

Jackpot: 06.20.2025

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: June 20, 2025
Location: Pearl Theater — Las Vegas, NV

Preview

Card to be released.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen is black. The bass hits. Lights strobe. The crowd's roar grows louder as we smash cut to a wide aerial of the Pearl Theater, where the United Toughness Alliance's Jackpot is live and in full swing. Las Vegas glimmers outside, but inside, the energy is electric — the lights bounce off the chrome rigging above the ring as fans leap to their feet, waving signs and screaming. Pyro blasts from the entrance stage, illuminating the Jackpot logo in gold and crimson. A sweeping drone shot flies across the arena before settling on the announce desk at ringside.

Phillips: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Las Vegas, Nevada — welcome to the iconic Pearl Theater inside the Palms Hotel and Casino — and most importantly... welcome to JACKPOT!

Phillips: I'm John Phillips, joined as always by my partner in chaos, Mark Bravo — and tonight, the stakes couldn't be higher as we close out the first round of the UTA Championship Tournament!

Bravo: You can feel it in the air, Johnny! This city runs on adrenaline and bad decisions, and we've got both on tap tonight! Cross versus Vance! Valentine versus Mercer! New blood. Old legends. One golden path to the UTA Title!

The camera briefly cuts to signs in the crowd — "#TeamValentine," "KAEL = KILLER," and "Valkyrie Was Here" scrawled in red marker over a broken heart. The crowd's energy pulses, the anticipation thick.

Phillips: Speaking of new blood, Kael Mercer makes his official UTA debut tonight — and what a way to do it, against a returning Hall of Fame contender in Jarvis Valentine. That's new school vs. old school in the purest sense!

Bravo: And if Mercer pulls this off, that's not just an upset, that's a hostile takeover! Meanwhile, Rico Vance has his hands full with Malachi Cross, who's been on an absolute tear since the tournament began.

Phillips: That's not all — the women's division heats up tonight as Dahlia Cross locks up with Valentina Blaze. But the question on everyone's mind... will Valkyrie Knox make another uninvited appearance?

Bravo: Two weeks. Two attacks. Valkyrie's been playing spoiler with a smile. You gotta admire the chaos — just not if you're the poor soul in her path.

Phillips: And in our main event, Velocity Vanguard — Tyler Cruz and Jet Lawson — square off against Iron Dominion's Gideon Graves and Magnus Wolfe! That's a match that could headline any pay-per-view — and we're giving it to you tonight, free on JACKPOT!

Bravo: Bodies flying. Egos clashing. You wanna talk about tag team supremacy? This one's gonna be a brawl and a half.

The lights dim slightly as a golden spotlight hits the stage ramp.

Phillips: And don't forget — we'll find out who joins Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, and Sean Jackson as the next inductee into the 2025 UTA Hall of Fame. The legacy grows, and someone's about to join the elite.

Bravo: Hall of Fame? Try House of Pain! Every legend carved their name with blood and sweat in this company, and tonight we honor another who made the climb.

The crowd chants "U-TA! U-TA!" as the screen cuts to the opening bout graphic.

Phillips: The lights are bright, the cards are on the table, and the fans are all in — Jackpot starts right now!

Malachi Cross vs. Rico Vance

Match

The camera pans to the ring as the house lights dim. The screen flashes the graphic: UTA Championship Tournament – First Round. The crowd comes alive.

Phillips: Jackpot kicks off with high stakes — Malachi Cross versus Rico Vance. Two wildly different philosophies. One seeks glory. The other seeks pain.

Bravo: Rico Vance is walking Instagram content. Malachi Cross? He's a horror film that never ends. I've got popcorn and a life insurance policy ready, just in case.

The arena fills with a dense, creeping fog that hugs the stage and ramp. Gregorian chants echo across the speakers — low, ominous, almost sacred. The crowd hushes instinctively. Suddenly, the bass drops, deep and vibrating. The lights flicker between white and sickly gold as Malachi Cross emerges from the mist, arms crossed like a corpse, eyes vacant and forward.

He walks slowly, ritualistically, past outstretched hands, never once looking away from the ring. Each step feels like a countdown. He climbs the stairs, steps between the ropes, and moves to the center. Slowly, his head lowers and arms cross again — the gesture like a grim blessing over the squared circle.

Phillips: He doesn't speak. He doesn't taunt. And yet, you feel everything Malachi Cross is saying. This man's presence is something else.

The fog dissipates...

And then the lights burst into dazzling gold. A sharp synth beat kicks in — high-energy pop-glam with attitude. Gold spotlights flash across the audience as Rico Vance steps onto the stage with his signature smug smirk. In one hand, a custom mirror; in the other, the confidence of a man who thinks this moment was designed just for him.

He checks himself in the mirror, blows a kiss to the camera, and struts down the ramp like he's walking a red carpet. Fans reach out — some cheering, most booing. Rico winks at the camera and points to a sign that reads "Rico 4 Champ" with a giant glitter heart around his face.

Bravo: That's called stage presence, Phillips! The man doesn't enter — he arrives. And let's be honest... this place just got about 60% more attractive.

Rico slides under the ropes and pops up fast, scaling the turnbuckle and soaking in the reaction — arms outstretched like a golden god. He hops down, tosses the mirror aside, and grins at Malachi, who hasn't moved an inch.

Phillips: And that might be the most unnerving part. Vance is putting on a one-man show, and Malachi Cross hasn't blinked.

They circle. Rico shuffles forward, throwing a few flashy shoulder feints. Malachi remains still, watching. Rico fakes a dive at the legs, then retreats, striking a pose with finger guns. A pocket of fans boo — Rico soaks it in with a smirk.

Bravo: Just loosening him up! Mind games, baby. You don't charge at a guy who looks like he sleeps in a coffin.

Rico finally commits to a grapple, but Malachi suddenly comes alive — snatching Rico into a Muay Thai Clinch! He drives four brutal knees into the ribs and one up into the chest before flinging Rico back-first into the corner.

Malachi follows in with a crushing Yakuza Kick — Rico barely slips out of the corner, causing Malachi's boot to rattle the turnbuckle. Rico counters with a Pop-Up Back Elbow, catching Malachi flush on the jaw! The big man stumbles. Rico hits the ropes — Leaping Lariat! He covers:

1...

Malachi kicks out immediately, sitting up like a man possessed.

Phillips: That didn't even register! Vance caught him clean and it's like Cross didn't feel a thing!

Rico scrambles up, goes for a Russian Leg Sweep — Malachi blocks it! Spins him around — Dark Harvest! A devastating sidewalk slam onto the knee! Rico gasps and rolls away, clutching his back.

Malachi stalks forward, grabs Rico by the wrist, and yanks him upright — straight into a Falling Gutwrench Slam! The thud echoes off the walls. Malachi drops to a knee, hands slowly curling like a preacher ready to offer communion. But this is pain, not salvation.

He grabs Rico's arm — Purgatory Clutch! The sit-out arm triangle is locked in deep center ring!

Bravo: He's folding Rico like a rental car, John! You don't want to tap in the first round — but you don't want to sleep, either!

Rico flails his legs and finally reaches the ropes! The ref breaks the hold — Malachi releases immediately and backs away like a ghost receding into shadows.

Rico rolls out of the ring and collapses at ringside, gasping. He yells at a cameraman, "Get outta my face!" then uses the apron to pull himself up. He stumbles to the apron, and as Malachi approaches—Apron Hangman DDT!

Phillips: There's that opening! That DDT might be the break Rico Vance needed!

Malachi slumps back into the ring. Rico ascends the turnbuckle... Split-Leg Moonsault! Nails it! Hooks the leg!

1... 2... Kickout!

Rico slams the mat and glares at the ref. He motions to the crowd for something big. He pulls Malachi up, shouts, "Lights, camera—" and bounces to the second rope for the Primetime Cutter—

—NO! Malachi pushes him off mid-flight! Rico crashes awkwardly and scrambles to his feet. Malachi rushes in — Stalling Spinebuster plants Rico again! He grabs the arm... teasing Sixth Seal! But Rico gouges the eyes — barely escaping the submission!

Bravo: It's not illegal if the ref doesn't see it! Vance still has survival instincts, even when he's getting exorcised!

Rico hits the ropes again — Flash Frame! The flying forearm lands flush! Rico kips up, grabs his mirror from ringside and flashes it to the camera before sliding it back out. He turns...

...Straight into Malachi's grasp. Cross lifts him into the Burial Rite — the crowd gasps — and DRIVES him down with the Last Light! Spiked powerbomb. Picture-perfect. Rico goes limp.

Malachi covers, eyes closed, one hand over Rico's chest like a ritual offering.

1... 2... 3!

Roberts: Here is your winner... and advancing in the UTA Championship Tournament... Malachi Cross!

Cross rises slowly, arms crossing once more as his head lowers. No celebration. No glance to the camera. Just silence and shadow. Rico Vance lies motionless, blinking up at the lights. He rolls to the apron, clutching his back as a group

of referees check on him.

Phillips: Malachi Cross advances in haunting, punishing fashion. Rico Vance brought the flash — but Cross brought the end.

Bravo: I hate to admit it, but that wasn't just domination — that was calculated ritual. Cross didn't win... he cleansed the ring.

The screen cuts to a graphic of the UTA Championship Tournament bracket, showing Malachi Cross's name advancing to the second round. The fog begins to pour again as Malachi exits the same way he entered — slow, solemn, and undisturbed.

Phillips: The road to WrestleUTA: 25 just got colder... and Malachi Cross just took another step toward gold. Stay with us — the night's just getting started.

One Last Stop

Segment

A promo video for One Last Stop begins to play.

V/O: The road to 25 is in full effect.

We get images of action from the recent events.

V/O: From destruction without a reason...

Valkyrie Knox.

V/O: To championship aspirations...

Jaxson Ryder, B.R Ellis, and Gideon Graves flash across the screen.

V/O: .. and legends, returning to collide...

The Spectre. Sean Jackson.

V/O: The road to 25 may end in history, but, before then... on July 11th.. there is...

Dahlia Cross vs. Valentina Blaze

Match

We move back ringside.

Phillips: That's right ladies and gentlemen, before 25, the UTA will present, One Last Stop. Where everything comes to a head before our historical anniversary show.

The arena pulses with energy as the ring announcer re-enters the spotlight.

Roberts: The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and is a featured bout in the United Toughness Alliance's Women's Division!

Violet lights bathe the arena. A seductive trip-hop beat slinks through the air as the crowd turns toward the stage. Dahlia Cross emerges slowly, dragging her violet scarf behind her like a velvet leash. Her expression is cool, cocky, and cruel — her lips curled into a knowing smirk as she makes her way to the ring with feline grace.

Phillips: She may look composed, but don't be fooled — Dahlia Cross is as ruthless as they come. A joint manipulator with a venomous streak. And once she's got a target, she's like a spider: precise, patient, and deadly.

Bravo: She's got technician's hands and a villain's smile, Phillips. I wouldn't trust her with a handshake, let alone a headlock.

Dahlia climbs the apron slowly, wraps her scarf around the top rope, and slithers into the ring. She blows a mock kiss to the fans and coils into a corner, draping the scarf over the middle rope as if claiming territory.

Suddenly, the arena lights flicker to an intense orange. A bass drop hits like a flame igniting. The crowd roars as Valentina Blaze bursts through the curtain. She traces a spark in the air with her finger, then sprints down the ramp with purpose, slapping hands and shouting “Light it up!”

Phillips: If you're new to the scene, this is Valentina Blaze — fearless, fiery, and fast. She brings the same fight whether she's in a back-alley ring or the Pearl Theater.

Bravo: She's flashy but she ain't fake. Blaze brings real damage with those kicks — I've seen her knock fillings loose.

Valentina slides in, hits the middle turnbuckle, and throws up her hand signal to a cheering crowd. She turns toward Dahlia, who gives her a little golf clap and a smirk.

The two women circle. Dahlia offers a test of strength, then quickly drops low with a Leg Sweep! Valentina tumbles to the mat. Dahlia pounces, grabs the left wrist, and begins torquing the elbow with a twisting wristlock — but Blaze kips up and flips out, counters into a Tilt-a-Whirl Headscissors, sending Dahlia rolling across the ring!

Phillips: Quick counter from Blaze! That's the explosiveness that's earned her so much momentum in this division.

Dahlia gets to her knees, visibly annoyed. She stands — only to walk right into a Spinning Back Kick to the midsection. Blaze grabs her head — Running Bulldog! Dahlia's face bounces off the canvas.

Valentina stays on her — lifts her by the wrist and ascends the ropes—Rope-Walk Arm Drag! The crowd gasps as Dahlia flips to her back again.

Bravo: Blaze is just gliding in there right now. Dahlia needs to smother that fire or she's gonna get torched.

Dahlia retreats to the corner, holding her ribs. Blaze charges — but Dahlia ducks and pulls the ref in the way. Blaze stops short—Palm Thrust to the Throat! The ref didn't see it!

Valentina gasps and stumbles. Dahlia yanks her down with a Low Drop-Toe-Hold, then transitions into a vicious Apron Arm Yank, snapping Valentina's shoulder against the ropes!

Phillips: And just like that, Dahlia's found her target — the arm! She'll carve it apart piece by piece.

Back in the ring, Dahlia traps the arm and stomps repeatedly on the elbow. She drags Valentina into the center and applies a grounded hammerlock, using her knee to grind into the joint.

Bravo: Blaze is in real danger here. Dahlia doesn't just apply holds — she makes you regret having limbs.

Valentina fights to her knees, throwing elbows with her free arm — Dahlia shifts to the side — but Blaze counters with a Drop-Toe-Hold into a basement kick to the chin! Dahlia falls back!

Blaze climbs to the apron, measuring her opponent... Springboard Roundhouse — FLASHPOINT! Dahlia drops! Blaze covers—

1... 2... Kickout!

Valentina doesn't wait — she climbs to the top rope, going for the Firefly Plancha! Dahlia stumbles to her feet — Blaze soars—

—But Dahlia CATCHES her midair into a Snap Fisherman Neckbreaker with double knees — BLACK DAHLIA! Dahlia's own finisher connects!

Phillips: Oh my GOD! That's her setup move! She hit it from outta nowhere!

Dahlia rolls into a cover!

1... 2... NO! Valentina kicks out! The crowd explodes!

Bravo: That was CLOSE. That was a career-stealing shot and Blaze still kicked out!

Dahlia snarls, finally losing a bit of her calm. She grabs the arm again, looking to transition into the Violet Vice! She torques it — locks it in halfway — but Valentina slips out and rolls her into a Victory Roll!

1... 2... Dahlia escapes!

Both women pop up—Valentina with a lightning-fast Dropkick to the jaw! Dahlia stumbles — Valentina jumps to the second rope — BLAZE TRIGGER!

With Dahlia stunned, Blaze wastes no time. She climbs to the top rope, steadies herself—

FIRESTORM!

The flipping neckbreaker connects CLEAN. Blaze hooks both legs tight!

1... 2... 3!

Roberts: Here is your winner... Valentina Blaze!

The crowd erupts as Blaze rises, holding her arm in pain but throwing her free hand up in triumph. Dahlia rolls away, dazed and fuming. Blaze mouths "Let's go!" to the crowd, energy surging as she backs up the ramp.

Phillips: What a WAR! Valentina Blaze earns every ounce of that victory tonight. Dahlia had her in deep water, but Blaze showed heart, fire, and grit.

Bravo: That was some serious in-ring chemistry. Dahlia gave her hell — but Blaze lit the fuse and never looked back.

Valentina reaches the top of the ramp, throwing her "Light it up!" hand sign one more time. But then...

BOOM. The lights cut. A deep horn sounds. Thunder rolls.

Phillips: No... not again...

Smoke spills from the entryway. A spotlight strikes center stage — Valkyrie Knox steps forward, draped in black, steel-spiked gauntlet raised. The crowd murmurs uneasily.

Bravo: Blaze, turn around. Turn around RIGHT NOW.

Too late.

Valkyrie storms forward and BLASTS Blaze with a Short-Arm Lariat! The impact echoes like a shotgun. Blaze flips backward onto the steel stage.

Phillips: For the third week in a row, Valkyrie strikes! Who's going to stop this monster?!

Valkyrie grabs Blaze by the hair, lifts her high — VALKNUT DRIVER onto the steel! The fans groan in horror as Blaze lies twisted, unmoving. Valkyrie stands tall, war-horn raised, the purple light casting shadows across her stoic face... and a faint, chilling smirk.

Bravo: That's a message. That's not just violence. That's ownership of this division.

Phillips: Is there anyone left who can stop Valkyrie Knox? Who can even stand against her?

The show fades to black on Valkyrie's silhouette, war-horn lifted to the sky... as officials rush to check on Valentina Blaze.

Legacy

Segment

Melissa Cartwright: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight marks a monumental moment here in the United Toughness Alliance. We've all heard the rumors, we've all seen the speculation. A second-generation star. A legacy name. And tonight, for the very first time, he's here in Las Vegas, live and in living color!

Melissa stands in a backstage hallway, her expression enthusiastic but professional. She pauses for effect, letting the anticipation build.

Melissa Cartwright: He is the son of a double Hall of Famer. The son of a former UTA Champion. The son of one of the most dominant names this industry has ever known. Please welcome... Eric Dane Jr!

From off-screen steps a confident young man in a custom track jacket and tinted sunglasses—Eric Dane Jr. He swaggers into frame like he owns the building, flicking his sunglasses up onto his head as he sizes up the camera.

Eric Dane Jr: About damn time. He adjusts his collar and flashes a smirk that radiates arrogance and self-assurance, just like his ol' pappy.

Eric Dane Jr: Y'all spent weeks whispering. "Is he really coming? Can he really go? Is he just another silver spoon?" Newsflash, UTA—I'm not here to borrow a legacy. I'm here to build a new one, brick by brick, body by body... Championship by championship!

He leans into the mic, lowering his voice into something more intense.

Eric Dane Jr: I'm not here to follow in dear ol' Dad's footsteps. I'm here to make you forget he ever existed.

Before Melissa can respond, a massive blur explodes into the shot. A man in all black, wearing a ski mask, blindsides Eric with a violent clothesline that drops him instantly.

Melissa yelps and stumbles backward as the attacker mounts Junior, throwing wild fists into his face and body before dragging him by the collar toward a stack of road cases.

With a sickening crack, the attacker drives Eric's face into the edge of the case with a brutal curb stomp. Dane Jr.'s body slumps to the floor, twitching slightly.

Masked Attacker: Welcome to Harrisburg, BITCH!

He hovers over the downed second-generation star for a moment, breathing heavily, before vanishing down the hallway like a phantom. The camera lingers on Eric Dane Jr.—bloodied, broken, and motionless—as medical staff begin to swarm the scene.

Ace in the Hole

Segment

We get a promo video.

V/O: One match can make or break a career.

Flashbacks

V/O: One match, can determine the future of a championship.

Sean Jackson clutches his briefcase as he is being interviewed backstage in the past.

V/O: One match can provide the opportunity of a life time.

A hand reaching high above a ladder.

V/O: One winner will have the...

A shot of the WrestleUTA: 25 ring with a ladder and the Ace in the Hole briefcase above.

V/O: ... Ace in the Hole.

Ace in the Hole Returns.

WrestleUTA: 25

Jarvis Valentine vs. Kael Mercer

Match

We move back ringside.

Phillips: I'm being told that Eric Dane Jr. Is currently receiving medical attention backstage after that brutal attack by that masked man.

Bravo: Not the way he wanted to make his debut, I can say that much! Who was that masked guy?

Phillips: I'm not completely sure, but what he said could be the clue to his identity. But for now, let's get ready for the next match.

The arena lights dim to a hush. A single spotlight illuminates the stage as the opening chords of "American Flags" by Tom MacDonald ripple through the speakers. Red, white, and blue strobes dance across the crowd. From behind the smoke, JARVIS VALENTINE emerges—patriotic gear glinting with subtle "Q" and "17" motifs. Pyro bursts like Fourth of July fireworks as he raises his fist in salute, the fans erupting around him.

Phillips: After years as a journalist chasing truths, Jarvis Valentine chases a dream in this ring tonight—and you can feel the electricity crackling!

Bravo: He's the embodiment of passion and perseverance, Phillips. UTA isn't ready for this force of nature!

Valentine strides down the ramp, high-fiving fans, then pauses at ringside to clap his hands in a "Q" shape before sliding smoothly under the bottom rope. He stands in the corner, arms raised, soaking in the ovation.

The lights flicker out, replaced by a shimmering heat-wave effect on the ramp. A distorted violin sting slices the air as KAEL MERCER emerges, a velvet mask in hand. He removes it deliberately, revealing a cool smirk, then tosses it aside. The crowd murmurs, sensing something sinister as Mercer's entrance theme warps into a heavy, percussive beat.

Phillips: Here comes Kael Mercer—the newcomer shrouded in illusion, making his UTA debut with theatrics and mystery!

Bravo: Every step is choreographed, Phillips. Expect misdirection—and don't blink, or you'll miss his next trick!

Mercer ascends the apron, glancing at Valentine with an unreadable expression. He slides into the ring, stands opposite Jarvis, and offers a brief nod of respect. The referee signals for the bell.

Bell Rings

Round One begins with a cautious lockup. Valentine uses his veteran strength to shove Mercer to the ropes, then steps in with a quick Sidewalk Slam, planting Mercer chest-first on the canvas.

Bravo: Sidewalk Slam—Valentine showing he's more than talk. He means business right out of the gate!

Jarvis transitions seamlessly into a standing back suplex (Move4), bridging for a near-fall. Mercer kicks out at two, barely stirring.

Phillips: German Suplex by Valentine—two and a half! Mercer is in early trouble.

Valentine frowns, pulls Mercer up, and whips him into the ropes. Mercer rebounds with a Springboard Enzuigiri ("Smoke & Mirrors") that snaps Jarvis's head off. The crowd gasps.

Phillips: Smoke & Mirrors catches Valentine by surprise—Mercer showing off his agility!

Jarvis shakes off the cobwebs and fires back with a crisp Discus Clothesline, sending Mercer sprawling. He covers—one... two... Mercer powers out again.

Bravo: Incredible resilience from Mercer. You get the sense he's got plenty left in the tank!

Valentine, boots damp with sweat, signals for a WrestleNewsPhoto moment—raising both arms as the crowd chants his name. Mercer uses the distraction to recover and traps Valentine in a Sleight of Pain snap DDT (Move2).

Phillips: Sleight of Pain—Mercer's timing is impeccable! Valentine didn't see that one coming.

Mercer drapes an arm for the cover—one... two... Valentine kicks out at two-and-three-quarters, forcing Mercer to break into a triumphant grin.

Bravo: Only a quarter away from elimination. Mercer is more than just smoke and mirrors—he's got the substance to back it up!

Jarvis slowly rises, flexing, and suddenly surges with adrenaline. He hoists Mercer into a Military Press Slam, the canvas buckling under the impact. Valentine roars, then pulls Mercer up for a Discus Clothesline off the ropes.

Phillips: Military Press Slam followed by Discus Clothesline—Valentine unleashing raw power!

Mercer lands in the corner, stunned. Jarvis lunges for the Patriot Plunge setup, lifting Mercer to the fireman's carry position. Mercer wriggles free at the apex, diving behind Valentine into a Hocus Choke-us rear naked choke (Move3), wrenching the wind from the veteran.

Bravo: Hocus Choke-us! Mercer back in control with surgical submission work!

Valentine claws at Mercer's arm, muscles straining. He powers to his feet and staggers into the ropes. Mercer maintains the hold until the referee forces a break. Mercer smirks, surveying his prey.

Phillips: That's veteran ring awareness from Valentine, Mark—using every rope to survive.

Mercer stalks Jarvis, delivering a Ghost Hand palm strike fakeout, then a seamless jaw kick ("Ghost Hand" Special3). Jarvis staggers backward into the corner. Mercer climbs the ropes for a top rope Tornado DDT ("Curtain Call"). He leaps—

Jarvis rolls out of the way at the last moment. Mercer crashes and burns, prompting a "Oooh!" from the crowd. Jarvis springs up, eyes blazing, and hoists Mercer for the Patriot Plunge.

Phillips: Curtain Call gone awry—and now Valentine smells blood in the water!

He drops Mercer face-first with the DDT. The impact resonates. Valentine covers—one... two... Mercer kicks out! Valentine cannot believe it.

Bravo: Two and three-quarters—Mercer's survival instincts are next level!

Both men are slow to their feet. Valentine sets Mercer up for Q Drop, lifts him high, but Mercer elbows free and lands behind Valentine. He whips Jarvis into the ropes and meets him with a Mirage Kick spinning heel kick that snaps Jarvis's head sideways.

Phillips: Mirage Kick! Mercer just keeps pulling rabbits out of the hat!

Mercer drapes an arm—one... two... Jarvis kicks out again, forcing Mercer to rethink his approach.

Bravo: This is a 60/40 matchup, Phillips, but Mercer is refusing to let Jarvis coast to victory!

Valentine seizes a shift in momentum, digs deep, and charges Mercer with a Running Bulldog (Special2), planting him in the center. He covers—one... two... Mercer kicks out at the last instant. The crowd roars its approval.

Phillips: Running Bulldog! Valentine with another near-fall! The veteran instincts are shining bright tonight!

Valentine retreats to a corner, clutching his side. Mercer rises first, buttocks on the bottom rope. He taunts Valentine with a magician's flourish—pretending to pull a coin from the air—then lands a Trap Door Slam (Special2), spinning spinebuster that floors Valentine.

Bravo: Trap Door Slam! Mercer is showing he can counter strength with technique and flair!

Mercer snares Valentine in an Enigma Lock submission hold. Jarvis howls in pain, dragging himself toward the ropes. He reaches out—almost there—before Mercer releases. Both men crawl to their feet.

Phillips: Enigma Lock nearly had Jarvis, but the veteran finds the ropes. This is masterful psychology from Mercer!

They collide with a thunderous double-axe handle in the center, each man's blow echoing. Both stagger, trading strikes—Mercer lands a feint combo jab-roll-uppercut. Valentine staggers back, his head ringing.

Bravo: These counters and flurries are off the charts! Both men leaving it all in the ring!

Jarvis shakes off the stun, roars, and charges Mercer. Mercer ducks low—Valentine's charge takes him into the corner. Mercer locks in "Hocus Choke-us" again, wrenching back the head—but Valentine suplexes him over, bridging smoothly.

Phillips: Suplex bridge out of a chokehold! Jarvis showing why he's a ten-year vet—never backing down!

Valentine rises and signals for his finisher. He lifts Mercer to fireman's carry position for the Patriot Plunge. The crowd rises as Valentine slams Mercer down with surgical precision.

Bravo: Patriot Plunge—if he hooks the leg, it's over!

Valentine covers—one... two... Mercer kicks out with the referee's arm trembling on the canvas. Valentine grabs Mercer's arm, lifts him to the top rope, and drapes him over the top for a second Patriot Plunge attempt.

Phillips: He's going for a double Patriot Plunge from the top! This could be devastating!

Mercer shifts his weight, causing both men to topple over the top rope to the floor. They crash into each other amid the ring apron and barricade. The crowd leaps to its feet.

Bravo: Unbelievable—their spines both took that one hard! What resilience!

Both crawl back into the ring at the referee's count of eight. Valentine drags Mercer into position, lifting him into a setup for Q Drop. Mercer doesn't see it coming—Valentine thrusts forward, driving Mercer's head into the mat with the DDT finish.

Phillips: Q Drop! That's the end—cover!

Valentine hooks the leg "Q" style—one... two... three!

Bell Rings

Phillips: Here is your winner... JARVIS VALENTINE!

Bravo: What a monumental battle! Kael Mercer debuted with honor and illusion, but Jarvis Valentine's experience and heart carried the day.

Valentine slowly rises, offering a hand to Mercer. Mercer accepts. The two embrace in the center as the crowd applauds the respect shown. Valentine's fiancée, Toni, joins him at ringside for a celebratory hug.

Phillips: A fitting finale to Round One—respect, drama, and the legacy of Jarvis Valentine continues to burn bright!

Bravo: If this is just the first round, Round Two is going to be must-see TV!

Hall of Fame Inductee Announcement

Segment

V/O: When Scott Stevens arrived in the UTA from High Octane Wrestling, it was unknown what the future would hold.

We get flashbacks of Stevens in the ring

V/O: While he never would capture championships other than the Wildfire, Scott captured the heart of the fans. Eventually he would go on to become a backstage producer, putting together some of the most memorable matches in UTA history.

Now, varies matches from the past which he was a producer for.

V/O: The United Toughness Alliance is proud to announce the next inductee into the 2025 UTA Hall of Fame... "The Scorpion" Scott Stevens.

Phillips: Scott Stevens joins the Hollywood Bruvs and Sean Jackson in this year's Hall of Fame class!

Bravo: I know it's tough making the decision who goes in, but congratulations to Stevens on this.

Triple Tier Circus of Fun

Segment

V/O: Two legends, coming out of retirement for one more night of blood and guts violence.

We see The Spectre, followed by Sean Jackson.

V/O: After the Hall of Fame, the presentations are over.

We see the two from the past.

V/O: There is only one way to celebrate twenty five years, and it has three tiers.

A shot of the unique match set up, ready for the violence they will bring.

V/O: The Spectre. Sean Jackson. One last time. In a Triple Tier Circus of Fun match as your main event of WrestleUTA: 25.

A "versus" promo graphic.

V/O: No one walks out the same as they went in.

WrestleUTA: 25

TRIPLE TIER CIRCUS OF FUN MAIN EVENT

The Spectre vs. Sean Jackson

Velocity Vanguard vs. Iron Dominion

Match

The lights dim once more inside the Pearl Theater, the crowd rumbling in anticipation of the main event. The ring announcer steps forward, his voice clear over the roar of the crowd.

Roberts: Ladies and gentlemen... it is time for your main event of the evening!

Roberts: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall!

Suddenly, a pulsing Latin EDM beat fills the arena. Red and white strobes dance across the venue. Tyler Cruz bursts through the curtain with a huge smile, throwing up the "V" hand symbol before handspringing down the ramp in rhythm with the beat. As he hits the halfway point, the music shifts — pulsing neon blue floods the arena, and Jet Lawson explodes through a burst of CO2. He sprints down the ramp and flips over the ropes into the ring where Tyler already

waits. The two bump fists, then flip simultaneously in the corners to the thunderous applause of the crowd.

Phillips: Velocity Vanguard has arrived — and the fans inside the Pearl Theater are giving them a hero's welcome. Cruz and Lawson are the future of tag team wrestling... and they've got the heart to match the highlight reels.

Bravo: That's flash and substance, Phillips. But this crowd better enjoy that entrance now... because Iron Dominion has no intention of letting them leave on their feet.

The lights cut. Darkness. A thunderclap echoes through the arena. Sparks rain from the top of the entranceway as a low war-drum beat begins. A wolf's howl cuts through the static. Red strobes pulse to the rhythm of boots hitting steel. Magnus Wolfe emerges from the fog, running a slow finger down the scar on his brow, eyes locked on the ring. Behind him, Gideon Graves stalks into view, his gauntlet glinting in the light. He raises his fist and slams it against his palm, sending a metallic clang through the sound system.

Phillips: Magnus Wolfe and Gideon Graves — Iron Dominion. Unrelenting. Unforgiving. And unified by one goal: domination.

Bravo: Jet Lawson has tasted Magnus Wolfe's wrath already in the UTA Championship Tournament. You don't forget a loss like that — but I guarantee Wolfe hasn't either.

They enter the ring, slowly and methodically. No posturing. No pandering. Just menace. The bell rings.

Jet Lawson insists on starting. Magnus Wolfe cracks his neck and saunters to center ring. The crowd buzzes — they remember. Jet and Magnus circle, the tension thick enough to slice. Jet extends a hand — a show of sportsmanship.

Magnus looks down at it... and SLAPS Jet hard across the face.

Bravo: That's not a handshake — that's a scar waiting to happen!

Jet doesn't hesitate — he explodes forward with a Snap Rana, popping the crowd. Magnus rolls to his feet and eats a Rolling Savate Kick right to the chest! Jet rebounds — Springboard Knee Strike! Magnus falls into the corner, stunned!

Tag to Tyler Cruz! Jet hits the ropes — Drop Toe Hold into a Sliding Basement Dropkick by Cruz! He springboards off Jet's back — Corner Tornillo — Rocket Burst! The crowd roars!

Phillips: THAT is how you start a match! Speed, synergy, and some serious snap from Velocity Vanguard!

Cover!

1... 2... Magnus kicks out with authority.

Cruz stays on him — Tilt-a-Whirl Headscissors! Magnus stumbles up — Pop-Up Rana! He tries to tag — but Cruz dropkicks him in the back, sending him chest-first into the turnbuckles. Tyler tags Jet back in — quick pace!

Jet springboards — Skyline Spiral — but Magnus ducks! Jet lands on his feet, turns — Knee Lift to Jaw! Magnus hits the ropes and follows with a Snap German Suplex! Jet crashes hard!

Phillips: And just like that — Wolfe resets the board!

Tag to Gideon Graves. The ring shakes with each step as he enters. Jet fires a Rolling Elbow—barely fazes the big man. Running Sling Blade — Gideon catches him! Lifts him above his head and Gorilla Press Slams him over the top rope onto the floor!

Bravo: Jet just got launched into the atmosphere like a faulty satellite!

Outside, Gideon stalks Jet, slamming him spine-first into the apron. Then he whips him into the barricade with a sickening thud. The crowd gasps. The ref yells to bring it back in. Gideon rolls Jet into the ring and tags Magnus, who immediately grabs Jet's wrist and begins manipulating the joints — twisting the fingers, stomping on the elbow.

Phillips: This is where Iron Dominion thrive. They find a weak point, and they torment it.

Magnus lifts Jet into a Single-Arm DDT, then floats into an armbar. Jet screams, clawing for Cruz — but Magnus yanks him back, then stomps the shoulder. Tag to Gideon. They work in tandem — Corner Lariat from Gideon, followed by a Corner Knee Flurry from Magnus. Then Gideon hits a Pendulum Backbreaker, holds Jet across his knee — and Magnus hits a Running Knee Trembler!

Bravo: That's brutal tag team precision. They're not just hurting Jet... they're humbling him.

Gideon lifts Jet for the Iron Drop — Jet floats over! Lands behind! Tag to Cruz!

Cruz springboards in — Springboard Crossbody! Knocks Gideon down! He rebounds — Backflip Dropkick! Magnus charges — Rope-Walk Arm Drag! The crowd is rocking!

Cruz springboards again — Sky Twister Press onto BOTH opponents!

Phillips: Velocity Vanguard are flying high — and this building is coming unglued!

Cruz tags Jet — double team time! Pop-Up into Springboard Spanish Fly — FUEL INJECTION!

Jet covers Magnus!

1... 2... NO! Gideon plows through Cruz to break it up!

All four men now brawl in the ring. Jet and Magnus trade strikes. Tyler Cruz springboards again — but Gideon catches him midair and Powerbombs him OVER the ropes onto the apron!

Jet tries to springboard — Magnus yanks him down and locks in the Wolf Trap! Jet screams, twisted in agony!

Phillips: Magnus has him in the middle! Jet's fading—WAIT! He reaches the rope with his foot! The crowd ERUPTS!

Magnus breaks reluctantly. He tags Gideon. Jet is on his knees. Gideon deadlifts him into the Iron Drop! Then tags Magnus again. They're not done.

Magnus grabs Jet — Predator Plex into the turnbuckles! The crowd gasps! Jet's body slumps! Magnus pulls him out and yells, "He always falls."

He lifts Jet again — LUPINE BITE! Cover!

1... 2... 3!

Roberts: Here are your winners... IRON DOMINION!

The crowd is stunned, a mix of boos and claps for the performance. Magnus rises over Jet Lawson's fallen body, his eyes cold, expression unreadable. Graves stands beside him, arms crossed, unfazed by the noise. Tyler Cruz stirs on the floor, still recovering.

Phillips: What an incredible battle — but Iron Dominion stands tall again. Cold, calculated, and cruel — they were just too much tonight.

Bravo: Lawson gave everything. So did Cruz. But sometimes, heart isn't enough. Sometimes, you run headfirst into iron.

As they exit, Magnus turns once more. He taps his scar, smirks, and mouths "2-0" to Jet... before vanishing behind the curtain.

Phillips: Velocity Vanguard earned respect tonight. But Iron Dominion earned the win. The future of the tag division is taking shape — and it's looking dangerously cold.

The show fades on Jet Lawson sitting up, frustrated, as Cruz kneels beside him — both battered, both breathing

heavy... but far from finished.

Show Credits

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