

The Great Southern Trendkill Tour: Little Rock, Arkansas

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: September 4, 2025
Location: Barton Coliseum — Little Rock, Arkansas

Preview

Card to be announced

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen fades in from black. We're met with the sight of a raucous Barton Coliseum crowd, packed shoulder to shoulder under blaring lights. Fans wave signs, shout chants, and pound on the barricades. The signature Great Southern Trendkill Tour logo blazes across the screen with a pulse of pyro before cutting to the commentary table.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to the *GREAT SOUTHERN TRENDKILL TOUR!* We are coming to you LIVE from the legendary Barton Coliseum in Little Rock, Arkansas!"

Mark Bravo: "It's Thursday night wrestling, baby! We might've been delayed, but now we are damn sure making up for it. The roof is about to blow off this place!"

John Phillips: "We want to start tonight by thanking all of you for your patience and support. Last week's scheduled event was unfortunately postponed due to a gas leak discovered in this very building — but tonight, the air is clear and the action is ready to ignite!"

Mark Bravo: "You know, the only thing more combustible than that leak is the powder keg we've got brewing in UTA right now! Brick Bronson wants his title back. Chris Ross is tearing through people like tissue paper. And let's not forget—Jarvis Valentine is still holding that UTA Championship!"

John Phillips: "And let's not ignore the women's division—Angela Hall made a statement last week in Georgia, and tensions are rising with Valkyrie Knox. There is heat across the board. Rivalries are reaching their boiling point as we march toward whatever's next on this explosive tour."

Mark Bravo: "It's unpredictable. It's dangerous. And it's exactly what the Great Southern Trendkill was made for. No card announced tonight—anything can happen, and probably will!"

The camera pans across the wild Arkansas crowd one more time—horns blaring, fists pumping, chants echoing—before the screen cuts to the entrance ramp, lights pulsing in anticipation of the first arrival of the night...

Why Did I Do It?

Segment

The lights in the Barton Coliseum abruptly dim, plunging the arena into a deep crimson hue. A pulsing, foreboding bassline hits...

John Phillips: "Wait a second... is that—?"

Mark Bravo: "No way. It can't be. We haven't seen her since WrestleUTA: 25!"

Smoke coils up from the stage as “Sanctify Me” by In This Moment explodes through the PA system. The crowd’s reaction is instantaneous—thunderous boos shake the building as AMY HARRISON steps through the haze.

John Phillips: "Oh my god. It is. That's Amy Harrison!"

Mark Bravo: "She turned on Marie Van Claudio during her Hall of Fame moment—and now she’s back?! You can feel the venom just oozing off her!"

Wearing a crimson leather jacket and a vicious smirk, Amy struts down the ramp slowly, hips swinging confidently. She stops halfway, soaks in the hatred, then extends her arms wide like she’s bathing in the disdain. The spotlight follows her every step. She slides into the ring with deliberate grace and demands a microphone from ringside. Her music fades—but the boos don’t.

Amy Harrison: "God... I just love this sound."

She closes her eyes for a moment, as if savoring the heat.

Amy Harrison: "Every single one of you trying to boo me out of the building. But let’s be honest—you’re not booing because you hate me. You’re booing because you know... deep down... that I’m RIGHT."

John Phillips: "This crowd is letting her have it, and she’s eating it up."

Mark Bravo: "She’s got that look in her eye, JP. That cold, nasty streak is back—and maybe worse than ever."

Amy slowly paces the ring, her heels echoing with each deliberate step. She runs her tongue across her teeth and locks her eyes on the hard cam.

Amy Harrison: "Marie Van Claudio? You don’t deserve a damn thing these people are giving you. Not the cheers. Not the respect. Not the ‘hero’s welcome’ you’ve been basking in since you came crawling back. If anyone deserves to be idolized in this division—it’s me."

The crowd roars with disapproval. Amy just smirks and shrugs.

Amy Harrison: "While you were off playing mommy and putting your feet up, I was out there grinding. Winning titles. Dominating companies you couldn’t even hang in. And yet... you come back, and it’s all roses and banners for Marie, huh? But me? I get ignored. I get overlooked. Like I didn’t earn every damn accolade I ever got."

John Phillips: "She's rewriting history in that ring right now."

Mark Bravo: "Like it or not, Amy Harrison’s résumé is legit. But this venom... this goes way deeper than just a chip on her shoulder."

Amy leans on the top rope, pointing to fans in the front row with disgust.

Amy Harrison: "You all act like Marie’s some untouchable icon. But here’s the truth—Marie Van Claudio is a failure. She failed to reclaim her title. She failed to carry the legacy. She failed... herself."

More boos. Amy doesn’t flinch. Instead, she takes a step back and twists the knife even deeper.

Amy Harrison: "And now... now she thinks her precious little daughters are going to take up the mantle? Give me a break."

The audience gasps. Even the commentators go quiet for a beat.

John Phillips: "Whoa. Did she really just...?"

Mark Bravo: "That’s way out of line."

Amy Harrison: "Yeah, I went there. You think those kids are gonna be the next generation? Please. Spoiled. Soft. Just like their mother. They’ll crumble just like she did. Because the apple doesn’t fall far from the rotting tree."

The crowd is furious now—boos raining, fans on their feet.

John Phillips: "This is vile. This is absolutely vile."

Mark Bravo: "This woman has no filter, no boundaries. She's burning bridges just to watch them burn."

Amy walks to the center of the ring, her voice lower, more personal now.

Amy Harrison: "And Marie... don't lie to yourself. We were never friends. Our fathers hated each other. You were always the pampered princess, while I had to fight for everything. And now I'm here to make damn sure you understand that Amy Harrison will always be the better woman."

She drops her voice to a venomous whisper.

Amy Harrison: "More talented. More ruthless. More relevant."

She points to the mat beneath her boots.

Amy Harrison: "And after I'm done humiliating you, this is where you'll be left. Staring up at me... as I hold the UTA Women's Championship above your broken body."

Amy pauses, soaking in the crowd's fury one last time.

Amy Harrison: "So let it sink in, Marie. I'm not just better than you... I'm the future. I'm the present. And I'm the END of Marie Van Claudio."

With a sneering smirk, Amy tosses the microphone to the mat. "Sanctify Me" kicks back in as she blows a mocking kiss into the camera. The boos are deafening as she exits the ring slowly, arrogantly, every step dripping with malicious confidence.

John Phillips: "That... that was hard to listen to."

Mark Bravo: "She just declared war. Not just on Marie Van Claudio—but on her legacy, her family... everything."

Amy pauses atop the ramp, looking back toward the ring with one final smirk before disappearing behind the curtain.

An Iron Arrival

Segment

Backstage. The camera pans across the bustling loading dock of Barton Coliseum as a black SUV pulls into frame. The rear door swings open...

John Phillips: "Hold on, is that—"

Mark Bravo: "It is! It's the double champ herself!"

Out steps GRAYSIE PARKER, title belts draped over each shoulder — the *Iron City Wrestling Iron Crown Championship* shining on her left, and the *UTA WrestleZone Championship* gleaming on her right. Her signature leather jacket hangs open, revealing an ICW tee underneath. Her gear bag slung across one arm, she walks with a purposeful, focused strut.

John Phillips: "The Iron Crown Champion. The WrestleZone Champion. Graysie Parker has arrived in Little Rock, and you can bet she knows the eyes of both promotions are locked on her."

Mark Bravo: "Two promotions. Two titles. No nonsense. She's putting in WORK, JP—and not everyone in the UTA locker room is thrilled about it."

Graysie stops for a moment, glancing toward the camera with a quiet, confident smirk. She adjusts the WrestleZone title slightly higher on her shoulder, then continues walking, disappearing down the hallway as crew members and staff give her space.

John Phillips: "You talk about people making statements with actions, not words—Graysie Parker is a walking billboard for that mindset."

Mark Bravo: "And let's not forget—she submitted Aaron Shaffer in Birmingham to take that WrestleZone gold. UTA fans better get used to seeing that ICW logo around here, whether they like it or not."

The camera lingers for a moment on the trail of respect and caution left in her wake, then fades back to ringside.

Unwanted Attention?

Segment

Backstage. The camera catches Amy Harrison walking confidently down the hallway, a satisfied smirk on her face after the venomous promo she just delivered in the ring. Her heels click against the concrete floor as she turns the corner—
—and stops dead in her tracks.

The camera pans to reveal UTA Women's Champion, Valkyrie Knox, standing in her path. Title belt slung over her shoulder, arms folded, eyes locked coldly on Amy.

Mark Bravo: "Uh oh. Looks like Amy's mouth just cashed a check her body might not want to cash, JP."

John Phillips: "That's the UTA Women's Champion, and she doesn't look thrilled."

Amy straightens her posture, tilting her head with a smug little grin. Valkyrie doesn't move. Doesn't flinch. Just slowly looks Amy up and down like she's sizing up a threat... or a nuisance.

Valkyrie Knox: "Whatever happened at WrestleUTA: 25 between you and Marie? That's none of my business. Y'all can tear each other apart for all I care."

She shifts her title slightly on her shoulder—deliberate, declarative.

Valkyrie Knox: "But the second you start talking about this title... that's when it becomes personal."

Amy's smirk flickers for a moment, but she says nothing. Valkyrie steps a little closer, her voice firm, low, and sharp as steel.

Valkyrie Knox: "You and Marie can go play in your little sandbox. Just make sure you keep my name, and this title, out of your mouth when you're throwing dirt."

She pauses, letting the tension settle.

Valkyrie Knox: "Because no one—and I mean no one—is going to take this championship away from me."

Another beat. She leans in, just enough to make her point hit home.

Valkyrie Knox: "Especially not you."

Knox steps past Amy without another word. The camera lingers on Amy's face as the confidence starts to crack ever so slightly... just as Valkyrie's footsteps fade down the hallway.

John Phillips: "You could cut that tension with a knife."

Mark Bravo: "Amy Harrison wanted attention... well, she just got the champion's."

Valentina Blaze vs. Susanita Ybanez

Match

The camera cuts back inside Barton Coliseum. The energy is high, the crowd buzzing after the fiery words exchanged earlier tonight. Suddenly—

? WHOOMP! ? A burst of orange light flashes across the entrance stage as a thunderous bass drop rumbles through

the speakers.

Fiery strobes stutter across the arena. The ramp glows as if kissed by flame. And then she steps out—

Announcer: "Introducing first... from Miami, Florida... standing five feet eight inches tall and weighing in at 150 pounds... VALENTINA BLAAAZE!"

Valentina Blaze strides confidently onto the stage, a determined fire in her eyes. She sweeps one hand across her chest, tracing a "spark" through the air with her finger—then flicks it toward the ring like she's lighting a fuse.

John Phillips: "Here she comes! The ever-explosive Valentina Blaze, and you can feel the temperature rising inside Barton Coliseum!"

Mark Bravo: "It's not just that pyro, Johnny. That woman is all heat and hustle. Blaze doesn't walk—she ignites!"

With the beat thundering, Valentina sprints down the ramp at full speed, pumping one fist to the crowd before sliding into the ring under the bottom rope. She pops to her feet and immediately hits the nearest corner.

John Phillips: "Valentina's been making serious waves ever since her debut. Tough as nails, lightning fast, and fearless as they come."

Valentina leaps onto the middle rope and throws up her signature "Light it up!" gesture, fingers spread like a flame. Fans echo the motion back at her with cheers.

Mark Bravo: "And she's in the ring tonight with Susanita Ybanez—who, let me tell you, has a hell of a debut story coming up next. But Blaze? She's not one to play nice when someone else wants to steal her spotlight."

Valentina drops down from the ropes, pacing in a tight circle, her eyes already focused on the entrance ramp as she awaits her opponent.

The arena lights begin to dim, replaced by deep red hues that crawl across the stage. A heavy drumbeat kicks in—ominous and tribal—echoing through Barton Coliseum.

John Phillips: "Oh wow... this is different. This is something else entirely."

The violin layers over the drums—eerie, rising—joined by the delicate, foreboding notes of a piano. A ripple of anticipation runs through the crowd.

Mark Bravo: "Whatever you're feeling right now, folks... it's justified. Because this is about to be the UTA debut of Susanita Ybanez—and I've heard this entrance is something special."

With a sudden ROAR, flames rise from both edges of the stage, illuminating the smoke now rolling in thick across the floor. The growl of her entrance theme hits, guttural and fierce—followed by a loud BOOM! that nearly shakes the rafters.

Announcer: "And her opponent... making her United Toughness Alliance debut... hailing from Lambaré, Paraguay... La reina silenciosa... SUSANITA YBAÑEZ!"

Through the red mist and fire emerges Susanita Ybanez—small in stature, but radiating undeniable presence. She steps forward with measured intensity, pausing at the top of the ramp to take in the crowd.

John Phillips: "There she is! A trailblazer in every sense of the word—Susanita Ybanez, the first South American woman ever signed to a UTA contract. This is a huge moment, not just for her... but for the sport."

Mark Bravo: "From the streets of Lambaré to center stage here in Little Rock, this woman's been through the fire before she ever got here. You think she's intimidated by Blaze? Nah. Susanita was fighting uphill before she even found a ring."

Susanita begins walking down the ramp slowly, fire rising in controlled bursts beside her. The crowd leans in, captivated by the spectacle. She reaches the apron, then climbs up and stands tall, locking eyes with Valentina Blaze.

She leans back, then forcefully brings her arms down—BOOM!—a synchronized explosion of pyro from all four turnbuckles as flashing lights scatter across the arena.

John Phillips: "Talk about a debut! Talk about an arrival! Susanita Ybanez has made it to the United Toughness Alliance—and she is not here to blend in."

Mark Bravo: "Let me tell you something—there's a storm coming in that ring tonight, and it's got roots in Paraguay and fire in its soul."

Susanita steps through the ropes, centered and composed, her eyes now locked on Blaze. The ref steps in between the two competitors. Valentina doesn't flinch. Susanita doesn't blink. The atmosphere is thick with anticipation.

The bell rings—DING DING DING!—and the crowd instantly rises in anticipation.

John Phillips: "Here we go! Valentina Blaze versus Susanita Ybanez, making her official UTA debut tonight. And if you're not buzzing yet, you're about to be."

Mark Bravo: "I got goosebumps, Johnny. You've got Valentina—a straight-up firestarter with kicks that'll make you regret waking up this morning—versus this gritty, unshakable warrior from Lambaré who's been fighting uphill her whole life. This is gonna be good."

The two women circle the ring with caution and purpose. Valentina wears her usual cocky grin, hands low, practically daring Susanita to make the first move. Susanita stays laser-focused, her hands up, her body light on its toes.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze has been on a mission to rebound after falling short at *One Last Stop*. A win over a fresh debut like Ybanez would go a long way in reestablishing her position in the women's division."

Mark Bravo: "Sure, but don't get cocky—Susanita might be new to the UTA, but not to combat. She's logged more miles on dirt rings and parking lots than most wrestlers ever will. That edge? It's real."

The two lock up—tight collar-and-elbow. Blaze immediately tries to shift into a headlock, but Susanita slides out, ducking behind into a quick waistlock. Valentina counters with a back elbow—but Susanita slips it and rolls her up!

John Phillips: "ROLL-UP! Susanita going for the flash pin!"

ONE—

T—Valentina kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "Whoa! That almost ended before we even warmed up!"

Valentina scrambles to her feet, a little wide-eyed now, and Susanita just nods—cool, unshaken, ready for more. The crowd applauds the quick exchange.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez wasting no time showcasing those instincts! She's fluid, fast, and fearless in there."

Blaze resets with more urgency now. She fakes a low kick—Susanita doesn't bite—then leaps in with a spinning back kick. Susanita barely avoids it and fires back with a stiff European uppercut that snaps Blaze's head back!

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't flashy—just nasty. I like it."

With Blaze stunned, Susanita grabs her by the arm and yanks her into a fast Snap DDT! Blaze bounces hard off the mat and rolls to her side, shaking the cobwebs as Susanita kips up to her feet.

John Phillips: "The UTA faithful here in Little Rock just got their first taste of what Susanita Ybanez brings to the table. Crisp execution, and no wasted motion."

Valentina crawls to the corner, holding the back of her head, her eyes narrowing now as she realizes this isn't going to be a breeze. Susanita watches from the center of the ring, hands on her hips, waiting for the next exchange.

Mark Bravo: "Welcome to the big leagues, Valentina. This debutante didn't come here for a warm-up."

Valentina rises in the corner, shaking the cobwebs, but Susanita is already charging. She darts in with a running dropkick that drives Blaze back-first into the turnbuckles with a sharp thud!

John Phillips: "Susanita showing no hesitation! She's smothering Blaze with intensity and precision!"

Ybanez pulls Valentina out by the wrist, spins, and plants her with a short-arm belly-to-belly suplex that rattles the canvas! The crowd pops as Susanita rolls to one knee, her expression unreadable, eyes locked on her opponent.

Mark Bravo: "That right there's that street-born strength. It's not textbook—it's earned. You don't train that kind of torque, Johnny. You survive it."

Valentina clutches her back and crawls for space, but Susanita cuts her off. She grabs a wrist and yanks Blaze to her feet before whipping her hard into the ropes. On the rebound, Susanita leaps and catches her with a springboard arm drag out of nowhere! Blaze rolls across the mat and flops to the outside, trying to gather herself.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez is making a statement tonight. This crowd is loving every second of it!"

Mark Bravo: "Valentina's used to being the spark, but right now she's getting scorched by a whole different fire."

Valentina staggers to her feet on the outside. The crowd swells as Susanita backs into the far ropes. She takes off—

John Phillips: "SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES!"

—and crashes into Blaze with pinpoint force! Both women tumble into the barricade, but Susanita pops up first, pumping her fists as the fans at ringside erupt around her.

Mark Bravo: "She just sent Valentina flying like she was back in the streets of Ciudad del Este! And the crowd is eating it up!"

The referee counts from inside the ring as Susanita grabs Valentina by the head and tosses her back in under the bottom rope. She follows with purpose—hooks the leg—

John Phillips: "YBANEZ FOR THE WIN HERE—"

ONE!

TWO!

—Kickout by Blaze!

Mark Bravo: "Valentina's still in it, but that candle's starting to flicker, Phillips."

Susanita stays calm, nodding once as she pulls Blaze up and backs her into the corner. A hard forearm strike! Another! She mounts the ropes and begins punching down—

Crowd: "UNO! DOS! TRES! CUATRO!—"

Valentina suddenly ducks under and rushes out, trying to dump Susanita—but Ybanez flips and lands on her feet behind her! She spins Valentina around—RIPCORDER KNEE SMASH! Blaze drops to her knees!

John Phillips: "What a counter! She's not just wrestling with confidence—she's wrestling like she belongs!"

With Valentina slumped and dazed, Susanita backs up toward the corner, eyes narrowing. She's setting something up...

Mark Bravo: "Don't blink now, John. I think she's lookin' to seal this with South American punctuation."

With Susanita poised in the corner, crouched and watching like a hunter stalking its prey, the crowd buzzes in anticipation. She takes off with blistering speed, leaping into the air—

John Phillips: "She's going for the Curb Stomp—"

—but Valentina suddenly springs up and spins to the side! Susanita lands awkwardly on her feet and turns—BAM! A spinning back kick from Blaze connects flush with the midsection, knocking the wind from Ybanez!

Mark Bravo: "That's the spark, Johnny! That's the spark catching fire!"

Susanita stumbles back and tries to recover, but Valentina hits the ropes, rebounds, and nails a rope-walk arm drag that sends Susanita flying across the ring. The crowd roars as Blaze pops to her feet, chest heaving, adrenaline pumping.

John Phillips: "Listen to this place come alive! Blaze isn't done yet—not by a long shot!"

As Susanita pushes herself up to one knee, Valentina charges with a running bulldog and spikes her face-first into the canvas! She rolls Susanita over—

ONE!

TWO!

—Kickout!

Mark Bravo: "Susanita's still got a heartbeat, but Blaze is starting to build some serious heat!"

Valentina pulls her up and fires a forearm. Susanita answers with one of her own. The crowd oohs. Another shot from Valentina. Another from Susanita! The two trade back and forth, center of the ring, until Valentina fakes high—spins low—and sweeps the leg!

Ybanez crashes down and Blaze pops to the apron, grabbing the ropes. She lines up her shot—

John Phillips: "She's going airborne—Apron Meteora coming up!"

Valentina slingshots over—BOOM! The Meteora connects to Susanita's shoulders, driving her down to the mat! Blaze stays on top and hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

TH—Susanita kicks out just in time!

Mark Bravo: "That was dangerously close! Valentina Blaze turning the tide here in her favor!"

The camera zooms in on Valentina's focused expression. She slaps her thighs and shouts to the crowd—

Valentina Blaze: "LIGHT IT UP!"

The crowd responds, clapping in rhythm. Valentina backs into the corner, eyes narrowing as Susanita slowly stirs in the middle of the ring.

John Phillips: "Blaze Trigger incoming! If she hits this, it could be lights out for Susanita's debut!"

Valentina bounces on the balls of her feet in the corner, timing it out. Susanita is groggy, pushing herself up on all fours. The crowd is roaring as Blaze steps up onto the middle rope—

John Phillips: "She's going for the Blaze Trigger! If she lands this knee to the jaw, Susanita's debut ends in flames!"

Valentina leaps—

—but Susanita surges forward at the last second, ducking under the flying knee! Blaze lands awkwardly, turns—

Mark Bravo: "WHOA! Ripcord! Ripcord grip!"

Susanita yanks Blaze in—

BAM! Ripcord Knee Smash right to the jaw!

John Phillips: "She just cracked her!"

Valentina drops to her knees, arms hanging limp. Susanita wastes no time—she runs to the ropes, rebounds—

—and delivers a wicked sliding dropkick that folds Blaze backward! Susanita grabs her by the wrist and pulls her to her feet, eyes sharp, heart pounding.

Mark Bravo: "The switch flipped. That calm debut energy is gone. We're in the kill zone now."

Blaze stumbles, still dazed from the ripcord shot. Susanita ducks behind her—wraps around the waist—

BAM! A high-arching belly-to-belly suplex plants Valentina in the center of the ring!

John Phillips: "What a throw! And listen to this crowd—they're on their feet for the newcomer!"

Susanita kneels for a second, steadying her breath, then rises to her feet. She points at the ropes and the crowd pops in anticipation. Valentina is motionless on the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "I think we're about to see the star fall... and the Black Star rise."

Susanita grips the top rope and begins to sway, breathing in rhythm, eyes laser-focused on Valentina Blaze. The crowd is on their feet now, many rising with cheers, some holding phones high. Susanita taps her wrist—

John Phillips: "This could be it! She's looking for her setup—619 position—if she hits this, it's lights out."

Valentina groggily rises to her knees, unaware, crawling toward the ropes. Susanita dashes—

—leaps up, grabs the middle rope—

SWINGING THROUGH! Her boots whip across Blaze's face!

Mark Bravo: "¡Boom! That 619 was nasty!"

Valentina reels back, stunned, flat on her back in the center of the ring. Susanita doesn't hesitate. She grabs the top rope, springboards—

—and launches herself into a perfect corkscrew rotation—

—BAM! She crashes down across Valentina's torso with stunning impact!

John Phillips: "La estrella negra! The Black Star hits her mark!"

Susanita stays on top for the cover, hooking the leg deep.

Referee: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

The bell rings and the crowd roars as Susanita rolls off, panting but smiling faintly. The referee raises her hand as the arena lights flash red and gold.

Mark Bravo: "There's your winner, and folks, that was a hell of a first impression!"

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez has arrived in the United Toughness Alliance. A debut performance that shows style, substance, and serious threat in this women's division!"

Susanita rises to her feet, then stands in the middle of the ring, arms wide, taking in the energy of the fans as the

camera circles her. The red lights bathe her in symbolism—

—a new fire has just been lit in the UTA.

Crazy Like Never Before

Segment

Backstage. The camera catches the heavy sound of a door SLAMMING shut. Maxx Mayhem bursts out of an office, wide-eyed and grinning like a man completely unhinged. He pauses for a moment... and then breaks into a sudden, bizarre little dance right there in the hallway.

He throws his arms up, does a wild spin, and starts to belt out his own version of the 80's classic—off-key and with wild enthusiasm.

Maxx Mayhem: "He's a maniac, maniac, that's for sure!

And he's bringing crazy like no one has before!"

He starts high-knee marching in rhythm to his own beat, flailing his arms like he's dodging invisible bees. He twirls again—nearly colliding with a production crate—and keeps moving, completely oblivious to anyone else around him.

As Maxx continues his chaotic shuffle down the hallway, the camera catches someone stepping into frame just as he passes by. The man is dressed in a faded, rumpled grey suit. Nothing flashy. But the mask?

Blue. Classic. Recognizable in an instant.

The camera tilts upward slowly... and when it hits the mask, the crowd watching from the arena ****erupts**** into cheers.

John Phillips (from commentary): "Wait a minute—WAIT A MINUTE!"

Mark Bravo: "No freakin' way. That's... that's MADMAN SZALINSKI!"

Madman doesn't chase after Maxx. He doesn't need to. He simply watches him disappear around the corner, head tilted ever so slightly... soaking in the absurdity of it all. After a beat, he mutters the only phrase that needs to be said.

Madman Szalinski: "God damn, son."

The camera lingers for a moment on Madman's unblinking stare behind that iconic mask—half amused, half disturbed—before we cut away, leaving the crowd buzzing with nostalgia and confusion.

How Dare you!

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands in front of the bold red-and-black UTA backdrop. She holds a microphone and looks slightly tense. Beside her, pacing with tightly clenched fists and fire in her eyes, is none other than Marie Van Claudio. The crowd pops the moment she appears onscreen—though it's clear Marie's not here to bask in any cheers.

Melissa Cartwright: "Marie... earlier tonight, Amy Harrison made some pretty inflammatory comments—not just about your legacy, but also about your family. I have to ask... what are your thoughts on what she had to say?"

Marie stops pacing. Her nostrils flare as she steps into frame, practically yanking the microphone toward her face. Her voice is low, deliberate, but venomous.

Marie Van Claudio: "You want my thoughts, Melissa? Here's a thought—Amy Harrison should've kept my daughters' names out of her damn mouth."

The crowd reacts audibly from the arena as Marie stares down the camera.

Marie Van Claudio: "Talk about me? Fine. Tear down my resume? Go ahead. You wanna take shots at the so-called

'First Lady' of UTA? I've heard it all before. But when you bring my kids into this... you're not cutting a promo anymore. You're declaring war."

Melissa lowers the mic slightly, eyes wide, but Marie grabs it back with firm control.

Marie Van Claudio: "This wasn't their fight. It was never supposed to be. But you dragged them into it because you thought it'd get under my skin. You thought it would rattle me."

Marie takes a breath. Not to calm down—but to center the storm.

Marie Van Claudio: "Well congratulations, Amy. It worked. You lit the fuse. You got the Marie Van Claudio you didn't want. And now? I'm not coming to wrestle anymore... I'm coming to hurt you."

She turns toward Melissa again, this time more composed, but with a sharpened intensity.

Marie Van Claudio: "You don't get to use my name to make yours. You don't get to spit on my legacy and expect me to just show up and do a lockup. You started this at WrestleUTA: 25 with that blindside. But I'm going to finish it—with purpose. With pain. And with the entire world watching."

Marie steps out of frame without another word, leaving Melissa frozen for a moment before turning back to the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "Strong words from a very fired-up Marie Van Claudio."

Just Fight

Segment

The unmistakable opening riff of "Sweet Home Alabama" hits over the speakers. The fans in the arena erupt with a mixture of cheers and curiosity—Birmingham's own Graysie Parker steps out onto the stage with both the Iron Crown and WrestleZone Championships draped over her shoulders.

There's no fanfare. No pyro. Just purple-and-gold lights washing over the crowd as Graysie takes that long, deliberate walk to the ring. The belts bounce on her shoulders with each heavy step. She hits the apron, stares out into the crowd with that iron-eyed focus... and slides in under the ropes.

John Phillips: "A few weeks ago, Aaron Shaffer tapped out. Submitted. That's not speculation, that's fact. And now, Graysie Parker walks into enemy territory holding not one, but TWO championships."

Mark Bravo: "And looking as unimpressed with this crowd as she is with authority. You know this isn't gonna be some humble hometown moment, Johnny. This is *statement time*."

Graysie's already got a mic in hand as she stands center ring, looking around at the fans with that familiar half-smirk. She lifts the mic... and pauses. Instead, she lowers it, crouches, and gently places it at her feet.

She raises both titles high into the air—one in each hand—and spins slowly on her heel, turning to show every side of the arena exactly what she's holding. A few loud cheers. A few loud boos. The energy in the building is thick with tension.

The belts come back to her shoulders. She picks up the mic and shakes her head.

Graysie Parker: "While Scott Stevens and Eric Dane are backstage playing 'Who's got the bigger balls'... I'm out here standing above all of it, holding the *actual* proof that I run this show."

The crowd reaction is split—big pop from some, loud disapproval from others.

Graysie Parker: "They wanna argue in suits and sunglasses about *control*? Please. I don't have to scream or politic—I just fight. Aaron Shaffer knows that firsthand. The rest of y'all? You'll figure it out soon enough."

She rolls her shoulders, adjusting the weight of the belts as she steps to the ropes and leans forward.

Graysie Parker: "I decide what happens to the WrestleZone Championship. I decide who gets a shot. And just like Aaron Shaffer... whoever it is will learn the hard way that I am *the face* of Iron City Wrestling. And this title?"

She lifts the WrestleZone Championship and points directly at it.

Graysie Parker: "This proves I'm the one to beat in the UTA."

A brief pause. Then she chuckles.

Graysie Parker: "However... not tonight."

The boos grow louder.

Graysie Parker: "You fans didn't pay to see me defend *anything* tonight. If you wanna see Graysie Parker throw down? You come to *The Foundry*. You come see the real wrestling. You come see *Iron City Wrestling* show the world how we took over the UTA's front yard and left 'em crying in their cereal bowls."

The cheers have mostly turned. The crowd is hot. Graysie just grins wider.

Mark Bravo: "She's turning this whole damn crowd against her and doesn't give a single damn."

Before she can say another word—"Holiday" by Green Day suddenly hits. The crowd doesn't know what to do. Boos rise instinctively, but there's a hesitation. Maxx Mayhem struts onto the stage like a lunatic doing a one-man conga line. Microphone in one hand. A whole lot of crazy in the other.

John Phillips: "Welp... here comes the chaos."

Maxx twirls, high-steps, and jerks his head around to the beat only he can hear. His lips are moving. He's singing to himself again.

He finally stops just short of the ramp and raises his mic.

Graysie Parker: "What the hell do *you* want?"

Maxx flashes a crooked smile—yellow teeth, chipped and proud.

Maxx Mayhem: "Why, I'm here to *congratulate* you, darlin'. Maybe tell ya just how much you're an inspiration to all the lil' flat-chested skirts out there tryin' to be more than daddy's punchin' bag."

The crowd ****gasps****—then immediately turns into ****thunderous boos****. Whatever Graysie just said? It's been forgotten.

Mark Bravo: "Jesus CHRIST, Maxx!"

Maxx doesn't flinch. He soaks in the hate like a sponge and keeps walking closer.

Maxx Mayhem: "Just had myself a real friendly chat with ol' Scotty Stevens. Told him I'd come out here and take what's rightfully ours. Y'know... give myself somethin' shiny to show my good buddy Chris Ross."

Graysie scoffs, turns to one side and just shakes her head, baffled by the audacity.

Maxx Mayhem: "So what'dya say, huh? You 'n Maxx create a lil' mayhem tonight for that there WrestleZone belt? Let me slap ya around harder than you let Dane do behind closed doors."

More ****boos****. Louder this time. The crowd is seething. Graysie is fuming. Her nostrils flare. Her fists clench.

Maxx Mayhem: "Maybe if ya used less teeth—"

—but he never finishes. Because Graysie ***explodes*** out of the ring. She drops both belts, tosses the mic, and sprints straight up the ramp.

Maxx tosses his mic, grinning like a lunatic, and charges down to meet her halfway.

The two collide in a furious tangle of fists and fury. Security SWARMS the stage. Bodies everywhere, trying to separate the chaos as Graysie Parker SCREAMS with rage, trying to lunge past the arms holding her back.

John Phillips: "My God... what the hell did we just witness!?"

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem's mouth might've just gotten him KILLED. Or maybe—maybe he just *talked* his way into a title match?"

The final shot is of Graysie trying to climb over two guards, teeth bared, hair wild, eyes burning—and Maxx Mayhem? Laughing. Just laughing. The man is loving every second of it.

Cut to black.

The Next in Line

Segment

The UTA logo glows on the backdrop behind Melissa Cartwright, standing poised with a microphone. Beside her, dressed in a sharp suit and holding the UTA Championship over his shoulder, is Jarvis Valentine. The air is tense — not from his expression, but from what just played out moments ago.

Melissa Cartwright: "Jarvis, thank you for joining me. First things first — we all just witnessed a heated encounter between Maxx Mayhem and Graysie Parker. What are your thoughts on what just went down?"

Jarvis Valentine: (shaking his head, clearly frustrated) "I can't believe it, Melissa. I can't believe Scott Stevens has allowed this WrestleZone Championship situation to spiral like this. And what Maxx Mayhem just said to Graysie? It was vile. Disgusting. There's a line — and he sprinted past it. But... we're not here to talk about that title tonight."

Melissa Cartwright: (nodding) "Fair enough. But I do have to ask — we saw you exiting the General Manager's office earlier tonight. Can you share what that meeting was about? Will we be seeing another rematch between you and Brick Bronson?"

Jarvis Valentine: (firmly) "No. Brick had his rematch. He had his chance to become champion again... and he failed. That's the reality of this business. We all get opportunities. Not all of us make good on them."

Jarvis Valentine: "What we *did* talk about... Scott told me he's proud of how I've carried this championship. He said I'm proving myself to be a fighting champion — and that meant a lot."

Jarvis exhales slowly, a brief moment of calm before the storm.

Jarvis Valentine: "And then... he told me who my next challenger is."

Melissa Cartwright: (eyebrows raised) "Wait—who?"

Jarvis Valentine: "We take power rankings seriously around here, Melissa. And like it or not... the numbers don't lie. Sitting at number two... is Chris Ross."

Gasps ripple from the production crew off-camera. Melissa's jaw drops in stunned silence.

Melissa Cartwright: "Chris Ross?! He's undefeated since returning to UTA! The trail of destruction he's left behind... what he did to the Dane family—Jarvis, are you nervous?"

Jarvis Valentine: (stone-faced) "Melissa, when you're the UTA Champion, you don't get the luxury of being nervous. Sure, sometimes the odds aren't in your favor. Sometimes the storm's coming straight for you. But that doesn't change your job."

Jarvis Valentine: "Chris Ross is a monster. He's powerful, brutal, relentless. But you know what they say — the bigger

they are... the harder they fall. And tomorrow night, in Lafayette... I walk in as champion."

Jarvis Valentine: "And I walk out... STILL the UTA Champion."

Jarvis adjusts the title on his shoulder and walks off with purpose, leaving Melissa wide-eyed as the camera slowly fades to black.

Brick Bronson vs Graham Keel

Match

The lights shift to a menacing deep red.

THUD. THUD. THUD.

An industrial beat erupts from the sound system, metallic and unforgiving. The crowd stirs as the ominous rhythm continues, building with every crushing pulse.

From behind the curtain, Brick Bronson emerges.

His jaw is clenched. His fists already balled. His cold stare locked directly on the ring. There is no fanfare — no gesturing to the crowd. Just purpose.

John Phillips: "There's no mistaking that silhouette, folks. That's Brick Bronson — and if you think he's over that loss to Jarvis Valentine, look at his face."

Mark Bravo: "That ain't a man comin' out here to wrestle. That's a tank with a grudge. Look at him. Every step is punishment."

Brick stomps methodically down the aisle, his shoulders tight with coiled rage. As he nears ringside, fans on either side instinctively pull back. He doesn't acknowledge them. He doesn't slow down.

Up the steps. Through the ropes. No theatrics — just a slow turn toward the hard cam as the lights flicker once more.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson made it very clear — losing the UTA Championship wasn't the end of his story. It was the beginning of a new chapter, written in concrete and blood."

Mark Bravo: "And Graham Keel? He just became the first paragraph."

The red fades from the lights as the arena falls into a chilling hush.

Five full seconds of silence.

Then—

A slow, orchestral theme begins to rise. No drums. No guitar. Just cold strings and haunting brass, building like something ancient and precise.

From the back steps Graham Keel, standing upright in the white spotlight. He doesn't raise his arms. Doesn't acknowledge the crowd. He simply walks forward, eyes locked on the ring, as if it owes him something.

John Phillips: "There's a saying in British wrestling circles — 'Keel doesn't wrestle matches, he solves problems.' And tonight, he's staring down one hell of a brick wall."

Mark Bravo: "I've never seen a guy move so... calculated. Like every step is part of a plan. And if I'm Brick Bronson? I'm wondering what part of the plan says 'survive this.'"

Graham takes the steps deliberately, never breaking focus. He ducks into the ring, circles the edges once — like he's tracing geometry in his mind — then settles into the corner opposite Brick.

His jaw is tight. His wrists are already loose. He's watching the man across from him like prey, or perhaps like a

specimen under glass.

John Phillips: "We've got two very different beasts in that ring right now — brute power versus technical precision."

Mark Bravo: "But only one gets to walk out with their hand raised... and I'm betting it ain't gonna be the guy that blinks first."

The bell rings with a heavy clang, and for a moment—neither man moves.

Brick Bronson stands in his corner, chest rising slow and steady, eyes locked on Graham Keel like a war machine waiting for the go-code. Keel, calm and clinical, paces two slow steps out of his corner, watching Brick's every twitch.

John Phillips: "You can feel the tension right now. Brick Bronson is looking to send a message after losing that title opportunity, and Graham Keel... well, he's studying a specimen."

Mark Bravo: "And that's what scares me, John. Keel's not just here to wrestle. He's here to dismantle."

They finally circle. Keel darts in first, testing with a low grab at Brick's lead leg. Bronson swats it away with raw power, and Keel backs off clean—no emotion. Just recalibrating.

They lock up. It's a clash of styles on full display: Brick surging forward with force, trying to muscle Keel to the ropes, but Keel shifts weight, pivots his hips, and redirects the momentum into a clean arm drag that sends Bronson sliding across the canvas.

John Phillips: "Beautiful redirect by Keel. That's technical mastery right there — don't meet force with force. Use it."

Brick pops up, unfazed, but annoyed. He shakes it off, stalks forward again. Another tie-up — this time Brick transitions quickly, burying a stiff knee into Keel's midsection. The air shoots out of Keel's lungs as Brick grabs a front headlock and drives him down with a punishing snapmare into a grounded forearm across the neck.

Mark Bravo: "Now that's how you make your presence known! Brick didn't like being thrown, so he put Keel on the mat and dared him to breathe."

Keel grimaces beneath the pressure, but remains composed. He shifts his hips, snakes a leg around Brick's base, and reverses into a hammerlock, pushing up from the mat into a dominant position.

John Phillips: "Keel with the escape and counter! It's like watching a chess match fought with fists and ligaments."

Brick powers out, spinning up to his feet. Both men reset — Brick cracks his neck, Keel adjusts his wrist tape.

The crowd gives a polite pop. They can feel something building. Two specialists. Two different worlds. One boiling collision on the way.

Mark Bravo: "That's the thing about Keel — he'll never wow you with flash. But give him time, and he'll make you forget how to walk."

John Phillips: "But Brick Bronson doesn't need time. All he needs is one clean shot to end it all."

Brick Bronson lunges in with a short burst of aggression—trapping Keel in a corner with an avalanche splash that nearly caves the Brit's chest in. The sound of impact echoes across the arena as Keel stumbles out, gasping, only for Brick to hook him around the waist and hurl him with an Exploder Suplex that sends him skidding to the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson just turned the ring into a war zone with that suplex!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the Brick Bronson I like—no-nonsense, meat-grinding offense. And Keel's feeling every pound of it."

Brick stalks forward, dragging Keel up by the wrist and muscling him into the ropes. A brutal back elbow catches Keel

flush on the jaw, staggering him again. Brick keeps hold of the wrist, yanks him into a short-arm lariat—and Keel flips head over heels before crashing down hard.

Meanwhile, at ringside, a camera shifts focus momentarily. There's movement in the crowd—no, just behind the barricade. A woman in a deep red blouse and tailored black blazer is seated neatly in the front row. Dark hair, glasses, perfectly composed. She's holding a sleek leather-bound notebook, jotting something with a black fountain pen.

John Phillips: "Wait—who is that?"

Mark Bravo: "No idea, John, but she's dressed like she came from a boardroom, not a locker room... and she's been taking notes since the bell rang."

The woman doesn't react to the crowd or the commentary. She watches Brick with quiet intensity, flipping a page with precision as Bronson paces the ring like a caged lion. Brick doesn't seem to notice—but Keel? As he rolls to the apron to catch a breath, his eyes briefly flick to her direction, curious.

Brick doesn't give him long. He barrels into the ropes and drags Keel back in with a Gutwrench lift—threatening the setup for his Concrete Ending. But Keel kicks his legs and drops to one knee, then hooks Brick's leg and drops into a Dragon Screw that twists Brick's knee sideways!

John Phillips: "Keel found the joint! That's what he's been waiting for!"

Mark Bravo: "And now the technician's in the driver's seat. That knee might become a bullseye from here on out!"

Brick groans, clutching his knee for a second—but Keel is on him immediately, driving a pair of sharp knees into the thigh and twisting into a grounded kneebar. The brute force from Bronson is suddenly muted by precision torque. The red-bloused woman's pen scribbles again.

Brick grits his teeth, dragging himself inch by inch toward the ropes before grabbing hold—forcing the break. Keel doesn't argue. He lets go cleanly and backs away... but the damage is done. Brick limps as he stands, shaking out his knee.

John Phillips: "Something tells me this observer at ringside isn't just a fan. The way she's watching both men... there's a story here."

Mark Bravo: "Whoever she is, she picked one hell of a match to scout."

Keel stays on the offensive, grabbing Brick's leg and snapping it into the canvas with a kneeling armbreaker-style drop to the shin. The big man roars in frustration, trying to muscle Keel off, but the Brit is relentless—sliding around behind and chop-blocking the knee again. Brick collapses to one knee.

John Phillips: "Keel's strategy is textbook brilliance—dismantle the base of the monster, and the monster can't stand."

Mark Bravo: "You can't throw people like concrete slabs when you can't plant your feet! Keel's picking apart that leg like a surgeon."

Brick shoves Keel back with raw power, but the damage is clearly limiting his mobility. Keel charges in for a low running knee—only for Brick to rise up with a STIFF headbutt that lands square between Keel's eyes! The sound of skulls colliding is sickening, and Keel goes limp for a second before flopping onto his back.

John Phillips: "Headbutt! That'll turn the lights off in a heartbeat!"

Mark Bravo: "I think I saw Keel's soul leave the building for a second!"

Brick stumbles but refuses to fall. He drags Keel up with a grimace, muscles him into the corner—and unleashes a Corner Avalanche that folds Keel like laundry. Without pause, he whips him across the ring, follows him in, and nails a second Avalanche splash!

The crowd begins to rally behind the brutal simplicity of Bronson's assault. On the outside, the mystery woman adjusts her glasses and tilts her head slightly, watching intently as Brick hobbles out of the corner and hits the ropes. Keel staggers out groggily—

SNAP SPINEBUSTER! The ring rattles!

John Phillips: "Spinebuster! That's vintage Bronson, and he nearly drove Keel through the ring!"

Mark Bravo: "He may have just cracked open a fault line in the arena floor!"

Brick drops to his knees, breathing hard, wincing as his knee buckles slightly. He looks toward the ropes—toward the corner—and slowly nods. He pulls Keel up by the waist, gutwrench style, signaling the end.

The red-bloused woman's pen freezes.

But Keel isn't done yet. He rakes his heel across Brick's thigh—disrupting the grip—and drops down behind him. A sudden butterfly suplex sends Bronson overhead in a flash reversal!

John Phillips: "Keel's not dead yet! That counter may have saved his night!"

Mark Bravo: "I swear, these two are trading bombs, and that woman's writing a damn thesis on it!"

The crowd roars in surprise, but Brick is already pushing up, shaking his head. Keel meets him with a European uppercut, then another. Brick absorbs it. Keel swings a third—but Brick traps the arm... lifts him high...

URANAGE SLAM!

Both men are down. The crowd is eating it up. And that woman? She closes her notebook slowly... and smiles.

Brick crawls over and drapes an arm across Keel's chest!

Referee: "ONE! TWO!—"

Kickout!

John Phillips: "Keel survives the Uranage! Just barely!"

Mark Bravo: "He kicked out, but did you see that delay? Man's runnin' on fumes and sheer stubbornness!"

Brick slams a fist into the mat, pushing himself back up. He limps toward Keel, grabbing a handful of wrist tape to pull him up. The crowd senses the end is near. He hooks him for the Gutwrench Powerbomb—

—but Keel floats over, slides behind—roll-up!

Referee: "ONE! TWO!—"

Brick explodes out!

Keel pops up and tries to keep momentum—runs the ropes—but Brick intercepts him with a massive LARIAT that turns Keel inside out!

John Phillips: "Good God! He nearly knocked Keel's soul into next week!"

Mark Bravo: "Keel's eyes just hit a Windows error screen midair!"

Brick drags Keel up—this time no hesitation. Gutwrench position—he heaves Keel up and DRIVES him down hard with the Concrete Ending powerbomb!

Keel's body bounces off the mat and lies motionless. The crowd knows it's over.

Referee: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

The bell rings as the crowd reacts with a mixture of awe and respect. Brick rises, fists clenched, breathing heavily. The

red lights return as his music hits.

Announcer: "Here is your winner... BRICK... BRONSON!"

As Brick rises, the camera lingers once more on the mystery woman. Her red shirt almost glowing under the lighting, blazer immaculate. She calmly stands, places her pen into her pocket, and walks away with poise—never once breaking her stare from the ring...

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson with a thunderous statement tonight—but who is that woman? And what is she doing taking notes on this match?"

Mark Bravo: "I don't know, but I wouldn't want her writing anything about me. She had that 'Calculating CEO of Doom' energy."

Brick rolls out of the ring, not noticing her as he makes his way up the ramp. Keel, meanwhile, is left recovering in the ring, holding his back in pain but shaking his head in frustration. A war waged, but it's Brick Bronson who walks away the victor.

Welcome to the New UTA

Segment

The camera cuts to backstage, where the nameplate on a door reads "Scott Stevens — General Manager." Suddenly, the door swings open with a loud BANG as Graysie Parker storms in, fire in her eyes and the Iron Crown over one shoulder, WrestleZone Championship around her waist.

Graysie Parker: "This is how you run things here in the UTA?!"

Scott Stevens, seated behind his desk, looks up mid-paperwork with startled eyes.

Graysie Parker: "You let that lunatic Maxx Mayhem parade around singing showtunes and callin' me out like this is some damn circus?! What the hell was that?!"

Stevens calmly sets his pen down, his expression professional but clearly caught off guard.

Scott Stevens: "Graysie—first off, I had nothing to do with that. Maxx came to me, asked if he could issue a challenge. I didn't expect—whatever that was."

Graysie Parker: "That wasn't a challenge. That was a warning sign! You're lucky he didn't come unglued and set the whole building on fire while he was at it!"

Stevens raises his hands in defense.

Scott Stevens: "Look, title or not, I told him it was his call to ask. I didn't book anything official."

Graysie steps forward, pointing a sharp finger at the desk, eyes burning through Stevens.

Graysie Parker: "Well, I don't care if you booked it or not. Title, no title, I'm going out there tonight and I'm beating Maxx Mayhem's ASS."

She slams her hand down on the desk for emphasis, then storms out just as fast as she came in. Stevens exhales slowly, muttering to himself.

Scott Stevens: "Welcome to the new UTA..."

Violence and Gold

Segment

The scene opens in the dimly lit locker room of the UTA. Chris Ross sits on a bench, stone-faced. His hands are taped, clenched loosely. The UTA logo glows faintly on the wall behind him. He stares forward — unblinking, unshaken,

unmoved. Tomorrow night, he challenges for the UTA Championship. But tonight? He's silent. Stoic. A storm gathering behind cold eyes.

The door SLAMS open. Like a gust of chaos, Maxx Mayhem bursts in — wide-eyed, wild-smiled, and completely unhinged.

Maxx Mayhem: "Chrisy baby! Look at THAT! Two artists of VIOLENCE! Each of us gettin' our brushstrokes on championship gold!"

Ross doesn't move. Doesn't blink. Just stares.

Maxx Mayhem: "Tonight, I'm gonna make Graysie BLEED all over that WrestleZone Championship... and then I'm gonna LICK it clean before I strap it around my waist! It's gonna be a masterpiece, a bloody, twisted, MAGNUM OPUS!"

Still, nothing from Ross. Just the slow flare of his nostrils. A tick in his jaw.

Maxx Mayhem: "And then tomorrow? You... Valentine... CHAOS incarnate! PURE terror! A canvas soaked in agony and screaming crowds. It's MAGNIFICENT, innit?"

Maxx leans in, his voice lowering with fevered excitement.

Maxx Mayhem: "This week, we paint the South red in blood, my friend. We sure do!"

He slaps both of Chris's shoulders like an overexcited cousin at a funeral, then spins and skips out of the room, cackling a twisted little tune.

Chris Ross watches him go... then slowly snarls. Still silent. Still deadly.

Velocity Vanguard vs. Iron Dominion

Match

The camera pans the roaring crowd, spotlights sweeping across signs, fans, and the fever-pitched energy that only a UTA main event can deliver. At ringside, John Phillips and Mark Bravo are perched at the commentary desk.

Phillips: "Here we go, folks. Tag team action time — and I hope you've got a seatbelt strapped on, because the tag team division is about to shift into high gear."

Bravo: "We've seen momentum. We've seen fire. But tonight... tonight we're about to see velocity meet domination."

A burst of red and white strobes hit as the pulsing Latin EDM beat kicks in. The crowd roars louder. Tyler Cruz cartwheels through the curtain and hits the ramp with a playful salute, throwing up the signature 'V' with both hands. Jet Lawson's music takes over — neon blues flood the stage as a cloud of CO2 shoots upward. Jet sprints out through the fog, leaping into a tuck flip before landing beside Cruz. The crowd is deafening.

Phillips: "Jet Lawson. Tyler Cruz. Velocity Vanguard. Fast. Flashy. And as focused as we've ever seen them."

Bravo: "This ain't just flips and fireworks. These two have started stringing together wins — and if they keep that up, the road to tag team gold might have their name paved all over it."

Both men enter the ring, timing their corner flips perfectly, feeding the momentum. As their music fades, the arena lights go black.

A single wolf howl cuts through the air. Then the thunder hits — drums like war, smoke like hell. Iron Dominion has arrived. Magnus Wolfe walks first, dragging his fingers along the deep scar across his brow. His eyes never leave the ring. Behind him, Gideon Graves appears, stoic and menacing, that metallic gauntlet gleaming under the harsh red strobes. The fans jeer loudly, but there's a simmering respect in the noise.

Phillips: "When you talk about raw force... unfiltered violence... Iron Dominion's name comes up every time."

Bravo: "Magnus Wolfe doesn't forget. And Gideon Graves doesn't forgive. That's a bad combo."

As Iron Dominion approaches the ring, the camera cuts to a woman seated several rows deep near the hard cam side. She's wearing a dark trench coat and scribbling something in a notebook. A hood hides most of her face, but her eyes — intensely focused — track every movement with surgical precision. The fans around her are too engrossed to notice.

Phillips: "...You see that, Bravo? Right there. That woman in the trench? Same one we saw during Brick Bronson's match earlier. Still taking notes."

Bravo: "Yeah, I saw her. Maybe a scout. Maybe a journalist. Or maybe something else entirely... whatever it is, she's here for something."

The bell rings, and Jet Lawson signals he wants to start. Magnus steps forward without a word. The air thickens. History between them still fresh.

Phillips: "No handshake this time. Just tension. Jet Lawson vs. Magnus Wolfe. Round two begins... now."

Jet and Magnus circle one another, slowly at first, then faster — the crowd picking up on the tension. Jet feints a low kick; Magnus doesn't bite. He just smiles... a sinister, knowing smirk.

Phillips: "That smile says it all. Magnus hasn't forgotten Jet's momentum in the tournament. He's not here to wrestle — he's here to dismantle."

Bravo: "Magnus Wolfe is a slow-burn sadist. He won't just beat you. He wants to drag it out until you beg him to stop."

Jet offers a handshake. The crowd rises. Wolfe slaps him across the face.

Bravo: "YEP. There's that slow-burn I was talking about."

Jet immediately responds with a picture-perfect Snap Rana! Magnus flips, lands, and eats a Rolling Savate Kick to the chest! He stumbles back into the ropes. Jet charges — Springboard Knee Strike! The impact echoes!

Phillips: "Jet Lawson is ON FIRE!"

Bravo: "That's a different Jet from the one who got caught last time — this is vengeance on full throttle!"

Tag to Cruz! The duo goes rapid-fire — Jet hits the ropes, Drop Toe Hold! Cruz launches off Jet's back with a Sliding Basement Dropkick! The fans are going crazy!

Without hesitation, Cruz scales the ropes — Springboard Tornillo into the corner — they call it the Rocket Burst! Magnus collapses forward.

Phillips: "Velocity Vanguard is playing human pinball — and Magnus Wolfe is the bumper!"

Cover!

1... 2... KICKOUT!

Bravo: "Wolfe kicks out, but look at how hard he's breathing. Velocity Vanguard is forcing Dominion to play their game."

Cruz tries to keep momentum. Tilt-a-Whirl Headscissors! Magnus rolls through it and comes up dazed — Pop-Up Rana by Cruz! Magnus flails toward his corner — but Cruz hits a dropkick to the back that sends him shoulder-first into the turnbuckle!

Phillips: "Textbook execution. Cut the ring in half. Don't let the monster tag out."

Bravo: "It's like playing with fire, though — how long can you keep Wolfe isolated before he bites back?"

Tag back to Jet. They're rotating fast. Jet leaps to the top rope — SKYLINE SPIRAL! Magnus ducks! Jet flips, lands on

his feet — turns — eats a stiff Knee Lift to the jaw! Magnus hits the ropes — SNAP GERMAN SUPLEX!

Jet crumples to the mat. The momentum swings. Magnus snarls and tags in Graves.

Bravo: "Ohhhh no. Here comes the extinction-level event."

Phillips: "Gideon Graves is a one-man earthquake. You don't stop him. You survive him."

Jet tries to recover. Rolling Elbow — bounces off Gideon. He hits a Sling Blade — Gideon shrugs it off. Jet charges — but Gideon steps forward, grabs Jet around the waist, lifts him high into the air — Gorilla Press Slam OVER the top rope!

Jet crashes to the floor with a sickening thud. The crowd gasps.

Phillips: "JET LAWSON JUST GOT LAUNCHED OUT OF ORBIT!"

Bravo: "He's gonna need GPS to find his spine after that."

On the outside, Gideon follows with methodical steps. He grabs Jet and runs him spine-first into the apron — then flings him like a missile into the barricade! The fans recoil, a collective groan rising from the front row.

Camera briefly cuts back to the mysterious woman in the crowd — still watching intently, scribbling something down as Jet's body sprawls against the railing. Her expression unreadable.

Phillips: "She hasn't taken her eyes off Jet since the bell rang."

Bravo: "Whoever she is — she's studying something. And I don't think it's technique."

Gideon rolls Jet back in, tagging Magnus in. They get to work — Magnus grabs the wrist and starts twisting every joint in Jet's hand. Stomp to the elbow. Another tag. Graves returns and crushes Jet in the corner with a Lariat. Tag again. Magnus charges — corner knee flurry!

Phillips: "Iron Dominion doing what they do best. Systematic deconstruction."

Bravo: "Jet's an acrobat — take away the arm, take away the wings."

They hit a Pendulum Backbreaker/Knee Trembler combo. Jet's body nearly folds in half. Another cover:

1... 2... NO! Jet kicks out!

Phillips: "This crowd is willing him to stay alive!"

Bravo: "But for how long? He's got the heart of a lion, but his body's telling him to throw in the towel."

Magnus Wolfe has Jet Lawson grounded in a kneeling hammerlock. Jet's face is twisted in pain, the crowd clapping rhythmically — trying to rally him. Graves yells from the apron. Magnus wrenches harder.

Phillips: "Jet Lawson is in dangerous territory. His arm's been targeted for several minutes — and Magnus Wolfe is a surgeon of destruction."

Bravo: "Surgeon? Nah. This guy's a butcher. He's trying to twist Jet's wing off like it's a Thanksgiving turkey."

Magnus yanks Jet backward — into a Dragon Sleeper — but Jet kicks off the turnbuckle! He flips over Magnus, landing behind him — surprise roll-up!

1... 2... KICKOUT!

Jet scrambles for the corner — he dives — Graves pulls Cruz off the apron!

Phillips: "Graves just yanked Cruz right off the apron! No tag possible!"

Bravo: "Smart move — dirty, but smart. The Dominion always plays two steps ahead."

Jet gets yanked back into a short-arm lariat from Magnus — but ducks! Spinning back kick to the gut! Enziguri to the head! Magnus wobbles!

Jet hits the ropes, flies — Saturn Smash! — his jumping knee straight to the temple! Both men are down!

At ringside, the mysterious woman calmly jots something down in her notebook. Her glasses catch the light — her expression doesn't change. She's focused, calculating.

Bravo: "She's still at it. Taking notes. Watching every second. She's not even looking at the fans or the chaos."

Phillips: "Whoever she is, she's not a casual observer. This feels like scouting. Or worse."

Jet claws toward the corner — makes the tag! Huge pop!

Cruz LAUNCHES over the top rope — Springboard Dropkick to Magnus! Dropkick to Graves on the apron! Cruz rebounds — Tornado DDT to Wolfe! The ring explodes with energy!

Phillips: "This is what Cruz brings — that spark, that flash, that precision!"

Bravo: "And the people are riding with him! Listen to this crowd!"

Magnus staggers up — Cruz springs to the top rope — Springboard Corkscrew Moonsault! Cover!

1... 2... NO! Gideon Graves storms in and breaks it up with a STOMP to Cruz's back!

Jet tries to re-enter — Graves charges him and tosses him outside again. Cruz struggles up — but Magnus hoists him into a gutwrench — trying to lift for a powerbomb — but Cruz flips mid-air! Sunset Flip Bomb!

1... 2... 2.9!

Phillips: "WHAT a counter! That was lightning-fast!"

Bravo: "If Cruz were any quicker, we'd be watching this match tomorrow!"

Jet returns, barely holding his arm. He screams for Cruz to tag him back. Cruz nods, tags, and both men go up opposite corners.

Jet — diving elbow drop! Cruz — Shooting Star Press! Right onto Magnus!

Phillips: "Double impact from the Vanguard! They're laying it all on the line!"

Magnus rolls to the outside clutching his ribs. Graves tries to enter but gets cut off with dual superkicks! He falls through the ropes, dazed.

The Vanguard hits the ropes — DUAL SUICIDE DIVES! Jet nails Graves! Cruz crushes Magnus! The crowd is at full volume!

Bravo: "Velocity Vanguard just set the fuse on a tag team detonation!"

Phillips: "And the Iron Dominion is on the back foot for the first time in this match!"

As Jet rises from the floor, holding his ribs, he turns — and sees the woman in the red blouse and blazer, still seated ringside. She's writing calmly, then looks up — her eyes meeting Jet's for just a second.

No emotion. No smile. Just an intense, clinical gaze.

Phillips: "There it is again. Jet just noticed her."

Bravo: "Whatever's going through his mind, he better shelve it. They've almost got this match won — stay focused, Jet!"

Back in the ring, Cruz rolls Magnus under the bottom rope. Jet joins him — they nod to each other. Magnus stumbles

to his feet — the Vanguard strikes!

Jet whips Magnus into Cruz — who pops him up — Jet snatches him mid-air — Pop-Up Cutter!

Jet covers!

1... 2... Gideon Graves breaks it up AGAIN!

The crowd rains down boos. Graves drags Magnus to the outside and barks orders.

Phillips: "That might've been the end if not for Graves! The Dominion knows how to survive, even if it's dirty."

Bravo: "Yeah, well, sooner or later, someone's gonna punch their ticket for good. Could be tonight!"

Jet is clearly fatigued. His arm hangs loose. Cruz signals for the end — the Vanguard wants to finish this.

Magnus barely gets back in. Jet grabs him — but Magnus rakes the eyes! The ref misses it! Graves blind tags in!

Jet swings wildly — Magnus ducks — Graves scoops Jet onto his shoulders!

Dominator Driver! Jet gets PLANTED!

1... 2... Cruz with a diving save!

Phillips: "That was the Dominion's kill shot! Cruz barely made the save!"

Chaos breaks loose. Magnus tackles Cruz and they brawl to the floor. Graves drags Jet up — goes for the corner suplex setup — but Jet elbows free!

Graves stumbles back — Jet spins him — Snap Spinebuster!

Bravo: "From Brick Bronson's playbook! Jet just turned Gideon into drywall!"

Jet crawls — tag to Cruz!

Cruz springs in — Graves throws a lariat — Cruz matrix ducks — hits the ropes — Codebreaker!

Cruz pops up, signals to Jet — Jet climbs the opposite corner despite the arm!

Graves staggers to his knees — Cruz charges — Lightning Spiral!

Jet flies off — Thunder Drop!

They stack the cover!

1... 2... 3!

DING DING DING!

Phillips: "They did it! Velocity Vanguard just stunned the Iron Dominion!"

Bravo: "What a tag match! What a freaking banger! The rookies — or whatever they are now — just cemented their spot in the UTA tag division!"

Jet, still holding his arm, raises Cruz's hand. They lean on each other, breathing hard, the crowd surging with support. The Dominion is on the outside — frustrated, seething.

But we shift again...

The camera finds her. The woman with the glasses and red blouse. Still seated. Still watching. Still writing.

This time, as she closes her notebook, she looks directly into the hardcam... and smirks.

Phillips: "That woman has been out here for the better part of this show. Watching every second. She's no ordinary scout."

Bravo: "She's something. I don't know what. But something's coming. And I think the Vanguard just made her list."

Post Debut

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to a black and gold UTA backdrop. Standing tall with her signature microphone is Melissa Cartwright, dressed in sharp red. The crowd noise hums faintly in the background as she smiles into the lens.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here backstage with the woman who just made her official UTA debut earlier tonight — and did so in victorious fashion. Please welcome... Susanita Ybanez!"

The camera pans as Susanita Ybanez steps into frame — still in her gear, her face glistening with effort and pride. A slight scratch near her left eye, bruises forming on her shoulder, but her posture is upright, confident. Her chest rises and falls quickly — the match clearly still fresh in her lungs.

Melissa: "Susanita... first off, congratulations. You just won your very first match here in the United Toughness Alliance. How are you feeling right now?"

Susanita takes a moment. Her eyes glance off-camera for just a second. She swallows. Then smiles — a small, grounded one — and brings the mic closer.

Susanita Ybanez: "You want to know how I feel? I feel... alive. This — tonight — this was everything I've been dreaming of since I was sixteen years old watching grainy lucha tapes on a TV that barely worked."

The crowd in the arena pops faintly in the background.

Susanita: "I used to wrestle on patches of dirt. I trained with buckets of water. Scrapped with boys twice my size in alleys just to get tougher. Tonight wasn't just a win — it was proof. Proof that where you come from doesn't define where you end up."

Melissa nods respectfully, visibly moved by the answer.

Melissa: "That's incredible. But let me ask... someone else had a lot to say tonight — Amy Harrison. She made it clear she's looking down on this next generation, even questioning whether talents like you belong in the same ring. What's your response?"

Susanita's demeanor sharpens. Her eyes narrow ever so slightly. She steps a little closer to the mic.

Susanita: "Amy Harrison is a veteran. She's done a lot. I respect that. But where I come from, respect is a two-way street. And she doesn't get to decide who belongs here. The ring decides. The crowd decides. Matches decide."

She pauses — a quiet intensity behind every word.

Susanita: "She thinks experience is all that matters. I think hunger matters more. Passion. Guts. Heart. And if she ever wants to find out just how much of that I've got... the door's open. I don't hide behind my legacy. I build it. One match at a time."

The crowd reacts with cheers from the arena audio feed. Melissa looks genuinely impressed.

Melissa: "Strong words from a strong debut. Susanita, thank you — and again, congratulations on making history tonight."

Susanita nods once, then turns toward the camera.

Susanita: "Para mi gente en Lambaré... esto es solo el comienzo. Gracias. Los amo."

She taps her chest twice, right over her heart. Then walks off, leaving Melissa watching her go with a smirk of admiration.

Brandon Henderson vs El Fantasma Oscuro

Match

The camera pans ringside where John Phillips and Mark Bravo are standing by, as the lights in the arena begin to dim.

John Phillips: "We've got an interesting clash on deck, folks. Brandon Henderson brings that explosive, power-heavy style to the ring... but the man he's facing? That's something entirely different."

Mark Bravo: "Different is one way to put it, Phillips. The guy gives me chills and he hasn't even shown up yet."

A low flute melody echoes through the speakers, almost dissonant in tone. Fog begins to roll across the entrance ramp. The lights dip to an eerie blue. Shadows flicker across the stage. The screen flashes with cryptic symbols — until a sudden spotlight reveals El Fantasma Oscuro standing perfectly still at the top of the ramp, face completely expressionless behind his mask.

John Phillips: "There he is... El Fantasma Oscuro. And I swear he wasn't there a second ago."

Mark Bravo: "That's what he does! Guy moves like a ghost. Look at the way he stares — it's like he's looking through you."

The eerie music continues as he glides down the ramp, never breaking eye contact with the ring — but just as quickly as he appears, the lights flicker again...

When they come back on, he's no longer on the ramp. He's in the ring.

Mark Bravo: "WHAT THE—! How the hell did he—?!"

John Phillips: "He was just at the top of the ramp!"

Mark Bravo: "Nope. Nope. That man either teleports or he's got some sort of twin brother illusionist magician deal. I don't like it!"

El Fantasma Oscuro remains motionless in the ring, crouched low in the corner, staring at the entrance.

Brandon Henderson's music hits. Thunder cracks across the speakers. Lightning flashes on the screen as he storms out — denim vest unbuttoned, focused and ready. He points toward the ring, jaw clenched, fire in his eyes.

John Phillips: "Brandon Henderson has made a name for himself by never backing down from a challenge. He sees the fear tactics — but he's not blinking."

Mark Bravo: "Man just walked into a horror movie and said, 'Yeah, I'll take that challenge.'"

Henderson slides into the ring and the bell sounds. El Fantasma Oscuro doesn't move at first... then slowly rises, fluid and unsettling. The crowd quiets.

Henderson circles, trying to read his opponent — but Fantasma simply stands there, unmoving, his head tilted slightly like a predator studying prey. Then — without warning — he darts forward!

Henderson tries to intercept with a lariat — but Fantasma slides low beneath it, pops up, and hits a lightning-fast tilt-a-whirl headscissors! Henderson rolls through to his feet, wide-eyed.

John Phillips: "This pace is what makes El Fantasma Oscuro so dangerous. He's not just fast — he's unpredictable."

Mark Bravo: "And he's quiet! He's like wrestling a ghost with no mouth and ten plans ahead of you."

Henderson charges — but Fantasma springboards off the middle rope and nails a dropkick! Henderson stumbles, but regains balance and responds with a thunderclap chop that echoes through the arena!

John Phillips: "That'll shut out the lights! Henderson with a chop that could break down a redwood!"

Mark Bravo: "And he needed it — he's trying to remind Fantasma he's not the only storm in the ring!"

Fantasma rolls out of the ring suddenly. He ducks low — then seemingly vanishes underneath. Henderson leans over the ropes, trying to track him.

But from the opposite side — Fantasma reappears, sliding back in with a springboard moonsault across Henderson's back!

John Phillips: "Wait—WAIT! How'd he—he just—he was on the other—"

Mark Bravo: "Phillips. I told you. Magic ghost ninja twin. That's my only explanation."

The camera cuts briefly to ringside where the mysterious woman — the same one from earlier — is seated. She's scribbling into a small leather notebook, eyes glued to the match, lips tight. The crowd near her notices but she doesn't react.

John Phillips: "That woman again... the one we saw during the tag match earlier. She's back, front row. Watching closely."

Mark Bravo: "Taking notes like she's scouting souls or something."

El Fantasma Oscuro rises to his feet after the springboard moonsault, gliding backward to the corner like a shadow retreating from light. Henderson groans, pushing up slowly, shaking out the cobwebs.

John Phillips: "Henderson's been thrown off his rhythm. Fantasma's not just striking — he's disappearing, reappearing, turning this ring into a haunted house."

Mark Bravo: "Brandon's playing whack-a-ghost and losing, man. I don't even know if we're fighting one guy or two!"

El Fantasma suddenly dashes in — Low dropkick to the knees! Henderson drops to one knee, clutching it. Fantasma hits the ropes — Rope-walk into a hurricanrana!

John Phillips: "Rope walk hurricanrana! He just danced on the tightrope like it was nothing!"

Mark Bravo: "I ain't seen balance like that since Cirque du So-WhatchaCallIt!"

Fantasma covers —

Ref: "One! Two—Kickout!"

Henderson powers out. The crowd rallies behind him.

John Phillips: "But Stormborn still has thunder in his chest!"

Fantasma backs into the shadows of the turnbuckles, perching there again like a gargoyle. Henderson stumbles to his feet... and rallies with a war cry! The crowd pops!

Mark Bravo: "Brandon's cooking up a weather warning, Phillips!"

Fantasma launches from the second rope — but Henderson catches him mid-air — CUMULONIMBUS SUPLEX!

John Phillips: "Thunderous suplex from Henderson! He caught that phantom like lightning in a bottle!"

He pulls Fantasma up and whips him into the ropes — LIGHTNING BOLT LARIAT! That turns Fantasma inside out! Another rallying shout!

Outside the ring, the mysterious woman has stopped writing. Her eyes are fixated, intent. As Henderson raises his fist to rally the crowd again, she jots something quickly — then looks back up, expression unreadable.

Mark Bravo: "I'm telling you, John, she ain't just a fan. She's watching something — someone — real close."

John Phillips: "She's been at ringside for every match so far tonight. And always when there's a breakout star or high-stakes fight."

Back in the ring — Henderson climbs the second rope — points to the sky — STORMBREAKER SPLASH! He connects!

Ref: "ONE! TWO—NO!!"

Fantasma kicks out! He slithers backward like a shadow, eyes locked with Henderson. Then... he vanishes out of the ring again!

John Phillips: "He's gone under again! Watch the sides!"

And sure enough — Henderson checks one side — but Fantasma appears on the other, leaping to the apron — springboards in — SOMERSAULT CUTTER!

Mark Bravo: "SOMERSAULT CUTTER! That came outta nowhere like a haunted haymaker!"

Brandon Henderson lies stunned after the somersault cutter. El Fantasma Oscuro kneels beside him like a shrouded statue, head tilted, staring. He doesn't go for the pin — instead, he slowly raises one gloved finger to his masked lips...

John Phillips: "He's not just trying to win. He's sending a message."

Mark Bravo: "This ain't strategy. It's theater. It's... psychological warfare!"

The eerie flute returns faintly over the PA. The fog machines pulse again.

John Phillips: "Wait — fog during the match? That's not part of the normal production cue—"

Fantasma slides under the ring once more — but this time the camera catches a strange flicker — from the other side, an *identical* figure crawls out.

Mark Bravo: "Hold on... HOLD ON. We just saw him go under there... but now he's here?!"

John Phillips: "No way. No—wait, has anyone ever seen this man unmasked? Are we seeing what I think we're seeing?!"

The new "Fantasma" leaps to the top rope and hits a blinding Phantom Spiral — the corkscrew plancha drives Henderson back down! He covers!

Ref: "One! Two! T—NO! Henderson kicks out again!!"

The crowd erupts. Henderson throws a shoulder up and rolls away, his chest heaving. This is the fight of his life.

Outside the ring, the mysterious woman watching from earlier is once again scribbling furiously. Her attention isn't on the action — it's on the *details*: the timing, the switch, the body language.

Mark Bravo: "Whoever she is, she caught that. Every second of it. She's not watching like a fan... she's scouting."

John Phillips: "Could she be connected to management? Or something deeper?"

Henderson, groggy, uses the ropes to stand. Fantasma rushes — but Henderson side-steps — and fires up with Thunderclap Chops! Overhand! Overhand! European uppercut!

The crowd roars! Henderson spins — TORNADO DDT! He plants Fantasma and rolls to the corner, pointing to the sky!

Mark Bravo: "We've seen this before! Gale Force is loading!"

He charges in — but at the last second, Fantasma collapses! Playing possum? Or baiting him?

John Phillips: "Wait—he's baiting him—"

Fantasma pops up and hits Black Veil — the sudden running knee crashes into Henderson's jaw! The crowd gasps! Henderson staggers... Fantasma leaps to the middle rope — balances perfectly — then launches off—
John Phillips: "WHISPERS OF DEATH!!"

Inverted Snap DDT off the second rope! Henderson spikes into the canvas! Fantasma hooks the leg—
Ref: "One! Two! THREE!"

DING DING DING!

"Veil of Silence" begins to play again as the lights flicker. El Fantasma Oscuro kneels over Henderson's body, tilts his head, then vanishes under the ring once more...

John Phillips: "Another escape into the mist. Another soul left wondering what hit them."

Mark Bravo: "But we know, Phillips. We know there's two."

John Phillips: "And so does she."

The camera pans to the woman again. She's already closed her notebook. She simply stands... and walks away through the crowd, her silhouette swallowed by the shadows of the arena.

Up Next

Segment

The screen cuts sharply — no fade, no transition — into a dramatic ****split screen****.

Left Side: Graysie Parker stomps through the backstage hallway, two championship belts draped over her shoulders. Her jaw is clenched. Her pace is relentless. Her eyes? Laser-focused. Not a word spoken. She brushes past production crew without a glance. The camera tries to follow — but she doesn't slow down.

Her heavy boots echo off the concrete. A tight close-up reveals her muttering under her breath, "Let's end this." She adjusts her grip on the titles — her *WrestleZone* Championship on one side, the *Iron City Wrestling* belt on the other. She looks every bit the defiant champion, prepared to fight for both name and legacy.

Right Side: Maxx Mayhem is walking somewhere else entirely — physically and mentally. His head tilts. His lips curl into something between a grin and a snarl. His fists are clenched tight, shoulders rolling with manic energy. He smears black tape tighter around his wrists as he moves — no direction, just chaos in motion.

Behind him, security shadows at a distance — not to protect him, but to protect everyone else. He barks something unintelligible.Laughs. Slaps a metal door as he passes it, denting the surface. The hallway lights flicker slightly as he passes under them. Maxx doesn't walk to the ring — he prowls.

At the center of the split screen, bold white and red lettering fades in with a metallic flash:

? UP NEXT ?

GRAYSIE PARKER vs. MAXX MAYHEM

The music rises — a slow, war-drum rhythm that blends with the building crowd noise. Commentary kicks in, voices tight with tension.

John Phillips: "Two people hell bent in violence tonight. Two forces of nature. And only one ring to contain them. This is going to be violent, volatile — and it's happening... next."

Mark Bravo: "Graysie's a walking grudge right now, and Maxx Mayhem? He's a walking demolition site. Something's gonna give — or someone's gonna snap."

The split screen lingers for just a few more beats... and then *cuts to black*.

Graysie Parker vs. Maxx Mayhem

Match

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is *main event time* here in Little Rock. The WrestleZone Championship is on the line... and this one? This is going to get ugly."

Mark Bravo: "No rules. No mercy. And no damn chance either of these two walks out without bruises, blood, or both. This one's personal."

John Phillips: "It all started earlier tonight when Maxx Mayhem blindsided Graysie Parker backstage, demanding a shot at the gold. What was supposed to be a normal title defense has now escalated into a sanctioned *No Disqualification match* — at Graysie's own insistence!"

The camera cuts to the stage. Sirens scream through the speakers. Static flickers across the big screen before everything cuts to black—

—then BAM! A riot of punk rock guitar tears through the arena as a single strobe light flashes down the ramp. From the smoke and noise barrels out Maxx Mayhem, shirtless, wild-eyed, and already denting a trash lid over his own head for fun.

Mark Bravo: "And here comes the madman himself! Trash-can lunatic, chaos incarnate — Maxx Mayhem!"

John Phillips: "We've seen Maxx do some terrible things to people... but never someone like Graysie Parker. This man thrives in lawlessness. This environment? Tailor-made for Maxx."

Maxx skips down the ramp, flipping off the crowd with both hands, then licks a fan's sign and shreds it. He tosses a chair into the ring and then dives in after it, crawling on all fours like a spider possessed. The camera gets too close—he smashes a water bottle against the lens and screams "ART IS VIOLENCE!" before collapsing into the corner, laughing.

Mark Bravo: "He's not just unhinged, he's got no hinge to begin with!"

Then the lights dim... a deep purple glow swells from the stage. "Sweet Home Alabama" kicks in — and the roof comes off the place.

John Phillips: "And here she comes. The Iron Crown Champion. The heart of the Iron City. The reigning WrestleZone Champion... *Graysie Parker!*"

Graysie emerges from the curtain, titles draped on both shoulders, fists clenched. She's not smiling. Not tonight. Her eyes are locked on the ring, and the crowd is firmly behind her.

Mark Bravo: "She ain't walking to the ring — she's marching to war. This ain't about showmanship. This is about respect... and payback."

Graysie steps through the ropes, then walks right past the ref to go nose-to-nose with Maxx, who stays seated cross-legged, grinning up at her like a hyena. She doesn't flinch. She lifts the WrestleZone Championship right in his face.

John Phillips: "That right there — that's defiance. That's what this championship means to her."

Mark Bravo: "And now we're about to see if she can *survive* in Maxx Mayhem's twisted world."

The ref holds up the title. The bell hasn't even rung yet—but the air? You could slice it with a rusted chair leg.

The bell rings—and Graysie explodes out of the corner like a shotgun blast, tackling Maxx Mayhem straight to the mat and raining down furious fists.

John Phillips: "There's the bell—and here comes the Iron Crown! Graysie's not waiting a second. She's come to *fight*!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not a wrestling stance, that's pure rage. She's not here to defend a title—she's here to make Maxx pay."

Graysie shoves him back, scoops him, and *slams* him with a Biel toss into the corner. Maxx ragdolls into the bottom turnbuckle and starts laughing from the mat.

Maxx Mayhem (audible): "YEAH! HIT ME AGAIN!"

John Phillips: "He's *laughing*. That's... that's just disturbing."

Graysie obliges, charging with a corner knee strike—then grabs the trash lid Maxx brought and *cracks* it over his back with a sickening clang. Once. Twice. Three times.

Mark Bravo: "Hey Maxx, maybe don't *bring your own downfall* next time!"

Maxx rolls out under the ropes to escape—but Graysie follows, dragging him out by the foot. He kicks her away, grabs a *steel cooking sheet* from under the ring and *flings it* like a frisbee—it *pings* off her head, staggering her backward.

John Phillips: "These two are using the ringside like a construction zone! This is carnage!"

Maxx crawls toward the timekeeper's area and grabs a kendo stick—

CRACK! —and just *whips* it across Graysie's spine. She arches and drops to one knee—but snarls. He goes for another swing—

SNATCH! —Graysie grabs it mid-swing and *rips* it from his hands. Snap over the knee. Toss aside.

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh, he's gonna regret poking that bear."

She hoists Maxx onto her shoulder and *runs him head-first* into the steel ring post. He crumples down—and she doesn't stop. She yanks the ring steps apart and *hurls the top half* across the floor near him with a boom.

John Phillips: "This is where Graysie Parker gets *dangerous*. When the gloves come off, and the pride kicks in."

The camera pans back through the crowd for a brief second—

—and there she is. That same mysterious woman from earlier. Dark glasses. Leather jacket. Not cheering. Just watching.

Mark Bravo: "Wait a sec—she's here again. Front row. Still taking notes. Still studying."

John Phillips: "Whoever she is, she's watching this match very closely. That's twice now tonight we've seen her at ringside... and if I know wrestling, this won't be the last time."

Back to ringside, Graysie grabs a folding table and begins setting it up near the apron. Maxx, meanwhile, crawls under the ring. She turns—

CLANG!! —and he emerges with a *freaking STOP SIGN*, slamming it into her ribs and then over her back.

John Phillips: "Where do these people even *find* these things under there?"

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem's the kind of guy who probably *donates* to the weapons stash under the ring!"

He stacks a chair onto the table. Climbs the apron. Points to the mysterious woman, then to the sky.

Maxx Mayhem (screaming): "TIME FOR AN EXCLAMATION POINT!!"

But Graysie cuts him off—she scales the apron and *launches a forearm* to his jaw. The two fight precariously on the apron—punches fly, bodies sway—

—and then Graysie hooks him—

BOOM!! —Overhead Belly-to-Belly Suplex *through the table and chair stack!!*

“HOLY S---! HOLY S---!” The crowd is losing it as both lie wrecked in the debris.

John Phillips: "GOOD GOD IN HEAVEN! THROUGH THE TABLE! THROUGH A DAMN CHAIR!"

Mark Bravo: "She just launched a 235-pound chaos gremlin like a lawn dart into splinters! That's why she's champ!"

Graysie Parker slowly rises from the wreckage, face flushed with adrenaline and pain. The crowd is thunderous—on their feet, pounding the barricades as she yanks Maxx Mayhem's limp frame from the debris.

John Phillips: "How is she even standing?! That suplex could've shattered *her* back too!"

Mark Bravo: "It's Birmingham. It's *Graysie*. She's built from *steel and stubbornness*."

She rolls Maxx back into the ring—crawls over—

ONE! TWO!—

Maxx kicks out. Weakly, but defiantly. His eyes wild now. He *grins* through a bloodied lip.

Maxx Mayhem (wheezing): "...more..."

Mark Bravo: "This man is *not okay.*"

Graysie backs into the corner, grabs the second rope—then the top—and launches into a *Graysie Bomb*! Her knees explode downward—

John Phillips: "Graysie Bomb—NO! Maxx rolls!"

She crashes hard. Maxx scrambles up like a wild animal, grabs the steel chair from earlier, and absolutely *bats* it across her spine.

CRACK! —again.

CRACK!! —again. Then he wedges the chair between the top and middle turnbuckles.

He lifts her for a suplex—but she slips behind—rolls him up!

ONE! TWO!—NO! Kickout again!

Maxx pops up first—charges—Graysie sidesteps—

CLANG!! Maxx goes *face-first* into the wedged chair! Blood bursts from his eyebrow, painting the mat. The crowd gasps.

Mark Bravo: "That chair just *bit him back!* He might be knocked out cold!"

Graysie peels him off the mat, hooks his arms—

BOOM!! Butterfly Bomb in the center of the ring! She covers—

ONE! TWO! THR—KICKOUT!!

John Phillips: "You've got to be kidding me! How did he survive that?"

Graysie looks up, frustrated but not broken. She drags Maxx toward the corner, heads to the top rope—but he rolls out again, flopping to the floor like a half-dead raccoon.

Mark Bravo: "He's not retreating—he's just *leaking*! That's survival instinct!"

She climbs down, heads out after him—but Maxx pulls a *fire extinguisher* from under the apron and *blasts* her in the face! The cloud engulfs the ringside area. She stumbles backward, choking and blinded—

John Phillips: "That's *not even for fires!* That's just chaos!"

Maxx grabs a *wooden plank* wrapped in barbed wire and slams it across her chest! Then again! The barbs tear into her skin, and she drops to her knees—but grabs his leg on the way down!

Mark Bravo: "Ohh, she's not letting go. Hurt or not, she's holding on like it's *personal*!"

Graysie uses his leg to pull herself up—blood smearing down her arm—then *screams* and hits a release German suplex on the concrete floor!

John Phillips: "That's bare floor! No padding! These two are going to leave here with *scars*—if they leave at all."

They both lie in a heap outside the ring, exhausted, bruised, bleeding—and the crowd chants:

"THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME!"

Graysie stirs first. She wipes blood from her face and rolls Maxx back inside. She pulls herself up on the apron, staggering, barely able to stand.

She's setting up for the *Graysie Driver*—but Maxx collapses before she can lift him. The ref drops to check him, but Maxx shoves the ref aside, laughing, then *low blows* Graysie behind the official's back!

Mark Bravo: "There are *no rules*, remember? The ref's just there to count the bodies!"

Maxx hooks her in—lifts—

BOOM!! Maximum Carnage!! The crowd explodes!

John Phillips: "He nailed it! He got all of it!"

ONE!! TWO!! THR—

KICKOUT!!!

Graysie's shoulder jerks up at the last millisecond. Maxx sits up, mouth agape, eyes wide like a madman. Blood trickling. Laughing again.

Maxx Mayhem: "Okay, okay—let's get *real messy*."

Maxx Mayhem rises, dragging his own face paint across his chest with his bloody hand like war paint. He stumbles outside again—this time flipping up the steel ring steps and dragging out a heavy black *toolbox*.

John Phillips: "Oh come on... what's in there now?"

Mark Bravo: "Nothing OSHA approved, I'll tell you that."

He kicks the lid open and pulls out a *bag of thumbtacks*, pouring them out in a sickly clatter across the mat. Then... a pair of *handcuffs*?

Mark Bravo: "Well. That's one way to keep a champion grounded."

Maxx tries to cuff Graysie's wrist to the bottom rope—but she kicks him in the face! She fights him off, snatches one of the cuffs, and *snaps* it across his jaw with a metallic *clank!* Maxx stumbles, dazed—

Graysie yanks the other cuff and wraps it around his throat like a chain, *dragging* him across the ring in a frenzy of pent-up rage.

Graysie Parker (shouting): "You think you can humiliate me?! You want pain?! LET'S GO!"

John Phillips: "This is turning into pure *vengeance*! And I'm not sure I blame her!"

She tosses Maxx into the corner—then charges—

THWACK! —a massive corner splash!

THWACK! —a second one!

She backs up, pulls the chair from the turnbuckle earlier, and wedges it *under* Maxx's chin—

Graysie runs—

WHAM! —a running knee with the chair between! Maxx crumples, the chair dented, his body twitching from the impact.

Mark Bravo: "She's going full-on *executioner mode* here!"

Graysie throws her arms out to the crowd—then points to the top rope.

John Phillips: "Wait a second—Graysie doesn't usually fly... this isn't her wheelhouse!"

She climbs—slowly, gingerly, battered and bloodied—and launches into a *massive elbow drop*—

CRASH!! —but Maxx rolls out at the last possible moment! Graysie hits the tacks chest-first! She SCREAMS in agony, rolling and convulsing across the mat as the pins jab into her flesh.

Mark Bravo: "That's... that's a human pincushion! That's someone's back *shredded* in real time!"

Maxx crawls up on all fours, laughing between coughs, blood now smeared down his entire face like a mask.

Maxx Mayhem: "Beautiful... it's *so* beautiful!"

He grabs her by the hair, yanks her up—

Suddenly, Graysie with a *desperation spear*! They both crash into the tacks! The crowd loses it again!

"HOLY S—! HOLY S—!"

Both wrestlers lay in a tangle, not moving for several seconds. The ref checks both. Graysie barely stirs, crawling over Maxx's body, thumbtacks stuck in her arms and side.

ONE!! TWO!!—

SHOULDER UP!! Maxx is still alive!

John Phillips: "I... I don't even know what to say anymore. That should've ended *two matches* ago!"

Graysie sits up—*screaming* now—hands shaking, pain fueling her rage. She rolls out of the ring, limping, and pulls out one last weapon: a *glass pane* wrapped in tape with "MAXX" scrawled across it in red paint.

Mark Bravo: "WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?! Who prepped that!?"

She slides it into the ring and sets it across two open chairs. Maxx is crawling toward her, laughing through a mouth full of blood.

Maxx Mayhem: "Break me, Graysie! Let's go!"

She lifts him up—hooks him in—

Maxx counters—low blow again! He grabs her—

CRASHHHHHH!!! —he powerbombs her through the glass pane!! Shards explode in every direction! The crowd can't believe what they're seeing!

John Phillips: "OH MY GOD!!" (genuinely horrified) "SOMEONE STOP THIS!"

Maxx covers. Arms limp. Tongue out. Both are nearly unconscious.

ONE... TWO... THRE—NO!! SHOULDER UP!!!

Mark Bravo: "SHE'S NOT HUMAN! GRAYSIE PARKER IS NOT HUMAN!!"

The referee is holding his head in disbelief. Maxx is out of ideas. Out of breath. But not out of madness.

Maxx Mayhem sits up, hands trembling, face streaked with blood and glass dust. He stares at Graysie Parker—barely breathing, motionless in the debris. A sick smile spreads across his face.

John Phillips: "There's nothing left to give. Nothing left to break. These two have exhausted every ounce of violence this match allows!"

Mark Bravo: "Maxx isn't done. I know that look. I've seen it in street fights... right before something illegal happens."

Maxx slowly stands, grabs the toolbox again... and pulls out a *staple gun.*

John Phillips: "No. No. No no no—"

The crowd erupts in *boos* and disbelief as Maxx looms over Graysie. He leans down—pulls her hair back—and lifts the staple gun toward her forehead—

—only for Graysie to *bite his hand!!* Maxx screams and drops the weapon. She claws at his eyes, fights to her knees—

CRACK!!! —a brutal *headbutt* from Maxx!

But Graysie doesn't fall. She SCREAMS in his face and fires back with one of her own!

Mark Bravo: "It's not a wrestling match anymore, John. It's a riot with rules."

Maxx stumbles back. Graysie snatches the *staple gun*, fires a shot into his chest!

POP!! The echo sends a hush over the crowd. Maxx wails in pain, but Graysie is moving—

She tackles him through the ropes! Both go tumbling out—

—right in front of the announce desk.

John Phillips: "I don't like this—"

Mark Bravo: "Start praying, Johnny. Start praying."

Graysie tears the cover off the table. She grabs Maxx—sets up for a *Tempest Slam*—but Maxx counters—

THUD!!! —he suplexes her *on the floor*, spine bouncing on concrete!

John Phillips: "She might have cracked something. That impact was *vile*."

Maxx staggers. Blood loss slowing him. But he drags Graysie onto the table.

Mark Bravo: "No. Don't. You're not... NO."

Maxx climbs the turnbuckle. Shaky. Teetering. He points at the sky—

Maxx Mayhem: "*Art... is... pain!*"

He LEAPS—

CRAAAAASH!!! —Graysie rolls off at the last second! Maxx goes through the table in a heap of twisted limbs and splinters!

"THIS IS AWESOME!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

John Phillips: "He might've just broken *himself* in half!"

Graysie pulls herself upright using the barricade. Fans are inches from her, screaming support, hands outstretched. She nods—she's not done.

Dragging Maxx by the hair, she rolls him into the ring... and limps in behind.

She peels off her shredded top layer, revealing the bloody outline of a woman *refusing to be broken*.

John Phillips: "Graysie Parker... is rage given form."

She lifts Maxx into a fireman's carry... spinning... spinning...

WHAM!!! —a Death Valley Driver onto the chair pile! She hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE—NO!!!

Mark Bravo: "HE'S STILL KICKING! What's it *gonna take*, John?!"

Graysie grabs Maxx's arm... crawls to the ropes... and locks in the *Pressure Lock*! Wrenching back with all she has! Maxx's eyes go wide, blood bubbling from his lips!

John Phillips: "She's going for the *submission*! Can you imagine the irony—*tapping out* in a No DQ match?!"

Maxx flails—reaches—grabs a tack-covered chair—*WHACKS* Graysie across the back! Once! Twice!

She releases. They separate again. The crowd is STANDING. Nothing left. Two warriors, gasping, crawling toward opposite corners.

John Phillips: "What else can they possibly do to each other?!"

Mark Bravo: "Whatever it is... it's coming. And it's gonna be horrifying."

They rise. Barely.

Maxx Mayhem's face is a crimson horror show. Graysie Parker's hair is matted, her back gouged, her gear half-torn. The WrestleZone mat looks like a crime scene. Around them: chairs, broken glass, thumbtacks, table scraps, a rogue kendo stick. Carnage.

John Phillips: "They've crossed the line of brutality... and left the map behind."

Mark Bravo: "If they both collapsed right now and never got up, I'd still call it match of the year."

Maxx screams in defiance—charges with a chair—

Graysie catches him mid-run—

WHAM!!! —a devastating spinebuster *onto the upright chair*! Maxx convulses on impact.

Graysie snarls, doesn't cover. She walks to the corner... unhooks the *WrestleZone Championship*... and raises it high.

John Phillips: "Oh no... she's got the belt..."

Maxx rises on instinct—staggering—arms wide. Graysie *runs at full speed*—

CRACK!!! —she *BLASTS* him with the title belt square across the face. He drops like a puppet with his strings cut.

She throws the belt aside and drags Maxx's body into position.

Climbing the ropes. Top turnbuckle. The crowd rises with her.

Mark Bravo: "You know what's coming. And Maxx Mayhem's *not* getting up from it."

She leaps—

BOOM!!! The *Stormbreaker Splash*! Her full weight crashes down across Maxx's ribs. She stays hooked—

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!!!

John Phillips: "SHE DID IT! SHE SURVIVED THE MAYHEM!"

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't survival, John... that was *dominance* through pain. That was Graysie Parker making a statement in blood."

Graysie rolls off, panting, clutching her ribs. The referee presents her the title, though he hesitates at first—he's horrified too.*

The fans chant:

"GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE!"

She pulls herself up in the corner, raises the WrestleZone Championship high above her head. A single spotlight hits her. Broken. Bleeding. *Victorious.*

John Phillips: "She said she would beat Maxx Mayhem's ass. She said title or no title—it didn't matter. And by God... she meant it."

As EMTs begin to check on Maxx, the camera catches a brief glimpse in the crowd—

That *same mysterious woman*, tucked behind a row of screaming fans, furiously scribbling notes in a small leather notebook. Her eyes never leave Graysie Parker.

Mark Bravo: "That woman again... she's been watching everyone. Taking notes. That's the third match she's been at ringside for tonight."

John Phillips: "Something's coming. I don't know what—but it's watching. Studying. And after tonight, Graysie Parker just painted herself a *massive target*."

Graysie exits the ring, limping up the ramp, holding the title. The crowd roars as we cut to the wide shot—debris still in the ring, medics tending to Mayhem, echoes of carnage filling the arena.

Mark Bravo: "The South's been painted red tonight, Johnny. And it wasn't art. It was war."

John Phillips: "Goodnight from Little Rock. We'll see you tomorrow night!"

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