

The Great Southern Trendkill Tour: Lafayette, Louisiana

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: September 5, 2025
Location: Cajundome — Lafayette, Louisiana

Preview

Card to be announced

Results

Introduction

Segment

We open on a black screen.

Then—

A haunting, slow-motion replay package rolls. Static and grain overlay highlight the carnage from Little Rock: Maxx Mayhem swinging a steel chain with reckless fury. Graysie Parker bleeding but rising from the wreckage. A flash of the Veil Breaker from El Fantasma Oscuro. The sound of boots crashing through tables. The roar of a stunned crowd.

Quick cuts show the pain, the glory, and the chaos. And then...

GRAPHIC: “Tonight – Lafayette, Louisiana”

The screen shatters to live footage as we go inside the CAJUNDOME. Thousands of fans on their feet, signs in the air. A chant is already swelling—

“WRES-TLE-U-TA! WRES-TLE-U-TA!”

Commentary ringside – John Phillips and Mark Bravo

John Phillips: “Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to *The Great Southern Trendkill Tour*—and tonight, WrestleUTA invades the Cajundome in beautiful Lafayette, Louisiana!”

Mark Bravo: “The air’s thick, the tempers are hotter, and after what went down last Friday in Duluth, I don’t know if anyone’s walkin’ into this building without a target on their back.”

John Phillips: “That No-Disqualification war between Graysie Parker and Maxx Mayhem shocked the world—and left both competitors changed. And while we don’t yet know the full fallout of that encounter, we do know one thing...”

Camera cuts to wide shot of the crowd. A chant begins: “JAR-VIS! JAR-VIS!”

John Phillips (serious tone): “Tonight... the WrestleUTA Championship is on the line.”

Mark Bravo: “Oh, buddy. Let ‘em hear it.”

GRAPHIC: MAIN EVENT – UTA Championship Match

John Phillips: “The champion, *Jarvis Valentine*, defends against *Chris Ross*—the self-proclaimed ‘Bastard of the Bayou,’ in the very state where he cut his teeth. This is a powder keg waiting to blow.”

Mark Bravo: “You’ve got one guy who’s become obsessed with legacy and perception... and the other? A loaded

shotgun wearing a smirk. Ross didn't get the win in Little Rock—but he's comin' for Jarvis with bad intentions."

Crowd shot: Fans waving "ROSS IS GONNA KILL YOU" and "VALENTINE BLEEDS FOR THIS" signs

John Phillips: "One championship match. One guaranteed explosion. Tonight's main event could redefine the landscape of this company."

Mark Bravo: "And if that's just the main event? Who knows what else could go down tonight..."

[CAMERA: Wide shot of the Cajundome pulsing with energy]

Pyro erupts across the stage as the tour logo flashes across the LED boards: "THE GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL."

John Phillips: "The Southern storm continues—

Tonight. Starts. NOW."

Two Graves

Segment

The screen fades in with the low hum of wind. Fog curls over cracked gravestones. Branches creak. Somewhere in the distance, a raven cries out and is abruptly silenced.

Suddenly— a flicker of movement.

Slow pan reveals El Fantasma Oscuro, unmoving, cloaked in black, face hidden beneath his death mask. He stands inches from a freshly dug grave. No name. No flowers. Just disturbed earth.

He says nothing. The wind howls louder.

El Fantasma Oscuro (softly, low rasp): "All who chase shadows eventually become them."

He lifts a single skeletal finger, pointing down toward the grave. The camera begins to shake—just slightly—as the fog rises thicker.

QUICK FLASH – The screen white-outs for half a second.

Wide shot. El Fantasma is no longer near. He now stands at the far end of the graveyard—silhouetted by moonlight, unmoving.

The camera pulls back. The fog thickens again. Another flash.

New shot. There are now **two** El Fantasmas... standing side by side in the distance.

Identical masks. Identical stillness. One turns his head ever so slightly, the other does not.

Voice (unseen, whispered like wind): "Two graves. Two souls. One reckoning."

The fog consumes the screen entirely.

Back at Ringside

Segment

Back inside the Cajundome. The lights are still low. A chill lingers in the air. John Phillips and Mark Bravo sit at the commentary table, visibly unsettled by what just played on the screen.

John Phillips: "Uhhh... folks, I... I don't really know how to follow that. I—are we seeing double? Was that... was that confirmation of what we suspected last night in Little Rock?"

Mark Bravo: "Y'know, I thought maybe the fog was getting to my brain in Arkansas, but no—John, there are two of 'em. Two El Fantasma Oscuros. One was bad enough. This? This is something else entirely."

John Phillips: "In Duluth, during the match against Chris Ross, fans swore they saw another figure ringside. A shadow in the corner. A duplicate—lurking in the smoke. We brushed it off as tricks of the light, but tonight... this confirms it."

Mark Bravo: "Two identical monsters. Two masks. Two sets of eyes watching from the dark. The question is—what does this mean for the UTA?"

John Phillips: "Is this a twisted game? A supernatural force? Or something even worse—some sort of alliance? A deception? Either way... the balance just shifted."

Mark Bravo: "And if I'm Chris Ross, if I'm anyone in that locker room? I'm locking my door. Twice."

The camera lingers on the commentary table as the arena begins to re-light. Fans murmur nervously. A buzz fills the Cajundome.

John Phillips: "Two graves. Two ghosts. One reckoning. The UTA just stepped into a nightmare."

Last Night

Segment

The screen fades to black as haunting piano chords begin to play. Static flickers across the screen. Then—

VOICEOVER: "Last night... chaos reigned in Little Rock."

Clips flash rapidly—Graysie Parker hoisting the WrestleZone Championship high in the Barton Coliseum. Maxx Mayhem stalking the ring like a rabid animal. Then—chairs, kendo sticks, broken tables.

John Phillips (voice over): "It was billed as no disqualification... but nobody was ready for the kind of destruction we witnessed."

Cut to: Maxx Mayhem wrapped in barbed wire, laughing maniacally as blood trickles down his cheek. Graysie Parker spearing him through the barricade. Fans on their feet, screaming in disbelief.

Mark Bravo (voice over): "Graysie Parker was fighting for everything. Her pride. Her legacy. Her title. But Maxx? Maxx was fighting for pain."

Slow motion clip: Graysie Parker powers Maxx up and drills him onto thumbtacks. She collapses across his body for a near fall—TWO COUNT!

Cut to: Maxx grinning as he drags a shard of glass across his own chest. A scream. Graysie caught in a triangle of pain. The lights flickering as the brawl spills to the entranceway.

Then—the final moment: Graysie Parker, battered, bloodied, standing tall atop a stack of broken plunder. She delivers the Decapitator Lariat and collapses across Maxx for the three-count. Her hand raised. Her body trembling.

VOICEOVER: "In the end... the Champ endured. But nothing... will ever be the same."

The video ends with Graysie slumped against the bottom rope, title in her lap, staring into the abyss... while Maxx Mayhem lies unconscious, a smile still on his face.

Final text fades in:

WrestleZone Championship: Graysie Parker (c) def. Maxx Mayhem

The Champion Arrives

Segment

We cut to a live feed from the loading dock area of the Cajundome. A sleek black SUV rolls to a stop. The crowd inside the arena reacts with a low rumble of anticipation.

The rear door swings open and out steps the UTA Champion—Jarvis Valentine. He's dressed sharp as ever in a black

designer suit, the UTA Championship draped over his shoulder like royalty. He adjusts the strap, smirks confidently, and begins walking toward the entrance corridor.

John Phillips: "There he is! The UTA Champion—Jarvis Valentine—arriving in Lafayette, and looking like a man who knows his title isn't going anywhere tonight."

Mark Bravo: "That's the look of a champion who's three steps ahead, JP. Smooth. Collected. Unbothered. The guy's got Ross in the main event tonight, and he's walking in like it's a fashion show."

Jarvis glances at a nearby production assistant and offers a slight nod. Suddenly—

CRACK!

A sickening echo reverberates as a kendo stick **EXPLODES** across Jarvis' back! He drops to one knee, the title belt skidding across the pavement. The camera pans hard left—

It's **MAXX MAYHEM**.

Still bandaged from head to toe after last night's war with Graysie Parker. His ribs are wrapped, his forehead stitched, but his eyes? His eyes burn with chaos.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute—**THAT'S MAXX MAYHEM!** What the hell is he doing here?! He just ambushed the UTA Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Mayhem's a walking horror movie right now! He should be in a hospital! What's he doing swinging lumber backstage?!"

CRACK! Another shot. This time across Jarvis' shoulder. The Champion groans and tries to crawl away, but Maxx stalks him, like a wolf to blood.

He grabs Jarvis by the hair and yanks him to his feet, then with a guttural roar, Maxx **SLAMS** him spine-first into a stack of metal production cases. The Champion crumples.

John Phillips: "Oh my **GOD!** He just folded Jarvis Valentine in half! That man has a world title match to defend tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "This isn't just chaos—this is sabotage! And don't think for one second this isn't some twisted favor to Chris Ross."

John Phillips: "But does Ross even want it?! The man earned his shot! He's been on a tear! Does he really need... this kind of help?"

Security finally rushes in, but Maxx has already dropped the kendo stick and backed away, arms raised like he's just completed a holy mission. He sneers at the camera, mouthing something inaudible—something unsettling.

Medics tend to Jarvis, who clutches his side, his title belt still lying inches away, untouched... but the damage has already been done.

John Phillips: "Our main event tonight is in serious jeopardy. The UTA Champion may have just been broken in half before he even stepped into the ring!"

Mark Bravo: "And Maxx Mayhem? He just lit the fuse and walked away laughing. What the hell kind of night are we in for, JP?"

The screen fades to black as we return to ringside...

The Champion Refuses

Segment

We cut to the backstage medical area. The camera pushes through a curtain where UTA medical personnel are

tending to a battered and bruised Jarvis Valentine. His gear is scuffed. His ribs are taped hastily. One eye is swelling. He's seated on the edge of a treatment table, jaw clenched, breathing heavy—but seething with determination.

Scott Stevens, General Manager of the UTA, storms into frame, pointing to the EMTs.

Scott Stevens: "Stop. Just stop. Jarvis, we've got a hospital ten minutes away. You need real treatment. You're not cleared. This match isn't happening."

Jarvis waves off the medics, struggling to his feet.

Jarvis Valentine: "No. Not like this. I don't care if Maxx Mayhem tried to break my spine—I'm walking into that ring tonight. That title isn't staying back here with an asterisk next to it."

Scott Stevens: "You can't even stand straight! I'm the GM. I've got a duty to protect you from yourself!"

Jarvis, grimacing, glares Stevens in the eyes.

Jarvis Valentine: "You *named* me champion, Scott. You said I was the standard bearer. So let me bear it. Chris Ross is out there. And if he wants this belt, he's gonna have to take it off me with both hands."

There's a long pause. Stevens looks down at the floor, weighing the liability... then reluctantly sighs and nods.

Scott Stevens: "Fine. But if you collapse in that ring tonight, it's on you. Not me."

Jarvis adjusts the UTA Championship draped over his shoulder. His hand is shaking—but not from fear. From fury.

Jarvis Valentine: "Then ring the damn bell when it's time. I'll do the rest."

The segment fades with a close-up of Jarvis, bruised but unwavering, as commentary takes over.

John Phillips: "The champion won't back down. But at what cost?"

Mark Bravo: "He's walking into a fight with Chris Ross on one leg and half a lung! Brave? Sure. Smart? We'll find out."

Unwanted Gifts

Segment

The camera cuts to the hallway outside the locker room marked "Chris Ross." The door creaks open—no knock. Maxx Mayhem steps in, still visibly bruised and bandaged from his war with Graysie Parker the night before. A stitched cut sits above his brow, and his shoulder is wrapped tight. But that manic glint in his eyes? Untouched.

Inside, Chris Ross is seated on a bench, elbows on knees, fists clenched, his eyes locked forward. Stoic. Unblinking. Breathing slow and heavy.

Maxx Mayhem: "Did you see it, Chrissy boy?"

He paces like a madman who just got away with something sinister.

Maxx Mayhem: "The carnage. The beauty. The *orchestrated chaos* I painted with a kendo stick and a broken dream!"

Ross doesn't move. Just glares from under his brow. Maxx leans in, grinning.

Maxx Mayhem: "I delivered you Jarvis Valentine... bruised, battered, ribs cracked like old vinyl—gift wrapped! A walking bullseye! This is your moment, my friend. You don't have to lift a finger until it's time to put the nail in the coffin!"

Finally, Ross stands. Tall. Silent. Towering over Mayhem, who still grins like a dog expecting praise. But Ross doesn't flinch. Doesn't blink.

Chris Ross: (Low growl) "I don't need help."

Maxx's grin twitches. It falters for a moment... but not fully.

Maxx Mayhem: "No, no... of course not. Not help. Just... an *opportunity*... violently pre-heated!"

Ross doesn't respond. He turns his back to Maxx and sits back down, refocusing. Mayhem steps back, smile lingering, then raises both arms like an unbothered artist stepping away from a finished painting.

Maxx Mayhem: "Suit yourself, Champ-to-be. I just hope you don't waste my masterpiece."

He backs out of the room, cackling under his breath. The door closes with a slow *click.* Ross remains still, but that snarl never leaves his face.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is clearly proud of his destruction earlier tonight—but Chris Ross didn't ask for any of it."

Mark Bravo: "And he didn't thank him either! Ross doesn't want shortcuts. He wants blood... earned the hard way."

Next Week

Segment

The screen flickers to black. A soft orchestral swell begins to rise — building tension under a series of rapid-fire cuts.

First: a flash of red nails tightening wrist tape.

Next: gold boots stepping into the frame.

Then: a spotlight silhouette — a woman standing with her arms crossed, head slightly tilted.

VOICEOVER: "Next week... the spotlight returns to those who made it shine."

We cut to a slow-motion shot of Amy Harrison delivering her Picture Perfect superkick, followed by Marie Van Claudio spinning through the air, landing her classic split-legged moonsault.

VOICEOVER: "Two legends. One stage. The First Lady. The Perfect Storm."

The vignette ends with a split screen of Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio, each glaring into the camera with fierce intensity.

ON SCREEN TEXT: "Next Week – Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio in action!"

Cut back to ringside.

John Phillips: "Whoa! That's huge news — both Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio will be in action next week!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not just action, John — that's legacy. That's two women who have helped define what this division is all about."

John Phillips: "And with both of them on the card... you have to wonder — how long before their paths cross again?"

Mark Bravo: "That tension's already bubbling, my man. Two icons. One eventual collision. And I'm buying a front-row seat the second that bell rings!"

Wont Back Down

Segment

The camera cuts to the backstage hallway just outside Gorilla. The air is tense. Fluorescent lights hum overhead. Jarvis Valentine walks into frame—slow, deliberate steps. He's battered. His left eye is swollen, a deep purple bruise blossoming beneath it. His torso is tightly wrapped in medical bandages. The UTA Championship rests on his shoulder, glinting under the flickering light. Determination burns in his eyes.

From the left, UTA General Manager Scott Stevens rushes into frame, stepping in front of him, hands raised in protest.

Scott Stevens: "Jarvis, no! No—don't do this. I'm telling you, as your boss, as someone who respects the hell out of

what you've done—I implore you to reconsider!"

Jarvis doesn't slow. He tries to step around him, but Stevens grabs his arm.

Scott Stevens: "You're not cleared! You're not one hundred percent. Hell, you're not even seventy-five! Chris Ross is dangerous—"

Jarvis Valentine: "And I'm the UTA Champion."

He says it plainly. No bravado. Just truth.

Jarvis Valentine: "A champion doesn't hide. Doesn't stall. Doesn't wait for a better day. He fights."

Stevens lowers his hand, clearly conflicted. His jaw clenches. Jarvis shifts the title on his shoulder, his voice steely.

Jarvis Valentine: "Chris Ross wants a war? Fine. But he better be ready to kill a dead man walking."

With that, Jarvis moves past him—slow, but unshaken. The camera follows from behind as he heads toward the curtain. Stevens exhales, running a hand through his hair, helpless to stop what's about to unfold.

John Phillips (voice-over): "The champ is hurt, but he's not backing down. You have to respect the heart of Jarvis Valentine... but at what cost?"

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "This ain't gutsy. This is suicide! You've seen what Chris Ross can do! Jarvis is walking into a damn slaughter!"

Every Week

Segment

We cut backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands with a microphone, a bright smile on her face. Beside her, the UTA Women's United States Champion Angela Hall adjusts the championship belt across her shoulder, still glistening with sweat after her hard-fought win.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time—fresh off her victory over Juno Sage—the UTA Women's United States Champion, Angela Hall!"

The crowd cheers from inside the arena as Angela nods, a confident but humble grin forming.

Melissa Cartwright: "Angela, congratulations on the win tonight. That was no easy challenge against Juno Sage. How are you feeling after another successful defense?"

Angela shifts the title, tapping its faceplate with pride before speaking.

Angela Hall: "Thank you, Melissa. You know, every single week I step into that ring, I do it with one goal in mind—prove I belong here and prove I can hang with anybody. Tonight was no different. Juno Sage is smart, dangerous, and clinical in the ring... but I'm the Women's Champion for a reason."

She straightens her posture, eyes narrowing with determination.

Angela Hall: "Week in and week out, I show this division—and the world—why I'm the champion to watch. And I'll keep doing it, no matter who steps up next. This championship doesn't slow me down. It only drives me to get better, to fight harder, and to represent this company the way a champion should."

The crowd reacts with cheers inside the arena as Melissa nods approvingly.

Melissa Cartwright: "Well said, Angela. Congratulations again on your victory tonight."

Angela raises the title high for the camera, her determined expression locking in as the scene fades back toward ringside.

Chris Ross vs. Jarvis Valentine

Match

Back inside the arena, the crowd buzzes with tension. There's no hype package. No commentary voiceover. Just a foreboding silence under the house lights.

And then—

—the speakers explode to life.

"BLACK FLAME!" by Bury Tomorrow.

A thick wall of black smoke rolls across the entrance stage as the crimson lighting floods the arena like a crime scene. The crowd responds—not with cheers or boos, but a collective murmur of anxiety. They know what's coming.

Out steps the man himself.

The Keystone State Killa.

Chris Ross.

His eyes are down. His face is blank—expressionless. Unshaven. Disheveled. His walk is slow, deliberate. In his right hand, that familiar companion: the screwdriver. The handle is worn. The steel dulled by god-knows-what. It's not for intimidation anymore—it's ritual. An extension of his broken psyche.

John Phillips: "There's a certain weight in this building right now, folks. A darkness... and it walks like a man."

Mark Bravo: "That ain't a man, JP. That's a loaded weapon wrapped in skin. That's trauma in boots. And it's comin' for blood."

Ross trudges toward the ring. No posturing. No glance at the fans. No smile. Not even hatred. Just silence. One hand clenched. The other gripping steel. His t-shirt is ragged and faded—white letters across black fabric read: "25 to Life".

As he reaches ringside, Ross walks up the steel steps, then ducks in through the ropes with eerie stillness. He doesn't climb a turnbuckle. He doesn't motion to the crowd.

He walks directly to the far corner and drops down into a seated position. Back against the bottom turnbuckle. Elbows resting on knees. Eyes fixed on nothing.

John Phillips: "The man's not even looking at the curtain. It's like he's already played this out in his mind. A thousand ways it ends. And none of them have a happy finish."

Mark Bravo: "He don't care about titles. Don't care about glory. He cares about hurtin' people, and Jarvis Valentine... is limping into a goddamn car crash."

As "Black Flame" fades out, the only sound left is the tense murmur of the Duluth crowd. Chris Ross hasn't moved.

He's not waiting for a fight.

He's waiting for a sacrifice.

The arena remains steeped in silence as Chris Ross stays seated in the corner, unmoving, expressionless. Then—

"AMERICAN FLAGS" by Tom MacDonald.

Red. White. Blue. The lights flash across the arena like distressed signals, pulsing with the rhythm of the opening beat. Fireworks streak the stage. The Duluth crowd leaps to its feet—not with thunderous cheers, but with a conflicted, worried reverence. This isn't a triumphant entrance. This is a war march.

From the curtain emerges Jarvis Valentine.

The UTA Champion.

His stride is labored. His body wrapped in bandages, bruised and broken from the earlier attack. His left arm hangs slightly stiff at his side. His ribs are taped. The UTA Championship belt is slung over his shoulder, but it looks heavy tonight—like it's weighing him down more than usual.

John Phillips: "The heart of a champion, ladies and gentlemen... on full display. Jarvis Valentine could've stayed in the back. Hell, Stevens begged him not to do this. But here he is. He's going to fight. Even if it breaks him."

Mark Bravo: "I ain't gonna lie to ya, JP. This ain't brave. This is stupid. You don't walk into a bear trap because you're too proud to crawl."

Valentine pauses at the top of the ramp. The fans begin to chant:

"JAR-VIS! JAR-VIS! JAR-VIS!"

He raises his right hand slowly... forming the Q-shape his loyal followers know well. The crowd roars louder, but it's still tinged with anxiety. They admire him. But they're scared for him.

He continues his walk—one foot in front of the other—every step deliberate. He's not running to the fight. He's dragging his heart toward it.

John Phillips: "This isn't just about the UTA Championship. This is about proving that a man can be bloodied, battered, and still stand for something. Jarvis Valentine doesn't back down."

Mark Bravo: "He should've. Because Chris Ross ain't here to win a belt. He's here to end careers."

As Valentine reaches the bottom of the ramp, he looks up into the ring. Ross hasn't moved. Still seated. Still calm. Still terrifying.

The Champion climbs the steel steps—wincing—and steps through the ropes, gripping them tightly with his good arm. He stares across the ring at the man waiting to tear him apart.

The title is handed to the referee. The bell hasn't rung yet. But there's already a sense that something irreversible is about to happen.

John Phillips: "The champion stands. The monster waits. The main event... is next."

The referee holds the UTA Championship high for the world to see. Jarvis, bruised but standing tall, rolls his shoulders and nods. Chris Ross... doesn't move. He just stares.

DING DING DING!

And like a bomb detonating—CHRIS ROSS CHARGES!

The Keystone State Killa explodes from the corner, sprinting full tilt—

CRACK!

A running elbow smashes Jarvis in the side of the head before the champion even lifts his arms!

John Phillips: "OH GOD—what an elbow to start! Ross just BULLDOZED him!"

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't a wrestling move, JP. That was a damn mugging!"

Jarvis collapses to one knee, and Ross immediately follows up—

FOREARM SHOTS! MOUNTED! UNPROTECTED!

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Ross is hammering away like he's trying to cave the champion's skull in. The ref starts yelling, but Ross doesn't stop. He doesn't care.

John Phillips: "This is animalistic! Someone get in there!"

Mark Bravo: "You get in there, Phillips! That man's gone feral!"

Ross finally pulls away—not from mercy, but to DRAG Jarvis up by the taped ribs. He shouts something unintelligible at the crowd, spit flying from his mouth—

SLAM! Sidewalk Smash—right out of the gate!

John Phillips: "He just planted Jarvis face-first! That's one of his setups already! This could be over in two minutes!"

Jarvis is dazed, clutching his side, barely conscious. Ross circles like a shark. And then...

...he kneels down and pulls something out of his boot.

Mark Bravo: "Aw, hell. That's the screwdriver. He's got the screwdriver!"

John Phillips: "No! Not this! He can't—"

The referee IMMEDIATELY jumps between them, arms raised, shouting at Ross to drop the weapon. The crowd is on their feet, booing, some screaming for the bell. Ross... smirks.

He raises the screwdriver in the air like an executioner's blade—

—and then tosses it out of the ring.

John Phillips: "Wait... he threw it away?"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, that's worse. That means he doesn't think he needs it. He's not gonna cheat tonight—he's gonna beat Jarvis's ass straight-up."

Ross grabs Jarvis by the wrist and hurls him into the corner. Jarvis slams into the turnbuckles with a thunderous THUD, his body folding. The champion drops to a seated position in the corner, gasping for air.

John Phillips: "The injuries from earlier, the damage from this assault... Jarvis might not be able to recover if this keeps going."

Chris Ross sprints again—

RUNNING CANNONBALL SENTON INTO THE CORNER!

Mark Bravo: "HE MIGHT BE DEAD!"

The whole ring shakes. Jarvis's head slumps to the side. Ross sits beside him for a moment, breathing heavily, eyes wide and cold.

The crowd is in a stunned hush. Some are even chanting "Stop the match." But Ross isn't done.

John Phillips: "He's not going for the pin. He's going for the statement. Chris Ross doesn't just want the title. He wants to make sure Jarvis never holds it again."

Ross stands slowly, methodically, towering over the broken champion.

Mark Bravo: "I don't even think this is about championships anymore."

Chris Ross yanks the UTA Champion out of the corner by his wrist, dragging him to the center like discarded luggage. Jarvis flops to his knees, barely conscious, ribs heaving.

John Phillips: "This is hard to watch. Jarvis isn't just fighting Ross... he's fighting the pain from earlier, the kendo stick assault, the slams, the internal injuries."

Ross grabs Jarvis under the chin, forcing him to look up. A cruel grin spreads across his face.

Chris Ross (off mic): "You ain't the future, kid. You're roadkill."

He winds up—

SLAP! A brutal, open-handed shot echoes across the arena.

Jarvis sways... but doesn't fall.

Mark Bravo: "Wait a minute—look at that. He's still up!"

Ross slaps him again—harder.

SLAP!

Jarvis drops to one hand, head down. Then...

...he slams his fist into the mat and roars.

John Phillips: "There it is! That fire! That HEART! Jarvis Valentine is still alive!"

Ross goes for a third strike—but Jarvis ducks under, surges to his feet—

PELE KICK!

Out of nowhere, Ross eats boot to the temple and drops like a sack of bricks!

Mark Bravo: "HOLY—Jarvis just kicked the soul outta Ross!"

The crowd ERUPTS. For the first time in the match, Ross is down and the champ is standing—barely, but standing.

Jarvis stumbles into the ropes, uses them to steady himself. The referee checks on him. Jarvis pushes him away—he's not done. He's NEVER done.

John Phillips: "He's running on fumes, adrenaline, and guts—but he's still in it!"

Ross crawls to all fours, shaking his head. Jarvis charges—

RUNNING KNEE STRIKE!

Right to the jaw! Ross rolls backward into the corner, dazed.

Jarvis climbs the ropes—top turnbuckle. The crowd is roaring now. Hands in the air. Flashbulbs popping.

Mark Bravo: "Don't do it, kid! That's high risk!"

Jarvis leaps—

DIVING CROSSBODY!

Connects! Lateral press! The first cover of the match—

ONE!

TWO!

NOOO!

Ross kicks out with power, shoving Jarvis off like a ragdoll.

John Phillips: "He got him down! But not for long. Ross is still too fresh... and Jarvis is burning out."

Jarvis crawls toward the ropes, exhausted but fueled by the chants of "VAL-EN-TINE! VAL-EN-TINE!"

Across the ring, Ross rises slowly. His face is bleeding from the mouth. His expression is pure rage.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no. Now you've done it. Ross looks like he just tasted his own blood... and liked it."

Jarvis doesn't see Ross sprinting at him—

BRUTAL LARIAT!

Jarvis flips head over heels and crashes hard to the mat.

John Phillips: "The comeback may have lit the crowd on fire, but Ross just put a damn extinguisher to it."

Ross stands over Jarvis, seething, chest heaving.

The momentum is shifting again. Jarvis lit a flame—but it may not be enough.

Chris Ross circles Jarvis Valentine like a vulture waiting for the final breath. The UTA Champion stirs, clutching his ribs, a crimson smear now evident on the white tape wrapping his torso.

John Phillips: "Jarvis may be on his feet, but he's walking on the edge of consciousness. Ross smells the finish."

Mark Bravo: "And don't forget—this is all happening after Maxx Mayhem left Jarvis for dead earlier. He's already survived more than most could endure in one night."

Ross grabs Jarvis by the neck and screams into his face, spittle flying.

Chris Ross (off mic): "I TOLD YOU... YOU'RE NOT HIM!"

He hoists Jarvis up for a Powerbomb—

—but Jarvis suddenly comes alive! He rains down desperate, wild punches from above! One! Two! Three! Ross stumbles backward—

HURRICANRANA!

Jarvis flips Ross head-first into the mat! The crowd ERUPTS!

John Phillips: "Valentine digs into the well again! He's not done yet!"

Jarvis crawls to the ropes, pulling himself up like a man escaping a grave. Ross rises, dazed. Jarvis takes a breath—then runs—

FLYING FOREARM! He connects!

Ross drops! Jarvis pops up—

SPINNING HEEL KICK!

Ross hits the mat again!

Mark Bravo: "You've GOT to be kidding me! Jarvis Valentine is running on pain and pride!"

Jarvis climbs the corner turnbuckles. The fans are on their feet.

John Phillips: "Don't do it, Jarvis! Your body can't take much more—"

—he leaps—

TOP ROPE ELBOW DROP!

RIGHT TO THE HEART! Ross spasms from the impact!

John Phillips: "HE HIT IT! NEW MOMENTUM! COVER HIM, JARVIS!"

Jarvis crawls across Ross' body. He hooks the leg—

ONE!

TWO!

TH—NO!!

Ross kicks out with a violent shove that sends Jarvis rolling halfway across the ring.

Mark Bravo: "He got out! Ross is still alive—but barely! Both of these guys are just throwing what's left in the tank at each other!"

Both men are down, eyes glazed. The arena buzzes with anticipation.

John Phillips: "This match is no longer about gold. It's about survival. Pride. Legacy."

The referee checks both men as they begin to stir. Jarvis clutches the ropes, blood staining his tape. Ross wipes blood from his mouth, eyes twitching. They both rise to one knee... then both to their feet—

Face to face. The fans rise to their feet. The energy shifts.

Mark Bravo: "This is the tipping point, John. Whoever strikes next... might just walk out with that UTA Championship."

The crowd begins a dueling chant:

"LET'S GO JAR-VIS!" — "ROSS IS GONNA KILL YOU!"

The war continues...

Jarvis Valentine and Chris Ross stand toe-to-toe, swaying. The lights above seem to dim with the weight of exhaustion crushing both warriors. The fans are electric. Jarvis fires the first shot—

SLAP TO THE FACE!

Ross replies with a thunderous forearm. Jarvis reels—comes back with a European uppercut! Ross stumbles!

John Phillips: "They're digging into reserves they didn't know they had! This is pure will now!"

Suddenly, the crowd noise shifts—BOOS begin to rain down. From the top of the ramp—

Maxx Mayhem emerges, limping, ribs bandaged, eyes wild.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no. No. No! What the hell is HE doing back out here?!"

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem! After everything he did to Jarvis earlier tonight—he's back again?! Why?! This isn't your fight!"

Mayhem storms down the ramp with purpose, a steel chair clutched in his hands. Ross sees him coming and yells from the ring, shaking his head.

Chris Ross (off mic): "Get outta here! I don't need you!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross wants no part of this assist! He's trying to win this straight!"

Maxx doesn't listen. He circles the ring like a hyena, steel in hand. Jarvis, sensing danger, tries to focus, but he's already bleeding, barely upright.

John Phillips: "Ross said he didn't want help... but Maxx doesn't care. He wants Jarvis destroyed. Period."

The referee warns Maxx to stay out—but he's on the apron now! Ross spins around, furious—

Ross: "GET DOWN!"

Mayhem grins and steps down...

—but not before tossing the chair into the ring at Ross's feet.

Mark Bravo: "He's baiting Ross into doing it! He's handing him the weapon! Silver platter!"

Ross stares down at the chair. The crowd holds its breath.

Behind him—Jarvis stirs. He grabs the chair—

WHAM!

Chair to the gut—Jarvis folds Ross in half!

John Phillips: "VALENTINE STRUCK FIRST!"

Mark Bravo: "Desperation move! He's still alive in this!"

Jarvis throws the chair aside and hauls Ross up—

VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE! (Hammerlock DDT)

Ross is SPIKED into the mat!

John Phillips: "He hit it! The champ hit it! COVER HIM!"

Jarvis collapses on Ross' chest—

ONE!

TWO!

THREE—NO!!!

Ross kicks out at the last possible heartbeat!

Mark Bravo: "You have GOT to be kidding me! Maxx's chaos almost cost Jarvis the match—but Ross still found a way to stay in it!"

Jarvis pounds the mat in frustration. Maxx is still at ringside, clapping. Ross is out cold, but breathing. The match isn't over yet.

John Phillips: "This is getting out of hand. And Maxx Mayhem? He's the match's shadow. Whether Ross wants him or not, he may decide how this ends."

The crowd remains split, caught between admiration for Jarvis' resilience... and fear of how far Maxx Mayhem will go to put him down for good.

Ross stares down at the chair. The crowd holds its breath. The steel glints under the arena lights like an unsheathed blade. He picks it up slowly... hands trembling. His chest rises and falls like a man standing at the edge of something permanent.

He glances toward Jarvis, who's crawling on all fours, barely upright, blood trailing from his temple. Then he looks out toward the crowd. Then—

To Maxx Mayhem.

John Phillips: "He's thinking about it... he's really thinking about it."

Mark Bravo: "C'mon Ross, don't sell your soul here. You don't need to do this!"

Maxx is pacing at ringside, eyes wild, shouting up at Ross.

Maxx Mayhem (shouting): "Do it! FINISH HIM! That's the KILL SHOT! You wanna be THE guy? BE THE GUY!"

Ross glares down at the chair. His fingers tighten around the grip. He looks like he might drop it...

But then, Maxx claps loudly and hollers again, pulling the referee toward him and screaming about a phantom wrist injury.

John Phillips: "What's Maxx doing now—oh come on, not again!"

The referee turns his back, yelling at Mayhem.

Ross turns back to Jarvis... pauses one more beat... then—

CRACK!

The steel chair slams across Jarvis Valentine's skull with a sickening echo.

Mark Bravo: "NO!!!"

Jarvis collapses face-first. Dead weight. The crowd erupts in fury.

John Phillips: "He did it. Dammit, he did it. Ross made his choice."

Ross doesn't celebrate. He just stands there... chair dangling from his hand, expression unreadable. He made the decision. And now he owns it.

Maxx is on the floor, laughing. Pounding the apron in glee as the referee turns back to see Jarvis Valentine down and the chair, now on the mat.

Mark Bravo: "This... this wasn't how it had to end."

Chris Ross stares down at Jarvis Valentine's unconscious body. The crowd's jeers begin to drown out his thoughts. This could be it—the moment he proves everything they said was wrong. That he was right. That he was meant to sit atop this kingdom of violence.

Then—

"MADE YOU LOOK" by NAS.

The arena loses its collective mind. The noise explodes like a cannon blast.

John Phillips: "WHAT THE HELL—?! IT'S ERIC DANE JR.! HE'S BACK!"

From the curtain bursts Eric Dane Jr.—no sequins, no showboating, just purpose in motion. He doesn't pose. He doesn't look around. His eyes are locked on the ring, and his pace is relentless. The usual smirk is gone. In its place: fury and focus. He's not here to perform. He's here to fight.

Maxx Mayhem steps away from the ring, confused. Then angry. Then posturing like a pitbull.

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh boy. Maxx looks like he's gonna meet him halfway—"

WHAM!

Dane Jr. barrels into Maxx Mayhem with a clothesline that folds the chaos-loving madman in half. The crowd pops hard. Maxx is down—flopping into the guardrail like a tossed bag of bricks.

John Phillips: "MAYHEM JUST GOT FLATTENED!"

Ross is still in the ring. He watches Dane slide in under the ropes, face twisted with fire and grit. Jarvis is still down. This... this could be his moment. No more interference. No more Maxx. Just Ross. Just the belt. Just the legacy...

But then there's Eric Dane Jr., standing right there. Alive. Ready. Daring him.

Ross's eyes dart back to Valentine. Then to Dane. Then to the UTA Championship. A storm brews behind his expression. Rage. History. Jealousy. Purpose.

Mark Bravo: "What's it gonna be, Ross? Your glory? Or one more war?"

Chris Ross makes the decision—

John Phillips: "He chooses WAR!"

Ross lunges forward with a wild swing, but Eric Dane Jr. ducks beneath it with a burst of speed. Both men spin, and suddenly Dane is unloading with rapid-fire rights and lefts! One! Two! Three! Four! The crowd is coming unglued as the referee immediately waves for the bell—

Mark Bravo: "We're not getting a winner here tonight!"

John Phillips: "The match is thrown out! Eric Dane Jr. has snapped!"

Fueled by rage, Eric Dane Jr. drives Ross into the corner, fists flying like a man possessed. Chris Ross tries to cover up, tries to push back—he finally starts swinging back and catches Dane with a big forearm that staggers him—

And then all hell breaks loose.

The backstage hallway ****empties****. Wrestlers, producers, security—everyone pours out from the curtain in a mad rush toward the ring. Maxx Mayhem, now upright on the ramp, raises his hands and tries to wave them off, shouting, "He's got it! He's got it!" But nobody listens. They sprint past him like he doesn't exist.

Mark Bravo: "Maxx is trying to stop this? Since when!?"

John Phillips: "Too late now! Here comes the cavalry!"

Angela Hall. B.R. Ellis. Carter Durant. Tyler Cruz. Even Dahlia Cross. The ring floods as bodies slide in from every side, swarming the chaos. A dozen arms try to hold back Dane Jr. A dozen more try to restrain Ross. The two men roar past the grasp of order—swinging wildly, legs kicking, teeth bared.

John Phillips: "It's an all-out brawl! Dane and Ross won't stop! They **WON'T STOP!**"

Mark Bravo: "This was never about the match. This was never about the title. This is hate. This is legacy. This is pride. And it's damn sure not over."

It's a storm of bodies—security, staff, and fellow superstars pushing, pulling, yelling—trying to peel back the chaos. Eric Dane Jr. is in one corner, being held down by four people. His eyes burn with fury. Chris Ross thrashes in the opposite corner, blood boiling, still shouting curses no one can hear over the deafening crowd.

John Phillips: "This is madness. This is absolute anarchy!"

In the corner of the screen, Jarvis Valentine is being helped to his feet. His face bloodied, his body bruised, the UTA Championship clutched tightly against his chest. He doesn't look like a winner. He looks like a survivor.

Mark Bravo: "Look at him... the champ is still standing. Somehow. Someway."

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is still your UTA Champion, but I don't know if he'll ever be the same after tonight!"

The camera cuts to the ramp—Maxx Mayhem stands just beyond the fray. He doesn't interfere. He doesn't yell. He simply watches with a crooked grin and a twinkle in his eye... like a man who lit the match and walked away from the explosion.

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem didn't come to compete tonight—he came to destroy."

John Phillips: "He handed Chris Ross a weapon... and turned Eric Dane Jr. into a warhead. And now—now there's nothing but wreckage!"

The scene cuts back to the ring as Ross is finally dragged under the ropes, kicking the barricade, trying to break free. Eric Dane Jr. breaks loose for half a second—lunging toward him again—

But no. It's over. For now.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. and Chris Ross... this isn't over. Not by a long shot."

Mark Bravo: "Not by a country mile. And something tells me—when it does end—somebody's not going to walk out."

Jarvis, still groggy, climbs to the second rope with help. He holds the UTA Championship weakly above his head. The crowd roars behind the carnage. The lights dim. The screen begins to fade—

John Phillips: "Chaos reigns in the UTA. What happens next... may tear the whole damn place apart."

Fade to black.

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