

The Great Southern Trendkill Tour: Ft. Worth, Texas

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: September 19, 2025
Location: Dickies Arena — Ft. Worth, TX

Preview

Card to be announced

Results

Introduction

Segment

The camera sweeps across the sold-out Dickies Arena in Ft. Worth, Texas. Red and gold spotlights dance across the crowd as pyrotechnics erupt from the stage in a thunderous display. The fans are on their feet, signs waving wildly — “ROSS IS BOSS,” “VALENTINE 4EVER,” “AMY WAS RIGHT,” and “WRESTLEUTAH!” The roar is deafening as the broadcast fades in live.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Great Southern Trendkill Tour! Tonight, we come to you LIVE from the heart of Ft. Worth, Texas — inside the world-class Dickies Arena — and the UTA is ready to bring the fight to the Lone Star State!"

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, I gotta tell you — I've been in a lot of buildings in my day, but this place is a powder keg tonight. These people didn't come to sip sweet tea and watch line dancing — they came to watch fists fly, hearts break, and bodies crash through tables. That's what UTA is all about!"

John Phillips: "Couldn't agree more, Mark. And what a night we have lined up. We'll hear from Chris Ross, who's promised to address Eric Dane Jr. after their war of words — and fists — on this tour. Ross has never been shy, but when you talk about calling out the son of the “Only Star,” you know tensions are going to run high."

Mark Bravo: "High? They're through the roof! Chris Ross has been chasing his shot, and every time he gets close, Dane Jr. is there to stick a knife in his back. Tonight, for the first time since Duluth, he's got a live mic and a live crowd in Texas to back him up. And judging by these fans, he won't have to say much to set this place on fire."

The camera cuts to wide shots of the crowd stomping their feet and clapping along, creating a rumble that echoes throughout the arena.

John Phillips: "And of course, Mark, the women's division has been the talk of the wrestling world after the chaos on IN THE ZONE. Valkyrie Knox was pushed to her absolute limit, Susanita Ybanez nearly pulled off the biggest win of her career, and then Amy Harrison made her shocking return to make a statement heard loud and clear."

Mark Bravo: "Shocking? John, that was like a lightning bolt. Harrison stormed the ring, beat the tar outta both women, and walked off with Valkyrie's championship in her hands. You think the champion's just gonna sit back and let that slide? No chance. Susanita's probably not in a forgiving mood either. I'm telling you — we're not done with that story tonight. Not by a long shot."

The crowd erupts into chants of "VAL-KY-RIE!" followed by dueling boos and cheers when "AMY HARRI-SON!" gets countered with loud jeers.

John Phillips: "All of that, and still, we've got a blockbuster main event. Jarvis Valentine puts the UTA Championship on

the line against Maxx Mayhem. The champ, beaten and bruised from recent wars, faces a man who thrives in chaos. Can Valentine hold on, or will the era of Maxx Mayhem begin tonight in Texas?"

Mark Bravo: "If you ask me, Valentine's walking into a meat grinder. Maxx Mayhem doesn't just want the gold — he wants to break people. But, and this is a big but, John... every time folks count out Jarvis Valentine, he finds a way. The guy's all grit, all heart, and these fans believe in him. That could make all the difference tonight."

The cameras cut back to the announce desk where Phillips and Bravo stand, hyped and smiling, as the chants shake the building.

John Phillips: "Ft. Worth, are you ready for the United Toughness Alliance?"

The crowd erupts with a deafening roar of approval.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, they're ready, partner. And so am I. Let's not waste another second — the Great Southern Trendkill Tour starts right now!"

A Boss Arrival

Segment

The cameras cut to the loading dock of Dickies Arena, where a white SUV pulls up. The driver's door opens, and out steps Chris Ross, dressed in jeans, a worn leather jacket, and a UTA t-shirt beneath. There's no smile, no showboating — just a grim look of determination on his face. He slings a duffel bag over his shoulder and marches toward the entrance with heavy strides.

A few backstage staffers greet him, but Ross barely acknowledges them, his eyes fixed straight ahead. The camera follows him down the corridor as he passes production crates and equipment, his boots echoing against the concrete floor. His jaw is set, his fists clench and unclench at his sides. The atmosphere is raw — unfiltered intensity from a man who has something to say.

John Phillips: "And there he is! Chris Ross has arrived here in Ft. Worth! Tonight, he promised to address Eric Dane Jr. — and the entire UTA — after everything that's gone down in recent weeks."

Mark Bravo: "Johnny, when Ross says it's going to be raw and unfiltered, you better believe it. This isn't going to be some polished PR statement. This is going to be Ross, unchained, saying exactly what's on his mind. And knowing him? I don't think Dane Jr. or anybody else is going to like it."

Ross reaches the locker room door with his name on it, pauses for just a second to breathe, then pushes inside. The door slams behind him as the camera fades back to the arena.

I am That Bitch

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to the interview area. Melissa Cartwright stands ready with a microphone in hand, the UTA logo glowing behind her on the banner. Beside her, dressed in bold red-and-black gear with flashy accessories and curled red hair bouncing as they pose, is the newest signee to the UTA roster — Troy Lindz. The crowd gives a mixed but loud reaction at the sight of them on the big screen.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the newest addition to the United Toughness Alliance — Troy Lindz! Troy, this is your first official night here with UTA. The fans want to know — who is Troy Lindz, and what can they expect from you?"

Troy adjusts their shades, smirking wide as they tilt their head toward Melissa, then directly into the camera. Their voice drips with flamboyant charisma, their words punctuated by hand gestures and dramatic flair.

Troy Lindz: "Oh Melissa, sweetheart, the real question isn't who is Troy Lindz — it's how long before everybody in this

company wakes up and realizes what they're dealing with. 'Cause let me make this crystal clear... I am that bitch. Period."

The crowd inside Dickies Arena reacts audibly — cheers, jeers, and plenty of noise. Troy grins, soaking it all in like fuel.

Troy Lindz: "Flamboyant? Baby, I was born to shine. Viral? Please, I'm a whole trending topic. Dangerous? You're damn right — because when I step in that ring, it's not a matter of if I rise to the top... it's a matter of when. And trust me, the countdown's already started."

Troy leans in closer to the camera, their smirk turning sharp.

Troy Lindz: "So get comfortable, UTA Universe. 'Cause soon enough... you're all gonna bow down."

They snap their fingers with dramatic flair, blowing a kiss toward the lens as Melissa looks wide-eyed beside them, clearly taken aback by the bravado. The camera fades back to ringside as the buzz from the crowd continues.

Locked Doors

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to a hallway. Maxx Mayhem strolls up to a door marked "Chris Ross," smirking to himself. He knocks twice — not hard, but loud enough to echo. He immediately reaches for the handle, but it doesn't budge. Locked. He chuckles, leaning his shoulder against the door.

Maxx Mayhem: "Hey Chrisy-baby! Buddy! Open up, man. Don't tell me you're in there ignoring me already."

Silence. Mayhem presses his ear against the door, knocking again in a playful rhythm.

Maxx Mayhem: "C'mon, let me in. I don't eat much... okay, that's a lie, but I'll still fit on your couch."

Still no answer. Mayhem squats down to peek under the crack of the door, then knocks again, this time speaking more loudly like he's talking through a wall to an old friend.

Maxx Mayhem: "What are you doing, writing poetry in there? Come on, Chris, it's me! Your favorite creator of chaos!"

The door remains locked and silent. Mayhem finally stands, huffing, throwing his arms up in mock offense before kicking the door lightly with his boot.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem trying to get under Chris Ross' skin again, but Ross clearly isn't answering tonight."

Mark Bravo: "Can you blame him? Ross said he's coming out here later with something raw, unfiltered, and focused. The last thing he wants before that is Maxx Mayhem barging in, eating his catering, and running his mouth."

Mayhem sighs dramatically, knocking one last time with exaggerated gentleness.

Maxx Mayhem: "Fine. But you're missing out on quality Mayhem time. Your loss, bud."

He walks off down the hall, still muttering to himself, while the camera lingers on the door marked "Chris Ross," locked and silent.

A Champion's Mindset

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to the interview area, where Melissa Cartwright stands poised with microphone in hand. Behind her is the UTA Championship banner, and beside her — taped ribs, a faint limp, but eyes burning with determination — is the UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine. The championship rests proudly over his shoulder, gleaming under the arena lights.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine. Jarvis, tonight you step

into the ring with Maxx Mayhem — a man who has built his reputation on chaos, brutality, and pushing opponents to the breaking point. You've been through wars in recent weeks, and some question how much you have left in the tank. What's your mindset heading into this title defense?"

Jarvis adjusts the belt on his shoulder, taking a moment to run a hand through his damp hair before leaning in toward the microphone. His voice is steady but intense.

Jarvis Valentine: "Melissa, I've been hearing it all week. That I'm banged up. That I'm too beat down. That Maxx Mayhem is going to eat me alive tonight. And you know what? They're right about one thing — I'm hurt. I've been taped up, iced up, and fighting at less than one hundred percent for weeks now. But that's the life of a champion. You don't get days off. You don't get to wait until you feel perfect. You fight, because that's what this title demands."

He pats the championship, his eyes locked on the camera.

Jarvis Valentine: "Maxx Mayhem thrives in chaos, but I thrive in moments like this. Every time someone says I can't, every time they say I'm done — I find a way. Tonight will be no different. Maxx wants to drag me into the gutter, but I've fought my whole life to climb out of places darker than anything he can imagine. And I'll be damned if I let him take this championship away from me."

Jarvis squares his shoulders, leaning closer to the microphone, his voice lowering but growing sharper.

Jarvis Valentine: "So my mindset? Simple. Survive the storm, outlast the chaos, and leave Ft. Worth the same way I walked in — as the UTA Champion."

Melissa nods, impressed by his intensity, as the camera lingers on Jarvis holding the title high. The shot fades as the anticipation for the main event builds.

Contract Signing

Segment

The ring is set: a black table draped with the UTA logo, two leather chairs, and a clipboard with thick stacks of paperwork. A pair of security guards stand on either side, and the crowd buzzes with anticipation. The spotlight snaps to the stage.

? "Remember the Name" by Fort Minor ?

The beat hits, crisp and percussive, and B.R. Ellis strides onto the stage. Dressed in his blue-and-gold singlet, boots laced high, his wrists freshly taped, Ellis pauses under the light. He bows slightly to the crowd — respectful, restrained — before beginning his measured march to the ring.

John Phillips: "This is a big moment, Mark. Last week on **IN THE ZONE**, it was made official — Ellis would challenge the client of the mystery woman who has been taking notes the last few weeks at The Great Southern Trendkill. And tonight, the contract makes it real."

Mark Bravo: "You know what I love about this guy? No nonsense. No wasted steps. He's like a wrestling machine, John. If you ask him what he eats for breakfast, it's probably suplexes."

Ellis climbs the steps, wipes his boots on the apron, and steps through the ropes. He doesn't posture, doesn't pander. He walks directly to the table, adjusts his knee pads, and cracks his knuckles before pulling out the chair. He sits, posture upright, eyes fixed on the hard cam.

The music fades, replaced by the crowd's chant of "E-LLIS! E-LLIS!" Ellis doesn't acknowledge it. He reaches for the clipboard, slides it closer, and rests his hands on the table, waiting for the next entrance.

John Phillips: "You can feel the tension, Mark. This isn't just about paperwork — this is about Ellis making his mark on the biggest stage UTA has to offer."

Mark Bravo: "And whoever's about to walk through that curtain? They're about to find out what happens when you try to take Ellis lightly."

Ellis sits poised at the table, pen ready. The crowd buzzes in anticipation of who will answer this contract. But before the announcer can even speak—

Total blackout.

The gasps ripple through Dickies Arena. The hum of the audience shifts to nervous energy. Then, cutting through the void—

? "Hell Raiser" by Ozzy Osbourne and Motörhead ?

A single haunting guitar riff slices across the silence. The crowd explodes, half in cheers, half in disbelief.

Mark Bravo: "Wait a second—wait a second, John! You know who that is! The brightest star in Texas has come home!"

John Phillips: "No... it can't be—"

The riff screeches to a sudden halt. A white spotlight snaps on at the top of the ramp. And there he is: UTA Hall of Famer Scott Stevens, standing tall, arms folded, eyes blazing. The roar of the Ft. Worth crowd hits like thunder, shaking the arena. But it's not just Stevens who has everyone on edge—because walking beside him is a figure unfamiliar to the UTA stage.

Avril Selene Kinkade, dressed in a sleek black suit cut to perfection, steps into the light. Her posture is unyielding, her heels clicking in perfect rhythm like a clock counting down to judgment. Her presence alone shifts the tone from nostalgia to menace.

John Phillips: "Scott Stevens is here! Along with that woman from the last few shows taking notes, who introduced herself as..."

Mark Bravo: "That, John, is Avril Selene Kinkade. One of the most ruthless legal minds in this business. She doesn't come out unless contracts are on the table... and when she does? Someone's life usually changes for the worse."

Stevens doesn't break stride. He and Avril march down the ramp like generals inspecting a battlefield. The noise inside the arena is deafening, fans torn between respect for a Hall of Famer and dread for what his presence usually means. When they reach the ring, Stevens parts the ropes, holding them open with surprising formality for Avril. She steps through, all grace and venom, eyes never leaving Ellis at the table.

Mark Bravos: "Scott Stevens is here on business—flanked by one of the most dangerous negotiators in the sport."

John Phillips: "And look at Ellis in that ring. Stoic as ever, but you can feel it—this has turned from a simple contract signing into something a whole lot darker."

The crowd buzzes louder, a mixture of excitement and unease, as Stevens and Avril stand across from B.R. Ellis, the contract still lying untouched in the center of the table.

The buzz continues as Scott Stevens folds his arms, standing silent as stone beside the table. All eyes shift to the woman at his side. She adjusts the cuffs of her sleek black suit, then reaches for the microphone, her posture perfect. The crowd simmers as her crisp, British accent cuts through the noise.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Ladies and gentlemen... for those who may not know, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Avril Selene Kinkade. I am not a wrestler, nor do I intend to be. I am a solicitor, a negotiator, and the premier architect of contracts in this business. When my pen touches paper, destinies are decided. Futures are rewritten. And tonight—Mr. Ellis—yours is about to change forever."

She sets the microphone on the table for a beat, smiling thinly at Ellis, who remains stoic in his chair. The crowd

rumbles, some booing, some murmuring, all uneasy with her calm poise. She lifts the mic again, turning to address the fans.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You may not know me. But mark my words... you will remember me. Because I do not waste my time on frivolities. I do not associate with vanity. I represent only those who are inevitable."

She steps closer to the table, heels clicking like a metronome. Her gaze pierces Ellis across the table.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "And tonight, Mr. Ellis, I am here for one reason only: to oversee the signature of my client. He is here. He is ready. And once his name is on this page, your fate is sealed."

The crowd buzz spikes again, this time with chants of "WHO? WHO? WHO?" Avril doesn't flinch. She glances briefly at Stevens, who smirks, before turning back to Ellis.

John Phillips: "This is unsettling, Mark. Avril Selene Kinkade just made it very clear—whoever she represents, Ellis isn't signing for the match he thought he was."

Mark Bravo: "And if Stevens is standing by her side, you know this isn't smoke and mirrors. Whoever this client is, John, Ellis is about to meet them face-to-face."

Avril lifts her chin, her voice steady and precise.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "So... Mr. Ellis... shall we bring him out?"

Avril Selene Kinkade's smirk sharpens as she glances toward the stage. The lights in Dickies Arena snap out again, plunging the crowd into pitch black. A nervous murmur swells... until—

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

The drums erupt like artillery. Red strobes slice through the darkness in violent bursts, mimicking muzzle fire. The reaction from the crowd is instant: shock, disbelief, and a wall of boos mixed with awe.

John Phillips: "No... no way! That's Gunnar Van Patton's music!"

Mark Bravo: "You've gotta be kidding me, Phillips! They said he'd never wrestle in North America again. Banned! Blacklisted! And now—thanks to Stevens and Avril—he's here in UTA."

Through the haze and the strobes, a figure emerges at the top of the ramp. Gunnar Van Patton. The "Fallen Soldier." Blond hair cropped tight, an eyepatch shadowing the void where one eye used to be, tattoos etched across his arms like battle scars. He wears a sleeveless combat vest, his expression unreadable but dangerous. Every step down the ramp is slow, deliberate, and heavy, as if the earth recoils with each impact.

The crowd hurls insults, but Gunnar doesn't flinch. He doesn't even acknowledge them. His gaze is locked on B.R. Ellis, who stands now at the table, fists clenched at his sides. Inside the ring, Stevens smirks like a man who just detonated a bomb. Avril watches with clinical detachment, her arms folded, satisfied.

John Phillips: "Look at Ellis, standing his ground. But how could he have possibly prepared for this? For Gunnar Van Patton?!"

Mark Bravo: "He couldn't, John. None of us could. This is a man who's not here to wrestle — he's here to destroy."

Gunnar reaches the ring apron, climbs the steps without a glance to the crowd, and ducks under the top rope. He paces into the ring with the same focus he once carried onto battlefields. The red strobes cut out, the music fading, leaving only the sound of the crowd's jeers and Ellis' heavy breathing.

Avril takes the microphone again, her voice cool and precise.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Mr. Ellis... allow me to officially introduce you to your opponent at *The Great Southern

Trendkill*. My client. The Fallen Soldier. Gunnar Van Patton.”

Gunnar steps forward, standing nose-to-nose with Ellis across the contract table. His lips curl into the faintest smirk as he mutters a few unheard words directly into Ellis’s face. The tension in the arena is suffocating.

John Phillips: “This is a powder keg, Mark. You can feel it. Any second now this is going to explode.”

Mark Bravo: “Ellis is a technician, a fighter’s fighter... but he’s staring down a man who’s been forged in war and remade in violence. If I were Ellis, I’d be thinking twice about signing that page.”

Ellis, jaw clenched, doesn’t back down.

He slowly pulls the clipboard toward him. The crowd cheers as he grabs the pen, signing his name with sharp strokes. Then, without breaking eye contact with Gunnar, he slams the pen onto the table.

Avril slides the contract across to Gunnar, who doesn’t even look at the paper. He simply scrawls his signature with a single motion, then tosses the pen away. His eyes never leave Ellis.

John Phillips: “It’s official! At *The Great Southern Trendkill*, B.R. Ellis goes one-on-one with Gunnar Van Patton!”

Mark Bravo: “And Ellis may have just signed his own death warrant.”

Avril just smiles.

Avril Selene Kinkade: “Oh, Mr. Ellis... you signed with such conviction. Such confidence. And yet, not a moment spared for the fine print. How tragically poetic, as you too shall not be spared.”

The crowd’s roar falters, replaced by murmurs of confusion.

Avril Selene Kinkade: “You see, Mr. Stevens is not here to entertain delusions. He is here to witness the execution of terms — terms he personally helped negotiate, mind you, with full awareness of what they would unleash. You see, a man of his caliber does not waste his time on someone so tragically beneath him. He brokered the deal, opened the door, and now he stands back to watch it close on you, as if it were the lid of your casket. You signed to face my client. And he, unlike Mr. Stevens, finds no shame in breaking what’s already fragile — only satisfaction.”

Ellis and Gunnar stand nose-to-nose across the table, the contract signed and sealed. The crowd is at a fever pitch, waiting for one of them to move first. Suddenly—

Gunnar strikes. A thunderous forearm smash cracks Ellis across the jaw, sending him stumbling back. The crowd erupts in boos as Gunnar stalks forward, methodical and merciless. Ellis swings back, firing off a stiff right hand — but Gunnar shrugs it off and blasts him with a knee to the ribs, doubling him over.

John Phillips: “Oh, come on! This was supposed to be a contract signing, not an ambush!”

Mark Bravo: “You expected anything less from Gunnar Van Patton? This man isn’t here to sign papers, John. He’s here to make a statement.”

Gunnar hammers Ellis with clubbing blows to the back, each one echoing through Dickies Arena. He yanks Ellis up by the hair and drives him face-first into the contract table. The wood rattles under the impact. Ellis slumps, dazed, but Gunnar isn’t finished.

The Fallen Soldier boots Ellis in the gut, folding him in half. He hooks his arms, lifts him high into the air — the crowd gasps — and with terrifying force, powerbombs him straight through the contract table. The wood shatters, splinters flying, as Ellis crashes through in a heap.

John Phillips: “Good Lord! He just put Ellis through the table! Somebody stop this!”

Mark Bravo: “That’s a message, John. Signed, sealed, delivered. At The Great Southern Trendkill, Ellis isn’t stepping

into a wrestling match... he's stepping into combat with a monster."

Ellis lies wrecked in the rubble of the shattered table, groaning in pain. Gunnar Van Patton stands tall above him, chest heaving but expression ice-cold. At ringside, Avril Selene Kinkade claps softly, almost bored, while Scott Stevens grins like a man who just executed a perfect plan.

John Phillips: "Why is Stevens allowing this? After everything we've seen for weeks — fines, suspensions, chaos — why is Gunnar Van Patton safe to tear Ellis apart like this?"

Mark Bravo: "Because this isn't chaos, John. This is controlled chaos. The difference is Stevens. He's the one who made this happen. He brought Gunnar in. He knew exactly what Van Patton would do, and he's smiling because it's all going according to plan."

John Phillips: "So you're saying this assault is sanctioned? That Stevens and Kinkade are just going to let Gunnar run wild?"

Mark Bravo: "Not run wild — be unleashed. If only others had aligned themselves with Stevens the way Van Patton has, maybe they'd be the ones standing tall instead of lying in splinters. Ellis thought he was signing for a match. What he really signed for was an execution."

The boos rain down as Gunnar finally steps back, dropping the broken clipboard onto Ellis's chest like a calling card. Avril gives a nod of approval before exiting the ring, Stevens holding the ropes for her. Gunnar lingers for a moment, staring down at his fallen opponent, then turns to the hard camera with a cold, dismissive glare.

John Phillips: "Folks, it's official — at *The Great Southern Trendkill*, B.R. Ellis will face Gunnar Van Patton. But after tonight, you have to wonder if Ellis will even make it there in one piece."

Mark Bravo: "He'll make it, John. But he won't like what's waiting for him when he does."

The segment closes on the wreckage: Ellis writhing among the shattered table, Stevens smirking, and Gunnar Van Patton standing over it all like a soldier surveying a battlefield.

East Coast Invasion

Segment

The screen cuts to black before slamming into a barrage of city skylines — neon lights, roaring crowds, and iconic arenas flashing one after another. A booming narrator's voice overlays the visuals as fast-paced rock music kicks in.

Narrator (V.O.): "The Great Southern Trendkill shakes the foundation... but the United Toughness Alliance isn't slowing down. No — we're just getting started."

The shot transitions to the Madison Square Garden marquee glowing in the night, then to the gritty exterior of the 2300 Arena, packed with rabid fans chanting.

Narrator (V.O.): "This fall... the UTA invades the East Coast."

A rapid-fire montage rolls: Angela Hall hitting the Hurricane Hammer, Jarvis Valentine standing tall with the UTA Championship, Valkyrie Knox raising the Women's Title, Chris Ross brawling, and the Rich Young GRPLRZ strutting with their Tag Team gold. Each moment punctuates with flashes of city names: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Norfolk.

John Phillips (V.O.): "The biggest stars. The loudest crowds. The toughest fights — all under the bright lights of the East Coast!"

The video slows to a dramatic beat: Jarvis Valentine staring into the hard cam, his championship draped over his shoulder. The words appear on the screen in bold red and gold: "Black Horizon".

Narrator (V.O.): "It all leads to one night... one reckoning... where legacies will be written in blood, sweat, and gold."

The package closes with the UTA logo smashing onto the screen, flames flickering behind it, before fading to black with the tagline:

"The UTA East Coast Invasion Tour — Are You Ready?"

Jesus Mother of Christ

Segment

The camera cuts to the locker room of the Rich Young GRPLRZ. Jacoby Jacobs is sprawled across a leather couch with his phone, filming himself talking about "another easy payday," while Darian Darrington flexes in the mirror, shouting "We're UP!" for the fifteenth time since their match ended. The Tag Team Championship belts sit on the table in front of them, gleaming under the fluorescent lights.

There's a knock at the door. Jacoby lowers his shades, smirking.

Jacoby Jacobs: "That better be room service with extra champagne."

Darian struts over and swings the door open. Standing there in a wrinkled, worn-out suit, blue-and-red mask slightly crooked, is none other than Madman Szalinski. The crowd watching on the big screen pops instantly. Darian just blinks. Jacoby looks up from the couch and snorts.

Jacoby Jacobs: "You're not the stripper I ordered."

Madman chuckles, stepping inside, adjusting his tie.

Madman Szalinski: "Hah! Good one, kid. Nah, I got something better than that. I got a proposition. How about we do something big at The Great Southern Trendkill? You boys, the Rich Young GRPLRZ, and my guys in a little Trust Fund Tag Team Championship Open Challenge. Set it right now."

The GRPLRZ glance at each other, intrigued. Madman suddenly yells out the door.

Madman Szalinski: "Guys, come on!"

Silence. No one enters. Jacoby and Darian raise their brows, amused. Madman clears his throat, louder this time.

Madman Szalinski: "GUYS. COME ON!"

Still nothing. Jacoby snickers, filming this on his phone. Madman shakes his head, muttering, before putting a finger up as he walks to the doorway.

Madman Szalinski: "They should be right he—"

He turns and comes face to face with one of the El Fantasma Oscuros, who appears in the doorway silently, inches from his mask. Madman nearly jumps out of his shoes.

Madman Szalinski: "Jesus Mother of Christ!"

Madman stumbles back, clutching his chest.

Madman Szalinski: "These guys. Always doing that."

He steadies himself, turning toward the door again — but now it's empty. He turns back and the El Fantasma Oscuro has already slipped into the room, standing eerily behind the GRPLRZ, silent and still.

Madman Szalinski: "Ah, there ya are."

He turns again, and BAM — the second El Fantasma Oscuro is suddenly nose-to-nose with him. Madman jerks back again, exasperated.

Madman Szalinski: "You're going to give me a damn heart attack. You gotta stop doing that."

He brushes himself off, straightening his crooked tie, before turning back to the GRPLRZ, who are both wide-eyed, half-amused, half-concerned.

Madman Szalinski: "You boys against my boys here. El Fantasma Oscuro One and El Fantasma Oscuro Two, trademark pending."

Jacoby and Darian exchange a confused glance, then shrug, smirking.

Darian Darrington: "Sure. Whatever, man. Just make sure we get that sweet PLE payday and we're good."

Madman nods proudly, clasping his hands like he just brokered a million-dollar deal. Behind him, the two El Fantasmas stand perfectly still, staring unblinking at the GRPLRZ. The champs look uneasy now. Jacoby lowers his shades, leaning toward Madman.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Umm... they ok, man?"

Madman rolls his eyes, waving dismissively.

Madman Szalinski: "Yeah, they always do this. It's weird. You get used to it."

The camera lingers on the GRPLRZ's nervous expressions as the El Fantasmas continue their blank, eerie stare, the image fading.

Four's A Crowd

Segment

The camera cuts elsewhere, where Melissa Cartwright stands with microphone in hand, the UTA logo shimmering on the backdrop behind her. Beside her, leaning casually against the wall with a sly smirk, is Amy Harrison. Amy adjusts the strap of her leather jacket and tosses her hair back as the crowd inside the arena reacts with loud boos echoing through the feed.

Melissa Cartwright: "Amy, at last Friday's show, you made your return in shocking fashion. You interfered in the match between Valkyrie Knox and Susanita Ybanez, attacked both women, and even walked away with the UTA Women's Championship in your hands. Then on the last IN THE ZONE, there was that chaotic ending to the show. But now, questions are swirling — especially with Valkyrie, Susanita, and even Marie Van Claudio all watching closely. What do you have to say about the fallout from your actions?"

Amy smirks wider, almost laughing to herself as she steps closer to the microphone.

Amy Harrison: "Fallout? Melissa, what I did wasn't fallout — it was a wake-up call. Valkyrie Knox, Susanita Ybanez, Marie Van Claudio... they're all so busy fighting each other, they forgot the most dangerous woman in this company was still breathing. So if you ask me, it looks like those three have some things to work out. And while they're tearing each other apart, I'll just be standing right here... waiting for the crown to come back home where it belongs."

The boos grow louder as Amy smirks into the camera — but before she can continue, Valkyrie Knox storms into frame, fire in her eyes. She lunges toward Amy, fists clenched, ready for a fight. Amy immediately backs up, hands raised, that same cocky grin never leaving her face.

Valkyrie Knox: "You think this is a game, Amy? You blindside me, steal my title, and now you wanna stand here and talk big? Let's settle it right now!"

Before Valkyrie can pounce, Susanita Ybanez bursts onto the scene, shouting over Valkyrie, her voice sharp and full of fire.

Susanita Ybanez: "¡Oye, Valkyrie! You think you're the only one with a score to settle? That was MY match she ruined!"

That was MY moment! Don't you dare think you're the only one she disrespected! In fact, you disrespected me too!"

The two women shout at each other nose-to-nose while Amy leans against the wall, watching with that devilish grin. Then, suddenly, Marie Van Claudio steps into the frame, putting her arms between Valkyrie and Susanita as she tries to play peacemaker.

Marie Van Claudio: "Enough! Both of you, enough! This is exactly what Amy wants — the two of you at each other's throats while she just laughs about it. We need to be smarter than this!"

The chaos continues as the voices rise, Valkyrie pointing at Susanita, Susanita barking back, Marie trying to push them apart — and Amy chuckling under her breath as if she's enjoying every second. Finally, a booming voice cuts through the commotion.

Scott Stevens: "QUIET!"

The UTA General Manager Scott Stevens steps into frame, towering over the group with a scowl on his face. Everyone goes silent, though Amy crosses her arms, clearly amused.

Scott Stevens: "Amy, you had no business interfering in Valkyrie and Susanita's match. And Valkyrie, you had no business interfering in Amy and Susanita's match either."

Amy tilts her head, smirking, and fires back before Stevens can continue.

Amy Harrison: "Sounds like Susanita's the common problem here."

Stevens snaps his glare back at her and raises a hand.

Scott Stevens: "Enough! Hush it, Amy."

He then turns to Marie Van Claudio with a raised eyebrow.

Scott Stevens: "And Marie... why are you even in this mix? You've got no stake in this fight, yet here you are."

Marie opens her mouth to respond, but Stevens cuts her off with a shake of his head.

Scott Stevens: "Doesn't matter. What matters is this — the bickering ends here. You want to settle this? Fine. At *The Great Southern Trendkill* in Lawton, Valkyrie Knox will defend her Women's Championship... in a Fatal Four Way. Against Susanita Ybanez, Amy Harrison... and you, Marie Van Claudio!"

The arena crowd explodes with cheers at the announcement. Valkyrie glares at Amy, Susanita yells over her shoulder at both of them, Marie looks stunned but determined, and Amy simply grins, leaning back against the wall as though everything is going exactly her way. Stevens storms off as the camera fades out on the chaotic scene.

Just Announced

Segment

The screen cuts to a sharp red-and-gold UTA graphic. Bold text flashes across: "JUST ANNOUNCED – THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL". The crowd buzzes as the image transitions to split-screen shots of all four women.

Top center: Valkyrie Knox, the reigning Women's Champion, title draped over her shoulder, eyes cold with defiance. To her right: Amy Harrison, sneering with brazen confidence. To her left: Susanita Ybanez, fists clenched, radiating fiery determination. At the bottom: Marie Van Claudio, arms crossed with her trademark smirk, a legend returned and ready to prove she still belongs.

The background pulses with storm-like visuals, bolts of gold lightning striking across the screen as the match graphic locks into place: Valkyrie Knox (c) vs. Amy Harrison vs. Susanita Ybanez vs. Marie Van Claudio.

Narrator (V.O.): "At The Great Southern Trendkill... the UTA Women's Championship will be put to the ultimate test."

Valkyrie Knox defends against three challengers — Amy Harrison, Susanita Ybanez, and the returning legend Marie Van Claudio. One title. Four warriors. No escape."

The screen flashes the event details — The Great Southern Trendkill • Lawton, Oklahoma • September 28, 2025 — before fading back to the live arena shot as the crowd roars.

John Phillips: "That's huge! Valkyrie Knox won't just face one challenger — she's got to survive three of them, all in the same night!"

Mark Bravo: "And I love it! Amy Harrison's been running wild, Susanita wants revenge, Marie Van Claudio wants her legacy back, and Valkyrie's smack in the middle. That title might not be going home with her, Johnny."

Your Next Challenge

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Angela Hall, still glowing after her successful defense against Dahlia Cross, leans against a production crate with the UTA Women's United States Championship slung proudly over her shoulder. She's catching her breath when Scott Stevens, UTA General Manager, steps into frame. The crowd pops audibly at the sight of him on the big screen.

Scott Stevens: "Angela Hall. Congratulations. That was a statement tonight against Dahlia Cross. You've been on a roll, and I've gotta say... you're proving every week why you're the United States Women's Champion."

Angela adjusts the title on her shoulder, nodding with a confident smile.

Angela Hall: "Thanks, Scott. But honestly? I've beaten just about everyone they've thrown at me. I've gone through the best this roster's had to offer. So what's next? Where do I go from here?"

Stevens smirks knowingly, resting his hands on his hips.

Scott Stevens: "That's exactly why I'm here. You're right — you've faced nearly everyone. Nearly. But I've got someone in mind. Someone you haven't wrestled. Someone new. At The Great Southern Trendkill... Angela Hall, you're going to defend the United States Championship against Emily Hightower."

The crowd reacts with surprise and excitement. Angela tilts her head, clearly intrigued. Stevens continues.

Scott Stevens: "And in case you didn't know — Emily's the daughter of a former UTA superstar, David Hightower. She's young, hungry, and ready to prove herself. I think she's exactly the challenge you've been asking for."

Angela smirks, standing a little straighter as she pats the faceplate of her title belt.

Angela Hall: "Emily Hightower, huh? Alright, I like it. If she wants to make her name off me, she better bring everything she's got. Because I don't plan on slowing down anytime soon. I'm ready for the challenge."

Stevens nods approvingly, leaving Angela standing tall, the title gleaming on her shoulder as the camera cuts back to the arena.

John Phillips: "What an announcement! At The Great Southern Trendkill, Angela Hall will defend her U.S. Women's Championship against the debuting Emily Hightower!"

Mark Bravo: "The daughter of David Hightower — now that's a pedigree! But Angela Hall's no easy mark, John. That's going to be a fight."

Hightower Arrives

Segment

No content entered.

Challenge of Steel

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to Jarvis Valentine lacing up his boots, the UTA Championship resting on a bench beside him. He's focused, jaw set, preparing for Maxx Mayhem. Suddenly, the crowd in the arena reacts as Brick Bronson steps into frame. The two lock eyes, and tension instantly fills the room. Jarvis stands, ready if it comes to blows — but Bronson raises a hand calmly.

Brick Bronson: "Relax. I'm not here to fight. Not tonight. I just came to wish you good luck out there."

Jarvis eyes him carefully, not entirely convinced, but nods slightly. Bronson continues, his voice steady, almost respectful.

Brick Bronson: "I've seen the rumors, I've read the reports. All this talk that there's nowhere to go with you and that belt, that no one wants to see Bron and Valentine go at it again. Man, it's all BS. I know it, you know it. But I want to prove it. So if you walk out tonight still champion... I want you one more time."

The crowd inside the arena pops at the challenge. Jarvis looks down at the title for a moment, then back at Bronson, a grin slowly spreading across his face.

Jarvis Valentine: "One more time, huh? You know what... I like it. Because you're right, Brick. Once we tear it up again, all the naysayers, all the doubters — they'll be silenced. But how about we make it interesting this time?"

Jarvis picks up the championship and slings it over his shoulder, stepping closer to Bronson.

Jarvis Valentine: "Let's do it inside a Steel Cage."

The crowd roars at the announcement. Bronson smirks, nodding firmly, the intensity in his eyes unshaken.

Brick Bronson: "You've got yourself a deal."

The two men stare each other down for a long moment — no brawl, no cheap shots, just the weight of the promise between them. Bronson finally turns and walks away, leaving Jarvis clutching his championship with fire in his eyes as the scene fades back to ringside.

John Phillips: "Did you hear that?! If Jarvis Valentine retains tonight, we are getting a UTA Championship rematch inside a Steel Cage!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what I'm talking about! Valentine and Bronson locked inside steel? That's the kind of fight that'll shut everybody up — one way or another."

Not Tonight

Segment

The camera cuts backstage, following Chris Ross as he marches down the hallway toward the ring entrance. Jeans, jacket, UTA shirt — his look grim and focused. The screwdriver glints faintly in his right hand as crew members scatter out of his way. The tension is thick, everyone knowing what's about to come.

Suddenly, Maxx Mayhem jogs up beside him, grinning ear to ear, trying to keep pace.

Maxx Mayhem: "Hey! There you are, Ross! Been dodging me all night, man. What's the big deal? C'mon, say something to me, give me a little fire, let's go!"

Ross doesn't slow his stride. He doesn't even turn his head. He just mutters, low and gravelly, eyes fixed on the curtain ahead.

Chris Ross: "Not tonight."

Ross keeps walking, disappearing around the corner toward gorilla position. The camera stays on Mayhem, who stops in his tracks, his grin fading into an annoyed scowl. He kicks the wall lightly, shaking his head, but then smirks faintly as if undeterred.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Maxx Mayhem still looking for attention, still trying to get under Chris Ross' skin... but Ross is locked in tonight, Mark."

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "Yeah, Ross isn't cracking jokes, isn't biting on distractions. He's walking straight to the fire. And if I were Eric Dane Jr., I'd be nervous as hell."

The camera fades out on Mayhem's frustrated face before the broadcast cuts to a WARNING SCREEN.

Warning

Segment

The live feed suddenly cuts to black. A sharp white text warning appears on screen with a low, ominous tone playing underneath.

On-Screen Text: "Warning: The following segment is presented uncensored. Viewer discretion is advised. This presentation may contain strong language and content not suitable for children."

The warning lingers for a moment before fading out. The crowd inside the arena buzzes in confusion and anticipation, knowing something different — something dangerous — is about to happen.

John Phillips (voice-over): "Ladies and gentlemen, you've seen the warning. Chris Ross demanded this time be his and his alone, raw and unfiltered. We want to remind you this will not be suitable for younger viewers."

The warning fades completely and the arena lights dim.

Raw & Unfiltered

Segment

The crowd buzzes with anticipation. A heavy guitar riff tears through the speakers as "Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow kicks in. Smoke floods the stage, swirling in the flicker of white strobes. After a long pause, Chris Ross steps out from behind the curtain.

No posing, no playing to the crowd — just Ross, in jeans, a battered leather jacket, and a UTA t-shirt. His hair's slightly unkempt, his face grim, and his eyes cold. Clutched in his right hand: the screwdriver. He walks with his head down at first, then looks up slowly as the boos begin to pour in from the Ft. Worth crowd.

John Phillips: "And there he is... the Keystone State Killa. Chris Ross said he was coming out here tonight raw and unfiltered, and if you know his history, Mark, that's not an empty threat."

Mark Bravo: "No kidding. This is a guy who's made a career out of violence. A guy who's left bodies scarred, careers shortened, and fans horrified. And now he's back in the UTA, walking down that ramp like the devil's come to collect."

Ross doesn't look left or right as he trudges to the ring, ignoring the jeers and insults hurled from the barricades. He slides under the bottom rope, screwdriver in hand, and doesn't even rise fully. Instead, he drags himself into the far corner and sits down against the turnbuckles, staring blankly into the sea of faces before him.

The music cuts, leaving only the roar of the crowd. Some booing. Some chanting his name. Others just watching, unsettled. Ross finally raises the microphone with his free hand, his knuckles white around the handle.

Chris Ross: "They told me I could come out here tonight and say whatever I wanted... no scripts, no censors, no filters. Just me. So I hope you're ready, because I don't give a damn if it makes you cheer, boo, or vomit. I'm not here to entertain you. I'm here to tell you the truth."

The crowd's noise rises — some with intrigue, some with venom. Ross shifts slightly, screwdriver still in his lap, his voice low and steady but burning with intensity.

John Phillips: "This is chilling, Mark. Chris Ross isn't posturing — he looks like a man with something heavy to unload."

Mark Bravo: "And that's the scary part. Because when Ross says it's unfiltered, you better believe he's about to cross lines nobody else dares touch."

Ross leans forward, eyes locked on the hard camera.

Chris Ross: "Let's start from the beginning..."

Ross leans forward from his corner seat, microphone trembling slightly in his hand — not from fear, but from the sheer intensity running through him. The crowd noise dips into a tense hush, sensing the weight of what's coming.

Chris Ross: "You know what's been eatin' at me? It's not the whispers. It's not the fans in the crowd booing me every time I walk out here. It's not the damn fines, suspensions, or blacklists. What's been eatin' at me is you, Eric Dane Jr. You stood in this ring... and you had the balls to mock my girlfriend's death... and then call me a coward."

The crowd pops — half with cheers, half with jeers — at the mention of Dane's name. Ross' lip curls into a snarl as he points the screwdriver toward the camera.

Chris Ross: "You dare call me a coward, motherfucker? After everything I've been through? After the graves I've stood over? After watching my entire life get stripped away piece by piece?! After every chance I had at being a World Champion — every chance I had at being a future Hall of Famer — was taken from me?!"

Ross stands now, pacing the ring like a caged animal, voice rising with every word.

Chris Ross: "You wanna know what a coward does? A coward puts a rope around his neck and hangs himself in the dark. A coward puts a gun in his mouth and pulls the trigger. A coward downs a bottle of pills and waits to drift away. That's what a coward does!"

The audience shifts uncomfortably — some gasping, some booing, some even applauding the brutal honesty. Ross points to his chest, his voice breaking with fury.

Chris Ross: "But me? I'm still here! I'm still standing, breathing, fighting. I didn't quit, I didn't roll over, and I sure as hell didn't die! You call me a coward, Dane? The reality is I'm a stronger motherfucker than a spoon-fed bitch like you will EVER be!"

Ross grips the mic tighter, pacing, voice now simmering with venom.

Chris Ross: "You wanna know how this really started, Eric? It started with the world tryin' to cancel me. Every fan. Every company. Every so-called friend. Nobody gave a shit about me. They just wanted me gone — out of wrestling, out of sight, out of mind."

Boos rain down, mixed with chants of "You deserve it!" Ross sneers, jabbing a finger toward the crowd.

Chris Ross: "And while I was being run out of every locker room, every arena, every chance I scraped for, people like you got handed the spotlight. People cheered for Eric Dane Jr., the golden boy, the chosen one — a kid who only got through the door 'cause of nepotism! Because of his last name!"

Chris Ross: "So yeah, I broke. I snapped. I damn near killed both Danes. I left Scott Stevens bleeding. I scarred men who'll never look the same again. And what did I get for it? Not contracts. Not respect. Not my name in lights. I got a shit-box apartment in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, with nothing but four walls and this screwdriver to remind me of what I used to be."

Ross stops pacing. He leans against the ropes, eyes locked on the hard camera, voice dropping to a low growl.

Chris Ross: "Now it's more than that. It's more than the suits who've tried to erase me. More than every company that ran me out the second I got a sliver of a chance. More than the UTA throwing my bio up on their website like a damn afterthought. More than the trolls online that celebrate my pain and spread their bullshit rumors."

Chris Ross: "No, Eric. This is personal now. You think you've seen violent? You think you've seen unhinged? That was me when it **wasn't** personal."

Chris Ross: "You ain't seen nothing yet. You called me a coward, and you're about to find out just how strong I am when there's nothing left for me to lose!"

The crowd roars — some booing, some on their feet — the tension crackling through the arena as Ross pounds the ropes, his body trembling with rage.

John Phillips: "This is chilling... Chris Ross just drew the line in the sand, and Eric Dane Jr. is squarely on the other side of it."

Mark Bravo: "That's not a line, John. That's a grave, and Ross is daring Dane to step inside."

Ross storms back to the center of the ring, screwdriver in hand, chest heaving. He glares straight into the hard cam.

Chris Ross: "Eric Dane Jr... at The Great Southern Trendkill, I'm challenging you to a Street Fight. No rules. No holds barred. Anything goes. You think I'm unhinged? You think I'm violent? Step into my world and I'll show you exactly what those words mean!"

The fans erupt in a mixture of cheers and outrage, the split reaction deafening. Ross lowers his head, pacing like a predator as he snarls into the mic one last time.

Chris Ross: "This isn't about wins and losses. This isn't about belts. This is about me ending you before you ever get the chance to become half the man your daddy was. At Trendkill, Eric... your blood stains the mat."

Ross hurls the microphone to the mat with a violent crack. The arena sits in silence.

Then, the unmistakable beat of "Made You Look" by Nas hits. The crowd erupts as Eric Dane Jr. steps out onto the stage, microphone in hand. He stares straight down the ramp at Ross, who's frozen in the ring, screwdriver still in hand.

John Phillips: "Ohhh here we go! Eric Dane Jr. is here! He's not letting Ross' words go unanswered!"

Mark Bravo: "You can feel it, John. This place is about to blow sky high."

The two men lock eyes, the hate radiating between them. Dane lifts the mic, waits for the crowd to quiet, then finally speaks.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I... ACCEPT."

The roof nearly comes off Dickies Arena as the crowd explodes. Ross smirks faintly, gripping the screwdriver tighter. Dane lowers his mic, never breaking eye contact, as the scene fades out on the stare-down.

Ross/Dane II

Segment

The screen cuts from the chaos in the arena to a bold red-and-gold graphic, thunder rumbling in the background. A storm effect rips across the screen as dramatic text slams into place:

"JUST ANNOUNCED – THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL"

The graphic splits, one side showing Chris Ross in his jeans and jacket, grim-faced with his screwdriver in hand. The other side shows Eric Dane Jr., hoodie pulled up, eyes blazing with intensity. Lightning strikes through the middle of the

screen, cracking the two images apart as the match title slams across in bold lettering:

“STREET FIGHT – NO RULES, NO HOLDS BARRED”

The UTA logo glows beneath as the event details appear: The Great Southern Trendkill • Lawton, Oklahoma • September 28, 2025

Narrator (V.O.): "At The Great Southern Trendkill... Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr. collide in an Oklahoma Street Fight. No rules. No limits. No mercy."

The crowd's roar can be faintly heard underneath the package as the graphic lingers for a moment before fading back to ringside.

John Phillips: "It's official — Ross versus Dane in an Oklahoma Street Fight at The Great Southern Trendkill! This is going to be pure carnage."

Mark Bravo: "Ross wanted unfiltered violence, and now he's got it. Eric Dane Jr. said yes — and at Trendkill, somebody's not walking out whole."

Still No Love

Segment

The camera follows Chris Ross as he pushes through the curtain and into gorilla position, sweat still clinging to his brow, screwdriver in hand. The crowd's roar is still audible behind him. Standing there waiting, bouncing on his heels with restless energy, is Maxx Mayhem. His title match is up next, but his grin is aimed squarely at Ross.

Maxx Mayhem: "The Artist paints! That was magnificent!"

Mayhem throws his arms wide, smiling wildly, expecting some kind of reaction. Ross doesn't break stride, doesn't glance his way — he just brushes past, expression still cold, eyes fixed down the hallway.

Mayhem's smile falters, annoyance creeping across his face.

Maxx Mayhem: "What? No good luck for your ol' pal Max?"

Ross keeps walking, vanishing into the shadows of the hallway. Mayhem scowls, shaking his head, then waves it off with exaggerated sarcasm.

Maxx Mayhem: "Must be his time of the month."

He pops his knuckles, rolls his neck with a crack, and grins back at the camera, his wild energy returning. The tension from Ross' promo hangs in the air, but Mayhem's focus is shifting — it's main event time.

John Phillips: "Ross wants nothing to do with Maxx Mayhem tonight — but Mayhem doesn't seem to mind. He's got the UTA Champion in his sights next."

Mark Bravo: "You see that grin? That's a man who lives for chaos. If Jarvis Valentine thought this was gonna be just another defense, he's in for a rude awakening."

The camera lingers on Mayhem as he paces, fists clenched, ready to make his entrance for the main event.

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