

Hall of Fame: 2025

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: August 1, 2025
Location: Pearl Theater — Las Vegas, NV

Preview

The Hall of Fame returns for an extra special night celebrating the superstars of the United Toughness Alliance. This year's class is yet to be announced.

Results

Introduction

Segment

We open cold on a sweeping video montage — history etched in grit and glory. Slow-motion shots of past UTA main events. Blood, sweat, steel. Championship belts held aloft. A thousand memories stitched together under the banner of one name: WrestleUTA.

Voiceover (V.O.): “For over twenty years... the United Toughness Alliance has stood at the crossroads of tradition and revolution. And tonight — we honor the legends who defined that legacy.”

The montage closes on this year’s Hall of Fame class. One by one, their faces fade into view: The Hollywood Bruvs. Hardcore Sandy. Scott Stevens. La Flama Blanca, Abdul bin Hussain. Perfection. Sean Jackson. Mike Best. And finally, a black-and-white image of The Redeemer, solemn and powerful.

V.O.: “They didn’t just compete... they carved their names into history.”

The screen fades to black. Then...

? Music ? blasts through the Pearl Theater’s PA system. A spotlight hits the stage.

The crowd rises as smoke pours in from either side. The lights flash gold and crimson. Through the haze steps a man in a black tux and designer shades — confident, battle-tested, and as composed as ever: former UTA Champion, *The Only Star*... Eric Dane.

He adjusts his cufflinks. Lets the crowd noise rise. Then lifts the mic to his lips.

Eric Dane: “Las Vegas...”

(he smirks)

“...You’re damn right we’re doing it big tonight.”

The crowd pops loudly.

Eric Dane: “Now, don’t worry — I’m not coming out of retirement. Not tonight. This isn’t my night. This is about those who earned this moment. The warriors. The champions. The madmen and masterminds who made this place what it is.”

“This is the Hall of Fame. And this class? This class might be the most loaded group of trailblazers, outlaws, and icons we’ve ever put under one roof.”

“The Bruvs are here. Sandy’s here. Sean Freakin’ Jackson. Stevens. Hussain. Perfection.”

(he pauses just a moment for effect)

“And tonight, we also honor a man who can’t stand on this stage... but whose spirit echoes in every brick of this arena. The Redeemer — gone, but never forgotten.”

A respectful applause ripples through the theater.

Eric Dane: “So buckle up. Raise your glass. Toast with your hearts. And let’s do what we always do best around here...”

“Let’s make history. Welcome to the 2025 WrestleUTA Hall of Fame.”

He nods to the crowd as the house lights rise fully. The screen behind him shifts to this year’s official Hall of Fame logo. The show is underway.

The Redeemer

Segment

The lights in the Pearl Theater dim once again. The Hall of Fame logo fades to black, replaced by a single name — glowing white on the video screen:

THE REDEEMER

Jonathan Stovall

1985 – 2025

A solemn hush falls over the audience. After a long pause, soft acoustic guitar music begins to play — a haunting, reflective melody. The camera lingers on the stage as a familiar voice fills the air.

Announcer (V.O.): “Please welcome to the stage... UTA Legend... ‘The Southern Rebel’ Ron Hall.”

Wearing a dark suit and bolo tie, the veteran Ron Hall steps slowly into the spotlight. He walks to the podium with deliberate respect, removing his hat as he places it gently on the lectern. The crowd gives him a warm, knowing applause.

Ron Hall: “Thank you...”

(he pauses, visibly emotional)

“Y’know... there’s a lotta people who’ve walked through the halls of WrestleUTA over the years. Some came and went. Some came and stayed. And a rare few... *built the place from the ground up.*”

“Jonathan Stovall — The Redeemer — was one of those rare few.”

“When I first met him, I didn’t meet a man lookin’ for glory. I met a man lookin’ for purpose. And in that ring — inside those ropes — he *found it.*”

“He wasn’t always the flashiest. He wasn’t always the loudest. But when that bell rang? You *believed* in him. You believed in the mission. You believed in the fight.”

“The Redeemer went to war with legends. He bled for this company. He gave everything he had, every single night, because he knew what it meant to the fans. To the boys in the back. To the legacy of WrestleUTA.”

Ron clears his throat, trying to keep it together.

Ron Hall: “He was my friend. He was your brother. And he was a damn cornerstone of everything this company became.”

“We lost Jonathan this year... but tonight, we don’t mourn — we *honor*. We honor the fight he brought. The soul he

gave. And the mark he left... on every one of us.”

He nods slowly, then turns slightly to face the crowd.

Ron Hall: “Now I ask all of you — fans, friends, family, everyone in the back — to please stand with me. Because in this business... we say goodbye with respect. We say goodbye with ten bells.”

The camera pans across the Pearl Theater as the crowd slowly rises. Wrestlers, legends, fans, and crew all come to their feet. The lights dim to a single spotlight on the stage.

? TEN BELL SALUTE A solemn toll echoes through the arena.

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The crowd remains silent. A tribute video plays silently on the screen — slow-motion footage of The Redeemer’s biggest moments. A final freeze-frame shows him arms raised, looking to the heavens.

ON SCREEN: *“The Redeemer — Forever Etched in WrestleUTA’s Heart”*

After a respectful pause, the lights slowly begin to brighten again. Ron Hall nods, lifts his hat, and exits the stage. The crowd gives a quiet, standing ovation as the show transitions to the next segment.

The Hollywood Bruvs

Segment

The lights slowly rise as the ten-bell salute fades out and the final image of The Redeemer dissolves from the screen. The mood remains respectful — but not somber — as Eric Dane steps back out onto the stage, still in his black tux, his face composed but reflective.

Eric Dane: “...Heavy stuff.”

He takes a moment, scanning the audience.

Eric Dane: “You know... in this business, we deal with a lot of pain. A lot of sacrifice. Sometimes even loss.”

“And yeah — death is sad. It hurts. But remembering someone’s legacy? That’s celebration. That’s the part that lives forever.”

“The Redeemer wasn’t just part of this company. He was this company. And tonight — he stands among the immortals.”

Eric Dane: “So come on... let’s do this right. Let’s hear it **one more time** for the newly inducted Hall of Famer... The Redeemer!”

The crowd breaks into applause. Some cheer. Some wipe away tears. A moment of catharsis, of pride, shared across the room.

Eric Dane: “Now... the Hall of Fame ain’t just about the ones who’ve passed — it’s about the ones who lit the world on fire and strutted away like they owned it.”

(He smirks knowingly.)

Eric Dane: “Unfortunately — and in true Hollywood fashion — our next inductees couldn’t be with us live tonight. I know, I know... believe me, I tried to convince ‘em Vegas was calling.”

“But The Hollywood Bruvs... Mikey Unlikely and Jesse Fredricks Kendrix... well, their schedule’s tighter than their entrance jackets.”

“That said — they didn’t leave us hanging. In classic Bruvs style, they sent in something special. So sit back, pop some champagne, and enjoy this feature presentation.”

He motions toward the screen as the lights dim again and the video package begins to play...

The stage fades to black as Eric Dane steps aside. A gold shimmer flickers onto the main screen, the audio kicking in before the visuals even hit full brightness—

? “F*cking in the Bushes” by Oasis ?

The beat drops hard as we FADE IN to an extravagant scene...

Not just a red carpet — *the* red carpet. Spotlights sweep across a custom-made velvet walkway flanked by oversized golden statues of Mikey Unlikely and Jesse Fredricks Kendrix in perfectly arrogant poses. Between them? A towering LED screen:

HOLLYWOOD BRUVS

WRESTLEUTA HALL OF FAME — CLASS OF LEGENDS

From behind velvet curtains, he arrives — Mikey Unlikely — in a mirror-tiled tuxedo that shines like a thousand camera flashes. Aviators in place. Ego fully charged.

Trailing behind him is Jesse Fredricks Kendrix, draped in a deep navy velvet dinner jacket, perfectly tailored and dangerously sharp. His cufflinks? Miniature Hall of Fame rings... they haven’t even been given out yet.

The flashbulbs go wild. The Bruvs stop mid-carpet and throw a synchronized GLUEFIST directly into the nearest lens. Behind them, a branded step-and-repeat wallpaper flaunts Bruvs logos, fake awards, and multiple angles of Mikey’s smirking face.

Mikey Unlikely: “A thousand cameras and still, none of you can capture this.”

Kendrix: “Can’t frame perfection, bruv.”

We CUT TO a gold-drenched press room. A large podium proudly reads: “WRESTLEUTA HALL OF FAME”... or it did, until Mikey slapped a massive gold vinyl sticker over it reading: *BRUVS ONLY.*

Piped in boos can be head inserted into the video.

Kendrix: “Listen, yeah?! You can boo. You can cheer. You can cry if you need to. Tonight ain’t about you. It’s about *us.*”

Mikey Unlikely: “That’s right, bruv. Tonight... is about the greatest tag team in WrestleUTA history. Full stop. Period. No asterisk. No debate.”

Kendrix: “Obvs.”

Mikey Unlikely: “We didn’t come out here for some teary-eyed nostalgia trip. We’re not gonna stand here and fake humility just because the rest of this roster couldn’t keep up.”

Kendrix: “Nah, mate. We came out here to remind everyone that everything you loved about WrestleUTA? The ratings. The sellouts. The merch. The chants. The moments. That was us. That was the BRUVS.”

Mikey Unlikely: “It started with Dynasty. Everyone remembers Dynasty — Sean Jackson, La Flamma Blanca, CBR, Perfection... WrestleUTA’s crown jewel. And then came us — two young upstarts with too much confidence and too much charisma for one tag team. So we split it between us.”

Kendrix: “We didn’t fit into Dynasty, bruv. We **elevated** it. Took the whole thing next level. Became the gold standard. Literally. Tag titles? Ours. Spotlight? Ours. You remember the suits. You remember the Gluefist. You remember the run.”

Mikey Unlikely: “And you remember WTFC, too. Me, Bobby Dean, Will Haynes, Doozer. Wild times. Stupid times. But good times. WTFC was fun... but this?”

Kendrix: “This was forever.”

Mikey Unlikely: “The Hollywood Bruvs weren’t just a tag team. We were an experience. A movement. A brand. From LA to London. From capes to karaoke. From Rookie of the Year...”

Kendrix: “Obvs.”

Mikey Unlikely: “To WrestleUTA World Champion.”

Kendrix: “Obvs, again.”

Mikey Unlikely: “We didn’t just win matches. We stole the show. Every. Single. Night.”

Kendrix: “There was no ceiling. Only chandeliers for us to swing from. And now? We’ve got the Hall of Fame plaque to prove what we already knew. That this company doesn’t work without us. That the Bruvs weren’t just part of WrestleUTA’s golden era...”

Mikey Unlikely: “We **are** the golden era.”

Kendrix: “So to everyone who came before us — thanks for warming up the stage. To everyone who came after — sorry you had to follow us. And to everyone watching right now wondering if we’re done...”

Mikey Unlikely: “We’ll stop when the spotlight does. Which is never.”

Kendrix: “Now if you’ll excuse us, we’ve got a velvet rope waiting, a five-star meal on standby, and a fresh Gluefist to throw in the Uber.”

Mikey Unlikely: “And to WrestleUTA... you’re welcome.”

They throw one final synchronized GLUEFIST. Glitter rains from the rafters as the camera zooms out. The BRUVS LED wall behind them glows like a movie premiere. A freeze frame ends the segment — both men firing finger guns at the camera like it’s the poster for a straight-to-streaming action comedy.

FADE OUT.

Hardcore Sandy Induction

Segment

The lights rise once more as the screen above the stage glows soft red. The WrestleUTA Hall of Fame logo fades into view as a new voice takes over from the speakers:

Announcer (V.O.): “Please welcome to the stage... former Women’s Champion... ****Marie Van Claudio****.”

The crowd applauds as Marie Van Claudio walks confidently onto the stage in a stunning black and crimson gown, microphone in hand. She pauses, looking out over the audience with a smile that's both proud and nostalgic.

Marie Van Claudio: "When I was growing up watching professional wrestling — when I dreamed of stepping into that ring, living this life — the landscape didn't look like it does today."

"For women, the doors weren't just closed... they were bolted shut. And every now and then, someone came along with the strength, the guts, and the absolute refusal to be told 'no' — and kicked those doors wide open."

"Tonight, I get the honor of inducting one of those women."

The crowd begins to stir with recognition. Marie nods gently, emotional herself.

Marie Van Claudio: "Hardcore Sandy didn't ask for permission. She didn't play by anyone else's rules. And she sure as hell didn't wait for an invitation to be great."

"She was a warrior in an era that didn't know what to do with women like her. So she did what all pioneers do — she *forced* the world to catch up."

"When she captured the Hardcore Championship — not the Women's Hardcore Championship, not some novelty trophy — the *actual* Hardcore Title — she shattered a glass ceiling in the most brutal way possible: with a steel chair in one hand and dignity in the other."

Marie Van Claudio: "Sandy was an inspiration to millions... including me. She proved we didn't have to fit a mold. That being strong, being loud, being real — *being ourselves* — was not only enough... it was powerful."

"And tonight, we honor that power."

She smiles warmly, turning slightly toward the entranceway.

Marie Van Claudio: "Please join me in welcoming the newest member of the WrestleUTA Hall of Fame... the indomitable... the unstoppable... **Hardcore Sandy**."

The crowd leaps to its feet as a fierce, distorted guitar riff hits the speakers — Hardcore Sandy's signature theme. Through the curtain steps the icon herself, dressed in a leather-trimmed formal suit, with hints of battle-worn glamor. Her boots stomp like thunder across the stage as the fans erupt in chants of "SAN-DY! SAN-DY!"

At center stage, Marie and Sandy embrace tightly. Sandy wipes a tear from her eye, visibly overwhelmed by the moment. She steps toward the mic... but her voice catches. She lowers her head, breath hitching. The audience claps louder — encouragement, love, appreciation.

Sandy (softly): "...Thank you."

The cheers swell again — louder this time, rising like a wave over the Pearl Theater. Sandy closes her eyes, tears rolling down her cheeks, this time with joy.

She gathers herself, lifts the microphone, and begins again.

Hardcore Sandy: "UTA believed in me... before a lot of people did."

"They let me be exactly who I was — no gimmick, no compromise. Just... me. And that version of me? She bled in this ring. She fought men and women alike. And yeah... she held the Hardcore Title — and never let go without a fight."

"I never set out to break barriers. I just wanted to wrestle. But somewhere along the way, I guess we proved that it didn't matter what gender you were — if you could take the hits, dish them out, and keep getting up... then you belonged in that ring."

"And I did belong. Because of you. Because of the fans. Because of everyone who saw past the gender, past the rules,

and just saw the *fighter.*”

The crowd applauds again, some fans visibly emotional.

Hardcore Sandy: “This company gave me more than I ever dreamed. The matches. The moments. The mayhem. Every scar, every laugh, every drop of blood... I wouldn’t trade a second of it.”

Hardcore Sandy: “And being back here — tonight — surrounded by my friends, my family... seeing familiar faces and some new ones... it’s been a gift.”

She grins now, the trademark fire returning to her eyes.

Hardcore Sandy: “There’s still a little left in the tank. So when it comes to whether this is the last you’ve seen of Hardcore Sandy...”

Hardcore Sandy (smirking): “...never say never.”

The audience *explodes*. Fans chant “ONE MORE MATCH! ONE MORE MATCH!” as Sandy waves them off with a mix of humility and playful defiance. She hugs Marie once more, raises her plaque overhead, and basks in the glow of a standing ovation.

FADE OUT.

Scott Stevens Induction

Segment

The crowd is still on their feet as Hardcore Sandy exits the stage, wiping away a few final tears and holding her Hall of Fame plaque high. As the lights adjust, the spotlight returns to the podium — and out walks *The Only Star* once again: **Eric Dane**.

Eric Dane: “How about that?”

The crowd cheers again as Dane nods toward the entrance Sandy just exited through.

Eric Dane: “Hardcore Sandy didn’t just break barriers — she *demolished* ‘em. And she did it swinging chairs, barbed wire, and a whole lot of heart.”

“We throw around the word ‘legend’ a lot in this business... but tonight? Tonight, we saw the real deal. Give it up one more time for the one and only — Hardcore Sandy.”

The crowd responds with another round of applause and chants of “SAN-DY! SAN-DY!”

Eric Dane: “Now... are y’all ready for our next inductee?”

A wave of cheers floods the theater.

Eric Dane: “Then let’s keep this thing rolling. Coming out to do the honors is a man who knows this next inductee better than just about anybody — family in more ways than one.”

“Please welcome to the stage... **Cary Stevens**.”

The sudden punch of heavy guitar riffs as “A Country Boy Can Survive” by Hank Williams Jr. hits the speakers. The lights go warm and golden. Stepping out to a roar from the crowd is a broad-shouldered man in a gleaming gold suit, black cowboy boots, and a classic black Stetson — the patriarch of one of wrestling’s most storied bloodlines: **Cary Stevens**.

As he reaches the podium, Cary adjusts the microphone and pulls a few notecards from his jacket... only to dramatically rip them up and toss them over his shoulder. The crowd eats it up.

Crowd: “CARY! CARY! CARY!”

Cary soaks it in with a humble grin, then raises his hand to calm the cheers.

Cary Stevens: "Thank you."

The cheers rise again, bringing a smile to the proud Texan's face.

Cary Stevens: "Stevens. When you hear that last name, a lotta things come to mind."

Cary Stevens: "Respect."

Cary Stevens: "Legacy."

He glances toward the crowd, eyes locking on a row of familiar faces. The camera follows his gaze to the Stevens family in the audience: George, Ricky, Bo, Scott Jr., Emma, and Lisa.

Cary Stevens: "Family."

Cary Stevens: "Hate."

The crowd boos. Cary smirks.

Cary Stevens: "Jealousy."

Cary Stevens: "And lastly... envy."

Cary Stevens: "All of those things describe the greatest family in professional wrestling. And tonight, we celebrate my oldest boy... your favorite Texan..."

Cary Stevens (shouting): "SCOTT! STEEEEEEEEEEEVVVVVVVEEEEEEEEEENNNNNNSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!"

The crowd erupts as the 30th Anniversary remix of "Hellraiser" by Ozzy Osbourne & Motörhead blasts across the Pearl Theater. Out walks **Scott Stevens**, dapper in a black custom-tailored suit, signature 97 Red tie, and polished black cowboy boots.

Scott embraces Cary in a tight, emotional hug. Cary steps away with pride as Scott approaches the podium to a standing ovation.

Scott Stevens: "Thank you."

Crowd: "YOU DESERVE IT! YOU DESERVE IT!"

Scott Stevens: "Some might disagree with you."

The crowd boos in protest. Scott grins.

Scott Stevens: "I've been hit in the head with steel chairs, kendo sticks, and thrown through everything you can imagine. But standing here tonight... this? This hits harder than all of it."

Scott Stevens: "Because I was never supposed to be here."

He points down at the very stage he's standing on.

Scott Stevens: "In UTA, I didn't main-event the big pay-per-views. I wasn't the poster on the bedroom wall. I didn't hold the World Title for a year. Hell, most nights I didn't even get an entrance song. I was fighting a midget in a frog suit and a guy pretending to be Jamaican — *on the undercard.*"

Scott Stevens: "I was the guy who showed up, worked hard, made the other guy look good... and walked quietly back through the curtain, hoping someone noticed."

The crowd begins clapping, but he motions them to hold.

Scott Stevens: "Someone did. And now, after thirty years of blood, broken bones, red-eyes, and wrestling in everything

from Tokyo domes to Texas barns... I'm in the UTA Hall of Fame."

Scott pauses — emotional, humbled — and steadies himself.

Scott Stevens: "The Wingate and Stevens families go way back — our dads did business together back in Texas. When Richard called to offer this honor, I hesitated. Because yeah, in-ring? I was out there fighting frogs. But Richard explained why — and it wasn't about the spotlight. It was about what I did *behind the scenes.*"

The crowd cheers. A "STEVENS!" chant breaks out briefly.

Scott Stevens: "When my name was announced, social media lost its mind. Discords blew up. Keyboard warriors wondering what I ever did to deserve it. Same people who forgot they haven't been relevant in ten years."

Scott Stevens: "But here's the thing: I've done more for this company than most people realize. Not just matches. Not just promos. I helped *build* UTA's second life."

Scott Stevens: "I produced some of the best matches this company ever aired — and yes, some of those people are going into the Hall of Fame tonight, too."

Scott Stevens: "I helped James Wingate lock in streaming deals. I helped acquire libraries from DREAM, Death Row, Valor, Girl Power, fWo, the original FWF... and more. I personally bought the entire FWF library during bankruptcy to preserve UTA's history."

The crowd murmurs — many of them surprised. Then: applause.

Scott Stevens: "I didn't do it for praise. I did it because I'm a wrestling historian. And great wrestling? It deserves to be *seen.* Not lost."

Crowd: "THANK YOU STEVENS! THANK YOU STEVENS!"

Scott Stevens: "You're welcome. I've been called the 'Lonesome Loser' because I kept getting knocked down... but I always got up. Always."

Scott Stevens: "I wrestled in front of 30 people and a crying baby. I wrestled in countries where I didn't speak the language but still knew what to do when the bell rang. Because this business... this life... it speaks louder than words."

Scott Stevens: "I never mailed it in. Not once. I gave everything — every night — because I *love* this. Because I *respect* this. Because I wanted to make people *feel* something."

He glances into the crowd — eyes landing on his wife, Lisa. A close-up shows her mouthing "I love you" as she blows him a kiss.

Scott Stevens: "To the fans — thank you for remembering me. For chanting for me, even when the cameras weren't. To the rookies in the back: if you're ever told you're not what they want, remember this moment. Because if I can stand here... *so can you.*"

Scott Stevens: "I didn't make it here on titles. I made it here on grit. On loyalty. On love."

Scott Stevens: "Thank you for making me feel like I mattered."

The crowd gives Scott a thunderous standing ovation. He nods slowly, taking in the moment.

Scott Stevens: "I'll see you down the road."

Scott Stevens (smirking): "And I'll always get back up."

Scott gives a final wave to the fans, steps forward to the edge of the stage, and soaks in one more heartfelt ovation before exiting.

La Flama Blanca Induction

Segment

The applause is still going strong as Scott Stevens exits the stage, clearly moved by the ovation. The house lights shift back to the podium, and once again, Eric Dane makes his way into the spotlight with a nod and that signature smirk.

Eric Dane: "Scott Stevens, everybody."

The crowd breaks into a renewed round of applause. A few fans rise to their feet again in tribute. Dane joins them with a slow clap.

Eric Dane: "Say what you want, but nobody does it with more Texas grit than that man right there."

He straightens his jacket and looks to the crowd.

Eric Dane: "Alright, alright — y'all ready to keep this thing going?"

The crowd cheers in response.

Eric Dane: "Then let's not waste any time. Up next, to induct a man who redefined what it meant to be unpredictable in this sport..."

The house lights dim again, and an uncertain energy hangs in the air. A spotlight finds the curtain as the familiar rumble of the crowd grows into anticipation. Slowly stepping through is a figure in a worn grey suit — the sleeves a little wrinkled, the collar road-weary — but the iconic blue-and-red mask unmistakable. It's him.

Announcer (V.O.): "Please welcome to the stage... former WrestleUTA Champion... ****Madman Szalinski**!**"

The fans roar with respect and love as Madman Szalinski walks out, nodding and pointing to a few fans along the way. He reaches the podium, places his hands on either side, leans in slightly... and pauses just long enough for the crowd to quiet down.

Madman Szalinski: "...God Damn, Son."

The crowd explodes in laughter and applause. A classic Madman moment.

Madman Szalinski: "They asked me to come out here and handle this next one. Another former UTA World Champion. A guy I shared blood, sweat, and a whole lotta fire with."

"La Flama Blanca."

The crowd cheers at the mention of the name.

Madman Szalinski: "Now, here's where it gets real with y'all. I was told to come out here, smile for the cameras, make up some excuse, and accept this honor on his behalf."

"But... Nah, Son. That ain't Madman's style. Never has been. You know it."

Fans nod and cheer in approval.

Madman Szalinski: "La Flama Blanca? He was *the* man in WrestleUTA for a long damn time. His face was on more merch than the Pope. He headlined big shows. He had classic after classic after classic."

"There's no denying the dude's greatness. Not then. Not now. And that's exactly why he's being inducted into the Hall of Fame tonight."

Madman Szalinski: "But the truth is... something happened. Something between him and the company. A rift. Some burned bridges, maybe. I don't know. I'm not here to speculate — I'm here to speak truth."

The crowd murmurs. Some boos begin to bubble up.

Madman Szalinski: “No — don’t boo. Don’t boo at all. It’s his right. Hell, I’ve got places I’ll never set foot in again either. That’s wrestling, man. That’s life.”

“Do I know what happened? Nah. Do I know why he ain’t here? No clue. Wingate tried. He called. He texted. He left voicemails. Blanca didn’t pick up.”

Madman Szalinski: “All I can do is come out here and speak honestly. Not as a company guy, but as a man who shared that ring with him. Who bled with him. Who fought with him.”

Madman Szalinski (looking into the camera): “La Flama Blanca... answer the phone. Come back home. We miss ya.”

The crowd applauds, with some “LFB!” chants starting up in scattered corners of the theater.

Madman Szalinski: “So yeah... tonight, I’m accepting this plaque — this honor — on behalf of La Flama Blanca. And I’m gonna do everything I can to get it in his hands.”

Madman Szalinski: “And I hope, one day, he’ll be back here to tell his side of the story. In person. Loud as hell. Mask tight. Fire lit.”

Madman Szalinski: “L.F.B... Thank you for the good times, homie.”

He lifts the Hall of Fame plaque high into the air. The crowd claps — not out of obligation, but out of genuine respect. A complicated chapter, honored with honesty.

Madman Szalinski (grinning): “Yo, this plaque is nice. The rings are nice, too. So uh... when am I gettin’ mine?”

Madman Szalinski (shouting): “**MADMAN 2026!!**”

The crowd erupts into laughter and cheers. Madman throws up a quick wave, slaps the podium twice, and heads off stage to a hero’s sendoff.

Abdul bin Hussain

Segment

Back at the podium, Eric Dane straightens his jacket, still clearly unimpressed with the prior turn of events. He looks out into the crowd with a smirk — the kind that hides a thousand thoughts — and speaks bluntly.

Eric Dane: “Still with us? Good.”

Eric Dane: “Our next inductee? Let’s just say... I’ve got questions about the selection committee. But I’ve also got respect. Real respect. For a man who brought a level of heat most of us wouldn’t dare touch.”

Eric Dane: “So I’m gonna step aside and let the man who knows him best do the talking. Please welcome to the stage... **Rafiq.**”

Boos echo through the Pearl Theater as a familiar figure in a tailored brown thobe and trimmed beard makes his way onto the stage — the longtime mouthpiece and handler of Abdul bin Hussain: Rafiq.

He pauses at the podium, soaking in the mixed reaction. Smiling — not smug, but aware — he waits for the volume to dip before placing both hands on the edge of the microphone.

Rafiq: “We all know that heels are a big part of this business.”

“We all know without someone to boo... you wouldn’t have someone to cheer for. You believe that, don’t you?”

“And as Americans... who better to boo than someone your leaders told you to hate?”

A loud boo rises — and Rafiq smirks.

Rafiq: “This isn’t about me. I’m just the man who walked beside the most *hated* individual in professional wrestling.

Not just in the UTA — *anywhere.*”

“People forget — after UTA, after career-threatening injuries, he came back. Because all he ever loved... was *this.*”

He gestures to the ring iconography behind him.

Rafiq: “Abdul grew up in Iraq — in Basra — watching pirated VHS tapes of wrestling smuggled in by foreign oil workers. He didn’t dream like you did. He dreamed despite it. He became what none of you thought possible: *the best in the world.*”

Rafiq: “I first saw him on the indie scene in the Middle East. Flying like a luchador. Striking like a puroresu icon. And when EWF brought him to America? They gave him to *me.* And history was made.”

Rafiq: “So now, please rise — or boo — or stand in silence — for the man, the myth, the *Butcher of Basra*... **ABDUL BIN HUSSAIN.**”

The crowd explodes — not in cheers, but raw, unfiltered venom. Boos cascade like thunder. Then — a *crack* from the loudspeakers. The screen lights up with a montage:

Children playing baseball...

American flags waving...

Troops in the Middle East...

9/11 footage... the Pentagon... global terror...

The screen abruptly cuts to black. Then: the Iraqi flag with two scimitars. The roar shifts to uncomfortable murmurs.

“Call to Pray” by Seether hits. The stage lights dim to blood-red. The curtain parts.

Abdul Bin Hussain steps onto the stage in full traditional Arab dress, flanked momentarily by Rafiq. Flashbulbs ignite. Boos intensify. Abdul lifts both arms with defiance, soaking it in like warmth.

At the podium, he stands firm, arms outstretched. And finally, he speaks.

Abdul bin Hussain: “Thank you, Rafiq. It still baffles me that a *rabid dog* made it into the Hall before I did.”

“Doctor Emo? Abdul the man appreciates you. Abdul the wrestler? Views your emotional outburst with disdain. Shall I speak to you as the man... or the Butcher?”

More boos. Abdul shrugs.

Abdul bin Hussain: “I was a Muslim boy in Basra. My father — a Republican Guard — died during the Gulf War. Killed by one of *your* Marines.”

“That should have radicalized me. Instead, I found *this* dream. Wrestling. The pirated tapes. The crowd. The glory.”

The tone darkens.

Abdul bin Hussain: “April 5, 2003. US bombers target al-Tuwaisi — residential Basra. Seventeen civilians dead. My wife. My child. Both among them.”

The crowd falls silent. A moment of genuine, raw emotion lingers before he resets himself.

Abdul bin Hussain: “Again — could’ve gone dark. But instead? I became what you fear. I *excelled.*”

“EWF. NGW. Wrestle-Wars. Then... UTA.”

Abdul bin Hussain: “They gave me the mic. And I told you truths. I *held* your Wildfire Championship. I *earned* the UTA Championship. And I bled for that belt until my body gave out.”

"While injured, I mentored. The Somali monster Akeed. Ahmed and Fazil. Khalid Al-Rahman. And when I returned? I ruined your OPW 9/11 tribute. Because I *could.*"

Crowd: "BOOOOOOOOO!"

Abdul bin Hussain: "Cry harder. You still don't understand what it's like to live in a bombed-out city. You cheer for freedom built on *bones.* Native genocide. Enslaved labor. Colonial arrogance. And you *dare* call me evil?"

He turns slightly, calm and defiant.

Abdul bin Hussain: "DPW crowned me National Champion. Their fans hated me. Perfect."

"And when UTA returned? They called. And I said yes. Because I deserve this. Flowers or fire, I EARNED this."

He extends his arms again — palms open — not in surrender, but declaration.

Abdul bin Hussain: "Thank you, UTA. And to all of you... there is no God but Allah, and Muhammad is His messenger. *Praise be to Allah.*"

He lowers his head, arms still spread. The screen fades to the Iraqi flag once more. The audience roars in outrage, but Abdul? Unbothered.

FADE TO BLACK.

Perfection Induction

Segment

As the thunder of crowd reactions slowly dies down from the previous segment, the lights dim once again. That familiar presence returns — Eric Dane steps back to the podium, brushing his jacket and glancing to the side stage with a smirk.

Eric Dane: "Well... if you needed a reminder that this Hall of Fame isn't just for heroes — it's for legacies — we've got a hell of a reminder coming up next."

Eric Dane: "This next man didn't just hold titles... he held court. He ran boardrooms, broke records, and yes — broke quite a few of your favorites along the way."

He pauses with a smirk, letting the tension build.

Eric Dane: "To induct him tonight, we're bringing out someone who stood beside him, opposite him... and lived to tell the tale. A fellow Dynasty original. Please welcome to the stage... **Kathryn Vermont Thomas**."

The house lights shift to a golden hue. A live **string quartet** begins to play a hauntingly regal classical rendition of "Perfect Gentleman" by Halloween. The crowd, already buzzing, begins to boo and jeer, fully aware of who this moment is leading toward.

Kathryn Vermont Thomas steps out — poised, polished, and unforgiving. She adjusts the microphone with practiced confidence.

Kathryn Vermont Thomas: "Ladies and gentlemen... allow me to introduce a man I respect almost as much as I admire myself."

The crowd boos. She grins.

Kathryn Vermont Thomas: "The man who didn't just walk into the UTA — he *rewrote* it. Who didn't rise through the ranks — he *stacked them beneath him.* A man so hated... so envied... so feared... that even the boardroom had to step back and let him run the place."

The jeers increase. A chant of "YOU SOLD OUT!" starts to echo.

Kathryn Vermont Thomas: "That's right! But he didn't just sell out... he ****cashed in.****"

She steps aside and gestures to the stage.

Kathryn Vermont Thomas: "Now rise — because ***'Yours Truly'*** is walking in."

? "Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween ? hits in full as the quartet transitions to a live instrumental flourish. The arena floods with golden light as a storm of flashbulbs and white smoke fills the entranceway.

Then, like a ghost from another era, he emerges — ****James Witherhold****, better known as ***Perfection.*** Tailored black suit, gold tie, aviator shades, and not one — but ***three*** — championship belts: the UTA Championship on one shoulder, the Tag Titles on the other, the Wildfire Championship cinched at his waist.

A cigar smolders in one hand. A glass of dark whiskey swirls in the other. He walks with the authority of a man who believes he owns the stage — because once, he did.

He arrives at the podium, sets down the drink and cigar like a CEO addressing shareholders, and lifts the mic without a nod, without a glance to the crowd.

Perfection: "You..."

The crowd erupts in boos, drowning him out. He waits. Not annoyed — amused.

Perfection: "The Ungratefals never change, do they?!"

More boos. Witherhold glances at Kathryn, who covers her mouth laughing. James smirks.

Perfection: "You never cheered me. Never wanted me. Never gave me your respect... And now that UTA is trying to sweep up the legacy I ***molded*** and frame it like art — ***suddenly*** you want to honor me?"

He picks up the Hall of Fame plaque, looks at it, then sets it down casually — like it's a receipt he didn't ask for.

Perfection: "You don't put a man like me in the Hall of Fame out of love. You do it out of guilt. Out of fear of being called what you all are — revisionist historians."

He sips his whiskey.

Perfection: "Because you ***can't*** tell this company's story without 'Yours Truly.' Without PERFECTION... there is no UTA worth remembering."

He begins listing off names, counting them slowly.

Perfection: "Will Haynes. Second Coming. Madman Szalinski. Yoshii. They were all 'the future' while I reigned. They're gone. Forgotten. Buried beneath the empire I built."

Perfection: "You say I cheated? I did. You say I politicked? I did. You say I made enemies? I did. And it. Worked."

The crowd erupts in more boos. James ashes his cigar directly onto the floor of the stage and raises his whiskey glass again.

Perfection: "Legacy isn't about titles. It's not about plaques or chants. It's when they say your name even when they hate it. When they say it through clenched teeth — ***because they know*...**"

He grins, stepping back and spreading his arms wide.

Perfection: "I. Am. Better."

He finally holds up the plaque... but doesn't keep it. Just lets it sit again on the podium as he shifts focus.

Perfection: "But this? This ain't just about me. This happens because of people like Sean Jackson — the Lone Star of Texas. He was the mind beside mine. The co-strategist. Dynasty didn't move unless Sean and I said so."

Perfection: “And La Flama Blanca? The tag gold meant nothing until we touched it. We **made** it matter. We were dominance.”

Perfection: “To the Hollywood Bruvs — Mikey, Kendrix — you kept Dynasty on top. You **defined** modern tag team excellence. You made the vision look good.”

Perfection: “And Andy Murray... when we needed credibility, you didn’t blink. You stood beside us like a damn war general. You earned your place in gold.”

Perfection: “To all of Dynasty — our time’s coming. This Hall knows it. History knows it.”

Perfection: “You cheered the guys we **broke.** You prayed for our fall. But now? I’m standing here. **We’re** standing here. And soon? More of us will follow. Because...”

He lifts the plaque again, grinning.

Perfection: “WE. WERE. RIGHT.”

He takes one last puff of his cigar and lets the smoke curl into the spotlight as the crowd roars — some in hate, others in reluctant awe.

Perfection: “To the ones I shattered. To the ones I outlasted. To the ones who still wish they were me...”

Perfection (deadpan): “I understand. I’d be mad too.”

He glances at the crowd, sneering.

Perfection: “I didn’t come for your cheers. I didn’t come for your respect. And I **definitely** didn’t come for your slam-pig of a woman!”

The crowd erupts in outrage. Security tenses. Perfection just smiles wider.

Perfection: “I came... for the last word.”

He places his sunglasses back on his face. One last puff of the cigar. He lifts the Hall of Fame plaque again — then sets it down. Leaves it behind. Turns. Walks off with a storm of boos behind him.

Perfection: “Keep the plaque. I already have legacy.”

“Perfect Gentleman” plays again. Kathryn joins him at the curtain. They don’t wave. They don’t look back. The screen fades to black.

Sean Jackson Induction

Segment

The lights come up once more, but this time the mood is palpably different. Eric Dane steps out onto the stage slowly, his expression unreadable... until he reaches the podium and looks down.

There, resting alone on the dais... is the Hall of Fame plaque that James Witherhold — Perfection — left behind. Dane picks it up, studies it for a long moment, and just shakes his head.

Eric Dane: “Some people leave a legacy. Others leave a mess.”

He sets the plaque gently back on the podium, dusts off his jacket, and turns to face the crowd again.

Eric Dane: “Let’s shift gears — and get back to something that matters.”

Eric Dane: “Coming to the stage now is a man who helped define eras... a man who knows what real respect, history, and legacy mean. Please welcome... ****Jeremiah ‘The Spectre’ Woods.****”

The lights dim, a low buzz fills the Pearl Theater. Anticipation brews. The venue — intimate yet grand — seems to

contract as the air thickens with reverence. A single spotlight finds the podium.

There stands **Jeremiah Woods**, in a dark suit, composed and steady. He draws in a long breath before speaking.

Jeremiah Woods: "Destiny is defined as a predetermined course of events often held to be an irresistible power or agency."

"Some people believe in destiny. Others don't. But whether you recognize it or not — it finds you."

He pauses, letting the audience lock into his rhythm — part preacher, part poet.

Jeremiah Woods: "December 2nd, 1989 — Texarkana, Texas. I met a hearing-impaired five-year-old boy named Chris. For five short hours, I played the role of dad. That little boy? Changed my life. And while I never saw Chris again, he set my path in motion. My second son carries his name as a tribute."

The crowd listens intently, emotionally invested.

Jeremiah Woods: "And just like that — destiny can push you into the arms of this business. It did for me. 1985. A lazy summer day. Channel surfing. WWF Superstars. That moment... that flash... it consumed me. And it carried me through a 32-year career that gave me more than I ever imagined."

Crowd: ***CHEERS*** Screens show UTA legends clapping in approval.

Jeremiah Woods: "But enough about me and destiny."

He turns and smiles toward a seated Sean Jackson.

Jeremiah Woods: "Because ***this*** man believes in destiny too. From BACW in 2012, to UTA and beyond, Sean Jackson and I were cast as enemies on screen... but behind the curtain? We were friends. Brothers. Texans. GO COWBOYS!"

The crowd boo-laughes. Sean chuckles, nodding. Raiders fans clearly present.

Jeremiah Woods: "Our chemistry? Unreal. Our feuds? Legendary. Our understanding of wrestling psychology? Unmatched. We pushed each other — creatively, personally, professionally. And Sean? You extended my career by a decade."

He looks directly at Sean again.

Jeremiah Woods: "You were my perfect dance partner. And there were dark moments too — in 2016, when Sean doubted himself. But he worked through it. Grew. Evolved. Became better. More raw. More real. And eventually... more brilliant than even ***he*** thought he could be."

Jeremiah Woods: "And out of character, for just a moment... of the four people I've met in this game, three were from UTA. One was Jonathan Stovall — The Redeemer. May he rest in peace."

The crowd nods in solemn approval.

Jeremiah Woods: "And the other is Mike Bell. Sean Jackson. My brother in arms — who drove six hours just to meet up. Mike... one more match. One more show. Let's tear the house down in the Triple Tier Circus of Fun, one last time."

The crowd erupts. Sean Jackson is visibly misty-eyed.

The lights dim again. Then — the unmistakable chords of Phil Collins' *****"In the Air Tonight"***** begin to echo through the venue. The sound expands like smoke. Ambient. Haunting. Perfectly timed.

Jeremiah Woods: "Ladies and gentlemen... it is my honor to induct into the 2025 WrestleUTA Hall of Fame... my rival, my partner, my brother... ****Sean Jackson.****"

Sean steps into the spotlight, dressed immaculately in a deep navy suit. Calm. Composed. Holding back visible

emotion. The crowd rises as he steps forward, embraces Jeremiah tightly, and receives the ovation of a lifetime.

Finally, Sean approaches the podium.

Sean Jackson: "Before I begin, I have one question for all of you tonight..."

Sean Jackson: "What **IS** the Hall of Fame?"

"Ask a hundred people and get a hundred answers. But tonight... this is what it means to me."

"The Hall of Fame isn't just for champions. It's for spouses, kids, rivals, road agents... it's for every player who made **this** possible."

The screens shift, showing CBR, La Flama Blanca, Mikey Unlikely, and Perfection.

Sean Jackson: "My Dynasty brothers. Without you... maybe I don't make it. But I did. And I'll never forget what we built."

"But it's not them who brought me here tonight."

Sean Jackson: "It's Jeremiah Woods."

The camera finds Woods again, teary-eyed.

Sean Jackson: "Without him, there's no UTA run. No viral moments. No comeback. No Hall of Fame."

"Our feud? Our story? Our **circus of fun**? It made us both. You were the one who gave me purpose again. And now? You're the one who completes this chapter."

He pauses. Then turns deadly serious.

Sean Jackson: "But Jeremiah..."

Sean Jackson (coldly): "Two days from now... I end you."

The crowd gasps. Sean **spits** toward Woods — deliberately. It doesn't land, but it lands its message.

Sean Jackson: "I'm gonna throw your body off that third tier. I'm gonna end your legacy the way I always said I would. You called down the circus one last time? Then get ready for the show."

Sean slowly lowers the mic... then drops it.

The theater explodes in stunned reaction as Jackson exits through the curtain, leaving both legend and chaos behind him.

Mike Best Induction

Segment

The camera cuts back to the stage, where the crowd is still buzzing — some in fury, some in awe — after the heated encounter between Sean Jackson and The Spectre. The backdrop shifts to a golden hue, the Hall of Fame logo glinting behind the podium.

Back through the curtain steps Eric Dane, slowly and deliberately. His expression is unreadable — a mix of begrudging respect and personal resolve. He adjusts his collar, waits for the applause to settle, and leans in.

Eric Dane: "Well... that happened."

A chuckle ripples through the crowd — tension breaking, just slightly.

Eric Dane: "Love him or hate him, Abdul left his mark. But now? It's time to close this thing the right way. It's time... for the headliner."

He steps out from the podium briefly and begins to pace slowly, as if choosing each word carefully.

Eric Dane: "When they told me I'd be hosting this ceremony, there was one name I was told I wouldn't be introducing. *'He'll never accept it,'* they said. *'He'll never show up.'*"

He stops. Looks out over the audience.

Eric Dane: "But the truth is, there's no Hall of Fame without him."

Eric Dane: "Mike Best is... complicated."

The audience chuckles, a few fans even applauding knowingly.

Eric Dane: "He's been called a lot of things over the years. Arrogant. Brilliant. Manipulative. Revolutionary. And yeah... maybe even a bit of an asshole."

Laughter.

Eric Dane: "But when you strip away all the hype, all the headlines, all the wars he's started — what you have is one of the most influential, most dominant, most talked-about names in this sport's modern history."

Eric Dane: "From the moment he stepped into a UTA ring, he didn't just *participate*. He took over. He changed how matches were wrestled. How promos were cut. How entire companies shaped their future."

Dane rests a hand on the podium, his voice growing steadier.

Eric Dane: "Mike Best blurred the line between character and man. Between kayfabe and reality. And no matter how much you booed him, hated him, or loved to hate him... you *paid attention.*"

Eric Dane: "Tonight, we don't just honor a champion. We honor a legacy. A voice. A vision."

Eric Dane: "So, ladies and gentlemen — with all the venom, all the veneration, and all the volume you've got left — it is my honor to welcome to the 2025 WrestleUTA Hall of Fame..."

Eric Dane: "...the Son of God himself — **MIKE. BEST.**"

Spotlights flare as the Hall of Fame logo shifts to a pulsing red and white motif. The crowd ignites in a chorus of cheers, boos, and sheer disbelief. A mix of awe and resentment — the full Mike Best experience.

All eyes now shift toward the stage entrance...

TIME TO BREAK KAYFABE MORE THAN SOME OF THE OTHERS ALREADY HAVE DURING THIS SHOW

Mike sent in something for his acceptance that is totally unlike everyone else's. It's almost purely out of character and not in an "acceptance" form, but I felt like it should be included as is. At the end of the day, this is a game that real people play with others playing a fake people. You can use your imagination to fill in the blanks of what Mike Best accepting his UTA HOF is, and that's ok. We play in a world of fantasy. So, with that being said... here is your headliner's Hall of Fame Induction.

-Ben

Blog format.

That's how my Hall of Fame induction speech is going to go for the United Toughness Alliance. Of course it is. Anything less would be a betrayal for what got me here in the first place. So there won't be any stage directions, or dialogue brackets, or camera changes. Just this. The thing that brought me to the show in the first place.

Oh, and don't mind all the hyphens and shit. I was doing that before ChatGPT existed. Fuck you.

So here we go:

It's kind of funny to be sitting here writing this, because in truth, I've never given a Hall of Fame speech before. Sure, Lee Best always wanted you to give everyone a few words, but High Octane Wrestling wasn't a company of words. It was a company of actions. Grisly, barbaric, borderline indecent actions. That was always the dichotomy between HOW and UTA— UTA was a wrestling company.

HOW was a war zone.

And that's not a statement of judgment on either, it's just an observation. There weren't many of us that could love both, you were in one camp or the other. It wasn't sports entertainment versus wrestling, it was old school versus a literal circle of hell— truth be told, though, I think all of my favorite people were the people who knew how to fuck with both of them.

So let's get down to it: Why am I here?

I didn't spend but a cup of coffee in UTA— that's probably the thing on the tips of most people's tongues. I have never wrestled a single match in UTA, and even when I managed Alex Beckman here, that was only for a couple of months. Lee Best considers my contributions to UTA to be "that weird couple of months where we were fighting so I went to UTAH", and he's not entirely wrong. But when I was approached with this honor, and make no mistake it is a fucking honor, the reason for my inclusion was made clear to me. It wasn't just UTA. It wasn't just DREAM, where I held the World Championship AND the Women's Championship.

Look, shoot name Ben and I go way the fuck back.

Maybe that sounds like nepotism, but if you weren't there for it, you don't understand. It's podcasts at 3AM exposing guys who faked their own deaths. It's teaching each other how to get better at the art that makes the websites pop out to new recruits and fans alike. It's testing scripts and cross promotion and all the things that helped our respective companies thrive over the years. If you want the truth, I never make it to HOW without DREAM Wrestling. And I believe in my heart that UTA never comes back without Michael Lee Best.

So I don't have a highlight reel for you.

I can't point to a bucket full of matches and say "hey, remember that?" This ring— this honor, this induction— is a personal one. One that I appreciate more than I can convey with a couple of paragraphs. Ben and I have been down the roads together for over 20 years, and seeing UTA come back after all this time is reward enough. But I'm gonna wear this ring, and I'm not going to look a gift horse in the mouth. I'm gonna go back into my retirement hole for now, but hey, keep your eyes peeled— the Best family are like cockroaches. We always show up right when you thought we were dead forever.

Thank you, Ben.

For everything.

Love you, buddy.

Closing

Segment

The stage is still glowing in red and gold as the final notes of Mike Best's theme fade into the background. The crowd buzzes with energy — some on their feet, some still processing what they've just witnessed. Through the curtain one last time comes the man who started it all tonight...

Eric Dane steps to the podium, straightening his blazer. He takes a breath and looks out across the packed Pearl Theater.

Eric Dane: “Las Vegas...”

The crowd responds with a pop.

Eric Dane: “What a night.”

He pauses as the audience begins clapping again, some standing to applaud the evening.

Eric Dane: “From legends who paved the road... to rebels who defied the rules... to ghosts who still haunt these halls — tonight wasn’t just a ceremony. It was a celebration of everything this business is, and everyone who’s ever made the UTA what it is.”

Eric Dane: “We honored warriors. We remembered The Redeemer. We shed tears with Hardcore Sandy. We took a trip down controversial memory lane with Abdul bin Hussain. We laughed. We got uncomfortable. We clapped. We booed. And we damn sure respected.”

He steps away from the mic and gestures toward the empty chairs on stage where the plaques once sat. Now, each new Hall of Famer has taken their rightful place in history.

Eric Dane: “To all of tonight’s inductees — on behalf of the company, the locker room, and every single person who ever bought a ticket, downloaded a show, or believed in the magic of pro wrestling...”

Eric Dane: “Congratulations. And thank you.”

Applause begins again — swelling louder and louder until the crowd is back on its feet, chanting:

Crowd: “U-T-A! U-T-A! U-T-A!”

Eric Dane: “We’ll see you all tomorrow night at *WrestleUTA: 25.* Goodnight... and long live the United Toughness Alliance.”

The lights begin to fade as “Back in the Saddle” by Aerosmith plays over the house speakers. The camera pans over the cheering crowd, the gleaming plaques, and one final overhead shot of the WrestleUTA Hall of Fame stage...

Fade to black.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite