTOM SPIRAL!!

John Phillips: "Corkscrew plancha—HE NAILED IT! COVER!"

El Fantasma Oscuro hooks the leg! ONE! TWO! Ross powers out with authority!

Mark Bravo: "I don't believe what I'm seeing! Nobody's ever had Ross reeling like this—not this fast!"

El Fantasma Oscuro doesn't let up—he darts to the ropes, rebounds—slingshot dropkick square to Ross's jaw!

John Phillips: "Ross can't even get his feet under him! He's completely off rhythm!"

Mark Bravo: "This guy ain't human, JP! He's breaking every rule of physics AND every bit of Ross' aura!"

Ross stumbles to the corner again, breathing hard, eyes wild—

—and El Fantasma Oscuro vaults up the opposite turnbuckle, walks the top rope like a specter—

—ROPE WALK HURRICANRANA!!

John Phillips: "He SPIKED him! Chris Ross just got LAUNCHED!"

Mark Bravo: "He's unraveling, JP! The Boss is unraveling before our eyes!"

El Fantasma Oscuro stands tall above the fallen brute, his chest rising and falling slowly—never breaking eye contact with the man beneath him. Chris gets to his feet as El Fantasma Oscuro takes off toward the ropes, leaving up.

El Fantasma Oscuro springs off the middle rope—aiming for a second rope moonsault—

—BUT CHRIS ROSS CATCHES HIM IN MID-AIR!

John Phillips: "OH NO—he caught him! That's 255 pounds of unfiltered violence, and now it's awake!"

With a guttural roar, Ross SLAMS El Fantasma Oscuro down with a thunderous powerslam that echoes through The WrestleZone!

Mark Bravo: "That's it. That's all it takes. One mistake. One moment. Now? It's all pain."

Ross doesn't even go for the cover—he grabs El Fantasma Oscuro by the mask and DRAGS him up—

—belly-to-belly suplex! And another! AND ANOTHER! He's launching him like a sack of bones!

John Phillips: "We've seen Ross do damage before—but something's different tonight. He looks... pissed."

Mark Bravo: "Wouldn't you be? That phantom just embarrassed him for five straight minutes on national TV!"

El Fantasma Oscuro tries to crawl toward the ropes—

—Ross BITES HIS HAND! Blood begins to trickle from between his fingers as he SCREAMS under the mask!

John Phillips: "He's biting him! He's biting him like a goddamn animal!"

Mark Bravo: "Tell me again about anger management, JP. This man doesn't need therapy—he needs a muzzle!"

Ross hoists the smaller man up again—SNAP GERMAN SUPLEX! El Fantasma Oscuro folds like a pretzel on impact!

The crowd gasps at the brutality as Ross stalks like a shark now, cracking his neck, breathing heavy. The Keystone State Killa is here.

John Phillips: "The fog has cleared—and now the monster's awake."

Mark Bravo: "I hope the people in the front row signed a waiver. Ross is about to redecorate this ring in red."

Chris Ross doesn't let up. He grabs El Fantasma Oscuro by the wrist and WHIPS him into the turnbuckles—HARD. The smaller man crashes spine-first and drops to his knees, arching in pain.

Mark Bravo: "Did you hear that impact?! He might've cracked a rib on that one!"

Ross charges—full speed—and LEVELS him with a running knee to the face, snapping El Fantasma Oscuro's head back violently into the bottom turnbuckle.

John Phillips: "This is getting uncomfortable. Ross isn't just trying to win—he's trying to hurt him!"

He yanks him up again—headbutt. Another. A third. A FOURTH. Blood now smears beneath the eye holes of El Fantasma Oscuro's mask.

Mark Bravo: "Ross is wearing him like a punching bag! And he ain't slowing down!"

The referee yells for space, warning Ross, but Ross shoves past him and lifts El Fantasma Oscuro into a powerbomb position—

—AND HE BUCKLE BOMBS HIM! El Fantasma Oscuro's spine bounces off the turnbuckles again with a sickening THUD.

John Phillips: "That man has no regard for human anatomy. He's trying to bend him in half!"

El Fantasma Oscuro slumps to the canvas—but Ross stomps down on him, not once, not twice—but with a flurry of boots to the back of the head and ribs until the ref physically pulls him off.

Mark Bravo: "We need to start calling his matches like crime scenes. Somebody get this guy yellow tape!"

Ross backs into the corner now, crouched low... breathing heavy... waiting... waiting like a predator in tall grass.

John Phillips: "He's not done... He's measuring him. He's going for something big here."

El Fantasma Oscuro begins to stir, mask askew, body trembling as he rises to all fours—

—ROSS CHARGES—

—AND HITS THE 25 TO LIFE!!!

That cyclone kick spins El Fantasma Oscuro's entire body mid-air before he crashes flat to the mat!

John Phillips: "OH MY GOD! That kick might've shut down his nervous system!"

Mark Bravo: "He's a ragdoll! He's a broken damn ragdoll!"

The referee checks on El Fantasma Oscuro—he's moving, barely—but Ross isn't finished.

He grabs his screwdriver—

John Phillips: "NO! NO! Come on, this match isn't over! Don't do it, Ross!"

The crowd erupts in boos as Ross stalks forward, screwdriver raised...

Ross raises the screwdriver above his head, poised like an executioner about to strike. The crowd roars in a mixture of horror and fury.

John Phillips: "Don't you dare! This isn't WrestleUTA: Deathmatch Edition—this is a sanctioned match! Someone stop this!"

Just as Ross steps forward, the referee dives between him and El Fantasma Oscuro, hands out, yelling for Ross to drop the weapon. Ross halts, nostrils flaring, chest heaving, sweat dripping from his beard.

Mark Bravo: "That ref might've just saved El Fantasma's career... or his life."

Ross doesn't take kindly to being interrupted. He grabs the official by the collar with his free hand, backing him into the corner, eyes wild.

John Phillips: "Careful! Don't touch him! That's an automatic DQ if he lays a hand on the referee!"

The ref shouts back, threatening disqualification. The crowd chants:

CROWD: "Throw him out! Throw him out!"

Ross glares at the ref... then at El Fantasma Oscuro, still writhing... and after a long, tense beat—he drops the screwdriver to the mat with a loud metallic CLANG.

Mark Bravo: "Thank GOD. He thought about it—but he's got something bigger in mind."

Ross backs away slowly, still staring a hole through El Fantasma Oscuro... and cracks his knuckles. The referee hesitantly steps back to center.

John Phillips: "He may not have used the weapon, but that was a statement. Ross could've ended it just now... but he wants to do it his way."

With the referee stepping back and the screwdriver discarded, Chris Ross rolls his neck, cracking it violently to either side. Then, like a shotgun blast, he charges.

John Phillips: "Oh no—Ross is done playing games!"

Ross grabs El Fantasma Oscuro by the mask and yanks him up with both hands, holding him chest-to-chest. He roars into the luchador's face—

Chris Ross: "I TOLD YOU, THIS AIN'T YOUR RING!"

—and DRILLS him with a sidewalk smash, slamming the masked man face-first into the canvas with terrifying force!

Mark Bravo: "Sidewalk Smash! That's it—VEIL BROKEN! BONES BROKEN!"

Ross doesn't cover. He doesn't want it to end yet. He stands... and stomps. Again. Again. And again. Hammering boots into El Fantasma's back, shoulders, and finally his head.

John Phillips: "This is sickening. El Fantasma Oscuro might've had something going early—but this is what happens when the monster wakes up."

The referee tries to intervene again, but Ross throws up a hand, signaling that he's done... for now. He yanks the nearly-limp Oscuro to his feet... spins him into the ropes—and on the rebound—

BOOM! The 12 Gauge.

Mark Bravo: "RIPCORN HEADBUTT! The 12 Gauge just exploded El Fantasma's soul out of his body!"

Oscuro collapses to the mat like a puppet with its strings cut. Ross drops to both knees beside him, lifts the limp body by the mask, and snarls before slowly lowering him into position.

The referee drops down.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

John Phillips: "Mercifully, it's over. Chris Ross... has done what no one else has. He stopped El Fantasma Oscuro cold."

Mark Bravo: "Stopped him? He exorcised the ghost and buried it under six feet of violence."

Ross rises slowly, his chest heaving. He doesn't raise his arms. He doesn't pose. He simply stares into the crowd with that dead look... then steps through the ropes and drops to the floor.

John Phillips: "It's not just about wins with Ross. It's about pain. It's about sending a message."

Mark Bravo: "And tonight, message delivered."

## **What Do You Want?**

Segment

Backstage — inside the office of General Manager Scott Stevens. The room is dimly lit, a pair of monitors showing the live arena feed flicker on the wall. Stevens is on the phone, clearly agitated.

Scott Stevens: "Damn it, Eric. Work with me here."

He pauses, listening, his face contorting with growing frustration.

Scott Stevens: "Yeah, well... we'll see about that."

He slams the receiver down with a heavy thud and exhales through gritted teeth. The door swings open without a knock. In walks Maxx Mayhem, still in his gear, damp with sweat, a slight grin tugging at the corner of his mouth.

Scott Stevens: "WHAT DO YOU WANT?!"

Mayhem steps inside, calm and casual, like he owns the place.

Maxx Mayhem: "Just came to make sure you were watching. El Fantasma? Whew. Man looked like he got folded into another dimension out there."

Stevens narrows his eyes, suspicious.

Scott Stevens: "You barged in here to tell me Chris Ross beat someone up? You think I'm not watching my own show?"

Mayhem shrugs, strolling a few steps inside.

Maxx Mayhem: "Just saying... some people talk a big game. Some people make statements. Ross made one tonight. Loud and clear."

Stevens leans forward, eyes locked on Maxx.

Scott Stevens: "You planning something, Mayhem?"

Maxx raises his eyebrows like the question caught him off guard — or amused him.

Maxx Mayhem: "Planning? Nah. Just enjoying the view."

He smiles. Not wide. Not cocky. Just enough to leave Stevens guessing.

Maxx Mayhem: "You should too. Things are getting real interesting around here."

He turns and walks out, leaving Stevens staring after him, unsure what to make of the encounter — or Maxx's true intentions.

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

Match

The arena lights plunge into darkness as a deep, metallic thump pulses through the sound system. A slow, industrial beat begins to rise, grinding like steel on concrete.

John Phillips: "And here we go... The challenger. The enforcer. The wrecking ball of the UTA — Brick Bronson is on his way."

Red lights begin to strobe, casting the crowd in a hellish hue. Brick Bronson appears at the top of the ramp, a looming silhouette of destruction. No theatrics. No posing. Just fury in motion.

Mark Bravo: "He doesn't smile. He doesn't talk. He doesn't need to. Brick Bronson has left a path of broken bodies behind him since stepping into the UTA. And tonight, he's looking to bulldoze through one more—Jarvis Valentine."

He cracks his knuckles slowly, jaw clenched, and then starts down the ramp like a tank. Each step is deliberate. Each movement carries menace. The crowd watches in tense silence, unsure whether to cheer or brace for chaos.

At ringside, Brick rolls under the bottom rope and immediately rises to his feet. He paces the ring once, then stops dead center, eyes locked on the entrance stage. Waiting.

John Phillips: "You can feel the tension building. The challenger is here, and now he waits for the champion."

The red lights fade out. The arena settles. The beat cuts. A moment of silence...

Mark Bravo: "You ready for fireworks, partner? Because the Fourth of July is about to explode right here in the UTA."

The hush returns — and then...

"American Flags" by Tom MacDonald kicks in over the speakers, and the arena erupts in red, white, and blue strobes. Fireworks crackle across the stage as the UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine, steps through the curtain.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! The defending UTA Champion — the truth-seeker, the patriot, the fighter — Jarvis

Valentine is in the building!"

Jarvis walks tall, draped in a sleek, patriotic ring jacket with red and navy accents, subtle 'Q's and the number '17' stitched into the design. His face is calm, but his eyes are locked in — this is the moment.

Mark Bravo: "From digging up corruption to digging into opponents, this guy's carved out a unique legacy in that ring. And now? He stands at the very top of the mountain!"

Jarvis pauses midway down the ramp. He raises one hand, forming a subtle 'Q' symbol with his fingers. The crowd catches it — and roars in response. More pyro erupts behind him like a Fourth of July finale.

By his side for just a brief moment, his fiancée Toni steps out, sharing a knowing nod with Jarvis before retreating backstage, leaving him to walk the final steps alone.

John Phillips: "You can feel it, Mark. Big fight feel. UTA Championship on the line. The challenger, Brick Bronson, waiting like a steel statue in that ring. The champion, Jarvis Valentine, carrying the weight of the title and the pride of his journey."

Jarvis ascends the steel steps, climbs the turnbuckle, and raises the UTA Championship high above his head as a spotlight frames him in a star-spangled glow.

Mark Bravo: "It's not just about the gold. It's about legacy. It's about proving you deserve to be called the best. And tonight... these two titans are gonna find out who really earns that honor."

He drops to the mat and hands the championship to the official. The referee raises it high for the crowd. Brick hasn't moved. Jarvis stands his ground. The bell hasn't rung yet, but the war is already beginning in their eyes.

John Phillips: "Bronson. Valentine. UTA Championship on the line. Get ready, folks — it's go time."

The bell rings — and the tension is thick enough to slice with a knife.

Jarvis Valentine circles first, eyes locked on Brick Bronson. Brick doesn't move, not even a twitch. He just turns his head, following Jarvis with his cold stare, jaw clenched like a loaded gun.

John Phillips: "No rush from Brick Bronson. That's a man who knows his own power. He's waiting for Jarvis to come to him."

Mark Bravo: "You ever try to pick a fight with a brick wall? That's what this is, John."

Jarvis inches forward, testing the waters with a quick feint — but Brick doesn't bite. Not even a blink. He just raises his hands slowly, ready to engage.

The two finally lock up — collar and elbow in the center of the ring. But it's Brick who powers through immediately, shoving Jarvis back two full steps before releasing with a sneer.

John Phillips: "Jarvis tried to test the waters — but Brick just shoved him out of the pool."

Jarvis shakes his arms out and nods. He's not deterred — if anything, it sharpens his focus.

Mark Bravo: "This is a thinking man's fight right now. Jarvis knows he can't win a slugfest. He's gotta break this down, piece by piece."

They circle again. This time Jarvis shoots in with a side headlock — he wrenches it in tight. Brick pushes him into the ropes, shoots him off — Jarvis rebounds and ducks a wild lariat attempt!

Jarvis bounces off the far side and throws his full weight into a running shoulder block — but Brick doesn't move. Not even an inch.

John Phillips: "Like running into a damn support beam!"

Jarvis backs up, eyes wide. Brick smirks.

Mark Bravo: "And Brick's still just warmin' up."

The two reset. This time Jarvis throws a quick chop — and another — peppering Brick with sharp shots to the chest. The crowd 'WOO!'s with every strike. Brick finally grabs Jarvis by the arm and yanks him into a short-arm clothesline, dropping him to the mat!

John Phillips: "There it is! The first real shot from Bronson connects and down goes the champ!"

Jarvis clutches his chest, rolling to the ropes. Brick doesn't follow — he stands in the center of the ring, hands on hips, watching.

Mark Bravo: "This isn't just a match. This is Brick Bronson disassembling a man. One blow at a time."

Jarvis uses the ropes to pull himself up. The slow build continues, but the storm is clearly coming.

Jarvis rises with a wince, clutching his ribs. He glances at the crowd — who clap in rhythm — and nods. Then he charges!

But Brick catches him with a back elbow! Jarvis staggers... but doesn't fall.

John Phillips: "Jarvis stays on his feet! That's grit right there!"

Brick throws a second elbow — but Jarvis ducks! He wraps Brick's waist — German suplex attempt!

No! Brick plants his feet and slams a pair of hard fists down onto Jarvis' back. Jarvis drops to a knee, groaning in pain. Brick grabs a handful of hair—

Jarvis explodes upward! A headbutt to the chin! Brick stumbles!

Mark Bravo: "What the hell?! Brick Bronson just took a knee! That's not something we ever see!"

Jarvis hits the ropes — full steam — and launches into a discus clothesline—

Brick gets nailed — but doesn't go down. He staggers back, hands up, jaw tight.

Jarvis isn't done. Another rebound —

This time Brick swings first—

Jarvis ducks, spins behind — NECKBREAKER SLAM! HE GOT HIM!

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine just planted the challenger! That's the kind of counter that wins titles!"

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Brick powers out with authority!

Jarvis rolls to his feet quickly. He points to the corner and bolts up the turnbuckle.

Mark Bravo: "High risk? That's not Jarvis' comfort zone, John!"

Jarvis flies—MISSILE DROPKICK!

It connects! Brick is down! The crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "He's throwing everything at Brick Bronson! Everything!"

Jarvis kips up and signals for the Patriot Plunge!

Mark Bravo: "Wait a second! He might end it right here!"

He drags Brick up — somehow gets the bigger man into fireman's carry position—

No! Brick elbows out! He drops behind — wraps around the waist—

**GUTWRENCH! POWERBOMB! BRICK JUST BOUNCED JARVIS OFF THE MAT!**

John Phillips: "Concrete meets spine! And all the momentum — gone in an instant."

Both men are down, the crowd is on their feet, chanting for Jarvis.

Mark Bravo: "That power... that sudden violence... it's why Brick Bronson is one of the most feared men in the sport."

Brick starts to rise, fists clenched, breathing heavy. Jarvis stirs — barely.

Brick Bronson wipes sweat from his brow, looming over the champion like a predator sizing up its prey. Jarvis Valentine is struggling, hand to the middle of his back, gasping.

Mark Bravo: "He's barely moving, John. That gutwrench powerbomb might've cracked his damn spine in half."

John Phillips: "You might be right, Mark. Brick Bronson is like a damn wrecking ball once he gets going."

Brick grabs Jarvis by the neck, dragging him to his feet — but Jarvis suddenly fires off a stiff forearm to the jaw!

John Phillips: "Whoa! Did you see that? Where did that come from?!"

Another forearm! And another! Jarvis is gritting his teeth, swinging from the depths of sheer will.

Mark Bravo: "I'll be damned — the kid's still got fuel in the tank!"

Brick reels from a fourth forearm. Jarvis hits the ropes—

—right into a back elbow from Brick—NO! Jarvis ducks it!

He hits the far ropes—**COMES BACK WITH A RUNNING BULLDOG!**

John Phillips: "He's rocking Bronson! He's actually staggering the challenger!"

Jarvis pops to his feet and yells to the crowd — they roar back!

Mark Bravo: "Don't waste time, kid! Stay on him!"

Brick crawls toward the corner, shaking off cobwebs. Jarvis charges—

**CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER! BRICK SLUMPS FORWARD!**

John Phillips: "There it is! That patented corner clothesline — the champ is cooking!"

Jarvis grabs Brick by the wrist — Irish whip — NO, Brick reverses!

Jarvis rebounds—**JUMPS—SPINS—Q DROP ATTEMPT!**

NO! Brick blocks it mid-air! Jarvis is caught — like dead weight!

Mark Bravo: "Oh God! That's not where you wanna be!"

Brick lets out a guttural yell and tosses Jarvis across the ring with a thunderous over-the-head suplex!

The arena groans from the impact.

John Phillips: "Momentum... stopped again. And just like that, Brick Bronson turns the tide."

Mark Bravo: "It's like a war of attrition. One minute Jarvis is firing off like a machine gun, the next he's a crash test dummy."

Brick slowly marches across the ring, looming like a walking slab of concrete. He stands over Jarvis, the lights glinting off the sweat on his brow. He cracks his knuckles and motions for the end.

John Phillips: "We've hit that point, folks. Bronson smells blood in the water."

Brick Bronson drags Jarvis up like a sack of potatoes, wrapping his arms around the waist.

He hoists him high—

John Phillips: "Gutwrench incoming!"

—SLAMS HIM DOWN with authority! The entire ring shakes as Jarvis bounces off the canvas like a ragdoll!

Mark Bravo: "THAT was the Concrete Ending if I've ever seen it!"

Brick folds Jarvis up—deep cover—

John Phillips: "One! Two! HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT!"

Mark Bravo: "No way! What the hell is keeping this man going?!"

The crowd explodes. Jarvis rolls to his side, clutching his ribs, coughing from the impact. Brick kneels upright, shaking his head slowly — disbelief etched across his face. He doesn't argue. He doesn't scream. He just stares through Jarvis with cold, remorseless eyes.

John Phillips: "That's pure instinct, Mark. That's not just kick-out energy — that's championship mettle."

Jarvis claws at the ropes, dragging himself up like a man climbing out of a trench. Blood trickles from the corner of his mouth. But he stands. He refuses to quit.

Mark Bravo: "Say what you want about Jarvis Valentine's beliefs, his symbolism, or his Fourth of July fashion show — the man's got steel in his spine."

Brick comes in—tries to club him—Jarvis blocks it!

RIGHT HAND from Jarvis! A SECOND! A THIRD! The fans are rising with every shot!

John Phillips: "The champ's firing up again! This crowd's with him!"

Brick goes for another lariat—Jarvis ducks—

BACK SUPLEX from the champion! Bronson hits hard!

Both men are down, gasping. But Jarvis sits up first. His eyes are wild. He slaps the mat, trying to summon every last ounce of energy.

Mark Bravo: "We are deep in the trenches now, partner. This is where legends are made."

Jarvis stumbles to his feet, reaches for Brick—he pulls the big man up—

—DRIVES HIM INTO THE CORNER! Shoulder tackles! One after the other! Jarvis is battering Brick's ribs with everything he has!

John Phillips: "He's not letting up! Jarvis Valentine is digging deeper than we've ever seen before!"

Brick stumbles out of the corner—Jarvis hits the ropes—

DISCUSS CLOTHESLINE—NO! Brick doesn't go down! Jarvis rebounds again—ANOTHER CLOTHESLINE—Brick staggers—

THIRD CLOTHESLINE! BRICK FINALLY FALLS!

Mark Bravo: "DOWN GOES BRONSON! Jarvis has done the impossible — for now!"

Jarvis collapses to his knees, the fans willing him to stay alive. He looks over his shoulder, seeing Brick begin to stir. There's no hesitation — Jarvis pulls himself upright, motioning for the end.

John Phillips: "He's going for it — we might see the Q Drop!"

Jarvis signals for the end, tugging his wrist guard tighter as the crowd roars behind him. He breathes hard—face battered, body aching—but his eyes burn with conviction.

John Phillips: "This is the moment! Can Jarvis seal it?!"

Mark Bravo: "He's got the big man right where he wants him!"

Brick Bronson slowly rises, shaking his head like a wounded animal. Jarvis crouches down—then BURSTS forward!

He hooks Brick onto his shoulders—FIREMAN'S CARRY! The fans explode!

John Phillips: "He's got him up! Patriot Plunge coming—"

But Brick elbows him in the temple—once, twice—Jarvis stumbles!

Brick slides off the back, shoves Jarvis into the ropes—

—JARVIS SPRINGS BACK! Running Bulldog! HE GOT HIM!

Mark Bravo: "That came outta nowhere! Jarvis just went rogue!"

Jarvis scrambles to his feet, wasting no time—he hooks Brick again, gritting through the pain—LIFTS—

John Phillips: "THIS IS IT!"

—PATRIOT PLUNGE!!! Brick's skull DRIVEN into the mat with thunderous impact!

Jarvis throws himself over the challenger!

John Phillips: "ONE! TWO! THREE!!!"

\*DING DING DING\*

Mark Bravo: "HE DID IT! Jarvis Valentine retains the UTA Championship!"

"American Flags" by Tom MacDonald hits the speakers as Jarvis rolls off, clutching his ribs, still barely conscious. The referee kneels beside him and raises his arm.

John Phillips: "A war! A flat-out war! But the truth seeker survives again!"

Jarvis, exhausted, staggers to his feet, UTA Championship clutched in one hand. He climbs the turnbuckle, raising it high as red, white, and blue lights dance through the arena.

Mark Bravo: "And you know what, Phillips? That wasn't just about power or strategy... that was heart. Jarvis Valentine had every reason to stay down. But he didn't. He rose."

The camera catches a glimpse of Toni at ringside, tears in her eyes as she claps proudly. Jarvis locks eyes with her, offering a tired smile. The UTA Championship still rests on his shoulder — hard-earned, battle-tested, and still his.

John Phillips: "The Valentine Era continues — but if tonight showed us anything, it's that he'll fight to his last breath to keep that title."

We fade to black.

## Conclusion

CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE

## Show Credits

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