

# The Great Southern Trendkill Tour: Houston, Texas

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** September 12, 2025  
**Location:** NRG Arena — Houston, TX

## Preview

Card to be announced

## Results

### Introduction

Segment

The broadcast fades in from black to a sweeping aerial view of downtown Houston, Texas — the skyline glowing under a humid Friday night sky. As the camera drops toward the NRG Arena, the noise begins to swell. Inside, a sea of fans packs the building to the rafters. Signs wave, flashbulbs pop, and the crowd is already red-hot as another stop on the \*Great Southern Trendkill Tour\* prepares to ignite.

The stage bursts to life with red and gold pyro, showering the LED boards with sparks. The \*WrestleUTA\* logo pulses onscreen before fading into a thunderous wide shot of the arena floor.

John Phillips: "Houston, Texas — welcome to \*The Great Southern Trendkill Tour\*! We are coming to you live from the NRG Arena, and folks, this place is absolutely electric tonight!"

Fans shout and clap behind the announce desk, some holding signs reading "TEXAS IS TOUGH," "IN MARIE WE TRUST," and "HARRISON HITS HARD." The camera lingers on a family of four, all in matching UTA t-shirts, before cutting back to ringside.

Mark Bravo: "They always say everything's bigger in Texas — and tonight, that includes the fights, the egos, and the crowd noise! I've got goosebumps already, Johnny."

John Phillips: "We've got a packed house here in Houston, and while no full card has been announced yet, we \*can\* confirm that two major names in the women's division will be competing in singles action tonight — Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio."

Quick clips play on the screen — Amy tying up her boots backstage, focused and silent. Marie arriving earlier in the day, sunglasses on, a stern expression as she walks through the hallway without acknowledging the cameras.

Mark Bravo: "Two high-profile competitors. Two very different paths. But make no mistake—when either one of them steps into the ring, the temperature rises by at least ten degrees."

John Phillips: "The women's division has been heating up in recent weeks, and with appearances like these, it's clear UTA is investing heavily in that spotlight."

The titantron flashes with images from recent events — faces locked in conflict, titles raised high, bitter glares traded across the ring. The crowd noise surges as chants begin to build for several names at once.

Mark Bravo: "We don't know who they'll be facing, but we \*do\* know this — these women came here tonight to prove a point. To remind everyone exactly why their names matter."

John Phillips: "And while all eyes may be on those two matchups... let's not forget, there are plenty of other stories

bubbling beneath the surface tonight. After everything that went down in Lafayette, you have to wonder — will Jarvis Valentine appear tonight? Will Valkyrie Knox speak out after defending her title? Will Maxx Mayhem or Chris Ross make waves again?"

Highlight reel cuts show Jarvis with the UTA Championship clutched against his chest, Valkyrie holding the Women's title under the spotlight, and Maxx Mayhem storming through a hallway with a steel pipe in hand.

Mark Bravo: "It's Trendkill season, Johnny. That means anything can happen. And usually does."

Suddenly, the lights dim slightly. The crowd rises to its feet as music hits over the PA system. The camera swings toward the stage, the first competitor of the night ready to make their entrance.

\*The Great Southern Trendkill Tour: Houston\* is officially underway.

## **Sending a message**

Segment

The scene shifts backstage. A quiet tension lingers in the air as the camera steadies on UTA interviewer Melissa Cartwright, standing poised with a microphone. Beside her — commanding attention in black and silver ring gear — is Marie Van Claudio. A dramatic cape drapes from her shoulders. Her stance is regal, her eyes unwavering.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here backstage with Marie Van Claudio — moments away from her first match since \*WrestleUTA: 25.\* Marie, welcome back. The floor is yours — how are you feeling heading into tonight's return?"

Marie doesn't answer right away. She nods slowly, inhaling with quiet control before speaking — voice calm, yet smoldering underneath.

Marie Van Claudio: "Focused. That's how I feel. There's no nerves. No rust. Just readiness. UTA 25 wasn't a retirement. It was a reminder. And since then? I've stayed sharp. I've stayed dangerous."

Melissa Cartwright: "Some fans online have wondered about the time away — if ring rust is a concern, or if the situation with Amy Harrison has played a part in the delay. Care to respond?"

Marie's eyes flicker — the first crack in the polished exterior. There's heat now. Controlled, but unmistakable.

Marie Van Claudio: "No. Ring rust isn't real for me. You don't forget how to breathe. And as for Amy Harrison? Let's not flatter her. She hasn't kept me from \*anything.\*"

She pauses. The silence is brief — just long enough to make what comes next sting harder.

Marie Van Claudio: "But what she said about my daughters? That wasn't just heat. That wasn't business. That was personal. And it was a mistake."

Melissa Cartwright: "So this is about more than competition now?"

Marie steps closer — no longer just answering. Now declaring.

Marie Van Claudio: "It always was. This is about my family. About respect. About the name I've built in this company. And tonight — I'm not walking to that ring as a mother. I'm not walking as some returning veteran. I'm walking as a woman with something to prove... and someone to \*make remember.\*"

She brushes the cape back off her shoulders with one smooth motion, eyes locked forward. The camera follows her as she walks away — not fast, not slow. Just deliberate. Composed. A storm dressed in silence.

The camera lingers on the empty hallway as the lights dim — fading.

## **Different Views**

Segment

The camera cuts to a dimly lit hallway backstage. Chris Ross is seated alone on a production crate, elbows on his knees, fists clenched. His eyes stare down at the concrete floor — not focused, just simmering. Brooding. Somewhere between regret and rage.

Suddenly —

Maxx Mayhem: "CHRISSY-BABY! There you are!"

The camera swings wide as Maxx Mayhem barrels into frame with chaotic energy. He's grinning ear to ear, bouncing on the balls of his feet like a kid who just set off a firecracker. Ross doesn't move. Doesn't smile. Doesn't look up. Maxx doesn't notice — or doesn't care.

Maxx Mayhem: "You did it! You planted that cold, hard steel right across Jarvis Valentine's skull! You didn't flinch, didn't hesitate — you just let that rage out! You didn't care about the rules, the title, the moment — just the violence!"

Maxx spreads his arms like he's describing a masterpiece.

Maxx Mayhem: "If it hadn't been for Dane, you'd be polishing that title right now though."

Ross finally lifts his head — slowly.

Chris Ross: "If it hadn't been for Dane?"

Maxx stops mid-bounce. Ross rises from the crate. There's no sarcasm. No fire — not yet. Just a slow burn as he steps forward.

Chris Ross: "How about... if it hadn't been for \*you.\*"

Maxx grins wider. He doesn't flinch. He leans in a little, like he's savoring it. Ross steps even closer — the tension now crackling in the air between them.

Chris Ross: "If you hadn't jumped Valentine before the bell... if you hadn't slid that chair into the ring... maybe, just \*maybe\*, I would've proven something. I would've \*earned\* it. Earned my moment. Earned my shot. I would've shown every single one of these pathetic pieces of trash out there that I belonged at the top."

The volume rises with every word. His voice cracks with frustration — and then drops.

Chris Ross: "But nah... it's still the same old Chris Ross they expect me to be. Still the guy flying off the handle, swinging steel, getting fined, getting overlooked... \*because of you.\*"

There's a pause. Maxx tilts his head, absorbing every word. For just a moment — a flicker of something almost human. A quiet sadness crosses his face.

Then —

Maxx Mayhem: "You're welcome, buddy boy!"

Chris stares, dumbfounded — like he just got punched in the logic. Maxx spins once and claps his hands in delight.

Maxx Mayhem: "Don't you see? It doesn't matter what they expected. What matters is what they \*got.\* We closed that show in a cloud of chaos. No rules. No answers. Just Mayhem. Just anarchy!"

He throws both arms up in the air like he's conducting an orchestra made of car crashes.

Maxx Mayhem: "Art, my man! Pure, beautiful destruction!"

He leans in and slaps a hand onto Ross' shoulder.

Maxx Mayhem: "Now just picture it, eh? Smearing Eric Dane Jr's blood across the mat. The man who stole your title

shot. The man who ruined your moment. That canvas — painted in crimson. It's gonna be \*beautiful.\*"

Maxx claps once — loud, sharp — and backs away with a theatrical twirl.

Maxx Mayhem: "I can't wait for the next chapter!"

With that, he disappears around the corner, humming some broken tune. Chris Ross doesn't follow. He just stares after him, jaw slack, stuck between disbelief and rage.

The camera lingers on Ross — unmoving. Unsure. Unsettled.

Fade out.

## **The Challenge**

Segment

The camera switches as Maxx Mayhem bursts out of the locker room, grinning ear to ear. He yells back toward the door, his voice echoing down the hallway.

Maxx Mayhem: "I'll catch ya later, Chrisy-baby!"

Maxx skips down the hall in his usual animated fashion — until he suddenly freezes. The camera pans back, and standing in his path is none other than the UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine. The crowd inside the arena pops loud, their reaction bleeding through backstage microphones.

Maxx Mayhem: "Well looky, looky... the champion of make-believe land himself!"

Maxx sneers, rocking on his heels like a child mocking authority. He points at Jarvis's championship belt with a dramatic scoff.

Maxx Mayhem: "Don'tcha got some illegals to round up for yer orange God or somethin'?"

Jarvis doesn't flinch, his eyes locked dead on Maxx. His tone is sharp, cutting through the foolishness.

Jarvis Valentine: "Mayhem."

Maxx leans forward with a wide grin, feigning innocence.

Maxx Mayhem: "Yessa, boss?"

Jarvis Valentine: "You and me... we've got something to settle. You poked your nose where it didn't belong. Not only did you cost your so-called friend a legitimate title shot... but you stuck your nose in \*my\* match."

Maxx rolls his eyes, wagging his finger in mock disapproval. Jarvis's intensity only grows.

Jarvis Valentine: "You want chaos? Fine. But next week, you get me. One on one. No games. No cheap shots. No sneak attacks. Just me and you in that ring."

The background noise swells as the crowd reacts inside the arena, a cheer building at the challenge. Maxx clutches his chest with an over-the-top "scared" face before breaking into laughter.

Maxx Mayhem: "Ohhh, I'll be delighted to face you, chump... err..."

He cackles, tilting his head mockingly at Jarvis.

Maxx Mayhem: "...champ."

Jarvis steps closer, his face dead serious, the championship glinting under the lights. Maxx doesn't back down, his grin stretched wide as ever.

Maxx Mayhem: "See you soon."

The camera lingers on the tense stare-down — Jarvis stone-cold, Maxx smiling like a lunatic — before fading to black.

## **No Crying over Spilled Coffee**

Segment

The camera fades in on a close-up: hot coffee pouring into a styrofoam cup, steam curling upward. A weathered hand adjusts the spout, sleeve cuff showing a faded, wrinkled suit. The shot slowly pans back, revealing the full jacket... and finally the unmistakable blue-and-red mask of Madman Szalinski.

He raises the cup to his lips, takes a long sip, and exhales with exaggerated satisfaction.

Madman Szalinski: "Ahhh... now that's a good cup of Joe."

As he turns around, he's met with a face only inches away. It's El Fantasma Oscuro. Madman jolts, coffee splashing out of the cup and onto his hand.

Madman Szalinski: "JESUS—! Son of a..."

He drops the cup, shaking his hand and blowing on the burn.

Madman Szalinski: "We really outta put a bell on you. Can't go sneakin' up on guys like that."

He glares down at the spilled coffee on the floor, then back at Fantasma. He shrugs, shaking his head, and turns back toward the machine. As he does —

BAM! El Fantasma Oscuro is there again, standing uncomfortably close. Madman nearly jumps out of his skin, stumbling backward— right into another El Fantasma Oscuro behind him.

Madman freezes, then slowly composes himself, standing between both masked figures. He looks at one. Then the other. Then back again. Finally, he mutters—

Madman Szalinski: "God damn, son."

He rubs his temples, chuckling to himself in disbelief.

Madman Szalinski: "You boys sure know how to make the flashbacks creep up. For a second there, I thought I'd stumbled into a whole damn room of La Flama Blancas."

The Fantasmas remain silent, still, almost statuesque. Madman sighs, looks back down at the coffee mess, then back at them.

Madman Szalinski: "Tell ya what... I'll leave this for you fellas to clean up. I got a meeting with Stevens."

With a grin, he raises his hands, shaping them into finger guns. He fires a playful "bang bang" at each Fantasma before strolling off down the hall.

The camera lingers on the two El Fantasma Oscuros. They turn their masked faces toward one another in eerie unison. Then they both glance down at the spilled coffee at their feet. Neither moves. Neither speaks.

Fade out.

## **Not tonight, suckers!**

Segment

The screen glitches to static. Suddenly, the Trust Fund logo slaps across the feed in gaudy gold and silver. Cut to a lavish suite: velvet ropes, catered spread, Jacoby Jacobs in oversized designer shades holding his phone at arm's length. Darian Darrington looms behind him, flexing in a tank top that looks custom-stitched out of hundred-dollar bills. Between them sits one of the gaudy white-croc "Trust Fund Tag Titles," perched on a glass pedestal under a spotlight.

Jacoby Jacobs: "UTA, don't touch that dial. You're tuned in to premium content — live from Birmingham, where we're

about eight minutes from winning those Iron City tag straps too! Sorry-not-sorry, Texas.”

Darian guffaws, slapping the belt plate with a meaty hand.

Darian Darrington: “Facts, baby! Why would the Grapplerz waste a second sweatin’ in some barbecue shack when we got bigger fish to fry? Iron City gold. ICW Tag Team Tournament. That’s the only meal worth eatin’ right now!”

Jacoby swivels the camera to show a velvet rope blocking off the door, then back to his face, smirking.

Jacoby Jacobs: “Priorities, y’all. UTA’s fine for a vacation, but history? Legacy? That’s made in Birmingham. That’s where the Grapplerz are busy upgrading ICW with these hips, these lips, and these trips.”

TD3 struts into frame in a paisley jacket, golf clap loaded with mockery. He leans into the camera, smirk dialed to eleven.

Todderick Davenport III: “UTA, don’t be sad. Don’t pout. Your time is coming. Because next week, live and in person, the Rich Young Grapplerz will grace your little show. And when they do? The very first-ever Trust Fund Tag Team Championship Open Challenge will shake your tag division down to its broke, busted foundations.”

Darian flexes again, nearly knocking the belt pedestal over. Jacoby spins the phone back to himself, lips curled in a fake apology.

Jacoby Jacobs: “So shine up your best team, UTA. It doesn’t matter who. It doesn’t matter how. Because once you step into our boardroom... you’re already bankrupt.”

Jacoby snaps his fingers; the feed cuts to a gaudy “Trust Fund Incorporated” bumper, then back to the live crowd, who are already booing the arrogance off the screen.

## **Broken Dreams**

Segment

The scene opens inside the office of UTA General Manager Scott Stevens. He sits at his desk, flipping through a stack of papers with a furrowed brow. Across from him, slouched comfortably in a chair, is the masked enigma himself — Madman Szalinski.

Stevens reads aloud, squinting as he scans the page.

Scott Stevens: "Says here... cartilage in your knees is, and I quote... non-existent. Your neck has no real range of motion."

Madman nods casually.

Madman Szalinski: "Yep. Sounds 'bout right."

Scott Stevens: "You have no strength in either hand. Your back and hips are... well, the doctor suggests the fact you can even stand is a miracle."

Stevens sets the papers down, looking at Madman with a mix of disbelief and concern.

Scott Stevens: "And you would like to wrestle..."

Madman nods again.

Madman Szalinski: "Yep. Think I got one more good run in me."

Stevens blinks, perplexed.

Scott Stevens: "You know, putting you in the ring like this would be nothing but a liability. I'm sorry. There's just nothing I can do for you."

He sighs and leans back in his chair. Madman looks down at his lap, quiet for a moment.

Madman Szalinski: "What if I signed a waiver?"

Stevens laughs — once, then louder, until it's almost ridiculous.

Scott Stevens: "A waiver? A waiver to cover all of *\*this\**? No — seriously, it would be gross negligence to even consider. I'm sorry, there's just nothing I can do."

Madman mutters, pushing his chair back slowly.

Madman Szalinski: "Oh. I guess... thank you or something."

He stands, shoulders slumped. Stevens looks genuinely guilty.

Scott Stevens: "Look, I'm sorry."

Madman waves him off, turning toward the door — and stops dead in his tracks. Right in front of him, inches away, stand not one... but two El Fantasma Oscuros. He yelps, leaping backward and clutching Stevens' desk to keep from falling.

Madman Szalinski: "HOLY GOAT BALLS!"

He steadies himself, adjusting his jacket, before gesturing toward the masked duo.

Madman Szalinski: "These guys... am I right?"

Stevens suddenly perks up, an idea flashing in his eyes.

Scott Stevens: "WAIT! I got it. The Fantasmas here — they aren't exactly the talkative type. And you... well, you don't know how to shut your mouth."

Madman Szalinski: "Sure don't."

Scott Stevens: "See? I was just about to talk to them about entering the tag division. They could use a manager... what if that manager was you? You could guide them. Teach them. A former champion, a future Hall of Famer — passing on the wisdom."

Madman looks at both Fantasmas, then back at Stevens, scratching his chin.

Madman Szalinski: "Not really my thing... but why not? There's a paycheck in it for me, isn't there?"

Scott Stevens: "Oh, absolutely. On top of your legends deal."

Madman freezes, tilting his head.

Madman Szalinski: "Wait... legends deal?"

Scott Stevens: "Yeah. We've been sending you checks every month for years."

Madman's eyes widen behind the mask.

Madman Szalinski: "Not to the Parkersburg address, right?"

Stevens fumbles through his desk, pulling out a note.

Scott Stevens: "Umm... yeah, why?"

Madman drops his head into his hand with a groan.

Madman Szalinski: "No wonder Ariel hasn't hit me up for money since '22. God damn, son."

Stevens looks both concerned and sympathetic.

Scott Stevens: "Maybe your first stop should be HR — get that address changed."

Madman shakes his head, sighing.

Madman Szalinski: "Yeah, I think so."

He turns toward the Fantamas, pointing at them with a wag of his finger.

Madman Szalinski: "Come on, boys. First lesson starts now — how to make sure you get a call from a woman you don't want to hear from in about two weeks."

He gestures for them to follow, and the three exit together. Stevens just sits back down, shaking his head in disbelief as the scene fades out.

## **Time to Show Up**

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands with a microphone in hand. Next to her, dressed in her gear and the UTA Women's Championship draped proudly over her shoulder, is Valkyrie Knox. The champion looks calm but determined, her eyes fixed on Melissa as the interview begins.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the reigning UTA Women's Champion, Valkyrie Knox. Valkyrie, earlier this week Angela Hall accused you of not being a fighting champion, saying you haven't defended your title since \*WrestleUTA: 25.\* How do you respond to those accusations?"

Valkyrie adjusts the belt on her shoulder, nodding with a slight smirk, as though the question doesn't surprise her.

Valkyrie Knox: "Angela's right. I haven't defended this championship since *WrestleUTA: 25*. But let's not pretend it's because I didn't want to. The truth is — I haven't been medically cleared to compete. That night, after I went to war with Marie Van Claudio, I walked out with this championship... and a shoulder injury that's kept me sidelined ever since."

The crowd in the arena reacts audibly, the background noise filtering into the shot. Valkyrie's tone hardens as she continues.

Valkyrie Knox: "I didn't want to make a big deal about it. I didn't want to turn it into excuses. But since Angela wants to bring it up, here's the reality — I've been rehabbing, I've been waiting, and now... I'm 100% cleared. Tonight, I'm ready to go."

The fans can be heard cheering loudly in the background now, reacting to the news. Valkyrie smirks, adjusting her belt again.

Valkyrie Knox: "Angela says she wants to see a true fighting champion? Then she doesn't have to wait long. She can watch the main event tonight. Because I'm not just coming back to wrestle — I'm coming back to defend this title. And I'm going to do it in a gauntlet match."

The crowd in the arena erupts, their roar cutting through even backstage. Melissa's eyes widen as Valkyrie leans closer, her voice sharp and confident.

Valkyrie Knox: "I didn't fight my way back from injury just to sit around and hold onto this belt. Tonight, I prove exactly what kind of champion I am."

Valkyrie adjusts the championship on her shoulder once more and steps out of frame, leaving Melissa stunned. The cheers from the live crowd are deafening as the scene fades.

## **Pride over Jealously**

Segment

The camera fades into a quiet corridor backstage. Amy Harrison stands in front of a long mirror, adjusting her gear with

a satisfied smirk. She smooths out her hair, brushes a hand along her shoulders, and tilts her head, admiring her reflection. The expression on her face says it all — confidence, vindication, pride. Her first victory in UTA since 2015, and she's savoring it.

Amy Harrison: "Still got it. Not bad at all."

She gives herself a nod of approval, running her fingers through her hair one more time. Just then, the sound of footsteps echoes in the hall. Susanita Ybanez walks past, her eyes catching Amy in the mirror. She slows, her expression hardening into disdain. After a beat, Susanita turns on her heel and steps back toward Amy, her voice sharp and rising.

Susanita Ybanez: "How dare you, Amy. How dare you say those things about Marie? Someone who was nothing but a friend to you. You're supposed to be a legend... and this is what you've become?"

Amy chuckles lightly, her smirk widening as she glances at Susanita through the reflection without turning around.

Amy Harrison: "'Legend,' huh? Cute. But let's clear something up real quick. Marie and I? We were never friends. Don't get it twisted."

She finally turns to face Susanita, confidence radiating in her stance.

Amy Harrison: "And I sure as hell don't need a lecture from you. I don't care what you think. I'm here to stay, and whether you like it or not, I'm going to show the world why I was always better than Marie Van Claudio. You can take that to the bank."

Susanita's fists clench. She takes a step closer, her voice lowering, her tone sharp as a blade.

Susanita Ybanez: "No, Amy... lo que tienes es celos. Estás celosa del éxito de Marie. You're jealous of her success."

Amy blinks, cocking her head with a touch of confusion.

Amy Harrison: "What? The hell did you just say?"

Susanita's glare intensifies, her words now cutting like fire.

Susanita Ybanez: "I said you're jealous, Amy. And if you think you can keep running your mouth about Marie without consequences, you're wrong. Next week... you and me. Let's see who's really better."

Amy studies her for a moment, then lets out a dry laugh. She tilts her head, sizing Susanita up with a cold grin.

Amy Harrison: "A match with me? Are you sure about that? ... Fine. You want it? You got it. But just know this — challenging me? Biggest mistake of your career."

Amy brushes past Susanita, heading for the exit. As she reaches the door, she glances back one last time, smirk sharp as ever.

Amy Harrison: "See you next week, 'queen.'"

The camera lingers on Susanita, her fury boiling over as she stares after Amy, fists clenched tight at her sides. The tension in the air is palpable as the scene fades to black — the stage set for a showdown next week.

## **A Few Words with Angela Hall**

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands, microphone in hand. Next to her is the UTA Women's United States Champion, Angela Hall, with the red, white, and blue plated title draped proudly over her shoulder. The crowd inside the arena buzzes at the sight of her.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the UTA Women's United States Champion, Angela Hall.

Angela, we've just learned that in just a few moments Valkyrie Knox will defend her Women's Championship in a gauntlet match. What are your thoughts heading into tonight's main event?"

Angela adjusts her championship on her shoulder, her expression sharp, her tone firm and unwavering.

Angela Hall: "My thoughts? Real champions don't sit on the sidelines. Real champions push through the pain. They don't hide behind excuses about injuries. And Valkyrie Knox? All we've heard are excuses since WrestleUTA: 25. Tonight's gauntlet match? It's too little, too late."

Melissa tilts her head, pressing further.

Melissa Cartwright: "Does that mean you plan to be part of the gauntlet tonight?"

Angela shakes her head slowly, smirking, almost offended by the suggestion.

Angela Hall: "Why would I? I defend this title almost every week. I've already proven myself. Tonight isn't about me proving anything — it's about Valkyrie proving whether she deserves to even call herself champion. Let's see if she even walks out of Houston still holding that belt."

Angela adjusts the Women's U.S. Championship once more, her smirk unwavering as she stares directly into the camera. Melissa nods beside her as the scene fades back toward ringside.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite