

# Jackpot: 06.13.2025

---

**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** June 13, 2025  
**Location:** Pearl Theater — Las Vegas, NV

## Preview

The road to gold continues in the second part of the UTA Championship qualifying tournament. The bells are sounding in Las Vegas for week two of JACKPOT!

## Results

### Introduction

Segment

The screen slowly fades up from black, revealing a sweeping aerial shot of the dazzling Las Vegas Strip. Neon lights glow vividly against the night sky as we descend toward the glittering exterior of the Palms Casino and the iconic Pearl Theater.

We then seamlessly transition inside, panning across a roaring crowd packed to capacity. The UTA logo flashes boldly across the screen, punctuating the palpable excitement.

Suddenly, the footage transitions into a fast-paced highlight reel labeled "LAST WEEK," accompanied by dramatic music. Quick clips play:

Carter Durant crashing to the mat as Brick Bronson hits the Concrete Ending knee strike.

Gideon Graves powerbombing El Fantasma Oscuro into the canvas.

Jaxson Ryder soaring through the air with his Phoenix Splash onto Graham Keel.

Athena Storm and Valentina Blaze trading high-octane moves, followed by Valkyrie Knox storming the ring, laying waste to both competitors.

The screen transitions seamlessly back to the live audience, chanting "UTA! UTA! UTA!" as we cut directly to the commentary desk.

John Phillips, sharply dressed in a navy blazer, smiles professionally at the camera. Beside him, Mark Bravo, energized and gesturing enthusiastically to nearby fans, grins excitedly.

Phillips: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to another electrifying edition of UTA Jackpot, LIVE from the Pearl Theater right here inside the Palms Casino in beautiful Las Vegas, Nevada! I'm John Phillips, alongside the always unpredictable Mark Bravo. Mark, what a night we had last week—and tonight promises to deliver even more!

Bravo: John, last week set the bar so high it might've broken the stratosphere! Bodies flew, egos bruised, and Valkyrie Knox came in like a wrecking ball! If that's just the appetizer, tonight is the buffet, baby!

Phillips nods with a smile as Bravo fist-bumps a fan leaning in from behind.

Phillips: Last week's opening round of the UTA Championship qualifying tournament certainly did not disappoint. Brick Bronson advanced with dominating power, Gideon Graves sent a chilling message, and Jaxson Ryder overcame Graham Keel in a thrilling contest. But let's not forget the absolute chaos Valkyrie Knox unleashed on Athena Storm and Valentina Blaze.

Bravo: Chaos? More like a Viking apocalypse, Phillips! Knox walked in, wrecked shop, and changed the game entirely. But speaking of changing the game, we've got breaking news tonight!

Phillips leans forward, tapping his notes as Bravo points dramatically toward the camera.

Phillips: That's right, Mark! Tyler Cruz was originally scheduled to face a mystery opponent tonight in his UTA Championship qualifier. As announced earlier this week on [WrestleUTA.com](http://WrestleUTA.com), that mystery has finally been solved—Tyler Cruz will now square off against the returning B.R Ellis!

The crowd audibly pops at the announcement, cheering loudly as the camera briefly shows enthusiastic fans holding signs welcoming B.R Ellis back to the UTA.

Bravo: B.R Ellis is back, Phillips! Former amateur standout turned wrestling technician, he's a guy who can twist you into a pretzel faster than you can lose money at blackjack—and trust me, I know all about losing money in Vegas!

Phillips chuckles, shaking his head slightly.

Phillips: A huge return indeed, and tonight's tournament matchups only grow more intense. Plus, don't forget, we'll see Jet Lawson take on Magnus Wolfe, Maxx Mayhem clashes with Titan Rex, and Athena Storm looks to rebound against Japan's own Kaida Shizuka!

Bravo: I'm telling you right now—keep your eyes glued. Somebody's hitting the jackpot tonight, and somebody else? Well, they're going bust, Vegas-style!

The camera pans wide again, capturing the vibrant energy of the crowd chanting loudly in anticipation.

Phillips: UTA Jackpot continues NOW—right here in Las Vegas!

The UTA logo pulses on-screen briefly as the scene transitions to ringside, ready to launch into the first match of the evening.

## **Jet Lawson vs. Magnus Wolfe**

Match

The crowd inside the Pearl Theater is fired up, their energy bouncing off the crimson and gold banners that line the entrance ramp. The second round of first-round tournament action for the vacant UTA Championship is underway, and the stakes are sky-high—every win is a step closer to “One Last Stop” on July 11th, where a new champion will finally be crowned.

Phillips: It's been five years since the UTA's last champion held the gold, and every superstar in this tournament knows what's at stake. Up next, a classic clash of high altitude versus cold-blooded precision—Jet Lawson versus Magnus Wolfe!

Bravo: It's the daredevil versus the dire wolf! Jet Lawson's flying in with something to prove, but Magnus Wolfe? That guy doesn't just win—he picks people apart!

The lights dim to a pulsing electric blue as the opening beats of a synth-heavy rock theme hit. The crowd erupts as Jet Lawson rockets through a cloud of CO2 at the entrance, flipping into a handspring before sprinting down the ramp. He points to the sky with both hands mid-run and leaps effortlessly onto the apron with a flip, landing it with flair.

Phillips: There's the Jetstream himself! Lawson's agility, parkour-style movement, and explosive offense make him one of the most exciting talents in this entire field.

Bravo: Sure, he's flashy—but sometimes when you fly too close to the sun, you get torched, Phillips.

Jet hops onto the top turnbuckle, pointing to the crowd and then to the heavens, soaking in the reaction before vaulting backwards into the ring. He paces with energy, bouncing off the ropes lightly as he waits.

Suddenly, the lights shift to red strobes. A wolf-howl echoes ominously through the arena as Magnus Wolfe steps through the curtain, dragging his fingers slowly along the scar carved across his brow. He doesn't rush. He doesn't acknowledge the crowd. He just stares through the ring as if he's already dissecting Lawson's anatomy in his mind.

Phillips: And here comes the Apex Predator of the UTA—Magnus Wolfe. Calculating. Cold. Dangerous. This man is as methodical as he is merciless.

Bravo: Look at him, John. That guy doesn't have butterflies before matches—he gives 'em to everyone else.

Wolfe climbs the steel steps slowly, then slides through the ropes and into the ring. He paces in a slow circle around Jet...

...before finally backing into his corner. No taunt. No expression. Just readiness.

The two circle cautiously. Jet bounces lightly, keeping his feet moving. Wolfe stands more rigid, but his eyes track like a hawk. They lock up—but Jet ducks under immediately and hits the ropes, rebounding with a rolling savate kick!

Wolfe stumbles back into the corner, eyes narrowing as Jet grins and beckons him on. Wolfe storms forward, only for Jet to leap up—snap rana! Wolfe tumbles to the mat, but quickly pops up—only to eat a springboard knee strike!

Phillips: Lawson starting fast—using his agility to stay one step ahead!

Bravo: That's smart—don't let Wolfe slow you down or get a grip. He gets ahold of a joint and it's game over!

Jet charges again—Sling Blade! He kips up and poses briefly, getting the crowd hyped. He then slingshots out to the apron and springboards again—this time for the Skyline Spiral!

But Wolfe moves! Jet tucks into a roll and springs up—only to get leveled by a running knee trembler!

Phillips: Oh! What a shot from Wolfe! And just like that, momentum shifts.

Jet is dazed, crawling to the ropes. Wolfe grabs him by the wrist and DRIVES a knee into Jet's shoulder. He twists and yanks, then plants him with a single-arm DDT.

Bravo: That's it. He's picked a limb. Jet better find a new strategy quick because that arm? It's about to be part of the ring mat.

Wolfe drags Jet up, only to whip him into the corner—hard. Jet staggers forward into a snap German suplex! Magnus bridges for the pin!

1...

2...

Kickout!

Wolfe doesn't flinch. He kneels beside Jet, smirking coldly as he slaps on a grounded wristlock and starts driving knees into the trapped elbow. The ref checks Jet—he won't quit. The crowd rallies behind him, clapping rhythmically.

Jet finally shifts, rolling and flipping out of the hold. He stumbles to his feet—Wolfe charges—but Jet leapfrogs! Jet hits the ropes—slingshot SPEAR connects!

Phillips: That may have cost him some pain in that arm, but what a counter!

Both men down. Ref starts a count. At five, they both begin to stir. Jet up first—hits a running dropkick to Wolfe's knee! Then a Comet Crash! The rope-walk dropkick floors Wolfe!

Jet quickly scales the ropes—crowd rising! He's calling for the Meteor Lift! But Wolfe shifts behind him, yanks him down by the injured arm, and immediately goes for the Wolf Trap!

Phillips: Submission attempt! Wolfe's got it locked in—but Jet rolls through! Cradle pin!

1...

2...

No! Kickout!

They both spring up—Jet swings—Wolfe ducks! PREDATOR PLEX into the corner! Jet bounces out clutching his back and shoulder in agony.

Bravo: That's the setup, John! He's thinking Lupine Bite!

Magnus howls low, almost ritualistic. He pulls Jet up—tries to hook him for the Lupine Bite—but Jet elbows free with his good arm! He leaps up—standing shooting star press connects!

Jet points to the sky—he's going for it! He hoists Wolfe into the Meteor Lift—but his injured arm gives out! Wolfe drops behind him—Scar Struck neckbreaker!

Phillips: What a counter! Both men down again! This match has been nonstop action!

The crowd is split, half chanting "LET'S GO JET!" the other half howling for Wolfe. Both men rise slowly. Jet tries to strike first—rolling savate—caught! Wolfe spins him—tries a dragon screw—but Jet flips out! POP-UP—Meteor Lift connects this time!

The crowd erupts as Jet positions Wolfe for the Ion Driver—but Wolfe drops to his knees and grabs the injured arm, twisting and torquing it as the ref warns him. Wolfe uses the ref's count to transition to a takedown and immediately rolls into Wolf Trap—center of the ring!

Phillips: He's got it locked in this time! Nowhere to go!

Jet screams, reaching with his legs—he tries to inch closer—but Wolfe drags him back center! The pressure is brutal. Jet teeters on tapping—then grits his teeth and shifts—using a burst of adrenaline to roll onto his back—he bridges!

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

Wolfe breaks the hold by necessity and snarls. He tries again for the Predator Plex—but Jet spins free and lands on the second rope—springboard spinning heel kick connects!

Both men collapse again—spent. The referee begins the count as the audience rises to their feet in applause.

Phillips: What a battle! These two are laying it all on the line for a chance to advance! The UTA Championship picture is wide open—and this match is proving it!

Jet crawls toward the ropes, arm dangling from pain. Wolfe sits up, blinking through sweat, eyes still hunting. Both men rise slowly as the crowd roars once more.

We fade to a wide-angle shot of the crowd chanting "THIS IS AWESOME!" as both men charge toward each other again—battered, determined, and unwilling to give an inch.

Jet ducks a clothesline and rebounds—springboard into a spinning crossbody—but Wolfe catches him mid-air with a violent powerslam! The ring rattles. Wolfe hooks the leg.

1...

2...

Jet kicks out!

Phillips: Lawson barely survives again! The longer this match goes, the more it favors Wolfe's methodical style!

Bravo: I don't even think Wolfe's breathing hard yet, Phillips. That's the scary part. He's still in predator mode.

Wolfe lifts Jet by the injured arm again, twisting it and dragging him toward the corner. He steps out onto the apron with a wicked grin and slings Jet's neck under the top rope—Apron-Hung Guillotine! The ref warns him—1... 2... 3... 4—Wolfe lets go just before five and slips back inside.

Jet collapses to the mat, clutching at his throat and shoulder, gasping for air. Wolfe stands above him and smirks—taunting, cruel. He reaches down—but Jet suddenly springs to life and lands a desperation enzuigiri!

Phillips: That one rocked him! Lawson caught him square on the temple!

Wolfe stumbles back—Jet forces himself to his feet—rolling savate kick! Wolfe stumbles into the corner! The crowd roars as Jet takes to the opposite turnbuckle, pointing to the sky!

Bravo: If he hits this, it's over! The Ion Driver is coming!

Jet charges, lifts Wolfe into the pop-up position—Meteor Lift hits! The sit-out slam connects! The crowd explodes as Jet covers with everything he has left!

1...

2...

NO!! Wolfe kicks out at the very last second!

Phillips: That was instinct! Pure instinct from Magnus Wolfe!

Jet can't believe it. He pounds the mat once in frustration, then breathes deep and nods. He slowly pulls Wolfe up—sets him between his legs—he's going for the Ion Driver!

He lifts—but the arm gives out! Wolfe spins through and drives his shoulder into Jet's ribs. He grabs the waist—PREDATOR PLEX into the corner again! Jet crumbles on impact, folding up near the turnbuckles.

Bravo: There's the opening! Wolfe's not playing anymore.

Wolfe drags Jet from the corner, wraps both arms around his neck and shoulder, and transitions seamlessly into the Lupine Bite—his brutal arm-trap crossface! Jet screams in pain, trapped dead center. Wolfe wrenches back, his teeth bared like the predator he is.

Phillips: The Lupine Bite! He's got it locked in deep! Lawson's got nowhere to go!

Jet claws at the mat, gritting his teeth, refusing to give in. He tries to drag himself an inch—two inches—but Wolfe adjusts, adding torque and pressure on the injured arm. Jet raises a trembling hand... and taps.

The crowd gives a strong mixed reaction—boos from those backing Jet, cheers from others who respect the cold dominance of Wolfe. The referee calls for the break, and Wolfe releases the hold slowly, standing up and backing away with no expression. Just satisfaction.

Phillips: And that's it—Magnus Wolfe advances in the UTA Championship tournament! What a statement from one of the most dangerous men on this roster.

Bravo: You could see it in Wolfe's eyes—he was hunting from the opening bell. Jet Lawson gave everything, but Wolfe's game plan was just ice-cold perfect.

Wolfe stands tall in the center of the ring, his eyes locked on the UTA Championship banner high above the stage. He doesn't raise his hand. He doesn't pose. He just stares. Jet rolls to the edge, clutching his shoulder, as medics check on him.

Phillips: Wolfe moves one step closer to July 11th... to "One Last Stop." And if tonight's performance is any indication, the rest of this bracket should be very, very worried.

Bravo: That man's not trying to win. He's trying to claim the UTA Championship—and leave wreckage in his wake.

The screen fades on the visual of Wolfe walking up the ramp, never once looking back. The hunt continues.

## **May the Best Man Win**

Segment

The camera fades in backstage inside the locker room corridor of the Pearl Theater. The air is calm but charged with anticipation. The hum of the crowd is distant, muffled by the thick walls. A single overhead light casts a soft glow on a bench where B.R. Ellis sits, methodically wrapping his wrists in white athletic tape.

He's dressed in his ring gear—black trunks with silver trim, boots laced tight, and a sleeveless warmup hoodie unzipped halfway down his chest. His expression is focused, jaw clenched slightly, eyes staring ahead at nothing in particular as he tears the tape clean with a sharp tug of his teeth.

The sound of footsteps draws near. Tyler Cruz appears from the side of the frame, dressed in a fitted "Cruz Control" T-shirt and black joggers, arms relaxed but purposeful. He stops just a few feet away, offering a friendly, respectful smile.

Cruz: Hey... B.R. Ellis, right? First off—welcome back, man. I was honestly surprised when they said you'd be the one across from me tonight.

Ellis doesn't look up at first. He finishes the wrap around his right wrist, smoothing it with his thumb, before finally lifting his gaze toward Tyler—measured, unreadable.

Cruz: You know, I've watched your stuff. Always respected the way you carried yourself in that ring. No nonsense. All technique. It's an honor, really. (He offers a short nod.) May the best man win, yeah?

There's a brief pause. Ellis stands slowly, his full frame now upright and squared to Cruz. He looks him dead in the eyes—his stare isn't malicious, but it is intense. Purposeful. No grin. No handshake. Just raw, competitive weight.

Ellis: I plan to, kid.

He slings his towel over his shoulder and steps past Cruz without another word, disappearing down the corridor toward gorilla position. Tyler turns, watching him leave, brow raised in a mix of surprise and realization.

The camera lingers on Cruz's face as he exhales through his nose, expression tightening—still respectful, but now clearly understanding what kind of fight he's in for tonight.

Cruz (quietly): ...Right. Nothing personal.

Fade to black.

## **Maxx Mayhem vs. Titan Rex**

Match

The atmosphere inside the Pearl Theater takes a turn toward the unpredictable as the lights flash red and white like emergency beacons. Sirens blare from the speakers. Static rips across the video screen. A jolt of distorted punk rock kicks in as Maxx Mayhem bursts through the curtain swinging a dented trash can lid in one hand and a mic in the other, cackling like a madman.

He stomps down the ramp, yelling at fans, barking at the commentary table, and pretending to trip over a barricade before mock-wiping his brow and grinning wide. He slaps the lid against the ring apron and slides under the ropes, springing up and flipping off the hard cam before licking the top rope.

Phillips: If chaos had a pulse, its name might be Maxx Mayhem. Unpredictable, unstable, and undeniably dangerous—especially with anything metal nearby.

Bravo: I don't know if this guy's a wrestler or an escaped asylum patient with his own entrance music—and I love it.

Keep the chairs locked up.

The lights go completely black. Then—BOOM! Flames erupt on both sides of the entrance as a low bass chant rumbles through the speakers. Golden light cuts through the smoke as choir vocals ring out over an ominous instrumental. Titan Rex steps through the pyro, decked in golden shoulder armor and a black gladiator-style belt. He flexes slowly, towering over the smoke before walking with godlike confidence down the ramp.

He removes the armor before stepping into the ring and climbs the turnbuckles. He raises his fists high to a mixed chorus of awe and intimidation. Then, slowly, he locks eyes with Mayhem—who mockingly blows a kiss back at him.

Phillips: Titan Rex is a tank in human form. Over 300 pounds of destruction. You don't just beat a man like this—you survive him.

Bravo: Rex is everything Mayhem isn't—disciplined, powerful, cold. This might be the strangest matchup of the tournament so far—and maybe the most explosive.

Maxx charges immediately—swinging wildly with fists and elbows, trying to rock the big man early. Rex absorbs the shots like a wall. Maxx tries a running discus elbow—Rex barely flinches. Maxx hits the ropes—springboard crossbody attempt—Rex catches him in mid-air and throws him halfway across the ring with a military press slam!

Phillips: That's what happens when you try to fly into a skyscraper!

Bravo: Mayhem just got airtailed back to reality!

Maxx rolls outside and slaps the announce desk in frustration. He grabs a fan's popcorn, throws a handful in his mouth, and chucks the rest into the air before diving back in with a chair—only to have the ref intercept it and toss it aside.

Rex charges—shoulder block! Maxx flips head over heels. The crowd gasps as Rex follows up with Snake Eyes into the turnbuckle, then a massive corner avalanche splash!

Phillips: There's no stopping this man once he gets momentum! Titan Rex is steamrolling his way through Maxx Mayhem right now!

Maxx stumbles forward—snap DDT out of nowhere! The crowd gasps again as Maxx laughs from the mat, rolling up to a knee and mock-saluting the camera.

He scrambles for the ropes—springboards off the middle rope—chair-assisted dropkick connects this time! Rex wobbles but doesn't fall. Maxx goes for the Crash Course—whipping Rex into the corner and charging with a cannonball—but Rex steps forward and catches him mid-roll!

Rex lifts him high—Rex Lift into position—but Maxx rakes the eyes and slips free! He lands behind him, dropkicking the back of the leg! Rex drops to one knee!

Phillips: That's the first time Rex has taken a knee this whole match! Mayhem's doing everything he can to chop the giant down!

Maxx hits the ropes—flying forearm! Rex staggers! Maxx tries again—snap neckbreaker! Cover!

1...

2...

Rex powers out with authority!

Mayhem can't believe it. He rolls out of the ring and this time rips a chair from under the apron—throws it in—then a second. The ref warns him sternly. Maxx holds both arms up in mock surrender before picking up one of the chairs anyway.

Bravo: Uh-oh... Mayhem's had enough.

That's not strategy anymore—that's frustration.

CRACK!! The chair slams into Rex's back.

The ref IMMEDIATELY calls for the bell.

Phillips: Disqualification! Maxx Mayhem's snapped!

Bravo: Forget the win—he's trying to take out a building with a folding chair!

Maxx keeps swinging—chair to the ribs—another to the shoulder—another to the back. Rex groans, dropping to a knee from the accumulation of blows. The crowd boos and gasps in equal parts. Maxx throws the chair aside, lines up in the far corner, and runs full speed for another cannonball to take Rex out for good—

—but Titan Rex SNAPS to his feet with a roar, catching Maxx mid-air by the legs, flipping him upside-down, and SLAMMING him down hard with a spine-rattling sit-out bomb!

The arena erupts as Maxx bounces and rolls out of the ring, clutching his back in pain and crawling up the ramp. Titan Rex kneels for a moment, then stands tall—his chest heaving, eyes wild with fury. He lets out a monstrous roar that echoes across the Pearl Theater as flames shoot from the stage once again.

Phillips: He may have won by DQ, but Titan Rex just made a statement of his own. That chair didn't keep him down—it woke him up!

Bravo: If I were the rest of the UTA locker room? I'd start praying that the tournament bracket doesn't land me on a collision course with this man.

Rex climbs a turnbuckle, flexing with dominance as Maxx disappears into the curtain, looking back over his shoulder with wide, almost incredulous eyes. The hunt for gold continues—and Titan Rex is far from finished.

## **Jarvis Returns**

Segment

The screen fades into an image announcing the return of Jarvis Valentine.

Phillips (V.O) : Jarvis Valentine is back in the UTA and he'll be here next week!

Bravo (V.O): And he'll be competing in the UTA Championship Tournament too!

## **Tyler Cruz vs. B.R Ellis**

Match

The lights inside the Pearl Theater shimmer with a mix of red and white as the Latin-infused EDM beat kicks up—pulsing through the venue like a celebration. Tyler Cruz bursts through the curtain with a spring in his step, matching every beat with a bit of footwork, then launches into a handspring down the ramp. The crowd pops as he slides into the ring and climbs the turnbuckle, clapping with the fans and pointing to the rafters before backflipping off and landing with a grin.

Phillips: Tyler Cruz is one of the most exciting athletes to watch. Every move is high velocity and high risk—but tonight he's got maybe his biggest challenge yet.

Bravo: The Cruz Missile is locked and loaded, but he's flying straight into a technician with a black belt in punishment. Ellis didn't come back to shake hands—he came back to make statements.

The arena lights dim. A single spotlight cuts through the dark, centered on the entrance. A sharp percussive orchestral beat—Greco-Roman inspired—echoes out as B.R Ellis steps into the light. He wears a tailored blue singlet with gold trim, his boots perfectly laced. He bows his head in acknowledgement to the crowd before walking to the ring with slow, deliberate steps—every motion calculated, his stare locked forward.

He slides into the ring and adjusts his knee pads, then steps into the center and cracks his knuckles before raising his eyes to meet Tyler's across the ring.

Phillips: There's no wasted motion with B.R Ellis. The man is all business, all focus. And tonight, he's making his UTA return under the brightest lights possible—with the UTA Championship tournament on the line.

Bravo: You're not gonna rattle this guy with flips and feints. You've gotta survive the grind. Tyler better bring his A-game—or get grounded permanently.

The two circle slowly, locking eyes. Tyler offers a quick, respectful nod. Ellis remains stoic. They lock up—Ellis immediately transitions into a headlock, then a takedown. Tyler bridges out, spins to his feet, and counters with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors that sends Ellis sliding to the ropes.

Tyler kips up and claps with the crowd. Ellis rises calmly, unaffected, and steps back into the center.

Phillips: This one's starting technical, and Cruz is proving he's more than just flash.

Bravo: You've gotta earn Ellis' respect, John. That means staying in the fight and out-chaining the chain-wrestler.

Another lock-up..

—this time, Ellis snaps off a quick arm drag, then another, then a deep armdrag into an armbar. Tyler rolls up, flips forward, and backflips into a rope-walk arm drag of his own! The crowd roars!

Ellis pops up, and they both pause—stalemate. Even Ellis nods faintly in acknowledgment.

Tyler strikes first now—quick forearms to the jaw, then hits the ropes—sliding under Ellis and popping up with a dropkick to the knee. He springboards off the second rope—Rocket Burst connects! Cover!

1...

2...

Ellis kicks out!

Cruz tries to follow up—but Ellis grabs him in transition and executes a thunderous snap suplex! He holds on—rolls—and hits a second! The crowd groans with each impact!

Phillips: Textbook suplex clinic from Ellis! That's his bread and butter—hit hard, chain harder.

Ellis transitions into a grounded wristlock, driving his knee into Cruz's shoulder blade. Tyler tries to fight up—Ellis flips over him, floats behind, and locks the waist—German suplex with a bridge!

1...

2...

Tyler kicks out!

Ellis doesn't argue. He grabs the arm and pulls Cruz into the middle—spins into a Northern Lights Headlock Driver! Cover again!

1...

2...

No! Cruz still alive!

Bravo: That would've put away most of the roster. This kid's running on pure will right now.

Ellis stands, rolling his neck once, then goes for the gut-wrench lift. He grabs Cruz around the waist—but Cruz twists and lands behind! Rope-skip enzuigiri! Ellis is staggered!

Tyler hits the ropes—pop-up rana! Ellis flips across the ring! Cruz climbs the turnbuckle—Sky Twister Press! Nails it!

1...

2...

Kickout from Ellis!

Phillips: What a sequence! Tyler Cruz is throwing everything at the returning veteran!

Tyler slaps the mat, calling for the Fuel Injection. He bounces off the ropes—runs full speed—but Ellis counters in midair with a huge gut-wrench catch!

The crowd explodes as Ellis holds him suspended—then SLAMS him with authority into a thunderous Olympic Slam! Bridging pin!

1...

2...

3!!!

The crowd is on its feet as Ellis slowly releases the bridge and rolls to his knees, breathing hard but composed. Tyler lies beside him, clutching his ribs, disappointment written across his face—but respect lingering in his expression.

Phillips: What. A. Match. B.R Ellis moves forward in the tournament—but Tyler Cruz just proved he belongs at the highest level.

Bravo: You want to impress a technician? Survive with one. Tyler Cruz earned B.R's respect tonight—and mine.

Ellis rises and turns to Tyler, offering no words—just an extended hand. Cruz looks up, nods, and slowly reaches up to accept it. The crowd erupts with a respectful cheer as Ellis helps him to his feet.

The two men stand face to face. Ellis gives Cruz a small nod, then turns and exits the ring without celebration—his mission clear, his focus unshaken. Tyler remains in the ring, clapping once for the crowd, who return the favor.

Phillips: A hard-fought battle. Mutual respect. And a reminder that here in the UTA—every match could be your legacy.

The screen fades to black with a flash of the tournament bracket—Ellis advancing... and Cruz still standing tall in spirit.

## **Hall of Fame 2025**

Segment

Fade in from black. A single spotlight silhouettes the United Toughness Alliance logo, shimmering in silver and red.

VOICEOVER (measured, reverent):

“Twenty-five years... a quarter-century of toughness, triumph, and legacy.”

A rapid montage: grainy footage of the very first UTA ring... roaring arenas across two decades... title belts hoisted, pyros exploding, unforgettable faces flashing across the screen.

VOICEOVER (rising energy):

“From renegades who redefined the game... to icons who carried the banner into the modern era... every era, every moment, every heartbeat has led us here.”

Cut to an exterior night shot of the Palms Casino—its neon glow reflected in polished black limos pulling up to the entrance. A crimson carpet unfurls toward the Pearl Theater marquee reading “UTA HALL OF FAME • AUGUST 1”.

VOICEOVER:

“On Thursday, August 1st, the Pearl Theater inside Las Vegas’ legendary Palms Casino becomes sacred ground. Under one roof, the past, present, and future of the UTA converge...”

Slow-motion shots: golden spotlight over an empty podium; hands lifting a Hall-of-Fame ring from a velvet box; cameras flashing as inductees step onto the stage—faces still teased in silhouette.

VOICEOVER (whisper-intense):

“An all-new class stands ready. Warriors whose names echo in locker rooms worldwide... innovators who shattered ceilings... storytellers who etched memories into our very souls.”

Flashes of cheering crowds, respectful nods from current stars in evening attire, a tearful embrace between two legends backstage.

VOICEOVER (crescendo):

“Join us as we celebrate 25 YEARS of unbreakable spirit... electrifying showdowns... and the brotherhood that is the United Toughness Alliance.”

Music swells—strings and pounding drums.

ON-SCREEN TEXT:

“UTA Hall of Fame”

“August 1 • Pearl Theater, Palms Casino • Las Vegas”

VOICEOVER (final, commanding):

“History will stand still for one night—so the legends can rise forever. Be there... or relive it knowing you missed the moment that made time stop.”

UTA logo slams onto the screen with a metallic clang. We head back to Josh Phillips and Mark Bravo ringside.

Phillips: That's right ladies and gentlemen, the UTA Hall of Fame returns after a five year hiatus in which I am being told will be the biggest class ever.

Bravo: Who all do you think will be there Josh?

Phillips: With hundreds of superstars passing through the doors of the UTA over the years, it's hard to tell. But, I know it will be a night of celebration and excitement just two days before WrestleUTA: Twenty-Five.

Bravo: I never imagined I'd be sitting right here calling all of the action for the UTA. It's like a dream come true.

Phillips: Absolutely Mark. In fact, twenty fourteen inductee, Jason Blackfront, is exactly who made me want enter broadcast journalism.

Bravo: I can't wait to find out who is in this class!

## **Kaida Shizuka vs. Athena Storm**

Match

Women's wrestling returns to the UTA main event spotlight as Kaida Shizuka makes her debut against the electric Athena Storm. A match rooted in respect, skill, and lingering vendettas, the Pearl Theater crowd is ready for fireworks.

The arena lights dim as soft, ominous taiko drums roll. Indigo washes over the stage. Cherry blossom petals fall from above as Kaida Shizuka steps out slowly, stoic and calm, drawing a faux katana and bowing to the ring before she begins her march. The Las Vegas crowd applauds the newcomer respectfully.

Phillips: This woman is no stranger to battle. A strong-style technician with a mind for submission traps — Kaida Shizuka is here to test herself against one of UTA's most dynamic athletes.

Bravo: She's a ninja with a black belt in violence, John! But I gotta ask... what kinda person brings a sword to a wrestling match and doesn't use it?

Thunder cracks overhead and the arena is flooded with blue strobe lights. Athena Storm bursts out, twirling a glowing staff. The crowd leaps to its feet as she sprints toward the ring, rallying the fans with her “Let it rain!” gesture before sliding under the ropes and popping to her feet, face-to-face with Kaida.

Phillips: She was ambushed last week by Valkyrie Knox but she's not backing down. Look at that focus!

Bravo: Gotta respect that energy. She's like lightning in sneakers.

The bell rings. The two circle slowly — the veteran Storm nods at the debuting Shizuka, who bows before they lock up. The fans buzz with anticipation.

Kaida fires first with a sharp shoot kick to the thigh. Athena winces and responds with a quick roundhouse that Kaida ducks. Kaida grabs a waistlock and transitions into a snap Saito suplex, but Athena flips mid-air and lands on her feet. The crowd gasps and applauds.

Phillips: Unbelievable agility by Storm!

Bravo: She was born with shock absorbers in those knees!

Kaida charges again but Athena uses a tilt-a-whirl headscissors to send her rolling.

Kaida kips up — emotionless, composed. They square off again to a round of applause.

Kaida sneaks in a rolling elbow, following it with a tiger feint knee. Athena stumbles, but counters with a standing shooting star press! She covers — ONE! TWO! Kickout by Kaida.

Athena picks her up, hits a snap German suplex, but Kaida flips to her knees and unleashes the Silent Flash — a spinning back-kick to the jaw! Athena crumples as Kaida rolls into the Sakura Clutch — submission!

Phillips: She's got that Sakura Clutch locked in deep! Athena's in trouble!

Bravo: If you've got a jaw, that hold will find it!

Athena scrambles, teeth gritted, and manages to drag herself to the ropes. The ref forces the break and Kaida releases immediately, bowing slightly. The crowd appreciates the sportsmanship... but it won't last long.

The camera cuts to the ramp.

Valkyrie Knox begins to walk slowly down the aisle.

Phillips: Oh no. This again. That's Valkyrie Knox — the same woman who blindsided Athena last week!

Bravo: Say what you want — I like a lady who doesn't believe in apologies.

Athena sees her. Her focus breaks for just a second — and Kaida rolls her up! The crowd rises!

Phillips: Schoolgirl! This could be it!

ONE! TWO! NO — ATHENA KICKS OUT!

The match continues. Both women back to their feet, striking furiously now. Kaida with palm strikes. Athena with forearms. They battle to a corner where Kaida hits the rope-hung double stomp. Cover!

ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!

Athena begins to rally. She hits the Tempest Driver — that spinning sit-out side slam! She climbs the ropes and attempts a rope-walk enzuigiri but Kaida dodges, springboarding into a missile dropkick of her own. The pace is electric!

Kaida sets up the Rising Dragon — she pops Athena into the air and swings for the high-angle knee... but Athena blocks it and counters with a pop-up bicycle kick — Storm Front!

Suddenly — Valkyrie Knox jumps up onto the apron!

Phillips: This again! Knox up on the apron! Someone get her down from there!

Athena turns, fuming. Kaida charges in from behind — but Athena sidesteps! Kaida collides with Knox and sends her crashing to the floor! The crowd erupts!

Kaida turns — disoriented — into Athena’s grasp. LIGHTNING CRASH! That high-impact finisher lands flush!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Phillips: Athena Storm does it! What a match!

Bravo: That was a dogfight, John. Respect to Kaida Shizuka in her debut, but Athena weathered it all — lightning in her veins, baby!

The bell sounds and Athena sits up, clutching her ribs but raising a fist. Kaida lays on the mat, nodding in quiet approval before getting back to her feet. But the moment is short-lived — Valkyrie Knox slides in.

Knox charges at both competitors. Athena starts to stand, ready to fight, but —

Valentina Blaze’s theme hits! The crowd explodes!

Phillips: It’s Blaze! Valentina Blaze is here!

She sprints down the ramp and slides into the ring, tackling Knox and raining down fists. The crowd is deafening!

As Athena prepares to join the fray — Kaida suddenly grabs her from behind. Kusanagi Driver! Athena is driven hard into the mat. The cheers turn into stunned gasps!

Bravo: Wait, what the hell?! What is Kaida doing?!

Valentina turns, confused — only to be blasted with a Silent Flash. She crumbles beside Athena. Kaida stands tall over both fallen women... and then looks to Valkyrie Knox.

The two lock eyes. Kaida bows slightly... and then rushes. But Knox steps forward and counters — VALKNUT DRIVER! Kaida is flattened. The crowd roars in shocked awe.

Phillips: My God! Valkyrie Knox just took Kaida’s head off! Is there anyone she won’t destroy?

Bravo: I don’t even know what’s happening anymore, John — but I’m standing and applauding like the rest of this insane Vegas crowd!

Knox stands tall over the wreckage — Athena, Valentina, Kaida all down. She raises her gauntlet to the ceiling as thunder rumbles once more. The UTA logo flashes.

Phillips: We are OUT of time! What does this mean for the women’s division? What is Valkyrie’s endgame?!

Bravo: If you’ve got gold... or guts... you’re a target. Long live chaos!

Fade to black.

## Conclusion

CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite