

World Tour: South Africa '26

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: July 17, 2026
Location: Coca Cola Dome — Johannesburg

Preview

The United Toughness Alliance heads to the final city of the World Tour before One Last Stop.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen is black.

For several seconds, nothing can be heard except the distant sound of drums.

A single beat.

Then another.

The rhythm begins to build as the screen fades into a sweeping nighttime view of Johannesburg, South Africa.

The city glows beneath the dark sky. Traffic pours through the streets. The illuminated skyline stretches into the distance as the camera moves past Nelson Mandela Square, through crowded streets filled with UTA fans, and toward the unmistakable exterior of the Coca-Cola Dome.

The building is surrounded.

Thousands of fans pack the area outside, waving South African flags, holding homemade signs, and chanting as they wait to enter the final international stop of the UTA World Tour.

The UTA logo flashes across the screen.

A rapid series of images begins.

Samuel Scythe stands over Graham Keel in Argentina, the UTA Fighting Championship clutched tightly in his hands.

Clovis Black watches from the shadows, his expression unreadable.

VOICEOVER: "A championship taken through violence."

Scythe raises the title.

Clovis steps forward.

VOICEOVER: "Now challenged by a man who understands it."

The screen cuts to Bianca Page celebrating alongside Ace Andrews and Samuel Scythe as The Platinum Society stands together.

Tyger II appears beneath a single spotlight, masked and motionless.

VOICEOVER: "Confidence meets mystery."

Bianca smirks into the camera.

VOICEOVER: "And neither intends to step aside."

Yoshii raises the United States Championship after another successful defense.

Hakuryu watches from the stage.

Another unidentified silhouette appears behind the words:

OPEN CHALLENGE.

VOICEOVER: "The champion keeps calling."

Yoshii points toward the entrance.

VOICEOVER: "Tonight, someone answers."

The music slows.

Marie Van Claudio stands in the center of the ring with Amy Harrison and Valkyrie Knox kneeling at her side.

The image cuts violently to Susanita Ybanez being attacked by The Empire.

Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex rush into the fight.

Valentina Blaze storms down the aisle.

Officials pour between all sides as the screen shakes with every impact.

VOICEOVER: "For weeks, everyone has chosen a side."

The screen goes black.

Marie appears alone.

Susanita appears alone.

VOICEOVER: "Tonight, everyone else is removed."

Scott Stevens points toward the backstage area as the names of those barred from ringside appear one after another.

AMY HARRISON.

VALKYRIE KNOX.

ROSA DELGADO.

SELENA VEX.

VALENTINA BLAZE.

VOICEOVER: "No Empire."

Marie steps forward.

VOICEOVER: "No allies."

Susanita clenches her fists.

VOICEOVER: "No interference."

The two women rush toward one another before the screen cuts away just before impact.

The music explodes.

Kirsty McKinney and Juno Sage flash across the screen.

Bianca Page launches an opponent across the ring.

Tyger II springs from the ropes.

Clovis Black unloads with a series of strikes.

Samuel Scythe holds the Fighting Championship above his head.

Yoshii roars as he points toward the entrance stage.

Marie and Susanita scream at one another through a wall of security.

VOICEOVER: "The journey has crossed borders."

Images from England, Puerto Rico, Argentina, and Brazil race across the screen.

VOICEOVER: "It has created champions."

Samuel Scythe and Yoshii raise their titles.

VOICEOVER: "It has created enemies."

Chris Ross drives a steel chair into Maxwell Jett.

Marie Van Claudio stands over Susanita.

VOICEOVER: "And before the United Toughness Alliance returns to North America..."

The Coca-Cola Dome fills the screen.

VOICEOVER: "There is one final stop."

The official show graphic crashes onto the screen.

UTA WORLD TOUR: SOUTH AFRICA '26

LIVE FROM THE COCA-COLA DOME

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA

The graphic explodes into a massive wall of pyro.

Red, white, blue, green, yellow, and black fireworks erupt across the entrance stage as the broadcast cuts live inside the Coca-Cola Dome. Thousands of fans leap to their feet, their collective roar shaking the building as spotlights sweep across the packed stands.

South African flags wave throughout the arena.

The camera races down the entrance aisle, circles the ring, and rises toward the upper level as another round of fireworks detonates overhead.

Signs flash across the screen.

JOHANNESBURG FEARS THE REAPER

YOSHII, I ACCEPT

SCYTHE'S TIME IS UP

THE PLATINUM SOCIETY RUNS UTA

FREE SUSANITA

THE FIRST LADY HAS AN EMPIRE

ONE LAST STOP STARTS TONIGHT

The camera settles at ringside, where John Phillips and Mark Bravo are seated behind the commentary desk. The crowd behind them continues to roar as both men adjust their headsets.

JOHN PHILLIPS: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Johannesburg, South Africa! Welcome to the Coca-Cola Dome, and welcome to the final international stop of the United Toughness Alliance World Tour!"

MARK BRAVO: "We have crossed oceans, John. We have crossed continents. We have survived Chris Ross destroying hotel rooms, attacking champions, and apparently slipping through every security plan Scott Stevens has ever created. Now we have finally reached South Africa."

JOHN PHILLIPS: "And this is the final UTA event before One Last Stop, coming your way July twenty-fifth from the Scotiabank Arena in Toronto, Ontario, Canada."

MARK BRAVO: "Which means this is the final chance for everyone in that locker room to build momentum, settle a score, or make sure they have a place on one of the biggest shows of the summer."

JOHN PHILLIPS: "Tonight's main event has been weeks in the making. Susanita Ybanez will finally go one-on-one with Marie Van Claudio."

MARK BRAVO: "And Scott Stevens has done everything short of placing the rest of the roster under house arrest. Amy Harrison and Valkyrie Knox are barred from ringside. Rosa Delgado, Selena Vex, and Valentina Blaze are barred as well."

JOHN PHILLIPS: "Stevens has made it clear. He wants Marie and Susanita to settle their issues without The Empire, without reinforcements, and without another uncontrollable fight involving half the locker room."

MARK BRAVO: "That sounds great in theory. But every time Scott Stevens says he has something under control, someone gets thrown down a laundry chute or Chris Ross appears with a chair."

JOHN PHILLIPS: "Also tonight, Samuel Scythe makes his first defense of the UTA Fighting Championship against Clovis Black."

A match graphic fills the screen, placing Samuel Scythe and Clovis Black on opposite sides of the Fighting Championship.

MARK BRAVO: "That championship was built for people like these two. Fighting Championship Rules mean limited rope breaks, no easy escape, and nowhere to hide once the fight gets ugly."

JOHN PHILLIPS: "Samuel Scythe shocked many when he defeated Graham Keel to capture the championship in Argentina. Tonight, he faces a challenger who has spent months proving that he belongs among the most dangerous competitors in UTA."

The graphic changes to Bianca Page and Tyger II.

JOHN PHILLIPS: "Bianca Page will also be in action as she takes on Tyger II in intergender competition."

MARK BRAVO: "Bianca Page is riding high. The Platinum Society has championship gold, confidence, and Ace Andrews making sure everyone knows about both. But Tyger II is one of the most unpredictable competitors on this roster. Bianca cannot afford to look past him."

The United States Championship appears on the screen.

JOHN PHILLIPS: "Yoshii continues his United States Championship Open Challenge tonight. We still do not know who will answer."

MARK BRAVO: "Every week Yoshii walks out, puts the championship on the line, and dares someone to take it. So far, nobody has been able to do it."

JOHN PHILLIPS: "We will also see Kirsty McKinney take on Juno Sage in singles competition as both women look to gain valuable ground in the UTA rankings."

MARK BRAVO: "No easy matches tonight, John. Not with Toronto only eight days away."

The camera pulls back from the commentary desk, revealing the ring and the packed Coca-Cola Dome behind it.

JOHN PHILLIPS: "The final city of the World Tour is ready. Johannesburg is ready. The road to One Last Stop continues right now!"

Kirsty McKinney doesn't like 4 Way Dances

Segment

The backstage corridors of the Coca-Cola Dome are already active despite the early hour. Crew members move equipment into position while wrestlers and staff filter through the building ahead of the show.

Kirsty McKinney walks through the arena with a gym bag slung over one shoulder. She is dressed to compete, but otherwise gives no indication that she is in any particular hurry.

Melissa Cartwright approaches with a microphone in hand.

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "Kirsty, a word, if you don't mind?"

Kirsty stops and turns toward her. Her expression remains flat.

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Oh, I absolutely don't mind, Melissa. We all know how important saying talky-words into a microphone is to a proper professional wrestling career. Ask me whatever questions come to mind, and I'll do my best to make my responses scintillating."

Melissa appears prepared for the sarcasm this time. She accepts the answer without so much as a blink.

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "Respectfully, I have to ask. After a dominant singles debut and an impressive performance in the All or Nothing Rumble, you came up pretty short in your last match."

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Yeah. I guess I did. Remind me again what the match was?"

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "A four-way dance between you, Bianca Page, Selina Santorino, and Rosa Delgado."

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Right. Say that again for me."

Melissa clears her throat.

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "A four-way dance between you, Bianca Page, Selina Santorino, and—"

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "No, no. I don't care about that part. Say the first thing again."

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "Four-way dance?"

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Yeah. Four-way dance."

Silence settles between them.

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Exactly who thought putting four freakin' people in the same match was a good idea?"

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "Well, you were pinned by—"

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Nope. Not reliving it. Don't care which one of them pinned me. It's over. It's in the record books. A freaking blot that's going to follow me forever and ever and goddamn ever, but it's still over."

Kirsty exhales sharply through her nose. Her eyes drift toward the ceiling, where they remain fixed.

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "So—"

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Hey, Melissa. When I wasn't busy flying out to, where the hell was it... Argengoddamntina, for UTA, you want to know what I was doing back home in Iron City Wrestling?"

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "Um?"

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Competing for the World Title. Well, the Iron Crown Championship. Notice my belt?"

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "Well, no."

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Because I didn't freakin' win it. Want to know why?"

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "Since you ask, sure."

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Match was against Todderick Davenport the Third, Eric Dane Junior, and Graysie Parker. Four. Way. Freakin'. Dance."

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "The same Eric Dane Junior who—"

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Yeah. Same one."

Kirsty finally lowers her eyes from the ceiling and looks directly at Melissa.

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Melissa, four-way dances and eight-man tags and royal rumbles and all these train-wreck matches exist for one reason. To give inferior wrestlers a chance to get one up on their superiors."

Kirsty actually stops to give Melissa a chance to cut in with something, but Melissa motions for her to continue.

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "I would love to say a four-way dance doesn't count as a real match. It shouldn't. But I'm not the person who gets to make that decision, and now I've got a loss that's going to sit on my shoulders for the rest of my freakin' life because of it."

Melissa takes a small breath. Kirsty's attention has already returned to the ceiling.

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "You... clearly feel very strongly about it."

Kirsty does not answer.

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "Well. Moving on. What's your plan going forward?"

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Who's my match against this time?"

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "Juno Sage."

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "And who else?"

MELISSA CARTWRIGHT: "Er... no one else. Just Juno Sage."

KIRSTY McKINNEY: "Yeah."

Kirsty turns and walks away, leaving Melissa standing alone in the corridor.

Kirsty McKinney vs. Juno Sage

Match

"Juno Theme" begins with a low, minimalist electronic hum that washes over the Coca-Cola Dome.

The arena lighting dims as a cool blue glow spreads across the entrance stage.

There is no explosion of pyro.

No flashing lights.

No attempt to excite the audience.

After several seconds, Juno Sage steps through the curtain.

Her expression is completely emotionless.

She pauses only long enough to slowly crack the knuckles on one hand... then the other.

Without acknowledging the thousands of fans surrounding her, she begins the walk toward the ring at a measured pace, her eyes never leaving the squared circle.

John Phillips: "Our opening contest is scheduled for one fall as Juno Sage makes her way to the ring."

Mark Bravo: "I don't know if I've ever seen someone look so... detached. She doesn't hate these people, John. She doesn't ignore them because she's nervous. She genuinely doesn't believe they matter."

Juno reaches ringside and calmly walks around the ring apron before climbing onto it.

She steps through the ropes without flourish, immediately making her way toward the center of the ring.

Her eyes briefly glance down toward her left wrist.

Almost instinctively.

As though she's checking calculations only she can see.

She slowly rolls one shoulder before returning her attention toward the entrance.

John Phillips: "Juno Sage refers to wrestling as applied mathematics. Every hold, every counter, every movement is another equation for her to solve."

Mark Bravo: "And she's very, very good at solving them. She's as clinical as they come. She doesn't waste movement, doesn't waste emotion, and she certainly doesn't waste energy trying to entertain anybody."

Juno calmly backs into her corner, folding her hands behind her back while waiting for her opponent.

Her breathing remains perfectly steady.

Her eyes never blink.

"In Walks Barbarella" by Clutch roars through the Coca-Cola Dome.

The crowd responds with a healthy ovation as Kirsty McKinney steps through the curtain.

There is none of the dry indifference she normally carries.

Tonight...

She looks irritated.

Not performatively.

Genuinely irritated.

Her jaw is set.

She doesn't even bother giving the crowd the usual sideways glance as she marches toward the ring.

John Phillips: "Well, if you caught Melissa Cartwright's interview earlier tonight, you know Kirsty McKinney is still stewing over that Fatal Four Way in Argentina."

Mark Bravo: "Stewing? John, I think she'd rather wrestle a grizzly bear than ever be put in another four-way match."

Kirsty reaches ringside and immediately slides beneath the bottom rope.

Rolling fluidly to her knees, she pops to her feet in one motion before walking directly to the center of the ring.

Normally she'd loosen up with a couple of deep squats.

Tonight she drops into one quick squat, rolls her shoulders once, and aggressively flicks her hair back over her shoulder.

Her eyes immediately lock onto Juno Sage.

She never breaks the stare.

John Phillips: "Kirsty made it very clear backstage that she believes multi-person matches exist to give inferior wrestlers an opportunity to steal victories from superior ones."

Mark Bravo: "And now she's got exactly what she wanted. One opponent. One referee. No distractions. If she's as good as she says she is, tonight should be right up her alley."

Kirsty slowly backs into her corner, never taking her eyes off Juno.

She stretches one shoulder against the turnbuckle before folding her arms across her chest.

Still staring.

John Phillips: "These are two of the most technically gifted competitors on the UTA roster."

Mark Bravo: "The difference is Juno treats wrestling like a science experiment."

He smirks.

Mark Bravo: "Kirsty treats it like everyone else showed up to class unprepared."

The referee steps between the two competitors, looking from one to the other before signaling for the opening bell.

DING! DING! DING!

The bell barely has time to finish ringing before Kirsty McKinney explodes out of her corner.

John Phillips: "Kirsty wasting absolutely no time!"

Juno Sage instinctively reaches for a collar-and-elbow tie-up.

Instead, Kirsty drops levels underneath her, wraps both arms around Juno's waist, and drives completely through her.

THUD!

A textbook double-leg takedown plants Juno hard onto the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "That's not a wrestling move. That's a statement."

Juno immediately attempts to shrimp her hips away.

Kirsty follows every movement.

Hip pressure.

Crossface.

Heavy shoulder across the chest.

Every escape route disappears almost as quickly as Juno creates it.

John Phillips: "This is exactly where Kirsty wants this match."

Juno manages to thread an arm underneath Kirsty's body, looking to create enough space to recover guard.

Kirsty simply traps the wrist.

Switches her hips.

Slides effortlessly into a tight arm ride.

Juno tries rolling through.

Kirsty rolls with her.

Juno posts on one knee.

Kirsty chops the base out from underneath her, flattening her back onto the mat once again.

Mark Bravo: "She's not just outwrestling Juno. She's making sure Juno knows she's being outwrestled."

Kirsty transitions into back control, one hook in before securing the second.

Rather than immediately looking for a submission, she keeps Juno grounded, forcing her to carry every pound of pressure.

Juno grits her teeth, finally managing to work herself toward the ropes.

Just before she can reach them...

Kirsty drags her back toward the center of the ring.

The crowd lets out an appreciative cheer.

John Phillips: "We've seen Kirsty's amateur background on display before, but never with this kind of urgency."

Mark Bravo: "She said backstage she wanted a real wrestling match. Well... she's making this one look like a clinic so far."

Juno finally creates just enough separation with a pair of sharp elbows to free herself from Kirsty's control.

Both women scramble back toward their feet...

...

With Kirsty already charging forward again.

Juno barely regains her footing before Kirsty crashes into her with a heavy waistlock.

She plants her feet.

Lifts.

THUMP!

A beautiful belly-to-belly suplex sends Juno skidding across the canvas.

John Phillips: "What elevation!"

Juno rolls instinctively toward the ropes, trying to create some breathing room.

Kirsty doesn't allow it.

She stalks after her without rushing, grabs hold of Juno's ankle, and drags her several feet back toward center ring.

Juno kicks free.

She pops back to a knee.

Kirsty blasts her square in the chest with a brutal kitchen sink knee.

Juno folds over from the impact.

Mark Bravo: "Every bit of frustration from that four-way is coming out right now."

Kirsty immediately cinches a front facelock.

Juno attempts to circle behind.

Kirsty effortlessly switches to a rear waistlock.

Juno reaches for wrist control.

Kirsty peels the hand away.

Steps across.

Launches Juno backward with another perfectly executed release belly-to-belly suplex.

The crowd lets out another loud reaction.

John Phillips: "Kirsty has completely dictated every second of this contest."

Juno again tries to create distance.

She gets to all fours.

Kirsty is already on top of her.

One arm snakes around Juno's waist.

The other captures an arm.

She rides Juno flat to the canvas with suffocating pressure, never giving her an inch to work with.

Juno plants a foot.

Tries to build a base.

Kirsty simply collapses her again.

A sigh escapes Kirsty's lips.

Not because she's tired.

Because she's annoyed she's still having to wrestle.

Mark Bravo: "That's the expression! That's the one she had backstage. She genuinely looks irritated that this match hasn't ended already."

Kirsty muscles Juno back to her feet from behind.

Without hesitation...

She hoists her high into the air.

...

BOOM!

A massive stalling gutwrench suplex—the K-Lift—echoes throughout the Coca-Cola Dome before Juno crashes violently onto the mat.

Kirsty rolls through instead of attempting a cover.

She simply reaches down...

Grabs Juno by the arm...

...and starts pulling her back to her feet.

Juno Sage can barely stand.

Kirsty doesn't give her the chance to recover.

She slips behind once more, locking her hands tightly around Juno's waist.

Juno desperately widens her base, trying to prevent another throw.

It doesn't matter.

Kirsty powers her off the canvas anyway.

She shifts Juno up onto her shoulders into an electric chair position.

John Phillips: "Kirsty's got her up!"

Without hesitation...

WHAM!

She drives Juno violently face and chest first into the mat with the front electric chair drop.

The impact leaves Juno motionless.

Mark Bravo: "That'll knock every thought out of your head."

Kirsty immediately threads her legs around Juno's body.

She cinches her hands.

Leans back.

John Phillips: "Shear Cradle!"

Juno struggles for only a brief moment before the pressure completely immobilizes her.

Kirsty stares forward with that same irritated, almost bored expression she's worn since walking through the curtain.

The official slides into position.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Kirsty releases the hold immediately and rises to her feet without celebrating.

She brushes a strand of hair behind her ear, exhales through her nose, and gives one dismissive glance toward the fallen Juno Sage before having her hand raised.

John Phillips: "An absolutely dominant performance by Kirsty McKinney to kick off the action here tonight."

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't competitive. That wasn't back-and-forth. That was one woman taking every ounce of frustration from that Fatal Four Way and unloading it on the first person standing across the ring from her."

John Phillips: "Juno Sage never had an opportunity to establish her methodical offense. From the opening bell until the final three-count, this match belonged entirely to Kirsty McKinney."

Mark Bravo: "If anyone in the women's locker room thought that loss in Argentina slowed Kirsty down, they just got their answer. She came out here tonight with a purpose... and Juno Sage paid the price."

Kirsty gives one final glance toward the ring, shakes her head in mild annoyance as if the match still took longer than it should have, and exits up the aisle without acknowledging the crowd.

Platinum Society

Segment

Backstage inside the Coca-Cola Dome, Melissa Cartwright catches up with "Classy" Bianca Page, Ace Andrews, UTA Fighting Champion Samuel Scythe, and Bianca's imposing bodyguard, Sione Maivia.

Bianca adjusts the collar of her jacket before flashing a confident smile into the camera.

"Classy" Bianca Page: "A lot of people doubted us when Platinum Society arrived in the UTA. They said we were all talk. That we'd never live up to the hype."

She chuckles.

"Classy" Bianca Page: "Funny how quickly that narrative changed."

Bianca gestures toward Samuel Scythe.

"Classy" Bianca Page: "A few weeks ago, Samuel Scythe did exactly what we came here to do. He became the UTA Fighting Champion."

Samuel rests the championship comfortably over his shoulder, saying nothing.

"Classy" Bianca Page: "That was milestone number one."

She taps herself on the chest.

"Classy" Bianca Page: "Now it's my turn."

Bianca steps closer to the camera.

"Classy" Bianca Page: "I didn't come to the UTA just to collect a paycheck or fill out the women's division. I came here to prove that I belong among the very best this company has to offer."

She smirks.

"Classy" Bianca Page: "Women's Championship..."

She shrugs.

"Classy" Bianca Page: "Sure. I'll take it."

She points directly into the camera.

"Classy" Bianca Page: "But don't make the mistake of thinking that's all I'm after. Every championship in this company should be paying attention because Platinum Society didn't come here to participate..."

She glances toward Ace Andrews.

"Classy" Bianca Page: "...we came here to take over."

Ace nods approvingly.

Ace Andrews: "That's why tonight Bianca steps into the ring against another member of this roster. Not because she has anything to prove..."

He smiles.

Ace Andrews: "...but because the rest of the locker room needs to learn exactly who they're dealing with."

Bianca folds her sunglasses over the front of her jacket.

"Classy" Bianca Page: "We've got business to attend to."

Bianca turns and walks away.

Samuel Scythe follows with the Fighting Championship over his shoulder.

Sione Maivia falls in behind them as Ace Andrews flashes one last confident grin toward the camera before Platinum Society disappears down the hallway.

THE MATCH YOU ASKED FOR

Segment

The broadcast cuts backstage.

The camera quickly catches up with the Hightower family making their way through the halls of the Coca-Cola Dome.

UTA Women's Champion and UTA Hardcore Champion Emily Hightower leads the group with both championships draped over her shoulders.

David Hightower walks calmly at her side.

Buck Hightower follows close behind, scanning the hallway.

Dakota trails silently at the rear.

John Phillips: "We're backstage now with the Hightower family."

Mark Bravo: "Judging by the look on Emily's face, this isn't a social visit."

The group rounds a corner.

Emily suddenly stops.

The camera pans to reveal a locker room door.

The nameplate simply reads...

SOL AZTECA

The Johannesburg crowd immediately reacts.

Emily studies the name for only a second.

Then reaches for the handle.

She opens the door without knocking.

Inside, Sol Azteca is preparing for competition.

Her mask is already on.

One wrist is taped.

Her gear bag sits open nearby.

She calmly looks up as the Hightowers enter.

There is no surprise.

No fear.

If anything...

Emily seems irritated by Sol's complete lack of reaction.

Emily steps into the room.

David follows.

Buck remains near the doorway like a bodyguard.

Dakota quietly steps inside behind them.

Sol looks each member of the family over before settling her eyes back on Emily.

Sol Azteca: "You lost?"

The crowd erupts.

Buck immediately takes a step forward.

Buck Hightower: "Watch your mouth."

Emily raises a hand, stopping him.

Emily Hightower: "No."

She never takes her eyes off Sol.

Emily Hightower: "Let her talk. It's what she does."

Sol slowly steps away from the bench until she's standing directly in front of the champion.

Sol Azteca: "I win."

A beat.

Sol Azteca: "You come here."

Another beat.

Sol Azteca: "That means you heard me."

Emily lets out a cold laugh.

Nothing about it is amused.

Emily Hightower: "You think that's what this is?"

Sol remains silent.

Emily steps closer.

Emily Hightower: "You win two matches and suddenly you think this entire company revolves around you."

She motions with her hand.

Emily Hightower: "You hold up one finger. Then two."

She shakes her head.

Emily Hightower: "These people cheer because they're desperate for someone to believe in."

The crowd boos loudly.

Emily Hightower: "They don't have to live with the consequences."

She points directly at Sol.

Emily Hightower: "You do."

Emily gestures toward the hallway.

Emily Hightower: "Selena Vex was charity."

Then back to Sol.

Emily Hightower: "Valkyrie Knox was punishment."

She closes the distance.

Emily Hightower: "Yet here you are acting like two wins somehow changed what happened between us."

Sol's expression never changes.

Sol Azteca: "It changed you."

The room falls silent.

Emily narrows her eyes.

Sol Azteca: "First week..."

She raises one finger.

Sol Azteca: "You laughed."

A second finger joins it.

Sol Azteca: "Second week..."

Sol Azteca: "You watched."

She lowers her hand.

Sol Azteca: "Third week..."

She looks around the room.

Sol Azteca: "You came to me."

The crowd roars.

Emily steps nose-to-nose with her.

Emily Hightower: "Don't confuse my attention with fear."

Sol Azteca: "I don't."

A pause.

Sol Azteca: "I confuse it with proof."

Another loud reaction from the crowd.

Emily stares for a long moment.

Then...

She smiles.

Cold.

Calculated.

Emily Hightower: "Fine."

The arena comes alive.

Emily Hightower: "You want your match?"

Sol says nothing.

Emily Hightower: "At One Last Stop..."

The crowd begins cheering before she can finish.

Emily Hightower: "...you've got it."

The arena erupts.

John Phillips: "There it is! Emily Hightower has finally accepted!"

Mark Bravo: "But somehow I don't think she's finished."

Emily raises a finger.

Emily Hightower: "Listen carefully."

The cheers settle.

Emily Hightower: "This isn't because I respect you."

Emily Hightower: "I don't."

Emily Hightower: "This isn't because you're special."

Emily Hightower: "And it certainly isn't because these people demanded it."

The crowd rains down boos.

Emily Hightower: "You're getting this match because I'm tired of hearing your name."

She taps the Women's Championship.

Emily Hightower: "At One Last Stop..."

Emily Hightower: "...I end the conversation."

Sol glances at the championship.

Then back at Emily.

Sol Azteca: "Women's title?"

The crowd buzzes.

Emily's jaw tightens.

Buck smirks.

David quietly watches.

Emily slowly removes the championship from her shoulder.

She holds it between them.

Emily Hightower: "You want this too?"

Sol Azteca: "I want you."

A brief pause.

Sol Azteca: "You hide behind that."

The crowd explodes.

Buck starts forward.

Buck Hightower: "That's enough."

Sol finally turns her head toward him.

Sol Azteca: "No."

One word.

Buck stops.

Sol turns back to Emily.

Sol Azteca: "If you are champion..."

A beat.

Sol Azteca: "...be champion."

Emily looks down at the title.

Then back into Sol's eyes.

Emily Hightower: "Fine."

The crowd erupts again.

Emily raises the championship between them.

Emily Hightower: "At One Last Stop..."

Emily Hightower: "The UTA Women's Championship is on the line."

John Phillips: "She accepted! Emily Hightower will defend the Women's Championship against Sol Azteca!"

Mark Bravo: "This is exactly what Sol has been chasing!"

Emily places the championship back over her shoulder.

Her voice grows quieter.

Emily Hightower: "Don't mistake this for equality."

She steps even closer.

Emily Hightower: "You get the match."

Emily Hightower: "You get the lights."

Emily Hightower: "You get the crowd."

Emily Hightower: "You get your moment."

A thin smile crosses her face.

Emily Hightower: "And then I remind everyone exactly who I am."

Sol never blinks.

She slowly raises two fingers.

Emily watches.

Sol lowers one.

One finger remains.

Sol Azteca: "One more."

A pause.

Sol Azteca: "Then no more excuses."

The crowd roars one final time.

David finally steps between the two women.

David Hightower: "Enough."

Emily doesn't move immediately.

Finally...

She takes one step backward.

Emily Hightower: "Enjoy this feeling."

She turns toward the door.

Emily Hightower: "It's the last one I ever give you."

Buck backs out first, glaring at Sol.

Dakota pauses just long enough to glance at Sol's raised finger before following the others.

David exits last, quietly closing the locker room door.

Inside...

Sol remains standing alone.

She looks at the closed door.

Then raises her hand once more.

One finger.

One match.

John Phillips: "It's official. Emily Hightower defends the UTA Women's Championship against Sol Azteca at One Last Stop."

Mark Bravo: "Emily thinks she's ending the conversation. Sol thinks she's just getting started."

The camera lingers on Sol's unwavering stare before the broadcast moves on.

Clovis Black vs. Samuel Scythe

Match

The arena lights dim.

A low industrial bass begins vibrating through the Coca-Cola Dome.

BWAAAAAAAAAAAA!

A deafening freight horn blasts through the speakers, causing much of the crowd to jump.

Dark smoke rolls across the entrance stage.

Through it steps Clovis Black.

His hood is pulled over his head beneath a sleeveless trench coat.

His expression is cold.

Focused.

He doesn't acknowledge the fans.

He doesn't pose.

He simply starts walking toward the ring with the slow, deliberate pace of a man on his way to collect a debt.

John Phillips: "Our next contest is for the UTA Fighting Championship, and if there was ever a man built for Fighting Championship Rules... it may be Clovis Black."

Mark Bravo: "No pins. No count-outs. No disqualifications deciding this thing. Submission, knockout, or the referee has to physically stop the fight. That's it."

A graphic appears on the screen.

UTA FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP RULES

Victory by Submission, Knockout, or Referee Stoppage.

Each competitor is allotted one rope break.

After a competitor uses their rope break, submissions and holds remain legal in the ropes.

John Phillips: "Those rope breaks become incredibly valuable. Once you've used yours, there's nowhere left to escape."

Clovis reaches ringside.

Without hesitation, he climbs the steel steps and steps over the top rope.

He walks directly to the center of the ring.

Slowly...

He pulls the hood back from his head.

The crowd gets a better look at the massive challenger as he removes the trench coat in one quick motion and tosses it into his corner.

His eyes never leave the entrance.

Mark Bravo: "He's built like a freight train and somehow moves faster than anyone his size has any business moving."

John Phillips: "Clovis has impressed since arriving in the United Toughness Alliance, and tonight he has the opportunity to leave Johannesburg as the Fighting Champion."

Clovis slowly cracks his neck.

Rolls one shoulder.

Then plants himself in his corner.

Waiting.

Motionless.

Ready for a fight.

The lights throughout the Coca-Cola Dome suddenly go out.

The crowd falls into an uneasy hush.

For several seconds...

There is nothing.

Then...

The giant video screen flickers to life.

A lone scythe slowly cuts through a dead field beneath a gray sky.

Three words appear in weathered white lettering.

REAP WHAT YOU SOW.

The opening riffs of "Useless Sacrifice" by Death Decline tear through the arena.

A single spotlight illuminates the entrance.

Samuel Scythe stands alone.

His hood is pulled low over his face, his head bowed toward the floor.

Standing several feet behind him...

...is Ace Andrews.

Dressed in another immaculate designer suit, Ace wears a smug grin as he slowly adjusts the cuffs of his jacket before clasping his hands behind his back.

John Phillips: "The reigning UTA Fighting Champion has arrived... and as always, he's accompanied by the man who calls himself the one holding the leash—Ace Andrews."

Mark Bravo: "Ace believes Samuel Scythe isn't just a wrestler. He believes he's a weapon. Judging by what we've seen over the last several weeks... it's hard to argue."

Samuel slowly raises his head.

His eyes lock immediately onto Clovis Black.

Without ever looking away...

He begins walking toward the ring.

Ace follows several steps behind, never trying to outshine his client, but carrying himself with the confidence of a man who fully expects to leave South Africa with championship gold still in his possession.

John Phillips: "Samuel Scythe captured the Fighting Championship from Graham Keel in Argentina, and tonight he'll make his very first title defense."

Mark Bravo: "Against a challenger who's every bit as dangerous. This isn't going to be pretty, John. This is going to be two heavyweight wrecking machines seeing who breaks first."

Samuel reaches ringside and climbs the steel steps.

He steps between the ropes before finally pulling the hood back from his head.

His eyes remain fixed on Clovis.

He slowly drags a thumb across his throat in a deliberate cut-throat gesture before backing into his corner.

Ace remains on the arena floor near the corner, calmly straightening his jacket before folding his arms.

Across the ring...

Clovis Black never breaks eye contact.

John Phillips: "The Fighting Championship is on the line."

Mark Bravo: "Neither one of these men knows how to back down. Somebody's going to have to be forced to stop."

The official steps to the center of the ring and raises the UTA Fighting Championship high into the air.

The crowd roars.

He presents the title to Clovis Black.

Then to Samuel Scythe.

Before handing it to the timekeeper.

Both men step toward the center.

Neither says a word.

Neither blinks.

DING! DING! DING!

The champion and challenger slowly circle.

Neither man rushes.

Neither wants to be the first to overcommit.

John Phillips: "This one feels different."

Mark Bravo: "Because both of these guys know one mistake can end your night."

Clovis inches forward.

Samuel answers.

The two massive men meet in the center with a collar-and-elbow tie-up.

WHAM!

The collision alone draws an audible reaction from the Johannesburg crowd.

Neither man gives an inch.

Legs driving.

Foreheads pressed together.

Shoulders straining.

The ring canvas groans beneath them.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd!"

Samuel suddenly muscles Clovis backward two steps.

Clovis digs in.

Plants both feet.

Drives Samuel back three.

Now it's Samuel's turn to stop the momentum.

The stalemate continues.

Mark Bravo: "We're thirty seconds in and they've done nothing but try to overpower each other."

Without warning...

Samuel fires a violent European uppercut.

CRACK!

Clovis' head snaps backward.

The challenger answers immediately with a thunderous bell clap across Samuel's ears.

SMACK!

Samuel stumbles a half-step.

Clovis explodes forward.

Running body block.

BOOM!

Samuel absorbs it.

Slides backward...

...

But stays standing.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "He didn't go down!"

Samuel snarls.

He charges.

His own running shoulder block.

CRASH!

This time Clovis gives ground.

Two steps.

Three.

But he refuses to fall.

The two men lock eyes again.

The atmosphere inside the Coca-Cola Dome grows louder.

Mark Bravo: "They're trying to see which one's made of tougher steel!"

Samuel throws another uppercut.

Clovis answers with a stiff forearm.

Samuel answers.

Clovis answers.

Neither man attempts to evade.

Every shot lands flush.

CRACK!

SMACK!

THUD!

The exchange grows faster.

Harder.

More violent.

The crowd begins counting each strike aloud.

John Phillips: "These two are beating the hell out of each other!"

Clovis suddenly ducks underneath another uppercut.

He wraps both arms around Samuel's waist.

Lifts.

BOOM!

A thunderous overhead belly-to-belly suplex sends the champion crashing across the ring.

Samuel rolls immediately onto one knee.

His eyes burn with anger.

Across the ring...

Clovis simply motions for him to get back up.

Samuel slowly climbs back to his feet.

He wipes a trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth with the back of his wrist.

Then smiles.

It isn't amusement.

It's acceptance.

The champion charges.

Clovis meets him head-on.

BOOM!

The collision echoes through the Coca-Cola Dome as both men unload simultaneous clotheslines.

Neither budes.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Neither man went down!"

Mark Bravo: "They're trying to knock a brick wall over with another brick wall!"

Samuel swings again.

Clovis ducks underneath.

Waistlock.

Deadlift.

The crowd rises as Clovis muscles all two hundred fifty pounds of the champion completely off the canvas.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

WHAM!

Samuel crashes high across his shoulders and neck.

He rolls through almost immediately.

Back to one knee.

Clovis charges.

Samuel explodes upward.

CRACK!

A brutal European uppercut catches Clovis flush beneath the jaw.

The challenger stumbles backward.

Samuel wastes no time.

He hooks Clovis around the waist.

Plants.

Explodes.

BOOM!

An Exploder Suplex launches Clovis halfway across the ring.

John Phillips: "What power from the champion!"

Ace Andrews applauds from ringside with a satisfied grin.

Mark Bravo: "Now that's what Ace Andrews loves to see. Controlled destruction."

Samuel stalks forward.

Clovis pushes himself up using only one arm.

The instant he's vertical...

Samuel nearly cuts him in half with a running shoulder block.

CRASH!

Clovis tumbles through the ropes and lands awkwardly on the apron, barely hanging on.

Samuel follows immediately.

He reaches through the ropes...

Grabs Clovis by the head...

Looking to drag him back inside.

Instead...

Clovis fires a vicious shoulder into Samuel's ribs.

Another.

Then a third.

Samuel doubles over.

Clovis slingshots himself over the top rope.

THUD!

A flying shoulder block drives both men into the canvas.

The crowd roars in appreciation.

John Phillips: "The challenger showing surprising athleticism!"

Both heavyweights climb to their feet almost simultaneously.

They're breathing harder now.

Their strikes have left visible marks.

Neither man looks interested in slowing down.

They lock eyes once again...

...and march right back toward each other.

The two heavyweights collide again.

Forearm.

Forearm.

Uppercut.

Bell clap.

Neither man gives an inch.

John Phillips: "They're not trying to outwrestle each other anymore. They're trying to see who can survive longer."

Samuel suddenly drives a knee deep into Clovis' midsection.

Another.

Then he hooks the challenger around the waist.

Looking for another Exploder Suplex.

Clovis blocks it.

Wide base.

Samuel tries again.

Nothing.

Clovis answers with a pair of short elbows to the side of the champion's head.

Samuel's grip loosens.

Just enough.

Clovis spins.

CRACK!

A short-arm lariat nearly turns Samuel inside out.

Mark Bravo: "The Whistle! Samuel's in trouble!"

The champion staggers backward.

His legs wobble.

Clovis wastes no time.

He explodes across the ring.

John Phillips: "Freight Line coming!"

Clovis leaves his feet...

Samuel somehow reacts at the last possible instant.

BOOM!

He drives his shoulder directly into Clovis' ribs with the Reaper's Blade Spear.

Both men crash to the canvas in a heap.

The crowd rises to its feet.

John Phillips: "What a counter!"

Mark Bravo: "Those two just wrecked each other!"

Neither competitor moves for several seconds.

Ace Andrews slaps the apron repeatedly, shouting encouragement toward his client.

Samuel rolls onto all fours first.

Clovis isn't far behind.

The two giants use each other to stand.

Foreheads pressed together.

Both breathing heavily.

Samuel throws a headbutt.

THUNK!

Clovis answers with one of his own.

THUNK!

Again.

THUNK!

Again.

THUNK!

The audience winces with every impact.

Samuel suddenly reaches around Clovis' throat.

His massive hand clamps down.

John Phillips: "Touch of Death!"

The Tongan death grip begins squeezing the life from the challenger.

Clovis grimaces.

His knees begin to buckle.

Samuel bears down harder.

Mark Bravo: "If Clovis goes unconscious, that's it! The title stays with Samuel!"

Clovis desperately drives clubbing forearms into Samuel's shoulder.

One.

Two.

Three.

The grip refuses to break.

Clovis' face begins turning crimson.

Instinctively...

He lunges toward the ropes.

His fingers wrap around the top strand.

The official immediately orders the break.

Samuel glares at Clovis...

Then slowly releases the hold.

John Phillips: "There's Clovis' rope break!"

Mark Bravo: "A huge moment in this match. He's used his only escape. From this point forward, if Samuel gets that hold locked in again—even in the ropes—there's no mandatory break."

Clovis remains draped over the ropes, coughing as he rubs at his throat.

Across the ring...

Samuel stares at him.

Realizing the advantage has just shifted.

Samuel stalks forward with purpose.

Clovis is still rubbing at his throat as he pushes himself off the ropes.

The champion wastes no time.

CRACK!

A European uppercut rocks the challenger.

Another.

Then another.

Clovis is driven backward into the corner.

John Phillips: "Samuel knows exactly what happened. He knows Clovis has nowhere left to run."

Samuel buries a shoulder into Clovis' ribs.

Again.

Again.

Each impact drives the air from the challenger.

The official begins his count.

Samuel steps away before returning with a thunderous running shoulder block that crushes Clovis against the turnbuckles.

BOOM!

Clovis stumbles out of the corner.

Samuel scoops him up.

High across his chest.

John Phillips: "What strength!"

WHAM!

A devastating powerslam rattles the ring.

Ace Andrews applauds loudly from ringside.

Mark Bravo: "Samuel's beginning to take over now!"

The champion doesn't go for a submission.

Not yet.

Instead, he wants more punishment.

He drags Clovis back to his feet and whips him hard into the opposite corner.

Samuel charges...

Clovis sidesteps!

CRASH!

Samuel's shoulder slams violently into the ring post.

The impact sends him stumbling backward, clutching his left arm.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Clovis needed that opening!"

Still coughing from the earlier choke...

Still favoring his throat...

Clovis explodes.

A huge running body block folds Samuel in half.

The champion barely stays upright.

Clovis grabs him around the waist.

Deadlifts him completely off the mat.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

WHAM!

Samuel crashes down on the back of his shoulders.

The champion instinctively rolls toward the ropes.

Trying to recover.

Trying to create distance.

Clovis isn't interested in giving him any.

He yanks Samuel back to his feet.

THUD!

A stiff knee to the midsection.

Followed immediately by a brutal Bell Clap.

SMACK!

Samuel drops to one knee.

The noise inside the Coca-Cola Dome grows louder.

Clovis circles behind.

His massive arms wrap tightly around Samuel's waist.

Mark Bravo: "Samuel's in trouble here..."

With a roar...

Clovis muscles the Fighting Champion completely off the canvas once more.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Look at the strength!"

But before Clovis can complete another German...

Samuel throws a series of violent back elbows.

One catches the temple.

Another catches the jaw.

The third finally breaks Clovis' grip.

Both men stagger apart.

Neither willing to stay down.

Neither willing to quit.

Both men breathe heavily.

Sweat pours from their faces.

Neither has managed to keep the other down.

John Phillips: "What a war this has become."

Mark Bravo: "And we're nowhere near the end. Remember, somebody has to submit, get knocked out, or the referee has to wave this thing off."

Samuel wipes blood from his lip.

Clovis rolls his neck.

They charge simultaneously.

CRACK!

Double clotheslines.

Both men finally hit the canvas.

The crowd erupts into applause.

John Phillips: "They got all of that one!"

A slow count begins from the official as both competitors struggle back toward their feet.

Samuel reaches one knee first.

Clovis is right behind him.

They meet in the center once again.

Samuel swings.

Clovis blocks.

THUD!

A short headbutt from the challenger rocks the champion.

Samuel fires one right back.

Clovis stumbles.

Samuel grabs hold...

WHAM!

A thunderous Spinebuster shakes the ring.

Mark Bravo: "That might've cracked the canvas!"

Samuel doesn't hesitate.

He immediately rolls Clovis over onto his stomach.

One arm snakes beneath the challenger's chin.

The other traps the arm.

He sits back.

John Phillips: "Camel Clutch!"

Samuel plants a knee square between Clovis' shoulder blades and violently cranks backward.

Clovis roars in pain.

His hands pound against the mat.

Not tapping.

Fighting.

Mark Bravo: "Clovis has already used his rope break! There is no easy escape this time!"

Ace Andrews paces confidently outside the ring.

"Ask him!" he yells toward the official.

"Ask him if he's done!"

The official kneels beside Clovis.

Asks if he wants to submit.

Clovis shouts back through gritted teeth.

"NO!"

The crowd rallies behind the challenger.

LET'S GO CLO-VIS!

LET'S GO CLO-VIS!

Samuel leans back even farther.

The hold tightens.

Clovis' face twists in agony.

His massive hands search desperately across the canvas.

There are no ropes to save him.

Only one option remains.

Fight.

Using every ounce of strength left in his body...

Clovis slowly begins dragging himself forward.

Not toward the ropes.

Toward Samuel.

Inch by painful inch...

He plants one boot.

Then the other.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "I don't believe this!"

Clovis powers upward.

Samuel still hanging onto the Camel Clutch.

One knee.

Then both feet.

Samuel's eyes widen for the first time all match.

With an angry roar...

Clovis throws himself backward.

BOOM!

Both men crash violently to the mat.

The impact forces Samuel to release the hold.

The Coca-Cola Dome explodes into cheers.

Mark Bravo: "Pure power! Pure survival! Clovis Black just escaped on strength alone!"

Both men remain down after the impact.

Samuel rolls onto his side, clutching the back of his head.

Clovis crawls toward the ropes, coughing violently as he tries to catch his breath.

John Phillips: "What resilience from both competitors. Neither man has found a way to keep the other down."

Mark Bravo: "That's why this is the Fighting Championship. It's about surviving as much as it is winning."

Samuel is first back to his feet.

He charges.

Clovis steps into him.

CRASH!

A massive Black Hole Slam plants the champion squarely on his back.

The ring shakes.

The crowd comes alive.

John Phillips: "Blackout Slam!"

Clovis doesn't pause.

He drags Samuel back to his feet by the wrist.

A violent jerk pulls the champion directly into him.

SMACK!

The short-arm lariat nearly decapitates Samuel.

Mark Bravo: "The Whistle! He caught him flush!"

Samuel stumbles blindly.

His legs betray him.

He can barely remain upright.

The crowd knows what's coming.

They rise as one.

John Phillips: "This could be it!"

Clovis explodes forward.

Looking for the Freight Line.

Samuel somehow digs deep.

He drops his level at the last possible instant.

BOOM!

Another Reaper's Blade Spear cuts Clovis completely in half.

Both men crash through the center of the ring.

A deafening "OOOOHHHH!" echoes throughout the arena.

Mark Bravo: "GOOD LORD!"

Neither man moves.

The official immediately checks on both competitors.

Ace Andrews pounds the apron.

"Finish him!"

"Finish him now!"

Samuel slowly rolls over.

Every movement is labored.

He crawls toward Clovis.

The challenger is barely stirring.

Samuel reaches out...

His hand wraps around Clovis' throat once again.

John Phillips: "He's going back to the Touch of Death!"

The grip tightens.

Clovis immediately reaches up with both hands.

Trying to peel Samuel's fingers away.

Trying to create even the smallest amount of space.

Nothing.

Samuel's grip only grows tighter.

Clovis' face begins turning a dangerous shade of red.

Mark Bravo: "Remember... there are no rope breaks left for Clovis Black."

"He has to escape this himself..."

"...or this championship match is over."

Clovis' vision begins to fade.

His arms weaken.

Samuel's hand remains locked around his throat like a vise.

John Phillips: "Clovis is fading! He's got to do something now!"

The challenger summons one final burst of strength.

He drives a series of heavy forearms into Samuel's ribs.

One.

Two.

Three.

The grip finally loosens.

Clovis rips himself free and staggers backward, desperately pulling air into his lungs.

The crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "He escaped it again!"

Samuel doesn't hesitate.

He charges.

Clovis swings wildly with a clothesline.

Samuel ducks underneath.

He rebounds off the ropes.

BOOM!

A devastating running shoulder block turns Clovis inside out.

The challenger somehow gets back to one knee.

He refuses to stay down.

Samuel watches him rise.

No smile.

No celebration.

Only cold intent.

Ace Andrews slowly lowers his sunglasses and watches from ringside.

"End it."

Samuel nods ever so slightly.

He backs into the opposite corner.

Waiting.

Clovis uses the ropes to pull himself upright.

He turns.

Samuel explodes forward.

John Phillips: "REAPER'S BLADE!!"

SPEAR!!

BOOOOOOM!!

The spear drives completely through Clovis Black, folding the challenger nearly in half.

The impact sends both men skidding several feet across the canvas.

The Coca-Cola Dome comes unglued.

Mark Bravo: "GOOD GRIEF!"

Samuel doesn't even attempt to recover.

Still on his knees...

He reaches forward.

One hand wraps around Clovis' throat.

The other braces against the back of his neck.

John Phillips: "Touch of Death!"

Clovis immediately fights.

His hands claw desperately at Samuel's wrist.

His legs kick against the canvas.

But the damage from the spear has taken too much out of him.

His movements begin slowing.

The official immediately kneels beside him.

"Clovis! Stay with me!"

"Can you continue?"

There is no response.

Clovis' arms begin falling away from Samuel's wrist.

The crowd senses what's happening.

The arena grows quieter.

Waiting.

The official grabs Clovis' wrist.

It drops lifelessly back to the canvas.

He checks him again.

No resistance.

Samuel never loosens the grip.

John Phillips: "Clovis Black is in serious trouble!"

The official leans in one final time.

"Clovis!"

"Clovis, can you hear me?"

Nothing.

The official immediately waves his arms.

DING! DING! DING!

The crowd applauds both competitors as Samuel immediately releases the hold and backs away.

John Phillips: "The referee has seen enough! This match is over!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the right call. Clovis Black never submitted... he simply had nothing left."

Ace Andrews climbs onto the apron with a satisfied smile as the official retrieves the Fighting Championship.

Samuel slowly rises to his feet.

His chest heaves from exhaustion.

The official hands him the title.

Samuel raises it high over his head.

John Phillips: "Samuel Scythe survives one of the toughest challenges of his career and successfully retains the UTA Fighting Championship!"

Mark Bravo: "What impressed me wasn't just the power. It was the composure. Clovis Black threw everything he had at the champion tonight, but Samuel never panicked. He kept looking for that opening, and when he found it, he never let go."

Ace enters the ring and applauds his client before taking the championship and raising Samuel's arm himself.

The two men stand over the fallen challenger.

John Phillips: "Give Clovis Black all the credit in the world. He fought like a man possessed tonight. He escaped the Touch of Death once, survived an incredible amount of punishment, and pushed the Fighting Champion to his absolute limit."

Mark Bravo: "But in Fighting Championship Rules, sometimes toughness isn't enough. Samuel Scythe proved exactly why he's wearing that championship."

Medical personnel begin checking on Clovis as Samuel and Ace slowly make their way up the entrance ramp.

Halfway up...

Samuel stops.

He turns back toward the ring.

Raises the Fighting Championship one final time.

Ace Andrews smirks beside him.

The message is unmistakable.

The Reaper's harvest has claimed another victim.

Nothing I Can Do

Segment

The broadcast heads backstage.

The camera finds Susanita Ybanez inside her locker room, finishing her preparations for tonight's scheduled main event.

She tightens the tape around her wrists before standing and taking a deep breath.

A knock comes at the door.

Before Susanita can answer, it opens.

UTA General Manager Scott Stevens steps inside.

Susanita immediately turns toward him.

Susanita Ybanez: "Scott."

Stevens doesn't look happy.

He rubs the back of his neck before speaking.

Scott Stevens: "Susanita... I've got some bad news."

Her expression hardens.

Scott Stevens: "There were travel issues getting into Johannesburg today."

A pause.

Scott Stevens: "Marie Van Claudio wasn't able to make it."

The room goes silent.

Susanita stares at him for a second.

Then slams her hands down on the bench beside her.

Susanita Ybanez: "No!"

She begins pacing.

Susanita Ybanez: "No... no... she's ducking me again!"

She throws her hands into the air.

Susanita Ybanez: "Every time! Every single time!"

Susanita points toward Scott.

Susanita Ybanez: "Do something!"

Stevens sighs.

Scott Stevens: "I wish I could."

He shakes his head.

Scott Stevens: "My hands are tied."

Susanita scoffs.

Susanita Ybanez: "I'm sure they are."

She stops pacing.

Susanita Ybanez: "What about Amy Harrison?"

Susanita Ybanez: "Is she here?"

Scott shakes his head again.

Scott Stevens: "No."

Scott Stevens: "The travel problems affected almost all of The Empire."

Scott Stevens: "Clovis Black is the only one who made it, and he already has a match tonight."

He spreads his hands apologetically.

Scott Stevens: "There's nothing I can do."

Susanita looks like she's about to explode.

Before she can respond...

The locker room door suddenly swings open.

Selina Santorino: "Scott!"

Selina strides into the room without hesitation.

Selina Santorino: "I've been looking everywhere for you."

Susanita immediately steps between them.

Susanita Ybanez: "Excuse me?"

She points toward the door.

Susanita Ybanez: "This is my locker room."

Then toward Scott.

Susanita Ybanez: "And I'm talking to Scott."

Selina barely acknowledges her.

She brushes an imaginary speck of dust from her sleeve.

Selina Santorino: "Cool."

She looks directly at Stevens.

Selina Santorino: "So... when are you going to give your biggest star another match?"

Susanita throws her hands up.

Susanita Ybanez: "Are you serious?"

Stevens suddenly pauses.

A smile slowly forms.

Scott Stevens: "Actually..."

Both women look at him.

Scott Stevens: "I think I just found my solution."

Susanita narrows her eyes.

Scott Stevens: "Susanita needs an opponent."

He turns toward Selina.

Scott Stevens: "How about you?"

Scott Stevens: "Tonight."

Scott Stevens: "Main event."

Selina's eyes light up.

A huge grin spreads across her face.

Selina Santorino: "Finally."

She claps once.

Selina Santorino: "I knew you'd come to your senses."

Susanita, meanwhile, is furious.

Susanita Ybanez: "No!"

She points toward Scott.

Susanita Ybanez: "That's not what I wanted!"

Susanita Ybanez: "I wanted Marie!"

Stevens nods sympathetically.

Scott Stevens: "I know."

Scott Stevens: "But Marie isn't here."

He gestures toward Selina.

Scott Stevens: "This is what I've got."

A pause.

Scott Stevens: "And this is what you're going to have."

Susanita glares at him.

Then at Selina.

Selina simply smiles.

Selina Santorino: "Looks like your main event just got upgraded."

She winks before turning and confidently walking out of the locker room.

Scott gives Susanita an apologetic nod before following her out, leaving Susanita standing alone, still visibly fuming over the opportunity that slipped through her fingers.

Shenanigans

Segment

The broadcast heads backstage.

We find "Beautiful" Bobby Dean sitting on a production crate with the UTA International Championship resting across his lap.

In one hand is a polishing cloth.

In the other...

A half-eaten glazed donut.

Bobby carefully buffs the championship.

Bobby Dean: "Who's a shiny championship?"

He smiles warmly.

Bobby Dean: "You are."

He admires the reflection in the center plate.

Bobby Dean: "Makes me look thinner."

A voice interrupts him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Bobby."

Bobby looks up.

Bobby Dean: "Eric!"

Bobby Dean: "You wanna hold it?"

Eric grimaces.

Eric Dane Jr.: "No."

He points at the championship.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I want to wrestle for it."

Bobby thinks for a second.

Bobby Dean: "Oh..."

Another thoughtful pause.

Bobby Dean: "I don't think Scott lets me make those."

Eric pinches the bridge of his nose.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You are the champion."

Eric Dane Jr.: "Champions issue challenges all the time."

Bobby nods.

Bobby Dean: "Yeah..."

He points toward the hallway.

Bobby Dean: "Usually to people that beat somebody."

Eric's jaw tightens.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I don't have to beat anybody."

Eric Dane Jr.: "I'm Eric Dane Jr."

Bobby Dean: "I know."

Bobby Dean: "That's why I expected more."

The crowd lets out an "Oooh!"

Eric opens his mouth to respond when...

Mikey Unlikely: "There you are!"

Mikey Unlikely walks into frame carrying a shopping bag.

He smiles at Bobby.

Mikey Unlikely: "Good news!"

He proudly holds up the bag.

Mikey Unlikely: "I found a display case for your championship."

Bobby's eyes light up.

Bobby Dean: "Really?"

Mikey Unlikely: "Bulletproof."

A beat.

Mikey Unlikely: "I don't know why that was the sales pitch... but now we're covered."

Bobby nods approvingly.

Bobby Dean: "That's thinking ahead."

Mikey finally notices Eric standing there.

Mikey Unlikely: "Oh."

Mikey Unlikely: "Human Resources."

The crowd laughs.

Eric rolls his eyes.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I'm trying to explain to Bobby why I deserve an International Championship match."

Mikey looks at Bobby.

Then back at Eric.

Mikey Unlikely: "How's that going?"

Bobby Dean: "Not great."

Mikey nods.

Mikey Unlikely: "Yeah... I got here late and I could already tell."

Eric ignores the jab.

Eric Dane Jr.: "He doesn't deserve that championship."

Mikey's smile fades.

Mikey Unlikely: "Actually..."

He points toward Bobby.

Mikey Unlikely: "He earned it."

Mikey Unlikely: "Maybe not the way anybody expected..."

He shrugs.

Mikey Unlikely: "...but he earned it."

Eric scoffs.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Please."

Eric Dane Jr.: "He's Bobby Dean."

Mikey Unlikely: "Exactly."

Mikey Unlikely: "And somehow he won a championship before you."

The crowd cheers.

Before Eric can fire back...

A loud metallic scraping echoes down the hallway.

SCREEEEEEEECH...

All three men turn.

Maxx Mayhem comes around the corner dragging an old dented shopping cart behind him.

Inside the cart...

A traffic cone.

A steel chair.

A teddy bear.

And what appears to be a toaster.

Maxx stops.

His eyes lock onto Bobby.

Maxx Mayhem: "Buddy!"

He throws both hands into the air.

Maxx Mayhem: "I found you!"

Bobby smiles.

Bobby Dean: "Hi, Maxx."

Then Maxx notices Mikey.

He points dramatically.

Maxx Mayhem: "THERE!"

He looks back at Bobby.

Maxx Mayhem: "That's the movie fella!"

Mikey blinks.

Mikey Unlikely: "...We've met."

Maxx nods enthusiastically.

Maxx Mayhem: "I know!"

Maxx Mayhem: "But now I know you're in movies!"

Mikey looks completely confused.

Mikey Unlikely: "I've been in movies for years."

Maxx Mayhem: "Congratulations."

A beat.

Maxx Mayhem: "I still don't like ya."

Mikey folds his arms.

Mikey Unlikely: "Any particular reason?"

Maxx points at Bobby.

Maxx Mayhem: "You stole my buddy."

Bobby looks confused.

Bobby Dean: "I wasn't stolen."

Maxx slowly turns toward him.

He gently places a hand on Bobby's shoulder.

Maxx Mayhem: "Buddy..."

Maxx Mayhem: "That's exactly what somebody who's been stolen would say."

The crowd erupts in laughter.

Mikey throws his hands into the air.

Mikey Unlikely: "He's a grown man!"

Maxx Mayhem: "Is he?"

Maxx points at Bobby, who is now licking a bit of glaze off the championship side plate.

Maxx slowly looks back at Mikey.

Maxx Mayhem: "...Compelling argument."

The crowd laughs again.

Eric finally loses his patience.

Eric Dane Jr.: "WOULD EVERYBODY SHUT UP?!"

The hallway goes completely silent.

All three men stare at him.

A long beat.

Maxx tilts his head.

Maxx Mayhem: "...No."

The crowd roars.

Eric throws his hands into the air in complete frustration.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Unbelievable."

He storms off down the hallway.

Mikey watches him leave before looking back at Maxx.

Mikey Unlikely: "You know..."

Mikey Unlikely: "I actually thought you were kind of entertaining."

Maxx shrugs.

Maxx Mayhem: "That's your first mistake."

He points at Mikey.

Maxx Mayhem: "One Last Stop..."

Maxx Mayhem: "I'm gonna rescue Bobby..."

He grins wildly.

Maxx Mayhem: "...by beating the Hollywood right outta you!"

Maxx grabs his shopping cart and pushes it away at full speed, the traffic cone bouncing out onto the floor behind him.

Bobby watches it slide away.

Bobby Dean: "He forgot his cone."

Mikey sighs.

Mikey Unlikely: "I have a feeling that's the least of his problems."

The two men look at the abandoned traffic cone as the cameras fade back to ringside.

Bianca Page vs Tyger II

Match

The arena lights fade to black.

A lone taiko drum echoes throughout the Coca-Cola Dome.

...

Then another.

Traditional Japanese strings begin to weave together with a modern rock rhythm as gold and crimson lights slowly wash over the entrance stage.

On the video wall, glowing amber eyes suddenly appear through drifting smoke.

A tiger's roar erupts through the speakers.

The Johannesburg crowd responds with a loud ovation.

From the darkness emerges Tyger II.

His gold-and-black mask gleams beneath the spotlight as he comes to a stop at the top of the entrance ramp.

He says nothing.

He simply surveys the arena before lowering his head into a respectful bow.

John Phillips: "What a reception here in Johannesburg for Tyger II."

Mark Bravo: "You can feel the respect this young man carries with him. Every movement has purpose. Every step honors the legacy of his father, UTA Hall of Famer Tatsumi 'Tyger' Tanaka."

Tyger slowly rises from the bow.

He raises his right hand into the familiar Tiger Claw gesture.

The crowd cheers once more.

Without another motion, he begins his walk toward the ring.

Measured.

Calm.

Focused.

His eyes never leave the squared circle.

John Phillips: "Tyger II has quickly earned the respect of the UTA faithful with his disciplined style and unwavering sense of honor."

Mark Bravo: "He's one of those competitors who lets his wrestling do the talking. No theatrics. No cheap shots. Just world-class athleticism and an attitude that says, 'If you're better than me, prove it.'"

Tyger reaches ringside and circles the ring once, running a gloved hand along the edge of the apron.

He climbs onto the apron before stepping through the ropes.

Making his way to the center of the ring, he lowers himself into a ceremonial crouch.

His head bows once more.

A silent moment.

Then...

He rises smoothly to his feet.

The crowd applauds the display of respect.

John Phillips: "A quiet confidence."

Mark Bravo: "He's going to need every bit of it. Across the aisle tonight is Bianca Page, and she's coming in with perhaps the hottest manager in professional wrestling right now in Ace Andrews."

Tyger backs into his corner.

His eyes shift toward the entrance.

Waiting.

"Wildest Dreams" by Taylor Swift fills the Coca-Cola Dome.

Boos immediately begin to rain down from the Johannesburg crowd.

White and platinum lights dance across the entrance stage as "Classy" Bianca Page steps through the curtain.

She comes to an immediate stop.

A confident smile spreads across her face as she slowly looks around the arena.

The negative reaction only seems to please her.

Several steps behind her emerges Ace Andrews.

Fresh off celebrating Samuel Scythe's successful Fighting Championship defense, Ace is all smiles as he adjusts the cuffs of his expensive suit before joining Bianca at center stage.

John Phillips: "It has already been a successful evening for Platinum Society. Samuel Scythe retained the Fighting Championship just moments ago, and now Bianca Page looks to keep the momentum rolling."

Mark Bravo: "You know Ace Andrews has to be loving life right now. One client just retained championship gold, and if Bianca keeps stacking victories, she'll be demanding a title opportunity before long."

Bianca blows an exaggerated kiss toward the crowd.

Another chorus of boos follows.

She simply laughs to herself before beginning the walk toward the ring.

Every step is deliberate.

Every movement calculated.

She carries herself less like someone arriving for a wrestling match...

...and more like someone arriving at an exclusive gala.

Ace follows a few paces behind, taking occasional glances toward Tyger II in the ring.

His trademark smug grin never leaves his face.

John Phillips: "Bianca has looked more impressive every time we've seen her inside a UTA ring."

Mark Bravo: "She's athletic, she's opportunistic, and she's got one of the smartest minds this business has ever seen standing in her corner. That's a dangerous combination."

Bianca reaches ringside and performs a graceful twirl before making her way up the steel steps.

She extends one hand toward the official.

Without saying a word...

She waits.

After a brief hesitation, the official parts the ropes for her.

Bianca smiles sweetly as if the gesture was simply expected.

She steps into the ring.

Walking confidently to the center, Bianca slowly extends both arms outward while turning in a slow circle, soaking in the hostile reaction from the South African crowd.

Mark Bravo: "Look at that. She expects people to wait on her hand and foot."

John Phillips: "Confidence has never been in short supply when it comes to Bianca Page."

Bianca backs into her corner, maintaining eye contact with Tyger II.

Outside the ring, Ace Andrews calmly folds his arms and nods once toward his client.

The message is clear.

Business as usual.

DING! DING! DING!

Bianca Page doesn't leave her corner.

Instead...

She smiles.

A slow, confident smile.

She motions toward Tyger II with a dismissive wave of her fingers.

"Come on."

"Show me what you've got."

John Phillips: "Bianca not exactly treating Tyger II like much of a threat."

Mark Bravo: "Would you? She's nearly six feet tall, she's giving up very little in size, and she's been on a roll. Bianca thinks this is another stepping stone."

Tyger remains patient.

He slowly circles out of his corner.

Hands raised.

Balanced.

Measured.

Bianca yawns.

Actually yawns.

The crowd boos loudly.

She laughs to herself before casually stepping into the center of the ring.

The two finally lock up.

Tyger immediately gains inside control.

He begins to work Bianca's wrist.

She grimaces for all of half a second...

...before reaching up and patting Tyger on the top of his mask.

Pat.

Pat.

Pat.

Almost like complimenting a child.

The crowd groans.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, she's enjoying herself."

Tyger releases the hold.

His expression doesn't change beneath the mask.

Bianca smirks.

"Smart choice."

She flicks an imaginary piece of dust from her shoulder.

Then gestures toward Ace Andrews outside the ring.

Ace responds with a slow, approving applause.

John Phillips: "The confidence is overflowing from Bianca Page."

Mark Bravo: "Confidence... or arrogance. Those two have always lived on the same street."

Tyger lowers himself into his fighting stance once again.

Bianca shakes her head.

"You're adorable."

She casually motions for him to take another shot.

Still smiling.

Still completely convinced this match is hers to control.

Tyger nods once.

He steps forward.

Bianca reaches for another collar-and-elbow tie-up.

Instead...

Tyger slips underneath.

He captures Bianca's wrist.

Twists.

Flows effortlessly into a standing arm wringer.

Bianca's smile quickly fades.

She rolls forward.

Flips through.

Reverses the pressure onto Tyger.

She grins again.

"There we go."

Tyger cartwheels out of the hold.

The crowd applauds.

He immediately fires a sharp kick toward Bianca's thigh.

SMACK!

Bianca winces.

Only for a split second.

She immediately waves the official over.

John Phillips: "What's this about?"

Bianca points toward Tyger's boot.

She's claiming it caught her too low.

The official explains it was perfectly legal.

Bianca throws her hands into the air dramatically.

Mark Bravo: "Already trying to work the referee."

Tyger patiently waits across the ring.

Bianca finally turns back toward him.

She smiles.

Then suddenly charges.

Tyger sidesteps.

Bianca catches herself before hitting the corner.

She spins around—

SMACK!

A lightning-fast leg kick catches her again.

This one buckles her knee.

The crowd cheers.

John Phillips: "Tyger picking that lead leg apart."

Bianca glares.

She brushes her hair back into place.

"Lucky."

She circles once more.

This time she feints high.

Then rakes her boot across Tyger's shin.

The masked competitor stumbles just enough.

Bianca capitalizes instantly.

CRACK!

A vicious forearm catches Tyger flush across the jaw.

Another.

Then a third.

She drives him backward into the ropes before whipping him across the ring.

Tyger rebounds.

Bianca ducks early for a backdrop.

A mistake.

Tyger leaps over her.

Hits the opposite ropes.

Springboards to the middle strand.

WHAM!

A beautiful springboard crossbody takes Bianca off her feet.

The crowd erupts.

Both competitors scramble back to their feet.

Tyger settles into his stance.

Bianca is standing now...

But the smile has disappeared.

Outside the ring, Ace Andrews calmly motions for her to slow the pace.

Bianca gives the slightest nod.

She realizes this isn't going to be the walkover she expected.

Bianca nods subtly toward Ace Andrews.

She takes a deep breath.

The arrogance is still there...

But now it's accompanied by focus.

John Phillips: "You can almost see the adjustment. Bianca came into this expecting to dictate the pace. Tyger II has forced her to wrestle."

The two circle once more.

Tyger steps in with another quick kick toward Bianca's lead leg.

Bianca anticipates it this time.

She catches the leg.

A satisfied smile crosses her face.

"Got you."

Tyger hops once on his free foot before launching an enzuigiri with the other.

SMACK!

The kick catches Bianca cleanly on the side of the head.

She releases the trapped leg and stumbles backward into the ropes.

The crowd roars.

Mark Bravo: "Beautiful adjustment by Tyger!"

Tyger charges.

Bianca lowers the top rope at the last possible second.

Tyger catches himself before tumbling to the floor, landing safely on the apron.

Bianca immediately rushes in.

Tyger slingshots over the top rope—

CRACK!

Bianca catches him in mid-air with a perfectly timed forearm.

Tyger crashes awkwardly onto the canvas.

John Phillips: "What timing by Bianca Page!"

She doesn't let him recover.

She grabs Tyger by the wrist.

Whips him into the corner.

THUD!

Bianca charges in behind him.

BINX!

A running high knee drives directly into Tyger's jaw.

Tyger staggers out of the corner.

Dazed.

Bianca hooks his head.

WHAM!

A sharp Snap DDT plants him in the center of the ring.

She floats over into the first cover of the match.

ONE!

Tyger kicks out immediately.

Bianca rolls her eyes before getting back to her feet.

Mark Bravo: "She wasn't expecting the pin there. She was making a point."

Bianca dusts off her hands as though the exchange had been routine.

She smirks down at Tyger.

"You almost had me."

"Almost."

Outside the ring, Ace Andrews applauds with a smug grin.

John Phillips: "Bianca has weathered the early storm, and now she's beginning to impose her own style on this match."

Bianca reaches down and pulls Tyger II back to his feet by the mask.

The crowd immediately boos.

The official warns her.

Bianca flashes the sweetest smile imaginable.

"What?"

She lets go.

Then immediately drives a knee into Tyger's midsection.

THUD!

She hooks his arm.

Twists behind him.

WHAM!

A crisp Russian leg sweep sends Tyger crashing to the canvas.

Bianca rolls gracefully back to her feet.

She smooths out the front of her gear before looking toward Ace.

Ace responds with a proud nod.

John Phillips: "Bianca has completely changed the complexion of this match."

Mark Bravo: "That's what makes her dangerous. She doesn't panic. She adapts."

Tyger pushes himself onto one knee.

Bianca explodes forward.

CRACK!

A beautiful dropkick catches him square in the chest, sending him tumbling backward into the corner.

The crowd rallies behind Tyger.

LET'S GO TYGER!

LET'S GO TYGER!

Bianca hears every word.

She slowly turns toward the audience.

Places a hand over her heart.

Then gives them an exaggerated pout.

The boos grow even louder.

Mark Bravo: "She loves it."

Bianca spins back toward the corner.

She charges again.

Tyger gets a boot up!

SMACK!

The sole of his boot catches Bianca flush in the face.

She staggers backward.

Tyger quickly climbs to the second rope.

He launches—

WHAM!

A flying crossbody connects cleanly!

Both competitors hit the mat.

The crowd erupts.

Tyger rolls through to his feet first.

Bianca is slower getting up.

Tyger fires a series of lightning-fast kicks.

SMACK!

Left thigh.

SMACK!

Right thigh.

CRACK!

A sharp roundhouse catches Bianca across the shoulder.

She stumbles backward, clearly rattled.

John Phillips: "Tyger II finding his rhythm once again!"

Tyger hits the ropes.

Looking to keep the momentum going...

As Bianca instinctively glances toward Ace Andrews on the outside.

Bianca catches Ace's eye for only a split second.

He calmly motions downward with both hands.

Slow him down.

Bianca nods.

Tyger rebounds off the ropes at full speed.

Bianca steps forward.

Then suddenly drops to the canvas.

Tyger hurdles over her.

He hits the opposite ropes again.

Bianca pops back to her feet.

Leapfrog.

Tyger ducks underneath.

Another rebound.

The pace quickens.

John Phillips: "Excellent athleticism from both competitors!"

Tyger comes charging back.

Bianca plants her feet.

CRACK!

SWANKY!

The superkick lands flush on Tyger's jaw.

The impact spins him completely around.

He somehow stays on his feet.

The crowd gasps.

Bianca looks almost impressed.

"Really?"

She hits the ropes.

Comes flying back.

WHAM!

RIGHT STUFF!

The discus clothesline nearly takes Tyger's head off.

This time he crashes hard to the canvas.

John Phillips: "What a combination from Bianca Page!"

Mark Bravo: "That's why she's becoming one of the most dangerous competitors on this roster. She's as smooth as she is vicious."

Bianca doesn't go for the cover.

Instead, she casually walks around Tyger's body.

She looks out toward the crowd.

Smiles.

Then performs a slow, elegant curtsy.

The Coca-Cola Dome showers her with boos.

Bianca simply laughs.

She turns back toward Tyger.

Grabs him by the wrist.

Pulling him back toward his feet...

Already looking to put the finishing touches on another impressive victory.

Tyger II is slow getting back to his feet.

Bianca keeps hold of his wrist.

She pulls him in.

THUD!

A sharp knee to the midsection doubles him over.

She quickly hooks his head.

Looking for the Ace Cutter.

Tyger shoves her away.

Bianca hits the ropes.

Tyger explodes with a spinning back kick to the body.

WHACK!

Bianca folds forward.

The crowd comes alive.

Tyger immediately follows with a sharp roundhouse kick toward the side of her head.

Bianca ducks underneath it by inches.

Tyger lands on one foot.

Spins back around—

CRACK!

Bianca catches him flush with another Swanky superkick.

Tyger stumbles backward into the corner.

John Phillips: "What timing from Bianca Page!"

Bianca doesn't hesitate.

She sprints across the ring.

BINX!

The running high knee drives Tyger's head back against the turnbuckles.

He staggers out on instinct alone.

Bianca hooks him around the head.

She leaps.

WHAM!

Graceful!

The Ace Cutter plants Tyger square in the center of the ring.

The crowd groans, sensing the end.

Mark Bravo: "That might do it!"

Bianca rolls through smoothly and immediately pulls Tyger back up before he can completely collapse.

Ace Andrews applauds from ringside.

He points toward the top turnbuckle.

Bianca smiles.

She nods once.

Then starts climbing.

Bianca reaches the top turnbuckle.

She takes her time.

Looking out over the Johannesburg crowd.

She extends both arms wide with a smug smile.

The arena responds with another chorus of boos.

Mark Bravo: "Never one to pass up an opportunity to admire her own work."

Below her, Tyger II slowly begins pushing himself back to his feet.

He's still dazed.

Still trying to regain his bearings.

Bianca waits.

Measures.

Tyger finally turns toward her.

She launches.

Twisting gracefully through the air.

WHAM!

PURE ELEGANCE!

The corkscrew moonsault lands perfectly across Tyger's chest.

Bianca hooks both legs tightly.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

"Wildest Dreams" fills the arena once again as Bianca releases the cover.

She rises with a satisfied smile while the official raises her hand in victory.

John Phillips: "Another impressive victory for Bianca Page!"

Mark Bravo: "Give Tyger II credit. He forced Bianca to adjust early, but once she found her rhythm, she looked every bit like the competitor she's been telling us she is."

Ace Andrews enters the ring applauding.

He takes Bianca's hand from the official and raises it high himself before pointing toward her with a proud smile.

John Phillips: "It's been quite a night for the Platinum Society. Samuel Scythe retains the Fighting Championship, and now Bianca Page adds another victory to her already impressive UTA résumé."

Mark Bravo: "Momentum matters, John. And right now, Platinum Society has plenty of it."

Bianca walks over to Tyger II, who has managed to sit up in the corner.

She looks down at him with a smug grin.

"Better luck next time."

She gives him a patronizing pat on the shoulder before turning and exiting the ring with Ace Andrews.

The two make their way up the entrance ramp together, Bianca smiling from ear to ear as Ace applauds the performance beside her.

Inside the ring, Tyger II slowly climbs back to his feet to a respectful ovation from the Johannesburg crowd.

This is Over

Segment

The broadcast heads backstage once again.

Inside the General Manager's office, Scott Stevens sits behind his desk with a folder lying unopened in front of him.

There's a knock at the door.

Scott Stevens: "Come in."

The door opens and Mike Best steps inside.

Mike Best: "You wanted to see me?"

Stevens motions toward the chair opposite his desk.

Scott Stevens: "Yeah."

Scott Stevens: "Have a seat."

Mike studies him for a moment before sitting down.

The room falls completely silent.

Five seconds.

Ten.

Mike shifts in his chair.

Mike Best: "This the part where you tell me why I'm here?"

Stevens simply looks at him.

Another knock.

Scott Stevens: "Come in."

The door swings open.

Chris Ross walks in.

His eyes immediately find Mike Best.

Neither man says a word.

Ross finally looks to Stevens.

Chris Ross: "What the hell is this about, Stevens?"

Scott points toward the empty chair beside Mike.

Scott Stevens: "Sit down."

Ross scowls.

His eyes never leave Mike.

Mike casually slides his chair a few inches farther away.

Mike Best: "Good call."

Ross finally sits.

The silence returns.

Stevens folds his hands together.

Scott Stevens: "Whatever this is..."

He looks from Mike...

...to Ross.

Scott Stevens: "...it's over."

Neither man reacts.

Scott Stevens: "I've got One Last Stop next week."

Scott Stevens: "I've got a UTA Championship to headline that event."

Scott Stevens: "And I can't have my two biggest challengers trying to one-up each other every week over who gets there first."

Ross leans back in his chair.

Mike folds his arms.

Stevens nods.

Scott Stevens: "So I wanted to tell you both personally."

Scott Stevens: "At One Last Stop..."

Scott Stevens: "Maxwell Jett will defend the UTA Championship against..."

He looks directly at Mike.

Scott Stevens: "Mike Best."

Mike can't help himself.

He quietly pumps his fist once.

Mike Best: "Yes."

Ross simply stares.

Stevens continues.

Scott Stevens: "...and..."

He turns toward Ross.

Scott Stevens: "Chris Ross."

A beat.

Scott Stevens: "Triple Threat."

The room falls silent.

Mike slowly turns toward Ross.

Ross slowly turns toward Mike.

Neither looks particularly thrilled.

Scott Stevens: "There."

Scott Stevens: "Nobody got skipped."

Scott Stevens: "Nobody got screwed."

Scott Stevens: "Nobody has to jump anybody in a hotel."

He looks at Ross.

Scott Stevens: "Nobody has to attack anybody in the middle of my arena."

His eyes shift to Mike.

Scott Stevens: "Nobody has to make any more statements."

Stevens leans forward.

Scott Stevens: "You both wanted a shot."

Scott Stevens: "You both got one."

Scott Stevens: "So save it."

Scott Stevens: "Bring everything you've got..."

Scott Stevens: "...to the ring next week."

Ross stands first.

He buttons his jacket without taking his eyes off Mike.

Chris Ross: "Works for me."

He steps toward the door before stopping beside Mike's chair.

Chris Ross: "Just remember..."

Mike slowly looks up at him.

Chris Ross: "A three count don't mean shit."

Chris Ross: "Somebody's still leaving in an ambulance."

Ross walks out, slamming the office door behind him.

The room is quiet again.

Mike exhales through his nose.

Mike Best: "Well..."

He stands.

Mike Best: "That certainly narrows down the odds."

Stevens doesn't laugh.

Scott Stevens: "Just don't make me regret it."

Mike straightens his jacket.

Mike Best: "Scott..."

He smirks.

Mike Best: "I've spent my whole career proving people regret betting against me."

Mike heads for the door.

Stevens remains seated, rubbing his temples as the office falls silent once more.

The Story

Segment

Backstage, the camera finds Bobby Dean sitting alone on a production crate.

The International Championship rests across his lap.

Bobby gently wipes a fingerprint from the center plate before smiling to himself.

For once...

He's simply enjoying being champion.

Footsteps approach.

Bobby looks up.

Eli Creed walks into frame, hands folded behind his back, wearing his familiar calm smile.

Eli Creed: "My name is Eli Creed... and I'm here to help."

Bobby sighs.

Bobby Dean: "Yeah... figured that was comin'."

Eli nods toward the championship.

Eli Creed: "May I?"

Bobby shrugs.

Bobby Dean: "Long as you're not gonna steal it."

Eli kneels beside him, studying the championship.

Not admiring it.

Studying Bobby.

Eli Creed: "Do you know what everyone else sees?"

Bobby chuckles.

Bobby Dean: "Unfortunately."

Bobby Dean: "The fat guy."

Bobby Dean: "The joke."

Bobby Dean: "The comic relief."

Eli slowly nods.

Eli Creed: "Exactly."

Eli Creed: "That's all they allow themselves to see."

He looks Bobby directly in the eyes.

Eli Creed: "But not me."

A pause.

Eli Creed: "I see a champion."

Bobby glances down at the belt.

Eli Creed: "Not because you're holding that championship."

Eli Creed: "Because you've held it before."

Eli Creed: "And because I believe you'll hold it again."

Bobby's expression softens.

Eli Creed: "Former champion."

Eli Creed: "Future champion."

Eli Creed: "The title around your waist isn't the story."

Eli Creed: "You're the story."

Bobby lets out a nervous laugh.

Bobby Dean: "You really believe that?"

Eli answers without hesitation.

Eli Creed: "I don't waste belief."

Eli Creed: "I invest it."

He rises back to his feet.

Eli Creed: "Everyone else laughs because they're convinced this..."

He motions toward Bobby.

Eli Creed: "...is the peak."

Eli Creed: "I see something different."

Eli Creed: "I see someone who still has chapters left to write."

Bobby grips the championship a little tighter.

Eli Creed: "So ask yourself..."

Eli Creed: "If you're truly a champion..."

Eli Creed: "...why are you waiting for someone else to challenge you?"

Bobby blinks.

Bobby Dean: "Well..."

Bobby Dean: "I hadn't really thought about it."

Eli smiles.

Eli Creed: "Champions don't wait."

Eli Creed: "Champions lead."

Eli Creed: "Champions seek out those worthy of sharing the ring with them."

Bobby nods slowly.

Bobby Dean: "So... who?"

Eli doesn't answer immediately.

Instead, he looks thoughtfully down the hallway.

Eli Creed: "Someone who has earned an opportunity."

Eli Creed: "Someone who continues to improve every single week."

Eli Creed: "Someone who has stood beside me... but now must stand on their own."

Bobby's eyebrows raise.

Bobby Dean: "Lindsey?"

Eli nods.

Eli Creed: "Lindsey Lothario."

Eli Creed: "A test worthy of a champion."

Bobby thinks for a long moment.

He looks down at the International Championship...

...then back up at Eli.

A smile slowly spreads across his face.

Bobby Dean: "You know what?"

Bobby Dean: "You're right."

He stands, hoisting the championship onto his shoulder.

Bobby Dean: "At One Last Stop..."

Bobby Dean: "Bobby Dean defends the International Championship against Lindsey Lothario."

Bobby Dean: "Let's see if everybody still thinks I'm a joke afterward."

Eli smiles with quiet satisfaction.

Eli Creed: "That's the spirit."

Eli Creed: "Not everyone is meant to awaken..."

He turns to leave.

Eli Creed: "...but tonight..."

He glances back over his shoulder.

Eli Creed: "...a champion did."

Eli walks away, leaving Bobby standing a little taller than when the segment began.

Bobby looks down at the title once more before confidently slinging it over his shoulder and heading off toward the locker room.

Untouchable

Segment

"Wolf Totem" by The HU featuring Jacoby Shaddix blasts through the Coca-Cola Dome as the Johannesburg crowd immediately rises to its feet.

Yoshii emerges through the curtain with the United States Championship draped proudly over his shoulder, wearing his trademark grin from ear to ear. He slaps hands with fans on both sides of the aisle, bows respectfully to a group of children near the barricade, and proudly pats the championship resting on his shoulder.

Following several paces behind is Jed Dye.

His tan suit is perfectly pressed.

His posture is rigid.

His expression suggests he'd rather be anywhere else than surrounded by cheering wrestling fans.

John Phillips: "Here comes one of the most popular champions in all of UTA. Every city we've visited on this World Tour has embraced Yoshii."

Mark Bravo: "And every city has wanted to throw Jed Dye into the nearest body of water."

Yoshii climbs onto the second turnbuckle, holding the United States Championship high above his head as the fans erupt.

Jed immediately walks past him, snatches a microphone from ringside, and taps it twice.

Jed Dye: "Testing. Testing. Excellent. Acoustic functionality confirmed."

The crowd boos.

Jed frowns.

Jed Dye: "Fact. You are once again making entirely too much noise. I would request silence... though history has proven that to be an impossible task for the general public."

More boos.

Yoshii smiles and waves.

Jed gently pulls him back toward the center of the ring.

Jed Dye: "There. Proper presentation."

He straightens Yoshii's championship belt before continuing.

Jed Dye: "The data continues to support my conclusions. Under my guidance, Yoshii remains the single greatest United States Champion in professional wrestling today. Every challenger has failed. Every obstacle has been overcome. Every prediction I have made has become reality."

Yoshii enthusiastically nods.

Yoshii: "Yoshii love fight! Yoshii love fans!"

The crowd cheers loudly.

Jed sighs.

Jed Dye: "Yes... he means competitive excellence remains at historically significant levels."

Jed points toward the entrance.

Jed Dye: "Tonight the United States Championship Open Challenge continues. Whoever walks through that curtain will experience disappointment at a level previously reserved for failed lottery tickets and Minnesota sports franchises."

The crowd laughs.

Jed Dye: "Yoshii is untouchable."

Jed Dye: "He is unstoppable."

Jed Dye: "He is..."

? GOOOOOONG... ?

The arena immediately falls into an uneasy hush.

Jed stops speaking.

Yoshii looks toward the stage.

The haunting chants begin to echo throughout the arena.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute..."

Mark Bravo: "No way..."

Hakuryu slowly steps through the curtain.

But tonight...

He isn't dressed to compete.

Gone are the white robes.

Gone is the ceremonial entrance.

Instead, The White Dragon wears an immaculate white suit, his scripture-covered face visible, his expression as emotionless as ever.

He makes no effort to acknowledge the fans.

Nor does he look toward the ring.

His eyes remain fixed solely on the United States Championship.

Hakuryu walks down the aisle in complete silence.

Yoshii smiles broadly.

He gives Hakuryu a friendly wave.

Hakuryu offers nothing in return.

The two men briefly lock eyes.

Neither says a word.

Hakuryu then calmly turns, walks over to the ringside area, folds his suit jacket neatly over the barricade, and takes a seat in the front row.

His hands fold together.

His eyes never leave the championship belt.

John Phillips: "Once again... Hakuryu is here."

Mark Bravo: "He's not dressed to fight. He's here to observe... and somehow I think that's even more unsettling."

Inside the ring, Jed adjusts his glasses before glaring down at Hakuryu.

Yoshii simply smiles once more toward his rival.

Hakuryu remains perfectly still.

The tension hangs heavy throughout the Coca-Cola Dome as everyone waits to see who will answer the Open Challenge.

Yoshii vs. TBD

Match

Jed Dye turns back toward the entrance, microphone still raised.

Jed Dye: "Now, as I was saying, if there is anyone backstage foolish enough to—"

The arena suddenly plunges into darkness.

Floating white orbs begin dancing across the crowd.

Gold streaks cut through the shadows as deep navy light pulses through the Coca-Cola Dome.

The opening notes of "Healing Pool" by Safest Ledge fill the arena.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Oh, listen to this reaction!"

Mark Bravo: "I think we have our answer!"

The music builds.

The drums kick in.

BOOM!

Blinding white and gold pyrotechnics explode across the stage.

Savior Hawkins bursts through the curtain in a rush of energy.

He sprints to the edge of the ramp, throwing his arms out as the Johannesburg crowd roars around him.

Inside the ring, Yoshii's smile widens.

Jed Dye's does not.

Savior plants his feet at the top of the ramp.

He draws back an invisible bow.

The entire crowd joins him.

Savior Hawkins: "SHOWTIME!"

SHOWTIME!

A final burst of white and gold sparks frames The Archangel as he releases the imaginary arrow toward the ring.

John Phillips: "Savior Hawkins has won both of his UTA singles matches, and tonight he is stepping up for the biggest opportunity of his young run!"

Mark Bravo: "This is exactly what Hawkins said he wanted. He wants to become undeniable, and there is no faster way to do that than winning the United States Championship."

Savior races down the aisle.

He tags every hand he can reach.

He hops onto the barricade and throws his arms wide, drawing another roar from the fans.

Then he drops back to the floor and turns toward ringside.

Hakuryu remains seated.

Motionless.

His eyes shift from Savior to Yoshii.

Then back to the United States Championship.

Savior notices him.

The two exchange a brief glance.

Savior gives Hakuryu a respectful nod.

Hakuryu offers no response.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu is studying this challenger just as closely as he has studied Yoshii."

Mark Bravo: "He's not here as a fan, John. He's scouting the entire situation."

Savior turns his attention back to the ring.

He takes off running.

Slides beneath the bottom rope.

Then pops immediately to his feet.

The crowd erupts again as Savior rushes to the nearest corner and climbs to the second turnbuckle.

He pulls back the invisible bow once more.

Holding the pose beneath the flashing white and gold lights.

Across the ring, Yoshii raises the United States Championship.

Savior's eyes lock onto it.

The excitement on his face disappears.

Replaced by complete focus.

He hops down from the turnbuckle.

Walks toward the center of the ring.

Yoshii meets him there.

The champion and challenger stand face-to-face.

Savior looks up at the massive Yoshii.

Yoshii looks down at him.

Then Yoshii extends his hand.

Savior glances at it.

He accepts.

The crowd applauds as the two competitors shake hands.

John Phillips: "Respect between champion and challenger."

Mark Bravo: "Enjoy it now, because once that bell rings, Savior Hawkins has to figure out how to move nearly six hundred pounds."

Jed steps between them and pulls Yoshii away.

Jed Dye: "That is enough unnecessary physical contact before the sanctioned competition."

Savior smirks.

Jed takes the United States Championship from Yoshii and reluctantly hands it to the official.

Yoshii moves into his corner.

Savior retreats to the opposite side and begins bouncing lightly on the balls of his feet, settling into his boxing-style stance.

At ringside, Hakuryu leans forward slightly in his chair.

His hands remain folded.

His attention is absolute.

The United States Championship is raised above the ring.

Savior Hawkins has answered the challenge.

The official presents the United States Championship to each side of the arena before handing it off.

He checks with both competitors.

DING! DING!

The match is underway.

Savior immediately begins circling.

Light on his feet.

Never standing still.

Across from him, Yoshii barely moves.

The massive champion simply watches.

Patient.

Calm.

John Phillips: "Quite the contrast in styles. Savior Hawkins is all movement, while Yoshii is content to let the challenger come to him."

Mark Bravo: "When you weigh nearly six hundred pounds, you don't waste steps."

Savior feints inside.

Yoshii doesn't bite.

Another feint.

Nothing.

Savior finally darts in with a quick leg kick.

THWACK!

Yoshii barely shifts.

Savior circles away before the champion can answer.

The crowd applauds the strategy.

Savior comes back in.

Another kick.

This time to the outside of Yoshii's thigh.

THUD!

Again...

Very little reaction.

Yoshii simply nods once.

Almost approvingly.

They circle again.

John Phillips: "Savior knows he can't meet Yoshii head-on. He's trying to chip away at that base."

Savior shoots in again.

A sharp forearm catches Yoshii across the jaw.

Another.

Then a third.

Yoshii finally takes a step backward.

The crowd cheers.

Savior hits the ropes.

Building momentum.

He leaps—

WHAM!

A flying forearm finally rocks the champion enough to stagger him another step.

The Johannesburg crowd comes alive.

John Phillips: "There's the athleticism of Savior Hawkins!"

Savior wastes no time.

He rebounds off the ropes again.

Looking to keep Yoshii on the defensive.

But this time...

Yoshii steps forward.

One enormous arm shoots out.

He catches Savior cleanly across the chest.

THUMP!

The clothesline doesn't knock Savior down.

It sends him flipping completely inside out before crashing to the mat.

The arena lets out a collective gasp.

Mark Bravo: "And that's the difference."

John Phillips: "One mistake."

Mark Bravo: "One mistake against a man that size feels like getting hit by a truck."

Savior quickly rolls toward the ropes, shaking the cobwebs loose.

He pulls himself back to one knee.

His eyes stay locked on Yoshii.

Yoshii motions with one hand.

Inviting him to keep coming.

At ringside, Hakuryu remains seated.

His expression never changes.

Only his eyes move...

Carefully studying every exchange between champion and challenger.

Savior slowly rises back to his feet.

He nods to himself.

One shot.

That's all it took to remind him exactly what he was standing across from.

Yoshii smiles.

He pats his own chest.

Yoshii: "Come!"

The crowd applauds.

Savior smiles back.

Then resumes circling.

His footwork is crisp.

Measured.

Looking for another opening.

John Phillips: "That's impressive composure from Savior Hawkins. Lesser competitors would've started questioning themselves after a shot like that."

Mark Bravo: "He's confident, John. Maybe a little too confident."

Savior darts in.

Quick jab.

Low kick.

Outside leg kick.

He slips away before Yoshii can answer.

The champion turns slowly.

Following him.

Savior changes levels.

Another forearm.

This one catches Yoshii near the ear.

He immediately springs onto the middle rope.

WHAM!

A springboard crossbody crashes into the massive champion.

Yoshii staggers two full steps backward.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "He moved him!"

Mark Bravo: "Not far... but he moved him!"

Savior lands on his feet.

The fans begin clapping rhythmically.

Feeling the momentum building.

Savior rushes back in.

Forearm.

Another.

A spinning back kick to the ribs.

Yoshii grunts.

Then suddenly lunges forward.

Savior ducks underneath the massive arms.

Hits the far ropes.

Comes back at full speed.

CRACK!

A running dropkick lands flush against Yoshii's knee.

The champion finally drops to one knee.

The Coca-Cola Dome explodes with applause.

John Phillips: "That's exactly where Savior wants him!"

Mark Bravo: "He's chopping the tree down!"

Savior wastes no time.

He sprints toward the ropes again.

Looking to capitalize.

As he rebounds—

Yoshii suddenly surges back to his feet.

He catches Savior out of mid-stride.

Both enormous hands wrap completely around the challenger's torso.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute!"

Savior's eyes widen.

His boots leave the canvas.

The crowd gasps.

He desperately kicks his legs, trying to escape.

Yoshii simply smiles...

...and squeezes.

OOOOOOH!

The crushing Yoshii Hug forces the air from Savior's lungs as his face twists in pain.

Mark Bravo: "There it is! That's the power advantage we've been talking about!"

Savior desperately fires elbows into Yoshii's temple.

One.

Two.

Three.

Finally the grip loosens just enough.

Savior slips free.

He stumbles backward toward the ropes, clutching his ribs and gasping for air.

Across the ring, Yoshii simply grins...

...happy to keep fighting.

At ringside, Hakuryu's eyes narrow ever so slightly as he continues to study every movement of the United States Champion.

Savior continues backing toward the ropes, one arm wrapped around his ribs as he catches his breath.

Yoshii advances.

Not quickly.

Just one heavy step after another.

The champion knows he has the advantage now.

John Phillips: "Yoshii is dictating the pace now. Every second this slows down favors the champion."

Mark Bravo: "Savior has to keep this match moving. If Yoshii gets both hands on him again, it's going to be a long night."

Yoshii reaches for him.

Savior slips underneath the grasp.

He peppers Yoshii with three lightning-fast forearms before bouncing off the ropes.

On the rebound...

THUD!

A low shotgun dropkick catches Yoshii squarely in the left knee.

The champion's leg buckles.

The crowd comes alive.

Savior springs back to his feet.

He fires another stiff kick into the same leg.

Then another.

John Phillips: "Smart strategy! Keep attacking that base!"

Savior hooks Yoshii's head.

Looking for a tornado DDT.

He plants a foot on the middle rope.

Spins...

Yoshii doesn't go down.

Instead...

He simply catches Savior in mid-rotation.

The challenger hangs upside down for a brief moment.

The crowd gasps.

WHAM!

Yoshii muscles him straight into the canvas with a thunderous side slam.

Mark Bravo: "Good grief! That's six hundred pounds of 'not today!'"

Savior rolls onto his side, clutching his back.

Yoshii exhales deeply before looking toward the ropes.

His eyes drift past the ring...

...to Hakuryu.

The White Dragon remains seated.

His posture never changes.

His expression never changes.

Then movement appears beside him.

The crowd gives off a mixed reaction as Sinja calmly walks down the aisle in a pristine white suit.

John Phillips: "Well now Hakuryu isn't alone."

Mark Bravo: "That's Sinja, his manager and interpreter. We haven't seen him at ringside until now."

Sinja reaches the ringside area.

He exchanges a quiet glance with Hakuryu.

No words are spoken.

Hakuryu gives the slightest nod.

Sinja folds his hands in front of him and stands just behind Hakuryu's shoulder.

Both men turn their full attention back toward the ring.

John Phillips: "Whatever message they're sending, they're sending it without saying a word."

Mark Bravo: "And I guarantee Yoshii has noticed them."

Inside the ring, the champion briefly looks toward the pair before turning his attention back to Savior.

Savior is already using the ropes to pull himself back up.

Breathing heavily.

Still hurting.

But refusing to stay down.

Yoshii smiles.

He motions with both hands.

Yoshii: "Come! More fight!"

The Johannesburg crowd roars as Savior nods in return and steps away from the ropes, ready to keep battling.

Savior wipes a bead of sweat from his brow.

His chest rises and falls with deep breaths.

Across the ring, Yoshii stands relaxed.

Waiting.

Confident.

Savior rushes forward.

A sharp forearm snaps Yoshii's head backward.

Another follows.

Then a spinning back kick catches the champion in the ribs.

THUD!

Yoshii grunts.

Savior hits the ropes.

He springs onto the middle strand.

Launching himself backward—

SMACK!

A beautiful springboard back elbow crashes flush into Yoshii's jaw.

The champion stumbles backward three full steps.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Savior Hawkins is throwing everything he has at the champion!"

Mark Bravo: "He's fighting like a man who knows opportunities like this don't come around often!"

Savior senses the opening.

He sprints toward the corner.

Up to the middle rope.

Then the top.

He launches—

WHAM!

A missile dropkick slams into Yoshii's chest.

The impact finally knocks the massive champion flat onto his back.

The Coca-Cola Dome explodes to its feet.

John Phillips: "HE GOT HIM DOWN!"

Mark Bravo: "Cover him! Don't waste a second!"

Savior dives across the champion.

The official slides into position.

ONE!

...

...

TWO!!

...

...

NO!

Yoshii powers out with authority, launching Savior several feet through the air.

The challenger rolls through the momentum and pops back to one knee.

The fans applaud the near fall.

John Phillips: "Closest anyone has come in weeks!"

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't luck either. Savior earned every bit of that two-count."

Across the ring, Yoshii sits upright.

His smile has faded.

He nods once toward Savior.

A gesture of respect.

Savior nods back.

Then charges again.

He looks for another running strike—

Yoshii suddenly bursts forward.

The champion catches Savior around the waist.

Without hesitation...

He hoists him high into the air.

The crowd gasps.

Savior desperately rains elbows down across Yoshii's shoulders.

One.

Two.

Three.

Yoshii's grip loosens just enough.

Savior slips down behind him.

He shoves Yoshii toward the ropes.

The champion rebounds.

Savior leaps.

Looking for a jumping knee strike.

Yoshii catches him again.

This time across both shoulders in a fireman's carry.

John Phillips: "Uh oh..."

Yoshii adjusts his footing.

Savior squirms frantically, trying to escape.

At ringside, Hakuryu leans forward ever so slightly in his chair.

Sinja remains standing behind him, arms folded, his eyes fixed on every movement inside the ring.

The champion steadies himself in the center of the ring...

...clearly looking to deliver something devastating.

Savior drives repeated elbows into Yoshii's temple.

One.

Two.

Three.

The champion's footing finally falters.

Savior slides off the back.

He lands on his feet.

The moment Yoshii turns around...

CRACK!

A lightning-fast slingshot superkick catches the champion flush on the jaw.

Yoshii staggers backward into the ropes.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "What a counter!"

Mark Bravo: "Savior escaped disaster and turned it into offense!"

Savior doesn't hesitate.

He sprints forward.

Flying forearm!

SMACK!

Yoshii rocks backward.

Savior rebounds off the opposite ropes.

Another flying forearm!

SMACK!

The champion drops to one knee.

The crowd begins to buzz.

John Phillips: "He's building momentum!"

Savior races toward the ropes one final time.

He explodes forward.

The fans begin clapping in anticipation.

Mark Bravo: "Here it comes!"

Savior launches—

DIVINE BLITZ!

The third flying forearm flows seamlessly into a devastating jumping knee strike that explodes against Yoshii's face.

CRACK!!

For the first time all match...

Yoshii crashes flat onto his back.

The Coca-Cola Dome comes unglued.

John Phillips: "DIVINE BLITZ! DIVINE BLITZ CONNECTS!"

Mark Bravo: "He's got him! He's actually got him rocked!"

Savior doesn't go for the cover.

Instead...

He backs into the corner.

His chest heaving.

His eyes locked on the champion.

The crowd recognizes what's coming.

Thousands rise to their feet.

Savior slowly draws back the invisible bow.

The arena joins him.

"SHOWTIME!"

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd!"

Mark Bravo: "If he lands this, we're going to have a new United States Champion!"

Across the ring...

Yoshii slowly pushes himself up.

Still dazed.

Still trying to find his footing.

Savior explodes from the corner.

He charges at full speed.

Looking for SHOWTIME!

At ringside, Hakuryu has risen from his chair.

Not interfering.

Simply watching.

His expression remains unreadable.

Beside him, Sinja folds his hands behind his back, equally captivated by what could be the defining moment of the match.

Savior tears across the ring.

The crowd is on its feet.

SHOWTIME!

He leaves his feet...

Yoshii instinctively turns.

BOOM!

The running knee smashes square into the champion's jaw.

Yoshii is staggered violently backward into the corner.

The ropes shake from the impact.

John Phillips: "HE HIT IT!"

Mark Bravo: "Yoshii is in serious trouble!"

Savior wastes no time.

He unloads with rapid-fire forearms.

One after another.

The official begins counting as Yoshii remains trapped in the corner.

Savior backs away before the five count.

He charges again.

WHAM!

A running European uppercut rocks Yoshii's head backward.

The champion stumbles out of the corner.

Savior hooks him from behind.

Using every ounce of strength he has.

Trying for a German suplex.

The crowd rallies behind him.

"LET'S GO SAVIOR!"

He lifts...

...but Yoshii barely leaves his feet.

Savior strains.

His legs shake.

He tries again.

Still nothing.

John Phillips: "He's giving it everything he's got!"

Mark Bravo: "There's just too much man to move!"

Yoshii suddenly throws a massive back elbow.

CRACK!

It catches Savior across the cheek.

The challenger staggers.

Another elbow.

Then a third.

Savior's grip finally breaks.

Yoshii turns.

His breathing has become noticeably heavier.

His smile is gone.

Respect has replaced it.

He nods once toward Savior.

John Phillips: "I think the champion realizes this young man is the real deal."

Mark Bravo: "He's made Yoshii dig deeper than he expected tonight."

Savior refuses to stay down.

He fires another forearm.

Yoshii answers with one of his own.

THWACK!

Savior answers again.

Yoshii.

Savior.

Yoshii.

The exchange grows louder with each strike.

The fans roar with every blow.

Savior swings again...

Yoshii ducks underneath.

He scoops Savior up effortlessly across his shoulders.

John Phillips: "He got him!"

Savior immediately begins fighting.

Hammer fists.

Elbows.

Kicks.

Anything he can to escape.

Yoshii absorbs every shot.

He plants his feet in the center of the ring.

The crowd senses the end may be approaching as the champion steadies his grip on the resilient challenger.

Savior continues hammering elbows into the side of Yoshii's head.

One.

Two.

Three.

The champion stumbles a half step.

But he never loses control.

Mark Bravo: "He's trying everything to escape!"

John Phillips: "Yoshii just will not let him down!"

Savior reaches desperately for the ropes.

His fingertips brush the top strand.

Just inches away.

Yoshii steps backward.

Pulling him back toward the center.

The challenger has nowhere to go.

Yoshii takes one deep breath.

Then explodes.

THOOM!

He spins violently before driving Savior off his shoulders with a crushing spinning powerslam that shakes the ring.

The entire arena lets out a collective gasp.

John Phillips: "GOOD LORD!"

Mark Bravo: "I felt that one at the commentary table!"

Both competitors remain down for a moment.

Yoshii slowly rolls onto one knee.

Savior lies flat on his back, his chest rising and falling rapidly.

The official checks on him.

Savior waves him away.

He isn't finished.

The crowd applauds the determination.

"SA-VIOR!"

"SA-VIOR!"

Using the ropes, the challenger somehow pulls himself upright.

His legs wobble.

His eyes are glassy.

Across the ring...

Yoshii smiles.

Not mockingly.

Respectfully.

He gives Savior a small bow.

The challenger nods back.

Then lets out a yell as he charges one final time.

He swings a desperate discus forearm.

Yoshii ducks.

Savior spins all the way around.

Waiting for him...

CRACK!

A devastating lariat folds Savior inside out.

The challenger flips through the air before crashing to the canvas.

The crowd falls silent for just a split second.

John Phillips: "That may have turned the lights out!"

Yoshii doesn't rush.

He knows better.

He reaches down.

Grabs Savior by the wrist.

Slowly pulls him back to his feet.

The champion looks him directly in the eyes.

A nod of respect.

Then he secures Savior around the waist.

Hoisting him high into the air once more.

Mark Bravo: "This is it. I think Yoshii is about to finish this."

The crowd rises, sensing the closing moments as Yoshii prepares to deliver the final blow.

Yoshii stands in the center of the ring.

Savior Hawkins is elevated high above his shoulders.

The challenger continues fighting.

Elbows.

Hammer fists.

Knees.

Everything he has left.

Yoshii never loses his balance.

John Phillips: "Give Savior Hawkins all the credit in the world. Even now, he refuses to quit."

Mark Bravo: "That's the kind of heart you can't teach."

Savior lands one final elbow.

Then another.

The last one snaps Yoshii's head backward.

The champion loosens his grip for only a split second.

Savior slips free.

Landing behind him.

The crowd erupts one more time.

Savior stumbles toward the ropes.

He rebounds.

Every ounce of energy left in his body poured into one final attack.

John Phillips: "One last chance!"

Savior leaps.

Looking for another flying knee.

Yoshii steps into him.

BOOM!

A thunderous headbutt catches Savior flush in mid-air.

Time seems to stand still.

Savior's body goes limp.

He drops harmlessly into Yoshii's waiting arms.

The champion catches him before he can hit the mat.

For just a brief moment...

...Yoshii looks at the young challenger.

He nods.

A silent acknowledgment of the fight Savior brought to him.

John Phillips: "What a performance from Savior Hawkins tonight."

Mark Bravo: "He earned Yoshii's respect. You can see it."

Yoshii then shifts his grip.

He lifts Savior high into the air.

The crowd knows what's coming.

THUNDEROUS CRASH!

Yoshii drives Savior into the canvas with his devastating Oni's Wrath, a crushing sit-out powerbomb that rattles the ring from corner to corner.

The impact echoes throughout the Coca-Cola Dome.

Yoshii keeps both shoulders pinned to the mat.

The official slides into position.

ONE!

...

TWO!

...

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The crowd rises in applause as Yoshii releases the cover and sits beside his fallen challenger for a moment, catching his breath.

John Phillips: "An incredible effort by Savior Hawkins, but the United States Champion proves once again why he wears that championship."

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't a squash. That was a test. And while Savior didn't pass it tonight, he proved he belongs on this stage."

Yoshii stands as the official hands him the United States Championship.

He raises it high above his head.

The crowd applauds both men.

Outside the ring, Hakuryu slowly rises to his feet.

He says nothing.

His cold eyes remain fixed on the championship held high in Yoshii's hands.

Sinja steps beside him.

Neither man applauds.

Neither man shows emotion.

Hakuryu simply gives the slightest nod.

Almost imperceptible.

Acknowledging the champion.

Yoshii notices.

He slowly turns toward Hakuryu.

The two men lock eyes from opposite sides of the ring.

The arena grows quieter.

The United States Champion lifts his title just a little higher.

Hakuryu never breaks his stare.

John Phillips: "There it is. No words needed."

Mark Bravo: "The White Dragon came here to scout the champion... and after what we just witnessed, I don't think either man has any doubts about what's waiting if their paths collide."

The camera lingers on the silent staredown as the fans buzz with anticipation before fading to the next scene.

Hakuryu and Sinja continue staring toward the ring.

Neither man says a word.

After several tense moments...

Hakuryu finally turns.

Sinja follows.

The pair begin making their way up the entrance ramp.

Inside the ring, Yoshii has turned his attention back toward the fans.

Jed Dye is all smiles, proudly holding the United States Championship in the air before handing it back to his client.

The celebration is underway.

Halfway up the ramp...

Hakuryu stops.

Sinja stops beside him.

The White Dragon slowly turns his head.

His cold eyes lock back onto the ring.

Yoshii and Jed Dye remain completely unaware.

Their backs are turned.

Sinja notices the change immediately.

A grin slowly creeps across his face.

Without warning...

Hakuryu tears the white suit jacket from his shoulders and throws it aside.

John Phillips: "Wait a second..."

Mark Bravo: "No... don't tell me..."

Hakuryu explodes into a dead sprint.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "HAKURYU IS CHARGING BACK TO THE RING!"

Yoshii never sees him coming.

Jed Dye turns just in time—

CRACK!

Hakuryu blasts him with a vicious running forearm that sends Dye crashing to the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "Jed Dye just got wiped out!"

Yoshii spins around.

Too late.

SMASH!

Hakuryu drills him with a brutal palm strike directly beneath the jaw.

The champion staggers backward.

Hakuryu stays on him.

A savage roundhouse kick crashes into Yoshii's ribs.

Another palm strike.

Then a crushing knee to the face.

The United States Champion collapses onto the canvas.

The crowd roars as officials hesitate, unsure whether to intervene.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu just blindsided the United States Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "He wasn't interested in waiting for an invitation!"

Hakuryu stands over Yoshii.

His breathing remains perfectly steady.

He looks down at the fallen champion as though admiring prey.

Moments later...

Sinja calmly walks into the ring.

A microphone already in his hand.

The arena rains down boos.

Sinja waits for them to swell.

Then slowly raises the microphone.

Sinja: "No..."

The crowd quiets.

Sinja: "There is no need for an open challenge."

He gestures toward the unconscious Yoshii lying at Hakuryu's feet.

Sinja: "The White Dragon has already made his decision."

Hakuryu never takes his eyes off the champion.

Sinja: "Yoshii..."

Sinja: "We'll see you..."

He lowers the microphone for just a beat.

A wicked smile crossing his face.

Sinja: "...at ONE LAST STOP!"

Hakuryu slowly bends down.

He picks up the United States Championship from beside Yoshii.

He doesn't raise it.

He simply studies it for a long, silent moment...

...before placing it deliberately across Yoshii's chest.

Hakuryu then turns and exits the ring alongside Sinja as the fans continue to shower them with boos and officials rush past them to check on the fallen champion and his manager.

What The Hell?

Segment

The cameras catch up with Eric Dane Jr. storming through the backstage area.

He's furious.

His jacket is already halfway off as he paces back and forth.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Lindsey Lothario?!"

He throws his hands into the air.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Lindsey Lothario gets the title match?!"

Eric Dane Jr.: "You've got to be kidding me!"

He turns toward the nearest production assistant.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Did I dream this?"

Eric Dane Jr.: "Am I asleep?"

Eric Dane Jr.: "Because there's no universe where Bobby Dean looks at me..."

He points at himself.

Eric Dane Jr.: "...Eric Dane Jr...."

Then points down the hallway.

Eric Dane Jr.: "...and decides Lindsey Lothario is the bigger challenge!"

The production assistant quietly slips away.

Eric doesn't even notice.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I've beaten better people."

Eric Dane Jr.: "I've accomplished more."

Eric Dane Jr.: "My last name alone has more prestige than half this locker room!"

A familiar voice interrupts.

Mikey Unlikely: "See... I think that's the problem."

Eric spins around.

Mikey Unlikely is leaning casually against a road case with his arms folded.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Oh, fantastic."

Eric Dane Jr.: "The court jester."

Mikey smiles.

Mikey Unlikely: "Actually, I was coming to congratulate you."

Eric blinks.

Eric Dane Jr.: "...For what?"

Mikey Unlikely: "You almost talked Bobby into giving you a title match."

A beat.

Mikey Unlikely: "Then Eli Creed walked up and did it in about ninety seconds."

The crowd laughs.

Eric's face reddens.

Eric Dane Jr.: "That's not funny."

Mikey Unlikely: "No..."

Mikey Unlikely: "...it's a little funny."

Eric steps closer.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You think Lindsey deserves that opportunity?"

Mikey shrugs.

Mikey Unlikely: "Apparently Bobby does."

Eric Dane Jr.: "Bobby doesn't know what he's doing!"

Mikey Unlikely: "You know..."

He scratches his chin thoughtfully.

Mikey Unlikely: "People keep saying that."

Mikey Unlikely: "Yet somehow he keeps making decisions all by himself."

Eric scoffs.

Eric Dane Jr.: "He was manipulated!"

Mikey Unlikely: "By Eli?"

Eric Dane Jr.: "Yes!"

Mikey Unlikely: "Interesting."

Mikey nods slowly.

Mikey Unlikely: "Because from where I'm standing..."

He looks Eric up and down.

Mikey Unlikely: "...you're mostly upset that you couldn't do it first."

The crowd gives another loud reaction.

Eric's jaw clenches.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You know what your problem is?"

Mikey Unlikely: "I've got a list. Which one are we on?"

The crowd pops.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You actually believe Bobby is your friend."

Mikey's smile softens.

Mikey Unlikely: "No."

Mikey Unlikely: "I know he is."

Eric laughs dismissively.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Please."

Eric Dane Jr.: "The minute that championship leaves his shoulder, he'll go back to being exactly what he's always been."

Mikey's expression changes.

The joking disappears.

Mikey Unlikely: "See..."

Mikey Unlikely: "That's why he didn't pick you."

A long beat.

Mikey Unlikely: "You don't see Bobby."

Mikey Unlikely: "You see a punchline."

Mikey Unlikely: "Or a shortcut."

Mikey Unlikely: "Never a champion."

Eric stares at him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "When Lindsey loses..."

Eric Dane Jr.: "I'm next."

Eric Dane Jr.: "And when I beat Bobby Dean..."

He points directly into the camera.

Eric Dane Jr.: "...everyone's going to remember exactly where the International Championship belongs."

Mikey shakes his head with a grin.

Mikey Unlikely: "You keep saying 'when.'"

Mikey Unlikely: "Maybe try earning an 'if' first."

The crowd erupts.

Eric fumes for a moment before storming off down the hallway.

Mikey watches him leave.

Mikey Unlikely: "He's gonna pull something trying to stay that angry."

Mikey chuckles to himself and heads in the opposite direction as the cameras fade away.

Susanita Ybanez vs Selina Santorino

Match

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen... it's time."

Mark Bravo: "We've waited all night for this one, John. Susanita Ybanez. Selina Santorino. Two women heading in completely different directions, and only one of them is leaving Johannesburg with the momentum heading into One Last Stop."

The lights throughout the Coca-Cola Dome dim.

A low electronic pulse fills the arena.

Then...

"Obsessed" by Mariah Carey hits the speakers.

The massive video wall comes alive with flawless 4K imagery.

Drone footage.

Luxury cars.

Private jets.

Runway shots.

Perfectly edited clips of Selina Santorino posing, smiling and treating the world as if it belongs to her.

The crowd immediately showers the entranceway with boos.

A brilliant white spotlight appears at the top of the stage.

Descending from the rafters is the Santorino Sentinel drone, its ring light flickering like an army of paparazzi cameras.

Every flash reveals another glimpse...

...until Selina Santorino finally steps through the curtain.

Dressed in sparkling designer ring gear, she doesn't acknowledge the thousands of fans raining boos down upon her.

Instead...

She smiles only at the drone.

John Phillips: "For all of her arrogance, you cannot deny the presence of Selina Santorino."

Mark Bravo: "Presence? She's a star, John! Look at this! She walks into every arena like she's attending her own movie premiere."

Selina slowly begins her runway walk toward the ring.

She catches a fan yelling at her from the front row.

Without breaking stride, she steps toward the barricade, gets inches from his face, and mouths along with the lyrics.

"Why are you so obsessed with me?"

The crowd erupts with louder boos.

Selina extends her palm.

A dismissive "Talk to the hand."

Then she laughs.

Selina Santorino: "Love me. Hate me..."

Selina Santorino: "...it's all engagement."

She blows a kiss toward the booing crowd before continuing down the aisle.

The drone circles overhead, never losing focus.

Selina reaches ringside and elegantly climbs onto the apron.

She wipes an imaginary speck of dust from the top rope before stepping through.

Ignoring every official in the ring, she walks directly to center.

The drone lowers.

She performs a flawless front flip.

Flows into a perfect split.

Rolls backward with gymnast-like grace before rising slowly to her feet.

Then...

The arena goes completely black.

A single white spotlight from the drone illuminates only Selina.

Silence.

She raises both hands above her head.

Slowly lowering an imaginary diamond crown onto herself.

Looking directly into the drone's lens...

She whispers.

Selina Santorino: "Subscribe..."

A beat.

Selina Santorino: "...to become influential."

FLASH!

The drone's strobe blinds the arena for an instant.

The house lights return in a soft magenta glow.

Selina yawns.

Completely unimpressed by everything around her.

She climbs onto the top turnbuckle, lounging casually while speaking into the hovering drone as though she were livestreaming from her living room.

Selina Santorino: "Main event."

She shrugs.

Selina Santorino: "About time."

The crowd boos.

Selina Santorino: "This company finally realized the algorithm always wins."

She smirks.

Selina Santorino: "Let's make this trend."

John Phillips: "Whether you love her or hate her, this is a milestone in Selina Santorino's young UTA career."

Mark Bravo: "Absolutely! First UTA main event! And if she beats Susanita tonight? The Queen of Clicks goes from viral sensation to legitimate main event player."

Selina drops from the turnbuckle with effortless grace, stretching in her corner as the anticipation inside the Coca-Cola Dome reaches a fever pitch.

The lights dim once again.

Selina Santorino stands in her corner, leaning casually against the turnbuckles with an amused smile.

Her confidence is unmistakable.

Then...

The opening drum beats thunder throughout the Coca-Cola Dome.

Red lights flood the arena.

A haunting violin melody cuts through the darkness as flames begin erupting across the entrance stage.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd!"

The Johannesburg faithful leap to their feet.

A roar begins to build.

Then the music explodes.

Fire shoots skyward one final time as Susanita Ybanez steps through the curtain.

The response is deafening.

"SUS-A-NI-TA!"

"SUS-A-NI-TA!"

She pauses at the top of the ramp, soaking it all in.

Her eyes scan the arena.

The fans.

The signs.

The energy.

She smiles.

Not because she's overwhelmed...

But because she's home.

John Phillips: "What a journey this woman has been on."

Mark Bravo: "She's certainly won over these fans. I'll give her that."

John Phillips: "This isn't just another match for Susanita, Mark. Ever since Marie Van Claudio and Amy Harrison couldn't make the trip to South Africa, Scott Stevens entrusted these two women with tonight's main event. That's a vote of confidence."

Mark Bravo: "Confidence doesn't win matches."

John Phillips: "No... but earning opportunities certainly does."

Susanita starts down the aisle.

She slaps hands with fans lining the barricade.

Young children reach over the railings, desperate for a high-five.

She makes sure they get one.

Halfway down the ramp she stops.

She looks toward the ring.

Selina simply sits atop the turnbuckle, pretending to scroll through her phone before looking up with an exaggerated yawn.

Susanita just smiles.

She refuses to let Selina get under her skin.

Instead, she points toward the ring.

A silent promise.

I'm coming.

The crowd erupts once more.

Susanita circles ringside before climbing onto the apron.

She takes one deep breath.

Looking out across the thousands in attendance.

Then she leans backward against the ropes, raising both arms high above her head.

BOOM!

Pyro erupts from all four ring posts.

The crowd jumps to its feet again.

John Phillips: "Goosebumps!"

Mark Bravo: "I'll admit... that's one heck of an entrance."

Susanita steps into the center of the ring.

The flashing red lights dance around her as she slowly turns, acknowledging every side of the arena.

She then walks across the ring until she's standing face-to-face with Selina Santorino.

Neither woman says a word.

Selina lowers her phone.

Susanita cracks her neck.

Their eyes never leave each other.

John Phillips: "Different worlds. Different philosophies. One believes she's already above everyone else..."

Mark Bravo: "...and the other thinks hard work beats talent."

John Phillips: "We're about to find out."

The official steps between them, directing both women back to their respective corners as the electricity inside the Coca-Cola Dome reaches its peak.

The main event is moments away.

The official checks with both competitors.

Selina Santorino lazily adjusts a strand of hair before giving an exaggerated nod.

Susanita Ybanez simply answers with a determined look.

The official signals toward the timekeeper.

DING! DING! DING!

John Phillips: "Here we go! Main event time from Johannesburg!"

The Coca-Cola Dome comes alive.

The crowd begins dueling chants immediately.

"SUS-A-NI-TA!"

"SUS-A-NI-TA!"

Selina slowly circles the ring.

Not taking her eyes off Susanita.

She smirks.

Raises her phone.

Snaps a quick selfie.

The crowd boos loudly.

Mark Bravo: "You know, I admire that."

John Phillips: "You admire taking a selfie at the opening bell?"

Mark Bravo: "Confidence, John. She knows she's the attraction."

Selina slips the phone into her gear and finally motions for Susanita to come forward.

Selina Santorino: "Let's get your fifteen minutes over with."

Susanita smiles.

She nods once.

Then steps to the center of the ring.

The two women lock eyes.

Neither willing to blink first.

The crowd grows louder.

Finally...

They lock up.

Selina immediately uses her height advantage to muscle Susanita backward.

The official calls for a clean break as they reach the ropes.

Selina slowly releases...

...before patting Susanita on the top of the head.

The crowd showers her with boos.

Selina Santorino: "Aww... adorable."

Susanita just chuckles.

She motions for Selina to try again.

John Phillips: "Susanita isn't taking the bait."

They circle once more.

Another collar-and-elbow tie-up.

This time Susanita slips underneath.

Waistlock!

Selina immediately grabs the wrist.

Standing switch!

Susanita rolls through.

Arm wringer!

Selina flips forward out of it with impressive athleticism.

The crowd applauds.

She dusts imaginary dirt from her shoulder.

Selina Santorino: "Still simply better."

Susanita answers with a grin.

She applauds sarcastically.

The two circle again.

This time Selina lunges.
Susanita ducks underneath!
Rear waistlock!
German suplex attempt—
Selina hooks the top rope!
The official orders the break.
As Susanita lets go...
Selina spins around.
SMACK!
A stiff open-hand slap echoes throughout the arena.
The crowd gasps.
Then immediately rains boos down on Selina.
She backs away, laughing.
Selina Santorino: "Now we're trending."
Susanita slowly turns back toward her.
Her smile has disappeared.
She rubs her cheek.
John Phillips: "That may have been a mistake."
Mark Bravo: "Or it may have been brilliant."
Selina spreads her arms confidently.
Selina Santorino: "Come on."
Selina Santorino: "Give them the clip they're waiting for."
Susanita nods.
Then explodes forward.
WHAM!
A lightning-fast forearm catches Selina square across the jaw.
The crowd ERUPTS.
Selina stumbles backward into the ropes, completely stunned.
John Phillips: "There's your answer!"
Susanita fires another forearm!
Then another!
Selina covers up as the fans roar their approval and the momentum shifts firmly toward the favorite of the crowd.
Susanita stays on the attack.

Another forearm rocks Selina.

Another!

Selina is driven back into the corner.

The crowd senses blood.

"SUS-A-NI-TA!"

"SUS-A-NI-TA!"

John Phillips: "Selina wanted to get under Susanita's skin... and she certainly accomplished that."

Mark Bravo: "Maybe a little too well."

Susanita grabs Selina by the wrist.

WHIP!

Across the ring.

Selina crashes hard into the opposite turnbuckles.

Susanita charges!

SPLASH!

She crushes Selina against the buckles before immediately taking a step back.

Selina staggers forward...

SNAP DDT!

Right into the canvas!

The crowd explodes.

Susanita hooks the leg.

ONE!

Selina kicks out before two.

John Phillips: "Quick cover by Susanita, looking to capitalize on this fast start."

Susanita pulls Selina back to her feet.

Irish whip—

No!

Selina reverses it.

Susanita rebounds off the ropes.

Selina ducks her head too early!

Susanita rolls over her back.

Both women spin around.

SLAP!

Selina catches Susanita with another sharp open-hand strike.

This time she immediately follows it up.

SLINGSHOT SUPERKICK!

Right to the jaw!

Susanita is spun inside out before collapsing to the mat.

The momentum changes instantly.

Mark Bravo: "There it is!"

John Phillips: "That superkick nearly took Susanita's head off!"

Selina doesn't go for the cover.

Instead...

She slowly walks to the nearest corner.

The Santorino Sentinel drone lowers over the ring.

Selina motions toward it.

She brushes her hair back into place.

Checks her reflection in her phone.

Then crouches beside the fallen Susanita.

She lines up the perfect angle.

Click.

The selfie is taken.

The crowd erupts with boos.

Selina Santorino: "Main event content."

She flashes a peace sign toward the drone before finally turning her attention back to the match.

John Phillips: "Every second she wastes gives Susanita a chance to recover."

Mark Bravo: "It's branding, John!"

Selina reaches down to pull Susanita back to her feet...

But Susanita suddenly explodes with a forearm to the ribs!

Another!

A third!

Selina doubles over.

Susanita shoots off the ropes.

RUNNING KNEE!

Selina stumbles backward into the ropes.

Susanita keeps running.

She rebounds off the opposite side.

Selina drops flat to the canvas at the last second.

Susanita hurdles over her.

Another rebound.

Selina pops up looking for a clothesline!

Susanita ducks!

Both women hit opposite ropes one more time.

They sprint toward one another at full speed...

DOUBLE CROSSBODY!

Neither woman budes.

Both hit the mat hard.

The Coca-Cola Dome rises to its feet in appreciation.

John Phillips: "What a collision!"

Mark Bravo: "Neither woman willing to give an inch in their first UTA main event together!"

The official begins counting as both competitors slowly start crawling toward opposite ropes.

Both women remain down on the canvas.

The official begins the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Susanita rolls toward the ropes.

Selina crawls to the opposite side, shaking the cobwebs loose.

THREE!

Both competitors use the ropes to pull themselves upright.

The crowd applauds.

John Phillips: "Excellent back-and-forth action to begin this main event."

Mark Bravo: "Neither woman has managed to establish control for very long."

Selina is up first.

She sprints.

RUNNING CLOTHESLINE!

Susanita ducks underneath!

Selina lands on her feet after the missed strike and immediately kip-ups.

The crowd gives an appreciative reaction.

She turns—

RIPCORD KNEE!

No!

Selina sidesteps at the last second.

Susanita spins through the miss.

Selina catches her from behind!

German Suplex!

Susanita flips through!

She lands on her feet!

The crowd explodes.

Selina can't believe it.

Susanita fires a spinning back kick to the ribs!

THUD!

Selina doubles over.

Susanita bounces off the ropes.

RUNNING HURRICANRANA!

Selina is sent flying across the ring!

She rolls through the impact and wisely slides underneath the bottom rope to the floor.

The official immediately begins his count.

John Phillips: "Smart veteran instinct from Selina Santorino."

Mark Bravo: "Absolutely. Break the momentum. Make Susanita wait."

Outside the ring, Selina takes a deep breath.

She adjusts her hair.

Straightens her gear.

Checks herself in her phone's front-facing camera.

The crowd boos relentlessly.

"GET IN THE RING!"

"GET IN THE RING!"

Selina simply smiles.

She mouths...

Selina Santorino: "Worth the wait."

Inside the ring, Susanita grows impatient.

She paces.

The official reaches...

FIVE!

Selina slowly begins climbing onto the apron.

Susanita has seen enough.

She explodes toward the ropes!

BASEBALL SLIDE!

Selina narrowly avoids it by dropping back to the floor!

The kick whistles past her face.

She smirks.

Selina Santorino: "Too slow."

Susanita immediately changes course.

She rebounds off the opposite ropes.

The crowd rises to its feet.

John Phillips: "Susanita's got another idea!"

She charges full speed!

SUICIDE DIVE!

NO!

Selina grabs the official's attention for just a split second as she steps aside.

Susanita flies through the ropes...

...but lands on her feet!

The crowd gasps.

She stumbles forward only a step before regaining her balance.

Selina spins her around—

UNDERHOOK DDT!

NO!

Susanita powers free before Selina can hook both arms!

A forearm catches Selina flush!

Another!

A third!

Selina is backed against the barricade.

The fans standing behind it erupt, pounding the padding as Susanita closes in.

John Phillips: "Business has picked up on the outside!"

Mark Bravo: "Somebody better get this back in the ring before either one makes a costly mistake!"

Susanita unloads with another forearm.

THWACK!

Selina's back smacks against the barricade.

The fans in the front row explode with cheers.

"SUS-A-NI-TA!"

"SUS-A-NI-TA!"

John Phillips: "Susanita is feeding off this Johannesburg crowd!"

Susanita grabs Selina by the wrist.

She looks toward the ring post.

The crowd begins buzzing.

Irish whip—

NO!

Selina plants her feet.

She yanks Susanita toward her instead.

Susanita crashes chest-first into the steel barricade!

THUD!

The air escapes Susanita's lungs.

Selina immediately capitalizes.

She drives a sharp knee into Susanita's midsection.

Then another.

She hooks both arms...

UNDERHOOK DDT ON THE FLOOR—

NO!

Susanita spins free!

She shoves Selina backward.

Selina stumbles into the apron.

Susanita charges.

RUNNING FOREARM!

Selina sidesteps!

Susanita's forearm crashes into the edge of the ring post padding instead.

She grabs her arm in pain.

Mark Bravo: "There's the opening!"

Selina doesn't hesitate.

She snatches Susanita by the hair.

WHAM!

Face-first into the ring apron.

The crowd groans.

Selina rolls Susanita under the bottom rope before sliding in after her.

She hooks the outside leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Susanita kicks out.

John Phillips: "Only two!"

Selina sits up.

She doesn't argue.

She simply nods.

Selina Santorino: "Good."

Selina Santorino: "More watch time."

The boos rain down.

Selina pulls Susanita to her knees by the hair.

She drives a stiff knee into her back.

Then cinches in a rear chinlock.

The official checks immediately.

Susanita refuses to quit.

John Phillips: "Smart strategy by Selina. Slow this match down and make Susanita carry her weight."

Mark Bravo: "She's six feet tall, John. Make the smaller woman work."

Susanita begins fighting back.

The crowd claps in rhythm.

CLAP!

CLAP!

CLAP!

She gets one foot underneath her.

Then the other.

Back elbows!

One!

Two!

Three!

Selina's grip loosens.

Susanita breaks free and shoots toward the ropes.

She rebounds—

THE BLOCK!

Selina catches her flush with the pumphandle X-Factor!

Susanita bounces violently off the canvas.

Selina scrambles into another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—NO!

Susanita throws a shoulder up just before three!

The Coca-Cola Dome erupts.

John Phillips: "That was close! That was incredibly close!"

Selina kneels in the center of the ring.

She looks toward the drone hovering above.

Then toward the official.

Then back to Susanita.

A slow smile spreads across her face.

Selina Santorino: "Okay..."

Selina Santorino: "Now it's time to go viral."

The crowd senses exactly what she's thinking.

Boos rain down as Selina reaches into her gear for her phone and slowly stalks the rising Susanita from behind.

Selina Santorino slowly circles her prey.

Phone in hand.

Susanita is on one knee, still shaking the effects of The Block.

The drone hovers into position overhead.

John Phillips: "Come on... focus on winning the match!"

Mark Bravo: "She is. Humiliating your opponent is winning."

Selina crouches beside Susanita.

She raises the phone.

Click.

Another selfie.

The arena erupts in boos.

Selina immediately begins typing.

Selina Santorino: "Caption..."

Selina Santorino: "'Main event. Easy work.'"

She laughs to herself.

That moment...

...is all Susanita needs.

Susanita springs to life.

SMACK!

A forearm catches Selina flush across the jaw!

The phone goes flying across the canvas.

The crowd ERUPTS.

John Phillips: "She knocked the phone right out of her hand!"

Selina stumbles backward in disbelief.

She instinctively reaches for where the phone landed.

Susanita doesn't let her.

Forearm!

Forearm!

Knife-edge chop!

WHACK!

The sound echoes through the Coca-Cola Dome.

Selina winces.

Susanita whips her into the ropes.

Selina rebounds.

Flying back elbow!

Down goes Selina!

The crowd is roaring now.

She pops back up.

Susanita scoops her.

Side slam!

Selina hits hard.

Without hesitation...

Susanita hits the ropes.

Running standing moonsault!

Perfect impact!

She hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Selina kicks out!

John Phillips: "Near fall for Susanita!"

Susanita wastes no time arguing.

She pulls Selina back to her feet.

Kick to the midsection.

Front facelock.

She hooks the arm.

The crowd rises.

Mark Bravo: "She may be thinking Brainbuster!"

Susanita begins lifting—

Selina shifts her weight!

She slips behind!

Rear waistlock!

Susanita throws a back elbow.

Selina ducks!

She shoves Susanita into the ropes.

Rebound—

SUPERKICK!

NO!

Susanita catches the leg!

The crowd gasps.

Selina hops on one foot.

Trying to keep her balance.

Susanita spins her around.

DRAGON SCREW!

Selina crashes awkwardly to the mat, clutching at her knee.

John Phillips: "Beautiful counter!"

Mark Bravo: "And now Selina's base is compromised."

Susanita immediately notices it.

She doesn't go for another cover.

Instead, she grabs the injured leg.

She drives a knee into the inside of Selina's thigh.

Then another.

Selina cries out in pain.

Susanita twists the leg before dropping an elbow directly across the knee.

THUD!

Selina rolls toward the ropes, grimacing.

John Phillips: "Excellent ring awareness by Susanita. If Selina can't stand, she can't deliver that devastating superkick... and she certainly can't hit The Block."

The crowd senses the momentum shifting once again as Susanita stands over her opponent, already planning her next attack.

Selina Santorino clutches at her left knee as she slowly crawls toward the ropes.

Susanita stalks behind her.

Patient.

Calculated.

The crowd begins sensing the end may be near.

"SUS-A-NI-TA!"

"SUS-A-NI-TA!"

John Phillips: "Susanita has weathered everything Selina has thrown at her. She can feel victory getting closer."

Mark Bravo: "She can't let her emotions get in the way. Stay focused."

Selina finally reaches one knee.

Using the middle rope, she slowly pulls herself upright.

She winces.

Her left leg clearly bothering her after Susanita's attack moments ago.

Susanita measures her.

Waiting.

Waiting...

She takes a step forward.

Then...

The volume inside the Coca-Cola Dome suddenly changes.

It isn't cheering.

It isn't booing.

It's... confusion.

A wave of noise rolls across the arena from the floor seats.

John Phillips: "What's going on?"

Mark Bravo: "The fans are looking behind us..."

Susanita pauses.

She glances toward the audience.

Then her eyes widen.

John Phillips: "...No..."

Mark Bravo: "It can't be..."

MARIE VAN CLAUDIO!

The First Lady of the UTA has arrived after all.

Still dressed in street clothes, Marie vaults over the ringside barricade with surprising urgency.

The crowd erupts.

"M! V! C!"

"M! V! C!"

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio IS here! We were told she couldn't make it to South Africa!"

Mark Bravo: "Well somebody forgot to tell Marie!"

Marie doesn't take her eyes off the ring.

She marches directly toward it.

Susanita is completely distracted.

She turns away from Selina.

Confusion written all over her face.

Susanita Ybanez: "Marie?"

Marie reaches ringside, stopping just outside the apron.

She raises both hands.

Trying to get Susanita's attention.

John Phillips: "Susanita has taken her eyes completely off Selina Santorino!"

Mark Bravo: "Turn around! TURN AROUND!"

Behind Susanita...

Selina has recovered.

A sly grin creeps across her face.

She lunges forward.

SCHOOL GIRL ROLL-UP!

Susanita's eyes go wide as she's pulled backward off balance.

The official drops into position.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The arena gasps.

John Phillips: "NO! NO! SHE STOLE IT!"

Mark Bravo: "Selina Santorino just stole the biggest victory of her UTA career!"

Selina immediately rolls out of the ring before Susanita can even react.

She stumbles backward up the entrance ramp, laughing hysterically.

The official tries to raise her hand as she continues retreating, refusing to stick around for what comes next.

Inside the ring, Susanita remains frozen on one knee.

Disbelief.

Anger.

Heartbreak.

All at once.

John Phillips: "Susanita had this match won..."

Mark Bravo: "And Marie Van Claudio stole it from her."

Susanita slowly rises.

Her eyes never leave Marie.

Marie stands in the center of the ring.

Completely composed.

No remorse.

No apology.

Only satisfaction.

The two women slowly begin walking toward one another.

The crowd grows louder with every step.

John Phillips: "These two have wanted to tear each other apart ever since Marie Van Claudio revealed her true colors and turned on Susanita."

They stand nose-to-nose.

Susanita is screaming.

Demanding to know why.

Marie never says a word.

She simply smiles.

That arrogant...

Condescending...

Infuriating smile.

Then...

She slowly mouths the words.

One...

Last...

Stop.

Susanita's face fills with rage.

She finally understands.

This wasn't about tonight.

This wasn't about Selina.

This wasn't even about costing Susanita a victory.

It was about sending a message.

Marie wanted Susanita walking into One Last Stop questioning everything.

John Phillips: "That was Marie's plan all along."

Mark Bravo: "She just got inside Susanita's head... and she loved every second of it."

Marie slowly takes a single step backward.

Still smiling.

We fade to black.

Conclusion

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