

Hall of Fame: 2026

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: March 26, 2026
Location: Lenovo Center — Raleigh, NC

Preview

Before the UTA takes over Raleigh for Victory, join us for the 2026 Hall of Fame the night before.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen is black.

A low, cinematic swell of music begins to rise. Slow at first. Haunting. Important. Gold light flickers into view like the glow of memory itself. Grainy footage rolls across the screen in flashes. Roars from sold out buildings. Championship belts raised high. Blood, sweat, tears, and triumph stitched together into one living history.

A narrator speaks over the montage, calm and commanding. The kind of voice that makes a moment feel bigger than the room it lives in.

NARRATOR: "Every generation leaves behind its names."

We see black and white stills dissolve into vivid color. The old United Toughness Alliance logo. Crowds pressed against barricades. Rings shaking beneath impact. A younger era. A rougher era. A louder era.

NARRATOR: "Names that did not just compete inside these ropes... but changed what these ropes meant."

Quick cuts now.

Cancer Jiles grinning with that unmistakable arrogance. Bobby Dean reveling in the chaos. Doozer standing with cold confidence. The eGG Bandits together, united in mischief, swagger, and unforgettable mayhem. Clips of the trio celebrating, humiliating opponents, and making themselves impossible to ignore.

NARRATOR: "A trio who turned disruption into an art form. Who made enemies everywhere they went... and made history doing it. The eGG Bandits."

The music builds.

Claude Baptiste Rainer appears in a series of sharp, dramatic shots. Precision. Presence. A man who carried himself like he belonged in every marquee and every main event. We see moments of intensity, moments of control, moments where entire arenas were forced to react to him.

NARRATOR: "A standard-bearer of excellence. A name that demanded respect every time it was spoken. Claude Baptiste Rainer."

Another flash.

Eric Dane Sr. in vintage footage. The poise. The grit. The aura of a man who helped build the foundation others would walk on. Old battles, old triumphs, old moments that somehow still feel alive. The kind of legacy that stretches far beyond one night or one run.

NARRATOR: "A cornerstone. A trailblazer. A man whose impact can still be felt in every chapter written since. Eric Dane Sr."

The montage rolls on.

Team Danger bursts onto the screen in a blur of movement and chemistry. Tandem offense. Double-team precision. Unity forged through battle. They move like instinct, like trust, like the very definition of what tag team wrestling can be when it is done at its highest level.

NARRATOR: "Together, they embodied the bond, the risk, and the reward of standing side by side. Team Danger."

The soundtrack shifts slightly, becoming almost spiritual in tone.

MJ Flair appears. Grand entrances. Grand moments. Grand emotion. The Second Coming. A figure larger than the frame itself. We see the charisma, the presence, the electricity. A performer who never simply entered a room... but transformed it.

NARRATOR: "Some do not arrive to be part of history. Some arrive to reshape it in their own image. MJ Flair. The Second Coming."

Then the screen darkens again.

A beat. A breath.

And then chaos.

Madman Szalinski.

Violence. Passion. Defiance. Unpredictable brawls. Wild-eyed fury. The sound of crowds rising not because they know what is about to happen... but because they know nobody else could make them feel like this. Clip after clip of Madman at his most dangerous, his most emotional, his most unforgettable.

NARRATOR: "And at the head of the Class of 2026... a man who never asked for permission to become unforgettable. A man who left scars on opponents, memories in the minds of the fans, and a permanent mark on the soul of this company. The headliner... Madman Szalinski."

The music swells higher now, reaching its peak.

One by one, all of the inductees appear on screen in dramatic stills and highlight shots. The eGG Bandits. Claude Baptiste Rainer. Eric Dane Sr. Team Danger. MJ Flair. Madman Szalinski.

NARRATOR: "Tonight, we do not gather just to remember."

NARRATOR: "We gather to honor."

NARRATOR: "To celebrate."

NARRATOR: "To immortalize."

The images begin to slow. The noise of the crowd underneath the music becomes more pronounced now. We are no longer just in the past. We are arriving in the present.

NARRATOR: "Tonight, legends take their place forever."

NARRATOR: "Tonight, the United Toughness Alliance honors the Class of 2026."

The final image is the UTA Hall of Fame logo in gold, shining against black as the music hits one last triumphant note.

NARRATOR: "This... is the UTA Hall of Fame."

Cut to the live crowd inside the Lenovo Center as the audience rises to its feet, applauding, buzzing, waiting for the

official start of the ceremony.

Welcome

Segment

The camera fades in. The Hall of Fame stage glows under golden lights as legendary Hall of Famer Scott Stevens walks to the podium in a sharp dark suit. The crowd rises to its feet immediately, applauding as Stevens gives a humble nod from the stage steps before making his way to the microphone. He adjusts the mic, glances out over the arena, and exhales softly as the ovation continues.

Scott Stevens: "You know... when you spend as many years in this business as I have... you learn something real quick."

He lets the reaction settle, one hand resting on the podium while the other gestures outward toward the crowd.

Scott Stevens: "You learn that professional wrestling is not just about championships... it's not just about main events... and it's not even just about the moments that make the crowd stand up and scream."

Stevens slowly nods to himself, his expression turning more thoughtful as he scans the front rows.

Scott Stevens: "It's about legacy."

Scott Stevens: "It's about the men and women who left footprints so deep in this industry... that no matter how many years pass... those footsteps never fade."

A respectful murmur runs through the arena. Stevens taps two fingers lightly against the top of the podium, then looks toward the Hall of Fame banners hanging above the stage.

Scott Stevens: "And tonight... we celebrate some of the very best to ever lace up a pair of boots."

The crowd cheers again. Stevens smiles faintly and shifts his stance, loosening up as he settles into the speech.

Scott Stevens: "Now if you've been around this business long enough, you know that sometimes greatness doesn't come wrapped in respectability... sometimes it shows up with a grin, a bad idea, and a plan to cause absolute chaos."

That line gets a knowing laugh from sections of the audience. Stevens smirks, already anticipating the response.

Scott Stevens: "And nobody—nobody—did chaos quite like Cancer Jiles, Bobby Dean, and Doozer... the eGG Bandits."

The mention of the name draws a louder reaction. Stevens lifts an eyebrow and spreads his hands as if to say the reputation speaks for itself.

Scott Stevens: "For years these three clowns... and I say that with the utmost respect... made a career out of cracking jokes, pulling pranks, and stirring up enough trouble to drive promoters insane."

Scott Stevens: "But while everybody else was laughing..."

He leans slightly toward the microphone, lowering his voice for emphasis.

Scott Stevens: "They were winning."

The crowd answers with applause. Stevens points once into the audience, as though acknowledging those who lived through that era.

Scott Stevens: "Tag team gold. World championships. Promotions across the industry learned the hard way that beneath the jokes and shenanigans were three dangerous competitors."

Scott Stevens: "Cancer Jiles became a world champion in DEFIANCE and HOW."

Scott Stevens: "Bobby Dean captured the sVo World Championship."

Scott Stevens: "And Doozer carried the DREAM World Title."

Stevens nods with each accomplishment, almost counting them off with the subtle motion of his hand.

Scott Stevens: "Separately they were trouble..."

Scott Stevens: "But together? They were unstoppable."

Scott Stevens: "And the only thing more unpredictable than the eGG Bandits' opponents... was the eGG Bandits themselves."

Scott Stevens: "They might flake on a promoter... they might skip town... they might even prank their own friends..."

That gets another wave of laughter. Stevens chuckles under his breath and shakes his head at the memory.

Scott Stevens: "But somehow... some way... doing things their way brought them all the way here tonight."

The applause rolls through the building once more. Stevens straightens his jacket and turns the page on the podium.

Scott Stevens: "Now speaking of controversial..."

That alone sparks noise from the crowd. Stevens pauses, lips pressed into an amused grin.

Scott Stevens: "There are men who follow the stars..."

Scott Stevens: "And then there's The Only Star... Eric Dane Sr."

The arena reacts instantly. Stevens gives a slow nod, letting the weight of the name hang in the air.

Scott Stevens: "You want a resume? I'll give you one."

Scott Stevens: "Eleven-time world champion."

Scott Stevens: "UTA. NeWA. WfWA."

Scott Stevens: "Already a Hall of Famer in more places than most people even dream of."

He taps the podium once for punctuation, his tone firm and matter-of-fact.

Scott Stevens: "But titles don't tell the whole story."

Scott Stevens: "Eric Dane didn't follow the stars... he destroyed them on his climb to the top."

The line gets a sharp reaction. Stevens narrows his eyes slightly, selling every word of it.

Scott Stevens: "And when he wasn't dominating inside the ring... he was changing the business outside of it."

Scott Stevens: "As the mastermind behind DEFIANCE Wrestling... he helped reshape the landscape of modern professional wrestling."

Scott Stevens: "You can hate him..."

Scott Stevens: "You can love him..."

Scott Stevens: "But you can never deny him."

Stevens steps back from the microphone for a second as the crowd reacts, then eases back in with a measured breath.

Scott Stevens: "Now if you ever stepped into the ring with Claude Baptiste Rainer... you knew you were in for a long night."

Scott Stevens: "The Canadian Superstar wasn't flashy... he didn't need theatrics..."

Scott Stevens: "All he needed was toughness."

Stevens plants both hands firmly on the podium, posture stiffening to match the image he is painting.

Scott Stevens: "And in the history of the UTA... few competitors were tougher."

Scott Stevens: "One of the longest reigning Legacy Champions this company has ever seen..."

Scott Stevens: "A man who treated that championship like it was forged in steel."

Scott Stevens: "And if you wanted it..."

Scott Stevens: "You had to pry it out of his hands."

A strong pop comes from the audience. Stevens nods respectfully before shifting gears once more.

Scott Stevens: "Now let's talk about tag teams."

Scott Stevens: "Because every era has great ones."

Scott Stevens: "But only a few reach legendary status."

Scott Stevens: "And when you talk about the greatest tag teams in wrestling history... the conversation is incomplete if you don't mention Team Danger... Tyrone Walker and Stephen Greer."

He motions with an open palm toward the stage set behind him, as if presenting the name to history itself.

Scott Stevens: "Individually? These two were already monsters."

Scott Stevens: "Tyrone Walker carved his legacy through the blood and broken bones of death matches... becoming the king of chaos."

Scott Stevens: "And Stephen Greer... the modern heavyweight... dominated the world title scene wherever he went."

Scott Stevens: "But when these two joined forces..."

Stevens pauses and smirks as the crowd leans in.

Scott Stevens: "It was game over."

Scott Stevens: "They didn't just beat tag teams."

Scott Stevens: "They destroyed them."

Scott Stevens: "And the result?"

Scott Stevens: "The greatest... and longest reigning Tag Team Champions in UTA history."

Scott Stevens: "If you built a Mount Rushmore of tag team wrestling..."

Scott Stevens: "Team Danger's faces are already carved into the stone."

The crowd roars. Stevens gives them a moment, taking a sip of water off the podium before continuing.

Scott Stevens: "Now wrestling legacies... sometimes they're inherited."

Scott Stevens: "But sometimes... they're earned."

Scott Stevens: "And Mariella Jade Flurstein... better known to many of you as MJ Flair... earned every bit of hers."

His voice softens slightly here, his expression warming with genuine respect.

Scott Stevens: "The daughter of the legendary 'King of Extreme' Eli Flair..."

Scott Stevens: "She could've walked right into the spotlight."

Scott Stevens: "But instead..."

Scott Stevens: "She put on a mask."

Scott Stevens: "She became The Second Coming."

Scott Stevens: "And she fought."

Scott Stevens: "Night after night... match after match... clawing her way through the UTA proving that her last name didn't define her."

Scott Stevens: "Her grit did."

Stevens places a hand over his chest for a moment, speaking from a place of real admiration.

Scott Stevens: "And eventually that grit turned into gold..."

Scott Stevens: "As she captured the Valor World Championship..."

Scott Stevens: "And later tore through HOW as the LSD Champion."

Scott Stevens: "Tonight the Princess of Extreme takes her rightful place in history."

The arena cheers loudly again. Stevens looks out into the crowd, then slowly lifts his chin as he reaches the headline name.

Scott Stevens: "And finally..."

Scott Stevens: "We come to the man headlining tonight's Hall of Fame class."

Scott Stevens: "And let me tell you something..."

Scott Stevens: "If you think Eric Dane is controversial..."

Scott Stevens: "You clearly never met Madman Szalinski."

The crowd reacts with a mixture of cheers and awe. Stevens lets out a breath through his nose and gives a slow shake of the head.

Scott Stevens: "Madman wasn't just dangerous inside the ring..."

Scott Stevens: "He was unpredictable in every sense of the word."

Scott Stevens: "A former UTA World Champion..."

Scott Stevens: "A competitor who embraced chaos like it was oxygen."

Scott Stevens: "But what made Madman special... wasn't just the madness."

Scott Stevens: "It was the resilience."

Stevens' tone drops, becoming more solemn as the gravity of the story settles over the arena.

Scott Stevens: "This is a man who literally suffered a heart attack in the middle of the ring..."

Scott Stevens: "And still came back... because wrestling wasn't just something he did."

Scott Stevens: "It was who he was."

Scott Stevens: "Bobby Dean may be the mascot of UTA..."

Scott Stevens: "But Madman Szalinski?"

Scott Stevens: "He was its spirit."

Scott Stevens: "And even today... as he helps guide the next generation of wrestlers..."

Scott Stevens: "His legacy continues to grow."

Stevens stands tall behind the podium, eyes glistening under the lights as the crowd gives another sustained ovation.

Scott Stevens: "So tonight..."

Scott Stevens: "We don't just celebrate championships."

Scott Stevens: "We don't just celebrate victories."

Scott Stevens: "We celebrate the stories... the chaos... the controversy... and the unforgettable moments that made these legends who they are."

Scott Stevens: "Ladies and gentlemen..."

Scott Stevens: "Welcome... to the UTA Hall of Fame."

Scott Stevens: "And let's honor the legends who made this business what it is today."

Stevens steps back from the podium and opens his arms toward the stage as the audience erupts. The camera pulls wide, capturing the glow of the set, the standing crowd, and the start of a night dedicated to legacy.

eGG Bandits

Match

The screen fades up from black.

Old film grain dances across the picture. Gold flecks drift through the frame as if the footage itself has been pulled from memory. A pulsing, swagger-filled soundtrack kicks in underneath it all. Not too serious. Not too playful. Just enough attitude to let the audience know exactly who this is about.

We open on chaos.

A younger Bobby Dean, wide-eyed and grinning, waddles down a hallway carrying far too much food in both hands. He turns a corner and immediately slips, somehow keeping one snack from falling while the rest of it explodes across the floor. Freeze frame.

NARRATOR: "Some men chase greatness."

The footage resumes. Bobby looks around, shrugs, and takes a bite anyway.

NARRATOR: "Some men chase trouble."

Cut to Doozer in the ring, all business. Throwing heavy hands. Running through opponents with clean, no-nonsense offense. Training clips. Focused expression. A man who looked like he woke up every morning with one goal: handle business.

NARRATOR: "And some... make sure the job gets done."

Then the music bends into something cooler. More stylish. Cancer Jiles appears through smoke and spotlight, jaw set, shades on, walking like the building belongs to him. A cocky smirk. A glance over his shoulder. A championship belt slung over one arm. The kind of confidence that makes people cheer and boo at the same time.

NARRATOR: "But every once in a while... the right mix of swagger, strength, and pure nonsense creates something unforgettable."

Quick flashes now. Bobby Dean dancing at ringside. Doozer yanking him back into position before a match can start. Jiles laughing at both of them, then immediately cheap-shotting an opponent the moment the referee turns away.

Bobby getting distracted by food. Doozer barking orders. Jiles stealing the spotlight and somehow making it look easy.

NARRATOR: "They were never supposed to work."

Clip of Bobby Dean accidentally splashing the wrong person in the corner.

NARRATOR: "One was a walking disaster."

Doozer plants somebody with a hard slam in the middle of the ring.

NARRATOR: "One was discipline personified."

Cancer Jiles leans back in a chair backstage, sunglasses on, talking with his hands and smiling like he already knows the ending.

NARRATOR: "And one was too cool to care... until it was time to win."

The pace picks up.

Now we see the trio in full rhythm. Entering together. Standing together. Arguing on the apron. Celebrating after victories. Bobby Dean causing a scene. Doozer stepping in to restore order. Jiles soaking in the reaction of the crowd like a man born for it. It becomes clear, through clip after clip, that what made them special was not that they were polished. It was that they were impossible to predict.

NARRATOR: "They did not fit the mold."

NARRATOR: "They broke it."

A clip of Bobby Dean hiding behind Doozer during a wild ringside brawl. Another of Bobby somehow ending up on top of a pile of bodies, arms raised like he planned it all. The crowd roaring with laughter. Then Doozer, dead serious, stepping into frame and pulling him forward by the arm toward the next fight.

NARRATOR: "Bobby Dean brought the hijinx."

Bobby winks at the camera with mustard on his face.

NARRATOR: "Doozer brought the backbone."

Doozer drills an opponent with a shoulder tackle that turns him inside out.

NARRATOR: "And Cancer Jiles..."

Jiles slowly lowers his sunglasses and smirks into the lens.

NARRATOR: "...brought the cool."

The music rises. We start seeing bigger career moments now. Main event lights. Crowd chants. Trios standing tall after another win. Backstage interviews where Jiles does most of the talking, Bobby says too much, and Doozer says just enough. Their chemistry is messy, ridiculous, and perfect. It feels less like a team assembled in a boardroom and more like lightning caught in a bottle.

NARRATOR: "Together, they were comedy and confidence."

NARRATOR: "Chaos and control."

NARRATOR: "A circus on some nights."

NARRATOR: "A wrecking ball on others."

We cut to a dramatic slow-motion shot of the three of them standing side by side on the stage. Bobby Dean grinning like he cannot believe any of this is real. Doozer looking straight ahead, calm and ready. Cancer Jiles in the middle,

chin raised, like history is exactly where he always knew he would end up.

NARRATOR: "And somehow... through every laugh, every fight, every argument, every upset, and every unforgettable moment..."

Shots of raised hands. Ringside celebrations. Wild backstage scenes. A team that made noise, made memories, and made sure nobody ever forgot when they had entered the building.

NARRATOR: "...they became one of the most entertaining and beloved factions of their era."

The footage slows again.

Now we see them older. More polished. Still unmistakably themselves. Bobby Dean clowning for the camera one last time. Doozer shaking his head, though even he cannot quite hide a smile. Jiles stepping between them and throwing an arm across each man's shoulder.

NARRATOR: "Not because they were perfect."

NARRATOR: "Because they were unforgettable."

The screen flashes through one last series of signature images: Bobby Dean in mid-hijinx, Doozer delivering a signature power move, Cancer Jiles basking in the spotlight.

NARRATOR: "Three very different men."

NARRATOR: "One impossible chemistry."

NARRATOR: "One lasting legacy."

The music hits its final swell as the trio appears together in a heroic freeze frame, larger than life.

NARRATOR: "The eGG Bandits."

NARRATOR: "UTA Hall of Fame. Class of 2026."

The image fades to black.

From there, we return to the stage for their official induction presentation.

The lights inside the venue soften as the applause from the vignette fades away. For a moment, there is a pause. The audience settles, expecting the next formal step in the evening.

Instead, after a beat too long, a woman steps out from behind the curtain in a glittering sparkly dress and high heels. She is elegant, but clearly nervous. Very nervous. Her eyes dart toward the stage, then toward the crowd, then back toward the curtain again as if she is not entirely sure she is in the correct place.

She clutches a small piece of paper in both hands.

She takes a few hesitant steps forward... then stops.

A stagehand quickly leans out from the side, urgently motioning and whispering while pointing toward the podium.

STAGEHAND: "The podium. Right there. Go to the podium."

The woman nods quickly, startled, and gives a small bow of apology before hurrying in that direction with careful, uncertain little steps. One heel nearly catches. She steadies herself. The crowd gives a light murmur, a few chuckles, not cruel but confused.

Finally, she reaches the podium. She exhales, unfolds the paper with shaky hands, and looks out at the audience like she has suddenly realized just how many people are watching her.

She swallows hard, then begins to read in very broken English.

WOMAN: "Uh... hello. Good... good evening."

She glances down again, squinting at the paper.

WOMAN: "I am here... to welcome... first... uh..."

She struggles with the next words, sounding them out carefully.

WOMAN: "In-duk-tees..."

She looks up, relieved that she got through it, then continues.

WOMAN: "The..."

She pauses again, uncertain.

WOMAN: "...Egg..."

A few people in the audience already start smiling.

WOMAN: "...Bandits."

She lowers the paper just a little, clearly hoping that was all she needed to do.

WOMAN: "Please... welcome. The eGG Bandits."

She gives an awkward little nod and steps back from the podium, unsure if she should leave immediately or wait. The crowd reacts with a mix of amusement and curiosity as the moment hangs in the air, setting the stage for whatever ridiculousness is about to follow with Bobby Dean accepting on behalf of the group.

The crowd is still buzzing from the awkward introduction when the opening notes of Bobby Dean's music hit.

Out from the back steps Bobby Dean, dressed in a suit that is doing him absolutely no favors. The jacket pulls too tightly across his middle, the pants bunch at the ankles, and the whole thing looks like it was tailored by someone who had only heard descriptions of Bobby Dean secondhand. Slung proudly over his shoulder is the old UTA Hardcore Championship.

Bobby grins from ear to ear and waves with both hands as he makes his way toward the stage, soaking in the cheers, the laughter, and the affection from the crowd. He points out into the audience like a man arriving for the biggest night of his life... because in his mind, he absolutely is.

He finally reaches the podium, adjusts himself behind it, then motions toward the frightened woman who is still lingering awkwardly near the side of the stage.

BOBBY DEAN: "First off, thank you to Jade for that amazing introduction."

The crowd chuckles. The woman gives a quick nervous smile.

BOBBY DEAN: "You can find Jade and many others down at Big Bobby Dean's House of Strictly, No Really, Massages in Fort Lauderdale, Florida."

The line gets a bigger reaction from the crowd. The woman's eyes widen and she immediately hurries off the stage as fast as her heels will allow, clearly wanting no part of whatever Bobby Dean is saying. Bobby watches her leave, nodding to himself like he has just helped a valued employee plug a family business.

He then carefully lifts the old UTA Hardcore Championship from his shoulder and places it on the podium beside him. He pats it once, then reaches into his coat and pulls out a thick stack of papers. He rustles them loudly. He straightens them. Then straightens them again. Then flips one over for no reason at all.

BOBBY DEAN: "Unfortunately tonight, Doozer and Cancer Jiles could not be here, so I am here to accept this induction on behalf of the eGG Bandits."

The crowd applauds warmly.

BOBBY DEAN: "And first, I want to thank the UTA for giving us a platform to entertain. A place where three very different men could come together and become something people remembered."

Bobby nods, glancing down at his papers.

BOBBY DEAN: "I also want to thank Catering."

A beat. Then laughter spreads through the building.

BOBBY DEAN: "Very important people. Very underappreciated people."

He licks a finger and flips the page dramatically.

BOBBY DEAN: "I want to thank every hotel ice machine that kept pushing through, no matter what was asked of it."

BOBBY DEAN: "I want to thank the inventors of elastic waistbands."

BOBBY DEAN: "I want to thank every referee who chose not to see what maybe they should have seen."

BOBBY DEAN: "I want to thank late checkout."

BOBBY DEAN: "I want to thank vending machines that accidentally gave me two for the price of one."

BOBBY DEAN: "I want to thank every ring crew member who reinforced a turnbuckle and then quietly prayed."

The crowd is rolling now as Bobby continues, becoming more emotional with each absurd item.

BOBBY DEAN: "I want to thank breakfast buffets. Lunch buffets. Dinner buffets. The brave men and women who said, 'Sure, all you can eat,' and then had to deal with the consequences."

BOBBY DEAN: "I want to thank airport wheelchairs, even if some people said I didn't need one."

BOBBY DEAN: "I want to thank robe makers for always believing in my measurements."

BOBBY DEAN: "I want to thank every doctor who said, 'Bobby, maybe slow down,' and every person in my life who said, 'No, let him cook.'"

He lowers the papers for a moment as the laughter and applause wash over him. Bobby smiles. Then, for once, he grows a little more sincere.

BOBBY DEAN: "But most importantly..."

He puts the papers down on the podium.

BOBBY DEAN: "I want to thank the fans."

The room responds with a warm round of applause.

BOBBY DEAN: "Because without all of you, there is no eGG Bandits. Without all of you, there is no Bobby Dean."

That line lands. Bobby looks out over the audience, soaking in the ovation. Then he reaches over and rubs the top plate of the UTA Hardcore Championship with almost surprising tenderness.

BOBBY DEAN: "You know... when the pandemic hit, and the company shut down, and I was left the final Hardcore Champion..."

He pauses, glancing down at the title.

BOBBY DEAN: "I never would have dreamed that the company would return... and I'd be sitting here with over 2,200 days as champion."

The crowd gives an appreciative reaction to that statistic as Bobby's face shifts into one of almost childlike pride.

BOBBY DEAN: "And now..."

He smiles wide, almost disbelieving it himself.

BOBBY DEAN: "I got a plaque and a ring."

Bobby looks up toward the heavens.

BOBBY DEAN: "Momma... your little boy has made it!"

The crowd rises, laughing and applauding at the same time, charmed completely by him.

BOBBY DEAN: "Thank you!"

He raises one arm high in the air as the audience stands and claps. Bobby holds the pose for a moment like a conquering hero, then scoops up the Hardcore Championship, hugs the papers to his chest, and waddles away from the podium to another strong ovation.

Claude Baptiste Rainer

Match

The screen fades up through a wash of gold and pale white light.

The tone is instantly different from the others. Sleek. Elegant. Refined. This package does not rush to prove anything. It knows exactly who it is. A low orchestral pulse builds beneath the sound of camera shutters and distant crowd noise, like the memory of a spotlight warming up.

Old footage flickers into view. A younger Claude Baptiste Rainer adjusting his wrist tape in a dim locker room. A reflection in a cracked mirror. A robe draped across a chair. A championship belt being lifted into frame. Then the look—confident, almost amused, like the world had already been informed of his arrival and was merely catching up.

NARRATOR: "Some men spend their careers trying to be seen."

A beat.

NARRATOR: "Some men walk into a room... and are impossible not to see."

The music sharpens. We see Claude in motion now. Long stride. Straight posture. The kind of natural confidence that cannot be borrowed and never has to be forced. He moves through curtain smoke, through flashbulbs, through packed arenas with the quiet certainty of a man who has always believed he belonged on the biggest stage available.

NARRATOR: "He was not built for the background."

NARRATOR: "He was built for marquee lights."

Quick cuts now. Claude in the ring, crisp and composed. A title raised. A smirk toward a hostile crowd. A measured step backward before exploding forward with precision. Every movement feels deliberate. Every moment feels owned.

NARRATOR: "Style."

NARRATOR: "Presence."

NARRATOR: "Confidence sharpened into a weapon."

We see the evolution of him now. Not just a gifted competitor. Not just a polished talker. A man becoming a force. More dangerous. More complete. More certain. The clips widen from entrances and poses into victories, rivalries,

championships, and the slow-building weight of legacy.

NARRATOR: "Claude Baptiste Ranier did not become memorable by accident."

NARRATOR: "He made sure every room remembered him."

The package starts moving faster. Midwest halls. Early crowds. Small venues. Ring ropes under cheap lights. Then bigger places. Louder reactions. More cameras. Better suits. Bigger stakes. The road from prospect to star taking shape in fragments.

NARRATOR: "From humble beginnings..."

NARRATOR: "To world championships..."

NARRATOR: "To the kind of career that leaves fingerprints on every chapter it touched."

We see flashes of the moments that defined his run. The climb. The titles. The formation of alliances. The nights where he stood at the center of the UTA universe looking like he had always belonged there. A company filled with elite talent, and Claude still finding a way to feel singular.

NARRATOR: "He came to UTA in an era filled with greatness..."

NARRATOR: "And still carved out a space that belonged only to him."

The music dips, giving more room to the memories. We see Bobby Dean. Yoshii. The Internet Title. The Legacy Title. Dynasty. Belts. banners. battles. Claude always in the frame, and usually in command of it.

NARRATOR: "He did not just collect moments."

NARRATOR: "He created them."

NARRATOR: "He did not simply wear championship gold."

NARRATOR: "He gave it meaning."

Then the footage turns more intimate. Claude backstage after a match, sweat-soaked and still smiling. Claude in a suit, speaking softly to a younger wrestler. Claude standing alone in the ring long after the crowd has settled, as if memorizing the place. The package lets the audience feel the bond between the man and the company.

NARRATOR: "For all the titles..."

NARRATOR: "For all the rivalries..."

NARRATOR: "For all the ego and all the elegance..."

NARRATOR: "There was one truth that endured."

A long shot of the UTA ring fills the screen.

NARRATOR: "This place was home."

The score begins its final climb. Claude appears in a series of final images—head high, jaw set, hair tied back, championship on his shoulder, eyes on the future. He looks like a man who knew what he was building even while he was in the middle of building it.

NARRATOR: "A star."

NARRATOR: "A champion."

NARRATOR: "A founder of legacy in every sense of the word."

NARRATOR: "One of the defining names of his era."

The final image freezes on Claude Baptiste Ranier standing under the lights, arms slightly out, soaking in the noise.

NARRATOR: "Claude Baptiste Ranier."

NARRATOR: "CBR."

NARRATOR: "UTA Hall of Fame. Class of 2026."

The screen fades to black.

The lights in the Lenovo Center dim slightly and the spotlight covers a luminescent circle on the stage. The opening riff of "Seek and Destroy" erupts through the speakers.

Onto the stage strolls a tall, aging frame dressed in a sharp blue pinstripe suit. Blue shirt. Polished black Church's shoes and a gold watch wrapped tightly around the wrist.

Jonny Kae, known to few under the age of thirty but to many over, walks toward the podium with his grin wide and proud. His trademark long hair is gone, replaced with a short greying cut receded at the sides, as his six-foot-six frame moves into position. The music dies and Kae removes a pair of glasses from his pocket, adorning his once youthful face, now covered in the craters of wisdom.

Jonny removes a piece of paper and lifts his closed fist to his mouth, releasing a cough to clear his throat. He taps the mic.

Jonny Kae: "Good evening Raleigh...it's been a while."

The grin returns, widening his eyes as he looks across the crowd.

Jonny Kae: "Some of you may remember me, some of you may not, but this is one of the proudest moments in my thirty-five years in this business."

Kae rests his forearm on the lectern, lifting the paper slightly off its surface.

Jonny Kae: "If you'd have told me that twenty years after I last laced up my boots that I'd be standing here in front of you all, I'd have said you needed your head examined. I was done with the business, I was out. But every now and then you meet someone who reminds you of that spark..."

Kae looks across the sea of faces.

Jonny Kae: "Someone you know has it all. Someone who you'd get back into the business for. And that's where this man came in. The Canadian Star not only caught my attention, but reminded me of what it felt like to fall in love with this industry again. It was a pleasure standing in your corner, a privilege passing on the knowledge."

Jonny folds the page and stands to the side.

Jonny Kae: "Ladies and Gentlemen...Claude Baptiste Ranier...CBR!"

He starts clapping, the grin wide as Avenged Sevenfold's "Hail to the King" comes onto the speakers. The UTA fan base reacts loudly to the return of one of their own as from the back CBR appears, dark blue suit jacket over a pink shirt, ivory coloured chinos and a pair of oxblood shoes.

Ranier's hair, tied back, still blonde but with a few noticeable strands of grey, as he clasps his palms together and walks onto the stage. The two men embrace as the crowd claps and chants, "C-B-R! C-B-R! C-B-R!"

A few comments are shared between Kae and Claude, as Jonny puts his hand on CBR's shoulder and whispers something into his ear before walking off to the side.

Claude smirks toward the crowd, blinking twice and pausing as he raises the mic. He breathes out slowly, lips curled upwards.

CBR: "Did you miss me?..."

Arms raise as he basks in the light, smile turning into a full beaming grin. The audience laughs and a few chants at the back start but don't follow through across the rest of the crowd. His arm falls to his side. Ranier takes his place and gestures to his side, lifting the mic once more to his mouth.

CBR: "Jonny Kae everybody!"

He points as the claps continue.

CBR: "Thank you Jon. Thank you for being here today and for everything over the years. Everyone's got to start somewhere. And for me, that was with you. Without Jonny Kae...there is no CBR."

He claps as Kae nods gracefully before exiting the stage. Claude turns back to the crowd, the corners of his lips upturning to reveal the lines of time.

CBR: "Now, Raleigh. Maybe I should introduce myself..."

The crowd grows into a cheer, not quite peaking and slowly dying down.

CBR: "My name is Claude. Claude Baptiste Ranier, son of Sebastien Ranier. Delighted to see some old faces...and good to see so many new."

He picks the mic from its stand and begins to walk slowly across the stage.

CBR: "You know, I still remember the first time I laced up the boots. Midwest Wrestling Alliance in front of barely one hundred people. I remember my first world title at Pryde. I remember the VWF. But you know what?"

There's a pause as he stops the methodical walk.

CBR: "This place...."

He pauses, closing his eyes.

CBR: "The halls of the UTA...the rings..."

He opens his eyes slowly, remembering where he is.

CBR: "This right here. This always felt like home."

The pop returns as he can't hold back the wide smile.

CBR: "I got into this business because of my Dad. Not to impress him but to spite him. You could say I had a chip on my shoulder."

He looks upwards and makes a sign of the cross across his head, shoulders and chest. Then returning to slowly walk the opposing direction across the stage.

CBR: "But it wasn't long before I realised I was born for this. It came naturally. I loved it. Every moment, every road trip, the attention. The bars, the flights, the cars, the back street motels. It was incredible. For over ten years I got to entertain millions... and for ten years I got to show the world my very best."

He stops again, gesturing the mic towards the crowd.

CBR: "But you guys, man...you guys!"

He returns to a soft smile.

CBR: "I think someone I used to know called you mouthbreathers. Ha! But I have to say, these were the best crowds I ever got to perform to."

He nods, looking back and forth across the filled seats.

CBR: "I wrestled for UTA during what I like to think were the golden years of the business and there's so many memories. From my first match against Bobby Dean; to beating Yoshii for the Internet Title; to founding the Legacy title and making it damn famous; forming Dynasty. So many great memories. And you guys were there for all of them..."

The crowd pops at the memories of moments.

CBR: "This place is more than a company. It's an institution. It's where the best in the world came to test themselves against the best in the world. And to have been a part of that. Man...goosebumps."

Claude stands right at the edge of the stage.

CBR: "So to be added to this hall...at this company...with these guys? Honour doesn't even come close."

He steps backwards and raises his left arm.

CBR: "Thank you to everyone who was there along the way, to the boys in the back and the brothers on the road. It was special..."

Claude nods slowly and bows forward forty-five degrees.

CBR: "The God of Kings...signing off."

He lays the mic down on the podium and waves to the crowd, who applaud once more, before walking off stage with one more glance back...

Team Danger

Match

The screen fades in through static, smoke, and a low industrial hum.

There is no softness to this package. No nostalgia-drenched piano. No sweeping orchestral rise. This one comes at the audience with grit, with scars, with the sound of two men who made their names by hitting harder, standing longer, and refusing to disappear.

Black-and-white footage flashes across the screen first. Empty rings. Training rooms. Bruised hands being taped. Mouthguards snapped into place. Weight belts tightened. A city skyline at night. A long highway. Boots on concrete.

NARRATOR: "Some teams are built to entertain."

A beat.

NARRATOR: "Some are built to last."

Now the footage sharpens. Color floods in. Stephen Greer in motion, all force and calculation, moving through opponents like a man who learned early that pain was something you either delivered or endured. Tyrone Walker appears next, carrying himself with a swagger that feels effortless until the bell rings and the violence becomes real.

NARRATOR: "And then there are the teams that were never built at all."

NARRATOR: "They were forged."

The music kicks harder. We see them together now. Greer and Walker. Side by side. Back to back. Walking through smoke, through lights, through arenas that already knew trouble had arrived.

NARRATOR: "Two men who could have stood alone."

NARRATOR: "Two champions who had already proven they were more than capable of carrying their own weight."

NARRATOR: "But when they chose to stand together..."

Quick cuts now. A brutal lariat. A spine-jarring slam. Walker firing up with the crowd behind him. Greer cutting an opponent down with cold precision. Tag made. Double-team landed. Match over.

NARRATOR: "...they became something this business could not ignore."

The package leans into the contradictions that made them work. Greer, measured and dangerous. Walker, charismatic and explosive. One like a blade. The other like a fire. Different energies. Same result.

NARRATOR: "Stephen Greer was survival sharpened into a weapon."

NARRATOR: "Tyrone Walker was force wrapped in confidence and swagger."

NARRATOR: "Together..."

The footage freezes on the two of them staring down the hard camera.

NARRATOR: "...they were Team Danger."

We see their rise now in bigger moments. Championship matches. Main events. Rings full of bodies they had outlasted. Belts held overhead. Cameras flashing. Crowds roaring. The kind of scenes that do not happen by accident and do not last unless the people inside them are exactly who they claim to be.

NARRATOR: "They did not stumble into greatness."

NARRATOR: "They chose it."

NARRATOR: "And once they had it, they had no intention of giving it back."

A louder swell in the music. Clips of chaos now. Brawls at ringside. Security struggling to control the fallout. Walker jawing into the camera. Greer stone-faced, focused, already thinking three steps ahead. A team that could laugh, fight, maim, and win in the same breath.

NARRATOR: "They were loved by many."

NARRATOR: "Hated by plenty."

NARRATOR: "Respected by everyone who knew better."

We cut to Kelly Evans in old footage at ringside, sharp as ever, managing the storm with the kind of poise only she could bring to something this combustible. Then back to Greer and Walker, no longer just surviving the chaos around them, but weaponizing it.

NARRATOR: "And behind every empire of violence and confidence..."

NARRATOR: "There was a queen who knew exactly how to keep it pointed in the right direction."

The music dips for a moment, giving room for the legacy to breathe. We see the years start to stack together now. Different promotions. Different titles. Different cities. Same team. Same message. Same refusal to become a footnote.

NARRATOR: "Team Danger was never supposed to last this long."

NARRATOR: "That is what made them dangerous."

NARRATOR: "They outlived expectations."

NARRATOR: "They outworked doubt."

NARRATOR: "And they turned tag team wrestling from a division into an event."

Now the footage slows, becoming more reverent without losing its edge. Greer and Walker standing shoulder to shoulder, championship belts around their waists. Greer with that same cold steadiness. Walker with that same

knowing grin. They look older. Sharper. Wiser. Still dangerous.

NARRATOR: "Not because they were perfect."

NARRATOR: "Because they were undeniable."

A final sequence. The signature X. The belts raised. The crowd split between cheers and boos. Kelly Evans at their side. The whole thing feeling less like a team and more like a force of nature that learned how to wear matching colors.

NARRATOR: "Champions."

NARRATOR: "Main eventers."

NARRATOR: "Icons of the tag division."

NARRATOR: "And one of the greatest tandems this sport has ever known."

The music crests as the final image hits: Stephen Greer and Tyrone Walker, side by side, arms crossed in the signature X.

NARRATOR: "The King of Pain, Stephen Greer."

NARRATOR: "The Black Jesus, Tyrone Walker."

NARRATOR: "Team Danger."

NARRATOR: "UTA Hall of Fame. Class of 2026."

The screen fades to black.

Back live inside the arena, the announcer stands center stage as the crowd begins to stir with anticipation.

Announcer:

"Welcome to the stage... the Matriarch of DEFIANCE... and the Queen B. of Team Danger... Kelly Evans."

The crowd responds immediately with a loud ovation as Kelly Evans makes her way onto the stage.

Dressed in her signature black and red—elevated with a sharp cropped jacket, matching skirt, and unmistakable Louboutins—Evans carries herself with complete control. She takes her time reaching the podium, acknowledging the crowd just enough before shifting her full focus forward.

She adjusts the microphone.

Kelly Evans:

"...Of course it's me. I mean—who else were they gonna trust with this? Certainly not each other."

A ripple of laughter.

Kelly Evans:

"I've known Steve longer than most of you have been watching wrestling. Which means I've had plenty of time to figure out exactly what kind of problem he is. And Ty..."

A brief pause.

Kelly Evans:

"...I married that problem."

The crowd reacts.

Kelly Evans:

"Between the two of them, I've spent years watching bad decisions, worse ideas, and an impressive amount of

confidence. And somehow... it worked.”

She continues, her tone measured but sharp, recounting their history—both the chaos and the growth.

Kelly Evans:

“I’ve seen every version of them. The reckless ones. The ones who thought they had it all figured out... and the ones who didn’t. I was there when they tore through everything—and when they had to put it back together.”

A small nod.

Kelly Evans:

“And to their credit... they did. Before me, after me, sometimes in spite of me.”

She shifts slightly.

Kelly Evans:

“Steve learned how to survive long before he learned how to behave. And Ty... learned how to live again.”

A brief pause before continuing.

Kelly Evans:

“They got themselves right—mentally, physically, professionally. And then they turned it into something more.”

Her tone sharpens.

Kelly Evans:

“Team Danger wasn’t supposed to last. It wasn’t supposed to work like this. But it did. They built a career, a brand... a life out of it.”

A faint smirk.

Kelly Evans:

“And somehow... I ended up managing it.”

Light laughter.

Kelly Evans:

“But let’s be clear—these aren’t two guys who got lucky. Both of them were already world champions. Main event talent. They chose this.”

She looks out over the crowd.

Kelly Evans:

“They chose to be a team because they knew they were better that way. Stronger. Louder. More dangerous.”

A beat.

Kelly Evans:

“They didn’t make tag team wrestling relevant. They made it unavoidable.”

The crowd responds.

Kelly Evans:

“They’ve won championships everywhere, left their mark everywhere—and gotten thrown out of a few places too. Loved, hated, respected... sometimes all at once.”

Her voice tightens slightly.

Kelly Evans:

“And the part people never liked—they never apologized for any of it. They did what they did, broke what they had to

break, and kept going.”

A pause.

Kelly Evans:

“And they’re still here.”

Another.

Kelly Evans:

“Still standing. Still exactly who they’ve always been... just smarter about it.”

She exhales lightly.

Kelly Evans:

“And now that I’ve stood up here long enough putting them over—in three-thousand-dollar heels that are actively trying to end my career...”

A small glance down.

Kelly Evans:

“...worth it—but still.”

Laughter.

Kelly Evans:

“So let’s finish this.”

She steps back slightly and gestures toward the stage.

Kelly Evans:

“On your feet.”

A beat.

Kelly Evans:

“Raise your hands for the greatest tag team of all time—The King of Pain, Stephen Greer... The Black Jesus, Tyrone Walker...”

A final glance.

Kelly Evans:

“TEAM. DANGER.”

The arena erupts as music hits—loud, distorted, unmistakable.

Stephen Greer steps out first, composed and deliberate in a black sport coat and dark jeans. Tyrone Walker follows just behind, equally confident, dressed in black and red with Timberlands planted firmly as he scans the crowd.

No posing. No theatrics. They walk side by side to the stage as the reaction builds.

At the top of the ramp, Evans greets them both—first Greer, then Walker—with quick, familiar embraces before stepping aside.

The two huddle briefly.

Rock. Paper. Scissors.

Walker wins.

He steps to the podium with a grin.

Tyrone Walker:

“Well... gotdamn.”

The crowd pops.

Tyrone Walker:

“UTA was supposed to be a summer vacation for us... and yet here we are. YaBoiTy, the Kay-Oh-Pea... UTA Hall of Famers... and forever Tag Team Champions of the World.”

Cheers.

Tyrone Walker:

“Cause ain’t nobody ever took them belts off us. So either Jimmy Wingate couldn’t find two guys who could... or he liked what we brought—big gates, big merch, and just enough chaos to keep things interesting.”

Laughter.

Tyrone Walker:

“Either way—we did what we always do. Stack cash. Collect belts. Make people love us or hate us... then leave before the bill comes due.”

A grin.

Tyrone Walker:

“But before I tag in my partner...”

A pause.

Tyrone Walker:

“...shoutout to us.”

Big reaction.

Tyrone Walker:

“We got in that ring, ran through everybody, took what was ours—and walked out with it.”

A beat.

Tyrone Walker:

“Still the best. Greatest of all time.”

He turns and slaps Greer’s hand.

Tyrone Walker:

“Hot tag. Stevie.”

Stephen Greer:

“...Yeah. This is why I let him go first.”

Light laughter.

Stephen Greer:

“Burns off most of the nonsense.”

He steadies at the podium.

Stephen Greer:

“But he’s not wrong.”

A glance toward Walker.

Stephen Greer:

"...which is concerning."

Another ripple of laughter.

Stephen Greer:

"We didn't come here to build something. We came here to be Team Danger. No easing in, no adjustment period. We tried that. Didn't like it."

A beat.

Stephen Greer:

"So we adjusted. We lost... and then we didn't."

The crowd reacts.

Stephen Greer:

"We came back, took the belts, and that was it. They didn't take them back. We didn't give them back. Then we left."

A faint smirk.

Stephen Greer:

"History says that's usually our best move."

He continues, more focused.

Stephen Greer:

"People always thought this was the fallback—that we teamed because we couldn't do it alone. That was never true. We could. We did. We just chose this because it was better."

A small gesture between himself and Walker.

Stephen Greer:

"Stronger. More effective... and a lot more fun."

A subtle shift.

Stephen Greer:

"We've paid for it—but we're still here. Still standing. Still exactly what we chose to be."

He looks out.

Stephen Greer:

"This business remembers the ones you can't ignore. Whether you loved us or hated us—you remembered us."

A nod.

Stephen Greer:

"That's the job."

A beat.

Stephen Greer:

"And we were very good at it."

Stephen Greer:

"Thank you."

Both men step forward and cross their arms in the signature X before raising them to the crowd.

Walker starts to leave, then stops and turns back.

Tyrone Walker:

“Aye—hold up.”

He points toward Evans.

Tyrone Walker:

“Shoutout to Kels—standing over there in them heels, probably questioning her life choices right now... all because she loves our crazy asses.”

The crowd reacts.

Stephen Greer:

“And we wouldn’t be here without her. Literally. We don’t answer the phone.”

Laughter.

Stephen Greer:

“If UTA didn’t go through her—we wouldn’t even know this was happening.”

Tyrone Walker:

“And yeah... shoutout Dee too. Pretty sure he talked us into showing up.”

A grin.

Tyrone Walker:

“Appreciate the checks... and the merch money.”

Stephen Greer:

“...He’s got twenty-seven minutes later to tell you how great he is.”

Tyrone Walker:

“Aight, for real—shoutout Stevie, shoutout me, shoutout Kels...”

He looks out to the crowd.

Tyrone Walker:

“...and all y’all.”

Team Danger:

“Good night.”

Evans joins them at the stage. A quick embrace with Greer, then Walker—slightly longer—before the three exit together side by side as the crowd continues to react.

Eric Dane Sr.

Match

The screen fades in through a wash of gold light.

Unlike the playful energy that surrounded the eGG Bandits, this package carries itself differently from the very first frame. It feels regal. Measured. Important. The kind of package built around a man whose name was never meant to be rushed past.

Old footage rolls across the screen in rich cinematic grain. Arena lights. Flashbulbs. A curtain parting. A polished shoe stepping through. The camera never shows too much too quickly. It lingers. It lets the aura breathe.

NARRATOR: "Some men fight for championships."

A pause.

NARRATOR: "Some fight for respect."

We see Eric Dane Sr. in his prime now. Confident. Poised. Immaculately composed. He walks to the ring not like a man hoping to be noticed, but like a man who knows the world has already turned to watch.

NARRATOR: "And some..."

The footage cuts to him raising a hand as the crowd swells.

NARRATOR: "...were born to be the center of it all."

The music deepens, strings rising beneath a steady drumbeat. We see Eric Dane Sr. entering under brilliant lights, tailored robes draped across his shoulders, chin high, posture perfect. He is not just another competitor in the frame. He is the frame.

NARRATOR: "He did not call himself The Only Star because he needed attention."

NARRATOR: "He called himself The Only Star because, night after night, he proved there was no brighter light in the sky."

Quick flashes now. Dane standing across from legends. Dane throwing crisp strikes. Dane dictating the pace of a match with veteran control. Dane turning a single glance into a message to an entire building. Even in silence, he commanded reaction.

NARRATOR: "There are wrestlers who live inside moments."

NARRATOR: "Eric Dane Sr. created them."

The package transitions into a series of career-defining images. Victories. Main events. Interviews where every word sounded deliberate. Ringside chaos breaking around him while he remained collected, above it, untouchable. He did not merely endure eras. He stood over them.

NARRATOR: "He was excellence without apology."

NARRATOR: "Charisma without effort."

NARRATOR: "Presence without equal."

We see him in slow motion now, turning toward the camera with the confidence of a man who knew exactly who he was long before anyone else could define him. The kind of confidence that could be admired by some and hated by others, but never ignored by any.

NARRATOR: "To his supporters, he was proof that greatness could be graceful."

NARRATOR: "To his rivals, he was the standard they could not reach."

NARRATOR: "To history..."

A still frame of Dane standing tall in the ring fills the screen.

NARRATOR: "...he became unavoidable."

The footage picks up in intensity. More action now. Eric Dane Sr. sidestepping danger by inches. Answering aggression with precision. Pulling momentum back into his orbit with the instincts of a master. Even in battle, there is a polished quality to him. He wrestles like he knows every eye belongs on him and always will.

NARRATOR: "He made competition feel like theater."

NARRATOR: "He made pressure look effortless."

NARRATOR: "And when the spotlight burned hottest... he only shined brighter."

Now the package starts to widen its scope. We see younger wrestlers in the background of old clips, watching. Learning. Chasing the kind of composure and command he made seem natural. The suggestion is clear: Eric Dane Sr. was not only a star in his own time. He became a model for those who came after.

NARRATOR: "Legacies are not built by noise alone."

NARRATOR: "They are built by influence."

NARRATOR: "By consistency."

NARRATOR: "By the impossible task of making greatness look ordinary."

The music swells again as we see older clips blend into more modern reflections of his legacy. The UTA changing. Generations coming and going. New stars rising. Yet somehow, Eric Dane Sr. still feels like a figure standing above the timeline itself.

NARRATOR: "Before there were icons to chase..."

NARRATOR: "Before there were legends to compare..."

NARRATOR: "There was The Only Star."

One by one, the footage slows into a final series of signature images. Dane adjusting his cuffs before stepping through the curtain. Dane raising his arms to a thunderous crowd. Dane glaring across the ring with cool authority. Dane in victory. Dane in command. Dane as only Dane could be.

NARRATOR: "A performer."

NARRATOR: "A standard-bearer."

NARRATOR: "A name that never needed introduction... and never will."

The music reaches its crescendo. The final shot is Eric Dane Sr. standing under a lone spotlight in the center of the ring, frozen in time like a monument.

NARRATOR: "Eric Dane Sr."

NARRATOR: "The Only Star."

NARRATOR: "UTA Hall of Fame. Class of 2026."

The screen fades to black.

From there, the ceremony returns to the live stage for his official induction.

The camera cuts away from the arena floor and holds for a moment on the Hall of Fame banner stretched across the entrance tunnel — gold lettering on deep black, the UTA crest centered beneath it. The crowd noise from the Lenovo Center in Raleigh has been replaced tonight by something heavier, something that hums in the chest rather than hammering at it. The audience has come dressed for the occasion. Signs in the lower bowl read things like "ONLY STAR COUNTRY" and "HALL OF DANE." A child near the barricade holds a replica of a title belt Dane hasn't carried in years. The camera finds her and lingers just long enough.

Back at the commentary desk, John Phillips sits with his jacket buttoned and his notes set aside. Mark Bravo is quiet for once, his usual restless energy replaced by something more measured. They both seem to understand that the next few minutes belong to someone else.

John Phillips: "We have seen careers made on this stage. We have seen careers ended on it. Tonight, we are here to honor one who simply endured."

Mark nods slowly.

Mark Bravo: "Eric Dane is not the kind of man who asks for a moment like this. He is the kind of man who earns it so completely that eventually the moment insists on happening anyway."

John Phillips: "And the man who will introduce him tonight is someone who would know that better than almost anyone. Angus Skaaland has been in Eric Dane Sr.'s corner for the better part of two decades — as a broadcaster, as an Executive Producer, and as a constant presence across multiple promotions and chapters of this business. Whatever Eric Dane built, Angus Skaaland was right there with his hard hat and tools."

Mark lets out a low sound. Not quite a laugh. Something more like recognition.

Mark Bravo: "There is a reason Dane chose him for tonight. I think we're about to find out exactly what that reason is."

John Phillips: "Indeed, we are."

The lights in the arena begin to dim.

A single spotlight cuts through the dark and lands on center stage, where a podium stands alone beside a covered plaque draped in black cloth. Whatever is underneath it is not yet for the audience.

The crowd settles.

Then the music hits — not triumphant, not sentimental, just a sharp rock entrance cue that announces someone who has never once asked a room to be glad he arrived.

Angus Skaaland walks out.

He gets a mixed reception. Some in the building cheer immediately, out of familiarity or respect or both. Others give him the silence he has probably earned. Angus ignores all of it. He does not play to one side. He does not stop at the top of the ramp and raise his arms.

Angus reaches the podium, adjusts the microphone like he owns it, and takes a moment to look out over the crowd with the easy confidence of a man who has never once been uncomfortable in front of a camera in his life.

Angus Skaaland: "Twenty-five years."

He lets it land.

Angus Skaaland: "I've been in this business twenty-five years, and I have had a lot of good nights. Championship nights. Nights where I said exactly the right thing at exactly the right moment and the whole building felt it. I have had nights I would not trade for anything."

He grips the sides of the podium, and for just a moment the performer gives way to something more personal.

Angus Skaaland: "This is the best one."

The crowd reacts warmly. Angus nods, like he expected that, like he agrees.

Angus Skaaland: "Now. I am going to tell you something about myself that I do not lead with in polite company. When I started in this business, I was one half of a tag team that you do not remember. Don't feel bad about that. I barely remember it, and I was there. We weren't terrible. We also weren't good. We were the kind of team that filled a slot on a card and gave the crowd a chance to get another beer. The worst thing you can be in this business isn't bad — it's invisible. We were invisible."

Small reaction. Angus doesn't linger on it.

Angus Skaaland: "What I did have — and I want to be clear that I knew I had this even then — was a mouth. An exceptional mouth. The kind that makes people feel something whether they want to or not. The problem was I was

wasting it, standing in a ring pretending to be a wrestler when I was never really a wrestler. I was always this."

He gestures loosely at the podium, at the microphone, at the whole arena in front of him.

Angus Skaaland: "I just needed somebody to tell me."

The arena settles into a quieter attention.

Angus Skaaland: "Eric Dane told me. He looked at me — and I mean really looked, the way he looks at everything, like he's already three steps ahead of whatever you think is happening — and he told me I was done in the ring. Which, again, accurate. And then he pointed me at a microphone and told me to stop wasting everybody's time including my own."

A beat of genuine warmth crosses his face.

Angus Skaaland: "He wasn't wrong. He is rarely wrong. It is one of his more annoying qualities and I say that with all due love and respect."

The crowd laughs. Angus lets it go for a moment before pulling them back.

Angus Skaaland: "He didn't make it easy. That is not how Eric Dane does anything. He pointed me at the direction and made it very clear that if I blew it, that was on me. Which is fair. Which is right. Which is, frankly, exactly what I needed to hear from exactly the right person."

Angus Skaaland: "So I didn't blow it. Commentator. Executive Producer. Promotor. Every promotion, every city, every chapter of this business he decided was worth his time — I was there. Because he made me what I am, and because somewhere along the way, this man became my brother."

The crowd reacts. Angus doesn't rush past it this time. He lets it mean something.

Angus Skaaland: "I don't say that lightly. I am not a light kind of guy. But that is the truth of it. Twenty-five years of this business, twenty-five years of this life, and the person I would call from anywhere at any hour is standing in that tunnel right now waiting for me to stop talking."

He glances back toward the entrance, then turns back to the crowd with a small smile.

Angus Skaaland: "So I'll wrap it up. Eric Dane didn't just give me an opportunity. He saw something I hadn't figured out yet, he built something out of it, and he let me stand next to him while he did the same thing on the biggest stages this business has. That is not nothing. That is everything."

He straightens. The room is completely with him now.

Angus Skaaland: "There is nobody in this business I would rather be up here for. Nobody I would rather hand this microphone to."

He looks toward the entrance one more time.

Angus Skaaland: "Eric. It's time."

He steps back from the podium, and the crowd is already rising.

The crowd rises before the music even plays.

Zac Brown heralds The Only Star with "Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown."

Eric Dane Sr. emerges from the back and the ovation that greets him is the kind that takes a moment to fully form. It starts in the front rows, then rolls through the lower bowl, then climbs into the upper deck until the whole building is contributing to it. Dane walks through it with his eyes forward and his shoulders square, not milking the moment, not fighting it either. Just moving through it the way he has moved through most things in this business — with the

particular composure of a man who has already decided how he carries himself and sees no reason to make exceptions.

He reaches the stage and approaches Angus. The two men stand face to face for a moment. No words. The crowd is loud enough that words would be lost anyway. Angus extends his hand. Dane takes it — firm, brief — and then pulls him into an embrace that lasts exactly as long as it needs to and not one second more.

They separate. Angus steps aside.

Dane moves to the podium, adjusts the microphone once, and looks out over an arena that has been waiting all night for this.

Eric Dane Sr.: "Hall of Fame."

He lets it sit.

Eric Dane Sr.: "I've been called a lot of things in this business. Some of them derogatory. Some of them accurate."

Light reaction from the crowd. Dane does not smile.

Eric Dane Sr.: "This one I'll take."

He rests his hands on the podium and looks out over the building like a man taking inventory.

Eric Dane Sr.: "I came to UTA thinking I knew exactly who I was and exactly what I still had left. I had been around. Done things in this business that I was proud of. Won championships. Built something of a reputation for myself before I ever set foot in this company."

He pauses.

Eric Dane Sr.: "UTA showed me I was only half right about all of it."

The crowd reacts. Dane lets it settle before continuing.

Eric Dane Sr.: "It was rough out the gate. I was rusty, and my timing was off. It didn't help that there was an absolute Murderers Row of top talent calling UTA home at the time. But I worked, and I worked, and I plotted and planned and I bit, scratched, clawed, lied, cheated, and stole just to get myself in position to take that World Title away from Dynasty and away from La Flama Blanca."

The crowd pops. Dane nods once, acknowledging it without performing it. A light "LFB" chant spreads around the crowd.

Eric Dane Sr.: "La Flama Blanca was Dynasty. The title I won was a Dynasty title. And the man who eventually took it from me was Dynasty too."

He says the next part like a man setting something heavy down on a table.

Eric Dane Sr.: "Sean Jackson."

The name alone draws a reaction from the crowd. Dane waits it out.

Eric Dane Sr.: "People want a clean answer on that one. They want me to say he made me better, or they want me to say he was just an obstacle I cleared. The honest answer is it was neither and both at the same time. I took the title from his faction. He took it back. That is the kind of rivalry that does not resolve neatly. It just eventually stops."

He straightens slightly.

Eric Dane Sr.: "What I know is that I was UTA World Champion. And nobody inside that faction, or outside of it, gave me a single thing I did not take for myself."

The crowd reacts. Dane gives it a moment.

Eric Dane Sr.: "I did not do any of it alone. I brought Team Danger into this company. Men that I trusted, brothers. Men who had earned the right to stand beside me in rooms that were not friendly to us. That mattered then. It matters now."

He shifts slightly, his voice settling into something more reflective.

Eric Dane Sr.: "I did not expect what this place gave me. I came to prove something and I ended up finding something. There is a word for that kind of chapter in a man's career and it is a strong word and I will use it anyway."

A quiet moment.

Eric Dane Sr.: "Renaissance. And I am grateful for it."

He glances briefly toward Angus at the side of the stage.

Eric Dane Sr.: "Nobody gets here alone. I don't care how tough you are, how good you were, or how certain you are that you did it yourself. Somewhere along the line there were people you learned from, people you fought, and people you survived. And if you were lucky, there were people who just stayed."

A small nod toward Angus. Nothing more than that.

Eric Dane Sr.: "I was lucky."

He places one hand on the covered plaque beside him, and the crowd has gone almost completely quiet.

Eric Dane Sr.: "I have held titles in this company. Fought wars in this ring. If any of it meant something — and I believe it did — then this is the right place and the right night to say so."

He straightens fully.

Eric Dane Sr.: "Thank you."

Dane steps back from the podium.

A UTA official moves to the plaque and removes the black cloth in one clean motion, revealing the Hall of Fame ring and placard beneath — Eric Dane Sr.'s name etched in gold, the UTA crest above it, the Class of 2026 below.

The crowd rises again.

Dane takes the plaque from the official and holds it for a moment, looking at it the way a man looks at something he genuinely did not allow himself to fully picture until it was real. Then he turns toward Angus, and Angus crosses the stage to meet him.

They stand side by side — the plaque between them, the crowd still on its feet, the arena lights warm and full above them. No words pass between the two men. Nothing needs to.

Angus gives a firm nod. Dane gives one back.

The camera slowly pulls wide, taking in the full stage — the podium, the two men, the banner overhead, the crowd still responding in full voice — before beginning its fade.

At the desk, John Phillips and Mark Bravo remain silent for a long moment.

Mark Bravo: "There it is, folks."

John nods.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Sr. — Class of 2026. A Hall of Famer in the United Toughness Alliance."

The camera fades to black on the two men still standing together on the stage.

The crowd does not stop.

MJ Flair - The Second Coming

Match

The screen fades in through a wash of neon violet, silver, and deep crimson.

There is a pulse to this one from the very first frame. Not just music, but attitude. A modern, sharp-edged anthem drives underneath the package, equal parts glamour, rebellion, and conviction. Camera flashes pop in rhythm with the beat. A silhouette appears behind a curtain. Boots. Fishnets. A gloved hand adjusting a mask. A slow smile in the mirror.

NARRATOR: "Some are born into this business."

A beat.

NARRATOR: "Some have greatness placed in their hands."

The beat sharpens. The silhouette steps into light. MJ Flair. The mask. The poise. The posture of someone who knew exactly how to be seen, but chose instead to make the world guess.

NARRATOR: "And some..."

Quick cut. Ring entrance. Spotlight. Crowd reaction swelling.

NARRATOR: "...choose to earn every second of it the hard way."

The package begins moving faster now. Early footage. Small stages. Sharp movement in the ring. A younger Mariella Jade Flair before the world fully knew her name, building herself piece by piece beneath the identity of The Second Coming. Not riding legacy. Not borrowing fame. Creating something all her own.

NARRATOR: "She could have opened doors with a name."

NARRATOR: "Instead, she built a new one."

We see the mask again. Contract pages. A pen signing a false name. A determined face. An audience slowly realizing that the person in front of them was not there to imitate anyone who came before her. She was there to disrupt expectations.

NARRATOR: "She stepped into an industry that still loved its neat little boxes."

NARRATOR: "Heroes here."

NARRATOR: "Villains there."

NARRATOR: "Eye candy in one lane. Comic relief in another."

The music rises.

NARRATOR: "Mariella Jade Flair looked at all of it... and made her own lane."

Now the footage widens into bigger moments. The Second Coming striding to the ring under bright lights. Athletic, sharp, theatrical without ever losing the edge. A performer who understood how to turn attention into investment. Every motion intentional. Every look calculated. Every appearance unmistakably hers.

NARRATOR: "She was never trying to be what this business expected."

NARRATOR: "She was trying to be unforgettable."

And she was.

Clips now of the accolades that proved it. Title belts raised. Main-event spotlights. Sold out crowds. Madison Square Garden. The High Octane LSD Championship. The CWF World Title. The evidence stacking up one moment at a time until the résumé became undeniable.

NARRATOR: "Opportunity may have opened the first door..."

NARRATOR: "But everything after that, she took with both hands."

The package moves into the heart of her story. Not just victories, but relationships. Her alliance with La Flama Blanca. The uneasy chemistry that became championship success. Images of them standing side by side with titles in hand, neither fully comfortable with the arrangement, both far too competitive to let it fail.

NARRATOR: "In a sport built on ego, she learned how to fight beside as well as against."

NARRATOR: "She made allies."

NARRATOR: "She made rivals."

NARRATOR: "And she made sure both remembered her."

We see Zhalia Fears. Bechdel Kush. Quick flashes of camaraderie, rebellion, shared attitude. Too Badass for a Name. Another chapter, another reminder that MJ Flair's career was never just about her place in the ring, but the space she created around herself for others who never fit neatly either.

NARRATOR: "She showed a generation of misfits, outsiders, and originals that if there wasn't a place for you at the table..."

A close-up of MJ looking directly into the camera.

NARRATOR: "...you pull up a chair and make one."

The music eases for a moment, becoming more emotional without losing its backbone. We see family now. The weight of lineage. The artistry. The pressure. The pride. Not as a shadow over her career, but as a foundation beneath it. A daughter of performers, becoming a performer on her own terms.

NARRATOR: "She came from greatness."

NARRATOR: "But she never asked to be carried by it."

NARRATOR: "She honored it by becoming worthy of standing beside it."

The crowd shots begin to take over the screen. Real reactions. Chants. Signs. Fans on their feet. People laughing, cheering, locked into the performance because that was always the true gift. Not just to win. Not just to be seen. To make people care.

NARRATOR: "That is the real work."

NARRATOR: "That is the real legacy."

NARRATOR: "Not merely holding titles..."

NARRATOR: "But leaving memories behind that feel bigger than gold."

The final climb begins. We see one last run of signature images. The mask. The smirk. The pose. The spotlight. The championships. The triumph of someone who refused the easy road and made the harder road look like it had always been meant for her.

NARRATOR: "A daughter of legacy."

NARRATOR: "A star in her own right."

NARRATOR: "A woman who turned opportunity into impact..."

NARRATOR: "And impact into immortality."

The final image freezes on MJ Flair standing beneath the lights, chin raised, confidence radiating off her like electricity.

NARRATOR: "Mariella Jade Flair."

NARRATOR: "The Second Coming."

NARRATOR: "UTA Hall of Fame. Class of 2026."

The screen fades to black.

Back live, the arena lights rise as Scott Stevens prepares to introduce the next inductee's presenter.

SCOTT STEVENS: Here to induct our next honoree—

"Because the Night" by Patti Smith fills the auditorium, and the collected crowd rises to their feet. Like a wave, the applause begins at the front of the room and cascades all the way to the last row.

After all, "Poison" Ivy McGinnis is professional wrestling royalty in any arena she enters.

Particularly New York, her hometown. But also, particularly Greensboro, NC. Just about an hour's drive, and the birthplace of the CSWA.

She makes her way to the podium slowly, leaning on a carved wooden cane for support as the twenty years spent outside the ring as The World's Greatest Manager have certainly taken their toll. As the music fades, the applause remains constant.

IVY MCGINNIS: Tonight—

Once more, she's cut off by the cheers and the applause from the collected fans, and they rise to give her a second standing ovation. Briefly, a wave of emotion washes over the face of the woman once feared and respected as The Psycho Bitch, but she waves it away and a familiar, thousand-watt smile spreads across her face.

IVY MCGINNIS: Thank you. I missed you too.

She takes a half step back, kisses the fingertips on both hands, and extends them towards the audience.

IVY MCGINNIS: My niece, Mariella Jade Flair... is an ass.

Laughter erupts from the audience. Quick camera cut to MJ Flair herself, gently slapping her hand onto her forehead, though she laughs just as hard.

IVY MCGINNIS: She's a stubborn, self-righteous, short tempered pain in the ass. But, in her defense, she never really had a chance.

Ivy shrugs.

IVY MCGINNIS: Who were her role models? Her father, who came up in the wrestling business at a time when the only people who made it to the top were the clean cut heroes and the dirty, nasty villains. Her mother, who was carving out a career in the music industry when the Major Labels swallowed everything and being an 'indie' band was a death sentence to niche audiences and poverty draws. Her aunt?

She pauses for a moment, tapping her chest.

IVY MCGINNIS: The day I signed my first contract, I was twenty years old and I was a problem. Women in this sport in the early 1990s were either eye candy or a punchline, with nothing in between.

A smile forms.

IVY MCGINNIS: Much like her father, her mother, and her loving auntie, MJ walked into a business where there was no space for what she wanted to do, and she carved out her own brand of professional wrestling and made it work for her. As far as 'The Second Coming' is concerned?

Pause.

IVY MCGINNIS: Her father's name carried a lot of weight in this sport, and probably still does in several circles despite having wrestled his own retirement match over a dozen years ago. MJ could have dropped a name or two and gotten a helping hand right at the beginning of her career, and likely would have benefitted quite a bit from the help.

She smirks, like she already knows the answer to the unasked question. Because she does.

IVY MCGINNIS: That's not her way. That's not what she learned from her family. She put on a facemask. She forged a fake name on her contract. She wanted to stand or fall on her own merits. That's difficult enough to do today, let alone when she was attempting it.

The audience applauds - it's not a pop, it's respectful recognition.

IVY MCGINNIS: There will always be a place in this sport for clean cut heroes and filthy villains. There will always be a place for eye candy and comic relief. Mariella may not have held the WrestleUTA World Championship, or placed higher than fifth in All or Nothing, or headlined a major event in this company on her name alone, but she showed everyone that doesn't fall neatly into a category that if there isn't a place for you at the table... you pull up a chair and you make one.

She steps back from the microphone, kisses her fist, and mouths what looks like 'Miss ya, Coop.'

IVY MCGINNIS: Through it all, we endure. She has grown into a woman of substance, and one that I'm proud to call family. Ladies and gentlemen... the Second Coming, Mariella Jade Flair.

"Epidemic" by New Year's Day fills the room as MJ Flair kisses the man sitting to her left, then stands up and leans to the right to hug her parents. She acknowledges the applause as she walks to the stage and greets Ivy halfway between the podium and the stairs, and the two embrace for several seconds, with the two women having a conversation lost in the noise.

Finally, they let go, and Ivy hands the Hall of Fame plaque to MJ. The younger woman looks at it for a moment, then steps towards the microphone.

MJ FLAIR: When they called me to tell me they wanted to induct me into the WrestleUTA Hall of Fame, I had three thoughts run through my head, almost back to back to back. The first was 'why?' The second was 'yes.' The third was 'I bet I can name, by name, every crusty elbowed, dirty assed wannabe tough guy incel that's going to voice his stupid-ass opinion about it.'

She laughs.

MJ FLAIR: I think it's fair to say my time in professional wrestling was inevitable. If the traffic or the weather had been bad, I very easily could've been born on a tour bus in Toronto, for goodness sake. The road, the spotlight, and an audience have been in my blood since - literally - day one. I spent my summers backstage at every music festival you can pronounce, and my winters backstage in arena after arena, surrounded by some of the most charismatic performers that have ever existed.

Pause.

MJ FLAIR: Always remember Rule #1: Never bet on or against a Professional.

Another laugh, and the people in the crowd who are in on the joke also laugh.

MJ FLAIR: But having a sense of what works to draw in an audience, and having the physical ability to compete in the ring? All that gets you - if you're lucky - is an opportunity. And I took advantage of mine the best I could. High Octane LSD Champion.

A small smattering of cheers.

MJ FLAIR: The CWF World Title, twice over.

Louder cheers, a few whistles.

MJ FLAIR: Headlining a sold out Madison Square Garden, matching an achievement that both my parents previously accomplished.

Another cheer, and a defined chant of 'EEEEEEEEEE-LIIIIII' fills the room - he is also Greensboro Wrestling Royalty, of course.

MJ FLAIR: But none of that happens without James Wingate giving me an opportunity.

She pauses again, allowing the fans to show Wingate his appropriate appreciation.

MJ FLAIR: And there's no reason why he should've done so, either. I showed up at his door and said, essentially, 'Hello, I'm a wrestler.' And he said 'Great, where have you worked?' I've worked nowhere. Do I have a tape? Nope. Do I have an in-house sponsor? Nope. Do I have a recommendation from anyone who trained me to wrestle? Nope. Any promoter with any experience would send me packing, and he would be right to do so. Not James Wingate. He looked at me and said 'All right, kid - here's our developmental, let's see what you got.'

Another pause, but this seems less for effect and more to allow an emotion to pass over her.

MJ FLAIR: That one 'yes' changed everything. Every triumph and heartbreak I had during the time I worked stemmed from the first 'yes.' What James Wingate did was open one door, which led to more doors, which led to those triumphs and those heartbreaks that I wouldn't trade for anything. But none of it happens without that one 'yes.' And that one 'yes' has come full circle, to being inducted into the WrestleUTA Hall of Fame.

She steps back half a step, as the fans applaud, and a sizable portion begin the "EMM JAY EFF" chant that she later made famous.

MJ FLAIR: So I want to thank James Wingate for giving me the opportunity to sink or swim on my own two feet. More than that, I want to thank my parents for being my heroes, for being my bedrocks, for always supporting me in whatever nutty dream I pursued, and for neither of them kicking my ass when they found out I had been training to wrestle.

Camera cuts to Angel, sitting in the crowd, a beam of pride on her face towards her daughter.

MJ FLAIR: Mommy, you showed me that there were no doors I couldn't open if I worked hard enough, or, if I pushed hard enough. You've shown me - both you and Dad - that it is possible to live your dreams while not compromising your personal integrity. You've shown me how to work within the system to the point that you can effect change - to make your counterculture part of the culture without letting it co-opt who you are. Thank you for that.

She holds her hands in a 'heart hands' pose, directed towards her parents.

MJ FLAIR: In that same vein, my wonderful fiance Kevin. Give a little wave, pookums?

A lean, heavily - bearded man with very short hair leans forward with a small wave of acknowledgement to the crowd.

MJ FLAIR: He didn't ask for any of this, yanno. One moment, he's chatting up a downtrodden woman at a diner at three in the morning, the next moment he's getting his name dragged through the mud by one of my opponents, just for existing.

She shrugs.

MJ FLAIR: I shouldn't be surprised, I guess. If my father wasn't going to intimidate him, a loser with a blog certainly couldn't do it, either.

Laughter, a few checked gasps. MJ winks.

MJ FLAIR: In all seriousness, I know it's sometimes been... challenging... being together, but you've never, ever, let me down. Thank you for being my partner in everything that matters. Love ya, babe.

She blows him a kiss, and the crowd reacts appropriately.

MJ FLAIR: Of course, I can't accomplish anything in this sport on family support alone. I need to thank both Randall Knox and Rose Callasantos for braving life, limb, and the wrath of my parents to help me learn how to do this to begin with. You were reluctant, Knox, but I think you saw my determination to give this my best shot no matter what, and I love and appreciate the fact that, if I'm going to do it anyways, you wanted to make sure my training stayed within the family. I didn't--

She stops, getting a bit choked up.

MJ FLAIR: I didn't really understand that, not until I took off the mask and fully embraced that tradition. Thank you, both of you.

MJ steps back half a step and dabs at her eye.

MJ FLAIR: Going against all tradition, I really would be doing a disservice if I didn't also thank La Flama Blanca.

Some boos fill the crowd, but the cheers are louder. MJ holds up a hand as if to quiet them down.

MJ FLAIR: Listen, listen - it's not my place to talk about anything that happened outside of that six month period that we were the best damn tag team in the world. Neither one of us wanted to be part of a team, but All or Nothing doesn't account for personal preference, and sometimes that's just the way things go down. Now, he could've thrown our very first title defense to get out of it. He could've just not shown up and left me to face off against our opponents solo, any number of times - but he didn't.

She pauses again.

MJ FLAIR: He didn't. Like me, he had a reverence for the honor of winning a Championship, and whether we liked each other or hated each other, we worked well as a team and fended off... a lot of challengers. I learned a lot from him, both what to do and what not to do - and when we lost the Championships to Team Danger, we were able to part as allies, if not friends. Thanks, Eddie.

This time, the audience gives a respectful applause, without any boos.

MJ FLAIR: Keeping on theme, with allies as well as friends, much love to Zhalia Fears and Bechdel Kush, two women who really helped me acclimate to being part of a professional wrestling company. Truly, we were Too Badass for a Name.

Another cheer goes up for the trio of women, to which MJ puts a hand over her heart.

MJ FLAIR: And then... there's all of you.

The crowd applauds at the recognition.

MJ FLAIR: One of the unique things about a Hall of Fame, is that nobody is able to choose to go into one. You can accept or refuse the induction, sure - but you only get into a Hall of Fame because someone else decided you deserved it. Whether or not I'd ever stand here, I went into every event doing my damndest to make you believe I was worthy of doing so.

She smiles.

MJ FLAIR: Because at the end of the day, this business isn't about winning all the matches, or holding all the championship titles. It's about you.

To emphasize the line, she points to the audience.

MJ FLAIR: It's about putting on a show worthy of your ticket prices and television attention, and making you care about the entertainment in front of you. I learned that from my parents. From my aunt. From my trainers. From the allies I've made like Fears and Kush. From adversaries - turned - to - allies like my fellow inductee Eric Dane.

Applause rings out for The Only Star.

MJ FLAIR: When my father found out I had started to wrestle professionally, he only gave me one piece of advice: enjoy it. Because while you're in it, you have a hand in where this sport goes, no matter how big or how small. When you're no longer in it, the only things that fully belong to you are the memories.

She picks up the plaque and looks at it. We get a close up of the plaque itself, showcasing the inscription to MARIELLA JADE FLAIR: THE SECOND COMING.

MJ FLAIR: I haven't kept a lot of souvenirs from my wrestling career, but this one is going to be going in a place of honor right inside my front door. Because at the end of the day, the one thing we all - every single one of us who has ever stepped between the ropes or laced up a pair of boots - owe the sport of Professional Wrestling is our respect.

A smirk starts to form on her face.

MJ FLAIR: But I'm also petty as fuck, so Mr. Stevens, I believe you have something else for me?

Onstage, Scott Stevens walks towards the podium, holding a small paper bag. They also meet halfway, as Stevens shakes MJ's hand and gives her the bag. She looks inside and returns to the podium and microphone. She picks her plaque up once more and looks at it.

MJ FLAIR: My Hall of Fame plaque is going to be mounted in a prominent location inside my home, because I respect this sport, and I respect this industry, and I respect every fan that's ever paid for a ticket to see me work. This one, however...

She pulls a similar plaque out of the bag, and holds it up as well. The audience erupts in a mixture of laughter and cheers as the engraving of JAMES WITHERHOLD: PERFECTION can clearly be read.

MJ FLAIR: Someone was ungrateful enough to just leave it here last year. So I'm gonna take this one home as well.

Huge pop from the audience.

MJ FLAIR: I figure I can hang it in the bathroom, right? Hollow out the back, hang it on the wall, it's a perfect tampon holder.

She shrugs.

MJ FLAIR: Hopefully, Little Jimmy won't throw another temper tantrum. He really should thank me for finally making him useful to a woman.

A huge smile forms on her face as the audience applauds even louder.

MJ FLAIR: THANK YOU UTA UNIVERSE!

She steps back, holds both plaques to her chest, and gives a small bow. MJ walks towards Stevens to shake his hand once again, then exits with Ivy McGinnis on the other side of the stage.

Madman Szalinski

Match

The screen does not fade in so much as tear itself open.

Static. Distortion. A violent flicker of red and black. The sound underneath is not music at first. It is noise. Ring ropes snapping. A chair crashing to concrete. A scream from the crowd. Breathing. Heavy. Ragged. Then finally, slowly, a dark, grinding instrumental begins to rise beneath it all like something crawling out of the dirt.

We see him in pieces before we see him whole.

A hand wrapped in tape. A wild eye staring through sweat. Blood on a cheekbone, shown through a ripped mask. Boots stomping down a hallway. A body thrown into a barricade. A microphone clutched too tightly. A laugh that sounds more like a warning.

NARRATOR: "There are legends built on championships."

A beat.

NARRATOR: "Legends built on main events."

The image flashes again. Madman Szalinski now. Full frame. Shirtless. Breathing like a wrecking machine between wars. Eyes wild. Presence feral. The kind of man who looked like he came from some other place entirely and had only briefly agreed to visit ours.

NARRATOR: "And then there are the legends built on feeling."

NARRATOR: "On chaos."

NARRATOR: "On the kind of connection that cannot be taught, polished, or manufactured."

The music builds. The footage starts coming faster. Madman diving into a fight before the bell. Madman screaming into the face of an opponent. Madman standing on the ropes, arms spread, as an arena loses its mind around him. It is not clean. It is not elegant. It is alive.

NARRATOR: "He was never the safest man in the room."

NARRATOR: "Never the calmest."

NARRATOR: "Never the easiest to explain."

Clips of brawls now. Backstage fights. Ringside riots. Bodies crashing through furniture. Officials trying and failing to contain the storm. Madman in the center of it all, looking not overwhelmed by the madness, but born from it.

NARRATOR: "Because Madman Szalinski was not chaos caught in a moment."

NARRATOR: "He was chaos given a name."

The screen flashes white with each impact now. We see him at every extreme. Furious. Laughing. Broken. Rising. Victorious. Defiant. A career built not on playing a character, but on feeling like one of the last truly dangerous men left in the sport.

NARRATOR: "He did not walk to the ring to impress you."

NARRATOR: "He walked to the ring to make you feel something."

And he always did.

The package slows for a moment. Not to rest. To remember. We see the crowd now. Real reactions. Hands on heads. Mouths open. Fans standing before the move even lands because they know whatever Madman is about to do next is

not going to look like anybody else. Children terrified and thrilled. Adults screaming like kids again. Pure emotional investment.

NARRATOR: "Some performers ask for your attention."

NARRATOR: "Madman took it."

Now the legacy starts to form. We see the years stacking together. Different arenas. Different rivals. Different eras of the company. Yet every time his image appears, the same reaction follows. Louder. Wilder. More personal. He does not feel like a man who merely existed in UTA history. He feels like one of the reasons that history mattered.

NARRATOR: "In every generation, there are men who represent the company."

NARRATOR: "And there are men who become part of its soul."

More footage rolls. Madman battered and bleeding, still throwing himself forward. Madman with a microphone in hand, every word rough and honest and alive. Madman in victory. Madman in defeat. Madman still somehow larger than the result because the result was never the full story with him.

NARRATOR: "He was never about perfection."

NARRATOR: "He was about truth."

NARRATOR: "Raw, loud, unfiltered truth."

The music takes on a more emotional tone now, though the edge never leaves it. We see moments of camaraderie. Moments of betrayal. Moments where Madman stood for something bigger than himself, and moments where he seemed ready to burn the whole world down just to make a point. That contradiction is the legacy. That instability is the beauty of it.

NARRATOR: "He could make you cheer."

NARRATOR: "He could make you worry."

NARRATOR: "He could make you laugh, then make you flinch, then make you believe."

And above all else, he could make you remember.

We now see the broadest shots yet. Madman Szalinski in the middle of packed buildings, in the center of wars, under the brightest lights UTA had to offer. The footage is less about one match or one title or one era. It is about impact. Presence. Myth.

NARRATOR: "There are headliners because of accolades."

NARRATOR: "And there are headliners because no class could ever feel complete without them."

The package nears its climax. Every signature image of Madman rolls together now. Arms spread in defiance. Face twisted in a scream. Standing over a fallen opponent. Staring into the hard camera like he would fight the lens itself if it blinked wrong. He is not being cleaned up for history here. He is being honored exactly as he was.

NARRATOR: "Unpredictable."

NARRATOR: "Unapologetic."

NARRATOR: "Unforgettable."

The music rises to its final crescendo.

The last image is Madman Szalinski standing in the center of the ring, chest heaving, arms spread wide, absorbing the roar of the crowd like a man who gave them every scar and every memory he had in him.

NARRATOR: "He is not just part of UTA history."

NARRATOR: "He is one of the reasons it still breathes."

NARRATOR: "The headliner of the Class of 2026..."

NARRATOR: "Madman Szalinski."

NARRATOR: "UTA Hall of Fame."

The screen cuts to black.

The arena is still carrying the weight of the Madman Szalinski video package when the lights settle into a deep gold wash across the stage. The Hall of Fame banner gleams overhead. The crowd, still buzzing from the final image of Madman in the ring, begins to stir again as a new figure steps out from behind the curtain.

It is not a wrestler's walk.

It is the deliberate stride of a man who owns the building, the company, and the responsibility of what comes next.

Rich Wingate, owner of the United Toughness Alliance, makes his way toward the podium in a dark tailored suit, every bit the executive now—but to a certain section of the audience, the reaction comes layered with recognition. They knew him once by another name. Dick Fury. And while time has traded the boots for the boardroom, there is still enough of that old presence left in him to make the room lean in.

The ovation is respectful, but mixed with curiosity. Wingate reaches the podium, adjusts the microphone, and takes a moment to look out at the crowd. When he speaks, it is not with ceremony first. It is with conviction.

Rich Wingate: "Few men make their mark on this company the way our headliner this year did."

A low rumble of agreement moves through the audience.

Rich Wingate: "That's not something I say lightly. In this business, every year someone comes along who thinks they're loud enough, wild enough, dangerous enough to leave a scar on the walls. Most of them don't. Most of them are remembered for a season. A storyline. A run."

He pauses.

Rich Wingate: "Madman Szalinski became something else."

The crowd applauds.

Rich Wingate: "He became part of the identity of this place."

Wingate nods once, letting that sit before continuing.

Rich Wingate: "This is a man who quite literally almost died in a UTA ring. And I want that to hang in the air for a second, because sometimes time softens things. It rounds off the edges. Makes it easier to talk about the legend than the cost."

The room grows quieter.

Rich Wingate: "But there was a cost. There was always a cost with Madman. Physically. Emotionally. Spiritually. He gave this company things that cannot be measured on a spreadsheet or in a title reign. He gave pieces of himself. And the reason people still talk about him the way they do is because they knew it was real."

A few cheers rise from the crowd. Wingate presses on.

Rich Wingate: "And here's the truth that a lot of people in this business never like admitting out loud. He should have gotten more, sooner."

That line gets a reaction.

Rich Wingate: "There were politics in this company before I was the man standing here tonight. There were agendas. Favors. Power games. Administrations that looked at someone like Madman Szalinski and saw risk before they saw greatness."

He leans slightly forward on the podium.

Rich Wingate: "They held him down. They underestimated him. They let people who played the game better than they played the fight get in his way."

The crowd begins clapping louder now.

Rich Wingate: "And what did Madman do?"

A beat.

Rich Wingate: "He rose above it."

The building pops.

Rich Wingate: "He fought through it. He bled through it. He scratched and clawed his way through every wall they put in front of him until they didn't have a choice anymore. Until this company had to recognize what the people had already known."

Rich Wingate: "That he was a champion."

The applause grows stronger.

Rich Wingate: "And maybe that's what made him so special. Not that he fit what wrestling was supposed to be. But that he forced wrestling to make room for exactly who he was."

Wingate's tone softens now, just a little.

Rich Wingate: "Because for all the blood, for all the chaos, for all the nights where it looked like he might tear the whole building down brick by brick... people loved him."

That gets a warm reaction.

Rich Wingate: "They loved the catchphrase. They loved the unpredictability. They loved the way he could make you laugh and wince in the same minute. They loved Peach."

The mention of the dog gets an audible pop and scattered cheers.

Rich Wingate: "And they loved him because beneath all the madness, beneath all the violence and all the volume, there was something rare in this business."

He taps the podium once with two fingers.

Rich Wingate: "There was sincerity."

A quiet beat.

Rich Wingate: "Madman Szalinski never had to pretend to care. He did care. About this place. About this business. About the people who rode with him and the people who paid to see him. That kind of authenticity is rare. That kind of authenticity cannot be taught."

Wingate exhales, letting the next thought land with some weight.

Rich Wingate: "And now, in this chapter of his life, we get to see something just as meaningful."

Rich Wingate: "We get to see him give back."

Another nice reaction.

Rich Wingate: "We get to see him helping shape the next generation, leading talent, guiding talent, standing beside names like El Fantasma and making sure that all those miles, all those scars, and all that wisdom keep moving forward instead of fading away."

He nods.

Rich Wingate: "The industry did not always give Madman Szalinski what he truly deserved when it should have."

A pause.

Rich Wingate: "Tonight, we do a little better."

The crowd rises into applause before he even finishes the thought.

Rich Wingate: "So with great personal honor—as a fan of this company's history, as the owner of the United Toughness Alliance, and yes, for some of you, as the man you once knew as Dick Fury..."

That line gets a louder pop from the older fans.

Rich Wingate: "...it is my privilege to personally induct into the UTA Hall of Fame Class of 2026..."

He turns toward the entrance and raises his hand.

Rich Wingate: "Madman Szalinski!"

The crowd erupts as Wingate steps back from the podium, the stage now belonging to the headliner of the night.

The ovation for Rich Wingate is still rolling through the building when the lights shift again. Not darker. Not brighter. Just different. Focused. The kind of change that tells everyone in attendance that the room now belongs to one man.

Madman Szalinski steps forward, dressed far more formally than most people in this audience have probably ever seen him. Even with the suit, even with the occasion, there is still something unmistakably Madman about him. The mask. The posture. The energy that always feels like it could break in any direction at any second.

He reaches the podium and grips it with both hands.

The crowd roars for him.

Madman does not speak right away.

He scans the room slowly, his eyes darting around behind the mask. For a moment or two, he goes quiet when his gaze drops toward the floor, as if the full weight of the moment has finally caught up to him.

Madman Szalinski: "Good evening..."

The crowd answers warmly, then settles.

Madman lifts his head again. There is still a flicker of that old unpredictability in his eye, but it is softer tonight. More grounded.

Madman Szalinski: "You know, I've made a hell of a living over the years out of doing the last thing that everybody expects."

A ripple of laughter moves through the audience.

Madman Szalinski: "I know a lot of y'all probably expect me to do something absurd tonight. You're expecting me to pull a blunt out of my suit pocket. Or maybe you're expecting a rendition of Lemon Pound Cake."

That gets a much louder reaction. Madman lets it breathe.

Madman Szalinski: "But I think the best thing for me to do is, for once in my life, take something seriously."

The tone in the room changes immediately.

Madman Szalinski: "That's probably the last thing anybody expects me to do... and that makes it the most Madman thing I could do tonight."

The crowd responds with a warm applause.

The old veteran turns his head, looking toward the other inductees and the colleagues sharing this night with him.

Madman Szalinski: "Because this isn't just about me. This isn't just my moment. It may be my name and my face that get enshrined in the Hall of Fame, but do not think for one second that I got here by myself."

Now Madman turns back toward the audience, making a point to hold eye contact with as many people as he can. He is not rushing through this. He is trying to feel it.

Madman Szalinski: "This company would not have existed for us to be here tonight if it were not for our forefathers. Spectre. Sean Jackson. Ron Hall. So many more who built the road that we travel every day."

Madman Szalinski: "If they hadn't sacrificed their bodies in that ring, we wouldn't have had a ring to do the same."

The audience claps, some louder at the mention of names that still carry weight through generations.

Madman Szalinski: "I can't wrestle myself. I couldn't have had five-star classics without a La Flama Blanca or a Perfection standing across the ring from me. Without David Hightower to manage, I couldn't have tried my hand at being a manager."

Madman Szalinski: "And without the people closest to me... I wouldn't even be me."

He stops there.

The pause is long enough that everyone can see what is coming. The emotion hits him in a way he cannot and does not try to hide.

Madman Szalinski: "I was preceded to this platform by someone that I loved very dearly."

His voice is already beginning to crack.

Madman Szalinski: "To a lot of people, it probably seemed stupid that I loved that dog so much. But what you don't get is that when the lights went out... when y'all went home... all I had was the pain from all the abuse... and my Princess Peach."

The building goes almost completely silent.

Madman Szalinski: "And to know that y'all saw that... and respected that..."

He cannot finish the thought cleanly.

The tears finally begin to flow.

Madman Szalinski: "You have given so much to me..."

He wipes at his face, but the words keep coming.

Madman Szalinski: "When Ariel passed, you had my back. When Peach passed, you were by my side. That is why I have given—and will continue to give—you all everything that I have!"

The crowd erupts into applause, many on their feet already, but Madman presses on through the emotion.

Madman Szalinski: "I have had forty beautiful years on this planet. I have had twenty-four years of blessings from this business. I have been part of this company in some way, shape, or form for the past twelve."

He takes one more breath, trying to steady himself.

Madman Szalinski: "And tonight, as I reach the greatest achievement that WrestleUTA has to offer..."

A pause.

Madman Szalinski: "Just remember one thing."

Madman Szalinski: "If you can still breathe... you can still go."

Madman Szalinski: "Now get out there and fight!"

The line brings the entire building to its feet.

Openly crying now, sniffing slightly behind the mask, Madman steps back from the podium and lets the thunderous ovation from the capacity crowd wash over him. He looks out into the sea of people, chest rising and falling, trying to take all of it in.

Then, after a few moments, just when it seems like the speech might end on that solemn note, that familiar spark returns.

Madman leans back toward the microphone.

Madman Szalinski: "Now enough of that..."

A few people in the crowd are already laughing through the emotion.

Madman Szalinski: "Let's get back to it!"

He raises a hand.

Madman Szalinski: "God damn, son!"

The place explodes again—this time with laughter, cheers, applause, and pure affection for the man standing at the center of it all.

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