

Jackpot: 06.06.2025

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: June 6, 2025
Location: Pearl Theater — Las Vegas, NV

Preview

When the global pandemic hit in 2020, the UTA was forced to cease operations. Now, over five years later since the once global phenomenon brought hard-hitting action to the fans, the UTA returns to Las Vegas for a night of thrills.

Join us as we take over the Pearl Theater at the Palms Hotel and Casino to reintroduce the world to the United Toughness Alliance and find out together, who will hit the JACKPOT!

Results

Welcome Back

Segment

You log into Triller.tv and click on the featured graphic for the United Toughness Alliance show, Jackpot.

The screen is black. Then, slowly, it fades in to reveal a dimly lit studio or office space—non-descript but elegant in its simplicity. Standing in the center is a sharply dressed man in a maroon suit jacket with a black dress shirt beneath. His hands are calmly folded in front of him. A lower third appears: “RICH WINGATE — OWNER, UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE.”

Wingate: It’s been five years.

He pauses, letting the weight of that sentence settle in.

Wingate: Five years since the world stopped. Since the arenas went silent. Since the United Toughness Alliance—like so many others—had to step away.

He takes a breath, steady and reflective.

Wingate: But we never stopped believing. We never stopped building. And tonight... we return.

The camera slowly zooms in, framing his voice with sincerity and quiet strength.

Wingate: On behalf of every athlete, every crew member, and every one of us behind the curtain, I want to thank you—the fans—for being patient, for holding on, and for never letting go of what this brand has always stood for: honor, intensity, and excellence inside that squared circle.

His tone sharpens just slightly with pride.

Wingate: Over the next four weeks, the United Toughness Alliance takes over Las Vegas. The Pearl Theater inside the Palms Hotel & Casino becomes our battleground. You’ll see action. You’ll see new stars rise. You’ll see past favorites return. And at the end of this journey—

He leans in ever so slightly.

Wingate: —you’ll see a new UTA Champion crowned.

He adjusts his jacket with a faint smile.

Wingate: That journey begins tonight... with the start of our qualifying tournament. Stakes are high. Expectations are

higher. And this roster is ready.

The camera begins to slowly fade to black.

Wingate: Thank you for being part of our return. Thank you for believing in the UTA. Now—sit back, turn it up... and enjoy the show.

As the screen cuts to black, the UTA logo flashes onscreen, shimmering gold. Then—

Introduction

Segment

We cut to ringside where the camera sweeps across a sold-out Pearl Theater. The crowd is electric—chanting, waving signs, and flashing lights from their phones. The hard camera settles on the newly revealed UTA commentary desk, sleek and illuminated, where two men sit in front of the action.

John Phillips wears a dark blazer and headset, calm but clearly buzzing with energy. Next to him, Mark Bravo leans forward with an excited grin, decked out in a bold sport coat and flashing finger guns to fans behind him.

Phillips: What a message from Rich Wingate to kick off the night, and welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the return of the United Toughness Alliance! LIVE from the sold-out Pearl Theater here in Las Vegas, Nevada—I'm John Phillips, your voice for the action tonight and every night going forward.

Bravo: And I'm Mark Bravo—former gridiron bruiser, full-time hype man—and I have been WAITING to say this for five long years, John—UTA IS BACK, BABY!

The crowd roars as “UTA!” chants ripple through the audience behind them.

Phillips: It's hard not to feel the magnitude of this moment. The lights, the fans, the energy—it's all back. And what a return show we have lined up for everyone watching at home.

Bravo: We've got qualifying matches! We've got big debuts! We've got history being made in the main event! And you KNOW I already lost money at the casino—but I might win it back if tonight goes the way I think it will.

Phillips: You'd better hope so. But let's take a look at what's on deck tonight as we kick off the qualifying tournament to crown a brand-new UTA Champion!

A graphic appears on the screen showing the UTA logo with the words “UTA Championship Qualifying Tournament — Night 1.” Below it, the match card scrolls in stylized gold and crimson text.

Phillips: First up, Carter “Storm” Durant returns to UTA action and faces the human wrecking ball himself, Brick Bronson. It's speed versus size to open the show.

Bravo: I call him “Brick” because running into him is like hitting a wall. Literally. Carter's gonna need more than a forecast if he wants to weather that man.

Phillips: Then, El Fantasma Oscuro—an absolute mystery in that ring—takes on Gideon Graves, a steel-mill bruiser from Pittsburgh. This one might turn into a ghost story... or a demolition derby.

Bravo: You ever seen a phantom try to slam 285 pounds of granite? I haven't. But I'm READY to.

Phillips: Our third qualifier tonight features Jaxson Ryder taking on Graham Keel, The Technician. A clash of charisma and calculation if there ever was one.

Bravo: You put Ryder in front of a crowd and he lights up. But Keel? That guy dissects opponents like he's doing surgery with barbed wire. Don't blink on that one.

Phillips: And in our main event—history will be made as the women of UTA step into the spotlight. Athena Storm vs.

Valentina Blaze. Two rising stars. One main event. No limits.

Bravo: Ohhh man, I've been waiting for this. You've got a tropical storm in one corner and a blazing inferno in the other. Somebody's gonna combust—hopefully not the commentary table.

The camera cuts to wide-angle shots of fans chanting and holding up signs like “LET IT RAIN,” “BLAZE IT UP,” and “I CAME FOR BRICK.”

Phillips: It's been a long road, but tonight, the UTA is back where it belongs—right in the hearts of the fans. It all starts here. A new era begins, and by the end of this journey, we will have a new UTA Champion.

Bravo: We're flipping cards, we're rolling dice, and somebody is gonna hit the JACKPOT. Let's get this show started!

Carter Durant vs. Brick Bronson

Match

The lights of the Pearl Theater inside the Palms Hotel & Casino dim, bathing the arena in a sea of shadows. For a moment, there's silence—an anticipatory hush that grips the sold-out crowd. Suddenly, the crackling energy of Las Vegas ignites the atmosphere.

“The Hurricane” Carter Durant bursts through the curtain like he was shot out of a cannon, sprinting full-speed down the ramp. His athleticism is undeniable—every step calculated, yet free. He high-fives fans with a wide smile, soaking in the energy of the crowd like fuel for the battle to come.

Phillips: The electricity is palpable tonight, folks! Here comes Carter Durant, a one-man highlight reel and a fan favorite with the speed and heart to match!

Bravo: Look at this guy go, Phillips! He's moving like performers on Fremont Street—fast, loud, and impossible to ignore! But let's not kid ourselves... he's about to collide with a freight train.

Durant slides under the bottom rope, hops to his feet in one fluid motion, and runs up a turnbuckle, throwing his arms into the air as the crowd erupts. He points to the sky, signaling that he's ready for war.

“The Concrete Fist” Brick Bronson stomps into view—an unflinching tower of muscle and menace. His jaw is clenched, his eyes narrowed like a hunter eyeing prey. Each step is heavy, deliberate, and threatening.

Phillips: And here comes Brick Bronson—stoic, destructive, and absolutely unforgiving. This man isn't just here to win. He's here to break people.

Bravo: If Durant's a hurricane, Bronson's a whole damn landslide. This is gonna be a clash of chaos and concrete!

Bronson steps up onto the apron without breaking stride, cracks his knuckles as he stares into the ring, then steps between the ropes with purpose. No theatrics. Just menace. The bell rings.

Phillips: Here we go!

Carter darts forward, testing the waters with a low kick to Bronson's thigh, then bounces off the ropes for a springboard dropkick—

THWACK!

—and it lands clean, but Brick only staggers a half-step, barely fazed. Durant lands on his feet and keeps moving, hitting the ropes again and leaping into a hurricanrana—but Brick catches him mid-air, planting him down with a spine-jarring powerbomb attempt that Carter narrowly reverses into a headscissors!

Bravo: Whoa! Durant just escaped total destruction!

Phillips: Durant using that agility to its fullest—he's got to keep moving, or he's done for!

Durant pops to his feet and springboards off the second rope—Enzuigiri!

SMACK!

This time, Brick's head snaps to the side. He takes a half-step back, and the crowd roars. Carter smells blood. He charges, but Brick absorbs the hit like a tank and flattens Carter mid-run with a lariat that flips him inside out.

Bravo: That'll make you rethink your whole life, Phillips!

Bronson stalks over to Durant and lifts him with alarming ease. He drills him with a brutal back elbow to the jaw, then whips him hard into the corner. The entire ring rattles. Carter slumps in the corner—and Brick charges.

BOOM! A massive corner avalanche crushes Durant like he was nothing but air. Brick doesn't even give him time to breathe. He yanks Carter out with a gutwrench and launches him with a thunderous exploder suplex. Durant crashes into the canvas, clutching his back.

Phillips: Exploder suplex with violent intent! Brick Bronson is dismantling Durant piece by piece!

Bravo: That's a man who enjoys his work, Phillips. And right now, Durant's spine is filing a complaint!

Brick drags Carter up like a ragdoll and begins driving stiff forearm clubs to his chest and back, each blow echoing like thunder in the Pearl Theater. The fans chant Carter's name, clapping rhythmically, trying to will him back into the fight.

Brick sneers and pulls Carter into a corner again—goes for another avalanche—but Carter slips out of the way! Brick collides with the turnbuckle! Carter climbs the ropes in a flash—Frankensteiner off the top!

Phillips: High-risk! High-reward! Durant just rocked Bronson!

Bravo: That was insane! The kid might have just cracked the concrete!

Brick stumbles, clearly shaken for the first time. Durant roars and sprints—Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! The crowd explodes! Carter doesn't stop—he scales the ropes and hits a perfect corner moonsault!

Phillips: Durant is on fire! He's feeding off this crowd's energy—look at him go!

With the crowd on its feet, Carter points to the sky—he's calling for the Whirlwind Finale. He climbs to the top rope, taking a deep breath as the lights shimmer off his sweat-soaked frame. He launches—twisting corkscrew senton—

BUT BRICK MOVES.

Carter crashes and burns. The air leaves the room.

Bravo: Oh no... oh no... he missed it! This just went from miracle to massacre in one second flat.

Brick, expression unchanged, methodically stands. He grabs Carter with both hands, lifts him off the canvas with a guttural grunt, and delivers a savage gutwrench powerbomb that rattles the ring. The thud is sickening.

Phillips: Gutwrench Powerbomb! That's the setup! You know what's coming next!

With ice-cold precision, Brick yanks Carter to his knees. He backs up a step—then charges forward.

CRACK!

The Concrete Ending—knee straight to the temple. Carter's body goes limp, collapsing to the mat like a marionette with its strings cut. Brick covers.

Referee: ONE! TWO! THREE!

The bell rings. The audience's cheers for Carter shift to stunned silence—and then a slow, mixed reaction as Brick Bronson rises, unshaken and victorious.

Phillips: And just like that, Brick Bronson advances in the UTA Championship Qualifier. What an absolutely dominant showing.

Bravo: I don't know what's more impressive—his strength, his calm... or how little he seemed to care. This man's not just here to win, Phillips. He's here to hurt people.

Brick stands over Carter's fallen body, staring down for a long, cold moment. Then, without a word, he turns toward the UTA Championship banner hanging above the stage. He doesn't celebrate. He doesn't raise a fist. He just stares—with purpose.

Phillips: That look... it says everything. Bronson isn't here for applause. He's here for gold—and he's willing to run through anyone to get it.

The camera lingers on the visual of Brick Bronson exiting the ring, the red lights returning as he disappears into the curtain. Carter Durant, with help from officials, slowly stirs, receiving a standing ovation from the crowd despite the loss. He may not have won tonight, but he earned every bit of their respect.

Bravo: You may not always win, Phillips... but the fight Durant showed tonight? That'll carry him far. If he survives the next few days, that is.

The tournament has just begun—but one thing is clear: the storm may have passed, but the wreckage left behind is all Brick Bronson.

Viva Las Vegas

Segment

The screen fades in from black with a soft white glow as the words EARLIER TODAY appear in the bottom right corner in subtle gold and white.

A wide aerial drone shot glides over the dazzling Las Vegas skyline under the afternoon sun. The glinting towers of the Strip shimmer in the desert light as iconic landmarks fill the screen—Caesars Palace, the Bellagio fountains mid-dance, the LINQ High Roller wheel turning slowly in the breeze.

The camera cuts to a UTA production van rolling past the “Welcome to Fabulous Las Vegas” sign. A quick montage shows airport arrivals—Jaxson Ryder wheeling a duffel bag over his shoulder, fist-bumping a crew member. Athena Storm steps off a private shuttle in shades and a hoodie, spinning her glowing staff with a grin as fans shout nearby.

Valentina Blaze walks with determination through Harry Reid's terminal, dragging her carry-on behind her and flashing a quick “Light it up” gesture at a little girl holding a homemade sign.

Cut to Brick Bronson stepping out of a tinted SUV in front of the Palms Hotel & Casino, his silhouette casting a shadow over the pavement. He adjusts the collar of his sleeveless hoodie and stares straight into the camera—unmoving.

The next shot: Gideon Graves standing silently at a pedestrian crosswalk on the Strip, his arms crossed over his chest, watching street performers and blinking neon lights with cold focus.

El Fantasma Oscuro appears in a blink-and-you-miss-it style flash across a back alley wall. He turns his masked face toward the camera, then disappears into the shadowy crowd.

The montage slows—Athena Storm and Valentina Blaze pass each other walking opposite directions on Las Vegas Boulevard. They pause, lock eyes. No words. No gestures. Just tension.

The camera sweeps upward as the sun begins to dip below the horizon. The Palms Hotel & Casino glows in the distance, its rooftop UTA banners waving in the wind. A final drone shot pulls high above the Pearl Theater, packed and ready for the night ahead.

Phillips (V.O.): The lights. The legends. The legacy.

Bravo (V.O.): From the Strip to the squared circle... the UTA is back where it belongs.

The screen cuts to black—then explodes into the entrance fire cannons and live feed as the next match is moments away.

El Fantasma Oscuro vs. Gideon Graves

Match

The theater falls into a chilling darkness, as if the very air is holding its breath. A lone, haunting flute melody begins to drift through the speakers, slow and sorrowful. Fog creeps across the entrance ramp like tendrils from another realm, swallowing the stage in spectral white. From within the mist, a shape begins to form—a presence more than a person.

El Fantasma Oscuro emerges, gliding forward like a shadow on the wind. He makes no sound, no motion beyond his steady advance. His piercing stare never leaves the ring as the crowd watches in rapt silence, mesmerized by the phantom shade approaching battle.

Phillips: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to the UTA Championship Qualifying tournament. We're about to witness a clash of styles, of spirit and steel. El Fantasma Oscuro is in the ring, and the entire Pearl Theater is holding its collective breath.

Bravo: I'm not afraid of much, John—but this guy? He gives me the creeps. The Phantom Shade is staring a hole through the ring. He doesn't walk—he haunts.

As El Fantasma Oscuro slinks into the ring and takes his corner in eerie stillness, the lights cut out again. For a heartbeat, there is nothing. Then—

BOOM! Sparks explode from above like a cascade of molten steel. The air hums with menace as Gideon Graves stomps through the downpour of light. His hammer-fist pounds against his gauntlet—metal on metal—creating a sound that cuts through the theater like the toll of war drums.

He says nothing. He acknowledges no one. His cold glare is fixed only on his opponent—the specter across the ring.

Phillips: And now... the Iron Giant has arrived. Gideon Graves—unforgiving, unstoppable, and utterly relentless.

Bravo: Fantasma might float like a ghost, but he's about to find out what happens when you drift into a steel mill. Graves isn't here for theatrics—he's here to destroy.

The bell tolls—and just like that, the storm begins.

El Fantasma Oscuro springs to life, dashing around the ring in a blur of movement. He darts low, delivering a slingshot dropkick to Graves' knee, sending the big man staggering for a moment. The Phantom wastes no time—he rebounds off the ropes and connects with a perfectly-timed springboard moonsault!

Phillips: Fantasma is using every ounce of his speed to keep Graves off-balance!

Bravo: It's like trying to box with smoke—if smoke could kick you in the face!

El Fantasma lands gracefully and zips forward again. Tilt-a-whirl headscissors! Graves is hurled toward the ropes, his footing unsteady for the first time. The crowd starts to come alive, sensing momentum shift. Fantasma sprints to the ropes, balances like a tightrope artist—he's going for the Rope Walk Hurricanrana!

But in a flash—

—Gideon Graves SNATCHES him out of the air with terrifying speed.

With a bellow, Graves hoists the smaller man up and drives him down with an Iron Drop—a two-handed lift into a

devastating sit-out spinebuster that echoes across the arena like a gunshot.

Phillips: OH! The Iron Drop! Graves just shifted the entire match in one monstrous counter!

Bravo: I think I heard the ring cry out for help, Phillips! That was brutal!

The momentum swings with full force. Graves grabs Fantasma and launches him skyward with a Gorilla-Press Slam, holding him aloft like a trophy before slamming him to the mat. The impact shakes the ropes. Graves stands above him, glaring coldly before delivering a precise Steam Hammer—his jumping knee drop smashing across Fantasma's chest.

Fantasma writhes. The supernatural aura now flickers beneath the crushing weight of reality.

Phillips: Gideon Graves is breaking down El Fantasma piece by piece. This is power applied with surgical precision.

Bravo: It's like watching a demolition expert take out a haunted house. Scary or not—Graves is tearing him apart brick by brick.

Graves traps Fantasma in the corner and levels him with a thunderous Corner Lariat that nearly flips the masked enigma inside out. Then, with measured cruelty, he delivers a Pendulum Backbreaker, stretching the spine and leaving Fantasma in visible agony. The pace has slowed to a grind—and it's all in Graves' favor.

Fantasma tries to crawl, reaching for the ropes like a man reaching for light—but Graves denies him with a Snake Eyes into the middle turnbuckle, followed immediately by a crushing Avalanche Powerslam.

Phillips: Fantasma has no answers. Every escape leads to more punishment!

Bravo: He's not just losing the match—he's getting erased!

Graves slowly pulls Fantasma up one final time, almost respectfully—before the execution. He locks eyes with the masked man, then hoists him high into the air.

And then—

GRAVE MAKER!

The high-angle jackknife powerbomb detonates Fantasma's body against the mat. His limbs go slack. The Phantom has vanished—not in mist this time, but in defeat.

Graves drops to a knee, one hand on the chest. The referee slides into position.

Referee: ONE! TWO! THREE!

The bell rings, final and cold. Graves stands tall, shadowed beneath the hanging lights like a statue carved from iron and vengeance.

Phillips: Gideon Graves with a statement victory tonight. That was cold, calculated dominance.

Bravo: You could call it a win... or you could call it a warning. The Iron Giant doesn't compete—he conquers.

Graves doesn't raise his arms. He doesn't celebrate. He simply turns his gaze toward the championship banner hanging high above the arena. And with that silent promise of devastation still lingering in the air, he steps over the ropes and vanishes into the back.

Inside the ring, El Fantasma Oscuro remains still for a long moment. The crowd, unsure whether to cheer or shudder, eventually rises to offer applause—not just for the match, but for the ethereal warrior who dared step into the jaws of steel.

Phillips: He may have fallen tonight, but El Fantasma Oscuro proved he can hang with the best. He'll be back—but tonight belongs to Graves.

Bravo: One ghost down, Phillips. How many more bodies will fall before Graves gets to that title?

The UTA Championship tournament rages on... and the Iron Giant marches forward, leaving nothing but wreckage in his wake.

A Storm is Brewing

Segment

We cut to the backstage area of the Pearl Theater where a bright UTA-branded backdrop stands proudly. Standing in front of it is veteran UTA backstage correspondent Melissa Cartwright, microphone in hand and dressed professionally for the occasion.

Cartwright: Ladies and gentlemen, we are just moments away from tonight's historic main event, but joining me right now is one of the competitors who will be making that very history... please welcome, "The Tempest" herself, Athena Storm!

The crowd watching on the tron roars as Athena Storm steps into frame, dressed in her ring gear, a light sheen of sweat already glistening on her shoulders as she twirls her glowing staff once before resting it across her shoulders. She wears a confident, electric grin.

Storm: Melissa, tonight... is electric. I can feel it in my bones. This whole building is charged up like a thundercloud about to break. UTA is back, and baby, so am I!

Cartwright: Athena, tonight you step into the main event of the UTA's first show in over five years. What does that moment mean to you?

Athena looks down for a moment, soaking in the weight of it, then lifts her head with fire in her eyes.

Storm: I was just a wide-eyed kid watching UTA from a cracked laptop screen in Puerto Rico, dreaming of the day I could fly that high. And now? Now I get to be the one in that spotlight. I get to be the lightning in the storm. Main event. History. This isn't just a match, Melissa—it's a legacy in motion.

Cartwright: You'll be facing Valentina Blaze—another high-impact, high-energy competitor. What are your thoughts going into a match like that?

Storm: Valentina is fire. No doubt. But I'm not scared of a little heat. You see, when fire meets the storm...

Athena makes a swirling motion in the air with her hand, then strikes it down like a bolt.

Storm: You get thunder. You get rain. And you get something unforgettable. I respect her, but tonight, I'm ready to outshine the flame and show the world what a tempest really looks like under the lights.

Cartwright: Any last words for the fans who have waited five long years for the return of the United Toughness Alliance?

Athena turns to the camera, her tone softening just enough to let sincerity peek through the bravado.

Storm: Thank you for sticking with this. For believing in what we do. Tonight, I promise to give you everything I've got—and then some. So stand up. Clap your hands. And let it rain.

She throws her hands high in the air in her signature "Let it rain!" motion as the crowd watching on screen echoes her rallying cry in the arena. Melissa smiles wide beside her.

Cartwright: That was Athena Storm, folks—and that main event is coming up later tonight! Don't go anywhere.

We fade back to ringside as the energy in the Pearl Theater continues to swell.

Jaxson Ryder vs. Graham Keel

Match

The electric atmosphere palpable as fans wave signs and chant “U-T-A! U-T-A!” A sharp pan to the commentary table shows John Phillips adjusting his headset while Mark Bravo flexes playfully to fans behind him.

Phillips: Folks, we are off and rolling tonight as the UTA returns in explosive fashion, and up next, it’s another UTA Championship qualifying bout in what’s already been a wild night here in Las Vegas!

Bravo: You’re damn right, John! Brick Bronson bulldozed his way through match one. Gideon Graves leveled the field in match two. And now we’ve got the classic: flash versus technique — heart versus precision. It’s Jaxson Ryder and Graham Keel!

The lights cut suddenly. A lone white spotlight hits the stage. For five full seconds, there’s silence. Then — a haunting orchestral theme begins to swell. The audience murmurs, respectful yet wary. Graham Keel steps through the curtain, slow, steady, expression locked in ice.

Phillips: There’s a man who has spent his career dismantling opponents piece by piece. Keel isn’t here for fanfare. He’s here to break someone down.

Bravo: That walk is the walk of a surgeon. Keel’s not flashy, he’s fatal.

Keel slides into the ring, kneeling near the turnbuckle. No acknowledgment to the crowd. No gesture. Just cold focus.

Suddenly, the lights strobe in red, white, and blue. The alt-rock chorus of Jaxson Ryder’s entrance theme blasts through the speakers and the Pearl Theater erupts in cheers. Ryder bursts from the curtain like a cannonball, slapping hands, pumping his fists, radiating energy.

Phillips: Listen to that reaction! The Hometown Hero may not be from Vegas, but this crowd has adopted him like one of their own!

Bravo: That’s because Jaxson Ryder has one gear — all in. This guy’s heart is bigger than his entrance pop.

Ryder leaps onto the apron, climbs the turnbuckle, and salutes the crowd before flipping into the ring. The referee checks both men, then signals to the timekeeper.

The bell sounds and the crowd is split — some firmly behind Ryder, others quietly intrigued by the mastery of Keel. The two circle, Keel moving like a chess player, Ryder bouncing on his toes.

They lock up. Keel quickly transitions into a hammerlock, but Ryder rolls out and snapmares Keel over. Quick dropkick to the back! The crowd pops as Keel rolls to his feet, unfazed.

Phillips: Early exchange and Ryder with the dropkick! He’s testing the tempo.

Bravo: And Keel’s testing joints, John. That man will disassemble you like IKEA furniture.

They tie up again — this time Keel snatches the arm and yanks it downward into a twisting armbreaker. He drives his knee into Ryder’s elbow and wrenches. Ryder grimaces and scrambles to the ropes. The referee breaks it at four.

Phillips: Keel wasting no time targeting the arm. That’s his specialty — control a limb, dominate the match.

Bravo: And if you’re Jaxson Ryder, that’s your springboard arm! He loses that, and you cut his offense in half.

Ryder shakes out his arm and charges — Keel sidesteps, traps Ryder’s leg — dragon screw! Ryder flips awkwardly and grabs his knee.

Phillips: First the arm, now the leg — Keel might be trying to set up either the Crowning Hold or that Lancashire Lock!

Keel circles. He lifts Ryder and hits a crisp Russian leg sweep, floats over into a grounded facelock. Ryder struggles, twists — reaches — then bridges up and rolls through into a cradle!

1...

2...

Kickout by Keel!

Phillips: Near fall out of nowhere! Ryder showing he's got the technical game too!

Keel pops up and delivers a European uppercut that rocks Ryder to the corner. Whip across — no, reversal! Ryder follows with a running bulldog and nails it! He leaps up, slapping the mat, firing up the crowd!

Bravo: That's the Ryder ignition switch! Here he comes!

Ryder springboards — crossbody connects! He hooks the leg!

1...

2...

Kickout again!

Phillips: Ryder nearly had him there — but you can't keep Graham Keel down that easy!

Ryder climbs the ropes. He's calling for something big. He flies — high-angle spinning neckbreaker from the top! He lands hard but covers!

1...

2...

Keel kicks out again, but slower now.

Bravo: Jaxson Ryder putting his whole body on the line — that's his style. No safety net!

Ryder signals — he backs up, measuring — SUPERKICK — NO! Keel ducks, traps the leg, sweeps out the other — and slaps on the Figure-Four Neck Lock!

Phillips: He's got it! Neck cranked, spine twisted!

Ryder flails, kicks the mat, but shifts his hips just enough to get to the ropes. The hold breaks. Keel breathes deep — calm, calculating.

He yanks Ryder up and backs him into the corner. He sets — traps Ryder, pulls him backwards — CORNER SUPLEX into a brutal neck landing!

Phillips: That's the setup! Keel's looking to end this!

Keel grabs Ryder's arms and ankles, twists — LANCASHIRE LOCK! He wrenches diagonally, knees pressing into Ryder's ribs. Ryder screams, trapped dead-center!

Bravo: This might be it! The angle, the torque — he's got nowhere to go!

Ryder slams his fists to the mat — pushes up on one elbow — he fights — inch by inch — drags himself, pulls Keel with him — AND GETS TO THE ROPES!

Phillips: Unbelievable resolve! Ryder just willed himself out of the jaws of defeat!

Keel doesn't hesitate. He grabs Ryder's wrist — goes for the kneeling armbreaker — but Ryder rolls through — POP-UP HURRICANRANA!

The crowd explodes! Ryder kips up, stumbles, then screams to the fans. He points to the turnbuckle — climbs...

Phillips: He's going for it! Victory Lane!

He soars — full rotation — PHOENIX SPLASH!!!

Bravo: HE HIT IT!!

Ryder crashes down on Keel — hooks the leg deep!

1...

2...

3!!!

The bell rings and the Pearl Theater comes unglued. Ryder rolls off, clutching his ribs. The referee raises his hand as his theme blasts once again. Fans cheer wildly as Ryder rises to his knees, pointing to the crowd with a breathless smile.

Phillips: He's done it! Jaxson Ryder advances in the UTA Championship Tournament! What a war — what a win!

Bravo: Heart. Guts. Sheer force of will. The Hometown Hero survives a masterclass in joint destruction and somehow pulls it off!

Keel sits up in the corner, nodding ever so slightly — a small, rare sign of respect — before rolling out of the ring.

Phillips: Brick Bronson. Gideon Graves. And now Jaxson Ryder. Three very different paths... but all one step closer to the UTA Championship!

Bravo: And John, if this is what round one looks like... I cannot WAIT for the rest of this tournament.

We fade to a shot of Ryder on the turnbuckle, saluting the roaring crowd, as UTA's logo shimmers on the screen once again.

Next Week

Segment

The screen fades from the live arena feed to a sleek graphic: "NEXT WEEK – JUNE 13th – PEARL THEATER – LAS VEGAS, NV." A pounding instrumental rock theme kicks in as a highlight reel of Las Vegas nightlife flashes across the screen—neon lights, slot machines, cheering fans outside the Palms.

Phillips (V.O.): The United Toughness Alliance rolls back into the Pearl Theater next week, June 13th, as the tournament to crown a new UTA Champion continues!

A title card slams onto the screen: JET LAWSON vs. MAGNUS WOLFE

Bravo (V.O.): Jet Lawson has the wings, but Magnus Wolfe has the fangs. The sky's the limit—or the bite may be fatal. High-flyer meets full-blown predator in round two of qualifiers!

Clips flash of Jet Lawson hitting springboard offense in indie footage, followed by Magnus Wolfe cracking an opponent with a brutal back elbow, baring his teeth.

Next card graphic: MAXX MAYHEM vs. TITAN REX

Phillips (V.O.): Then it's chaos versus muscle as Maxx Mayhem collides with the towering force known as Titan Rex!

Bravo (V.O.): This one's gonna shake the ring bolts loose, John. Two of the most unpredictable names signed in 2025—and only one moves on!

Clips show Maxx Mayhem diving off scaffolding in gritty venues, contrasted with Titan Rex walking through smoke, cracking his knuckles and snarling at the camera.

Card graphic: TYLER CRUZ vs. TBA

Phillips (V.O.): Tyler Cruz steps into the unknown—literally. His opponent? Still unannounced. The stakes? Everything.

Bravo (V.O.): I don't care who it is—Cruz is a calculating technician. But if the mystery man's playing mind games? Tyler might not be ready for this wild card.

A clip shows Cruz applying a tight submission hold, then pacing backstage with steely focus.

Card graphic: KAIDA SHIZUKA vs. ATHENA STORM

Phillips (V.O.): And in what promises to be a show-stealer, Japan's own Kaida Shizuka debuts against "The Tempest" Athena Storm, returning after a chaotic main event tonight.

Bravo (V.O.): Storm's gotta shake off the cobwebs after Valkyrie's ambush. But don't sleep on Kaida—she's precision, discipline, and deadly calm. This could be an instant classic.

Clips show Kaida training in a Tokyo dojo—fluid, focused, serene. Intercut with Athena soaring from the top rope and rallying fans with her "Let it rain!" salute.

The screen fades to black with the UTA logo pulsing in crimson and gold. The final graphic reads:

UTA RETURNS — JUNE 13TH — PEARL THEATER — LAS VEGAS

Phillips (V.O.): The road to the UTA Championship rolls on—don't miss it.

Athena Storm vs. Valentina Blaze

Match

The lights dim inside the Pearl Theater at the Palms Hotel and Casino as the crowd buzzes with anticipation. A low hum builds through the sound system. The UTA logo flashes on the screen overhead. In the bottom corner of the broadcast, the word LIVE! appears and fades away.

Inside the sold-out venue, a sea of fans are on their feet, phones flashing, UTA signs waving—many reading "LET IT RAIN!" or "LIGHT IT UP!" as the camera pans across the crowd. The atmosphere is electric.

The camera cuts to ringside where John Phillips and Mark Bravo sit in position, both hyped up as the roar of the crowd rattles their headsets.

Phillips: Folks, the moment has arrived. After five long years, the United Toughness Alliance returns—and this main event is worthy of a comeback story!

Bravo: Athena Storm. Valentina Blaze. Two of the most explosive women in the game today, and they're about to throw down in a main event that's hotter than the Vegas strip itself!

Phillips: Both of these women embody everything the UTA stands for—passion, talent, and toughness. You couldn't have asked for a better showcase in our return to the ring.

Bravo: And this is all going down at the Pearl Theater. John, this building is shaking. The people are ready—and so am I.

The lights suddenly flicker blue. Thunder cracks through the sound system. Pulsing blue strobes dance across the crowd as a tropical-house beat begins to rise.

Phillips: Here she comes... the Tempest herself!

Athena Storm bursts through the curtain, twirling a glowing LED staff in a fluid, dance-like motion. Her presence is vibrant and commanding. She pauses at the top of the ramp, throws her arms up—and the crowd erupts, chanting "LET! IT! RAIN!"

Athena sprints toward the ring with a confident bounce in her step, high-fiving fans on the way. She slides in under the

ropes, pops to her feet, and climbs the turnbuckle, rallying the audience with her signature storm motion.

Bravo: I've missed this energy. You can feel it in your chest! She moves like a lightning bolt—and hits like one too.

Just as Athena hops down from the turnbuckle, the lights shift again. This time they turn to an intense orange glow. The bass drops, deep and rumbling, like a firestorm about to ignite.

Phillips: But the storm's got heat coming her way.

Valentina Blaze strides out with a swagger that says "I own this." Her finger draws an imaginary spark through the air before she explodes into a sprint down the ramp. She leaps onto the apron in a single bound, then slingshots over the ropes into the ring.

Valentina climbs the opposite corner, throws a fiery fist pump, and the crowd answers with a resounding "LIGHT IT UP!" chant.

Bravo: The Inferno's lit, baby. You've got flash versus fire here tonight. And nobody's leaving the same after this one.

The referee checks both women as the ring announcer's voice echoes overhead, giving each woman their proper introduction. The bell rings.

Phillips: And here we go!

Athena and Valentina circle each other. The crowd is split, dueling chants echoing through the Pearl Theater. They lock up center ring—Athena immediately swings into a quick arm drag. Valentina pops up. Another lock-up, this time Blaze shifts low and catches Athena with a drop-toe hold, then rolls into a front facelock. Athena spins out and the two separate to a respectful round of applause.

Bravo: These two know each other well already. We're looking at world-class athleticism on display.

The pace picks up. Valentina hits the ropes, ducks a jumping knee from Athena, rebounds with a spinning back kick—but Athena sidesteps and nails a snap German suplex!

Phillips: Beautiful bridge by Storm! One! Two—no!

Valentina kicks out. Athena pulls her to her feet and whips her into the corner, charging for a running elbow—but Valentina lifts both legs, catching Athena in the chest. She hops onto the second rope—leaps—running bulldog! She covers!

Bravo: That's the Blaze special! Could be over!

Phillips: Two-count only!

Valentina doesn't waste time. She grabs Athena by the wrist, lifts her up and whips her—Athena reverses! Valentina rebounds, slides under a clothesline, jumps onto the ropes—Rope-Walk Arm Drag!

Bravo: She's a human firework in there!

The crowd rises to its feet as Valentina poses with her hand gesture. "LIGHT IT UP!" chants again fill the arena. But Athena isn't down long. As Valentina turns back, Athena charges—pop-up bicycle kick!

Phillips: Storm Front! She caught her flush!

Valentina staggers back into the ropes. Athena grabs her—Tempest Driver! The crowd gasps as Valentina is spiked center-ring. Athena covers!

Phillips: One! Two! Thr—NO! Kickout!

Bravo: I thought that was it, John! She dropped her like a thunderclap!

Athena rallies the fans again, arm pumping in the air. “LET IT RAIN!” echoes once more. She ascends the turnbuckle slowly, preparing for the Lightning Crash—but Valentina rolls to the apron!

Athena hops down. Valentina uses the apron rope for leverage—bounces into a stiff high knee to Athena’s jaw!

Phillips: Blaze Trigger from the apron! Right on the button!

Valentina climbs the ropes—poised. She pumps her fist in mid-air—FIRESTORM!

Bravo: The 450 connects! It’s over!

She hooks the leg!

Phillips: One! Two! No! Athena kicks out at 2.9!

The crowd is deafening. Both women lie on the mat, breathing heavily. The referee begins a double count. At six, they both rise—exchanging right hands. Then forearms. Then stiff kicks. The match devolves into a ferocious back-and-forth of roundhouse kicks and palm strikes.

Bravo: I don’t know who’s winning, but the fans are eating it up!

Valentina ducks a wild shot, hits the ropes—springboard roundhouse—Athena ducks it! Rope-walk Enzuigiri from Athena out of nowhere!

Phillips: That cracked the temple!

She signals for the top rope again—but just as she climbs...

...the lights shift again. This time to dark purple.

Bravo: Wait a minute... what is this?

A thunderous war-horn bellows through the arena. The crowd erupts in confusion and cheers. Smoke rolls in from the entrance ramp. Emerging from the haze—Valkyrie Knox.

Phillips: That’s Valkyrie Knox! The Iron Valkyrie is HERE in UTA?!

Bravo: She wasn’t scheduled! What is she doing?!

Both Athena and Valentina stop in their tracks, confused and wary. Valkyrie stalks down the ramp in her war-painted fury, steel-spiked gauntlet raised. The referee is yelling at her to stop—but she doesn’t even look his way.

Phillips: This was a classic in the making! What is she about to do?!

Valentina goes for a quick roll-up on the distracted Athena!

Phillips: Small package! One! Two! Athena kicks out!

They both rise to their feet—but Valkyrie slides under the ropes like a viking goddess of destruction. BOOM—short-arm lariat to Valentina! Then a vicious deadlift German suplex to Athena!

Bravo: No! She’s wrecking both of them!

The referee calls for the bell, waving both arms wildly.

Phillips: That’s it—this one’s a no contest. She’s ruined the main event!

Valkyrie isn’t done. She yanks Athena up—Valknut Driver! The crowd gasps as Athena crumples. Valentina tries to crawl away—but Valkyrie grabs her and hauls her up—FALLEN FURY!

Valkyrie Knox stands tall above the wreckage of two top stars, her expression cold and unreadable. She slowly raises her spiked gauntlet to the ceiling once more, then lets out a guttural roar.

Phillips: Chaos. Carnage. And Valkyrie Knox has just declared war on the UTA women's division.

Bravo: And on our main event! What does this mean for the future?!

The camera cuts to fans—some shocked, others screaming in excitement. EMTs rush to ringside as Valkyrie finally exits through the crowd, never once looking back.

Inside the ring, Athena clutches her ribs while Valentina rolls over, dazed. The show ends with a final wide shot of the carnage in the ring... and the roaring firestorm of a crowd in the Pearl Theater.

Phillips: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to the UTA. We're just getting started.

Bravo: If tonight was the storm... next week's gonna be the reckoning.

FADE OUT.

Conclusion

CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE

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