

Jackpot: 06.27.2025

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: June 27, 2025
Location: Pearl Theater — Las Vegas, NV

Preview

The second round of the UTA Championship Tournament highlights the night on the road to 25!

Results

Introduction

Segment

The lights come alive inside the iconic Pearl Theater at the Palms, where the UTA faithful are packed wall to wall, signs waving, camera flashes popping, and anticipation reaching a fever pitch. The camera sweeps across the buzzing crowd before cutting ringside to the announce table where JOHN PHILLIPS and MARK BRAVO are standing by.

Phillips: Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to another edition of Jackpot, live from the Pearl Theater in Las Vegas — and what a night we've got ahead of us!

Bravo: You can feel it in the air, John. High stakes. High drama. And a card that's absolutely stacked with tournament action.

Phillips: That's right. Tonight, the UTA Championship Tournament continues — with four second-round matches on deck. By the time the night ends, we'll know exactly who's headed to the semi-finals at One Last Stop on July 11th... and who's one step closer to becoming the new UTA Champion.

Bravo: You've got powerhouses like Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves ready to go to war... rising stars like Jet Lawson and Jaxson Ryder clashing for their breakout moment... and two of the most dangerous men in the game today, Titan Rex and Malachi Cross, colliding in a match that could very well break the ring.

Phillips: Plus, don't forget the technical showdown between B.R. Ellis and Jarvis Valentine. Two old-school warriors. One shot to rewrite history. That one could be an instant classic. Jarvis Valentine is looking to add another championship to his waist here tonight, but more on that later.

Bravo: And if that wasn't enough—we're expecting to hear from Valkyrie Knox tonight. After weeks of ambushes, knockouts, and chaos in the Women's Division, she's promised to finally break her silence.

Phillips: The entire wrestling world is watching. What is Valkyrie thinking? What does she want? We'll find out later tonight.

Two More Hall of Fame Inductees

Segment

V/O: He called himself the "Gold Standard" of professional wrestling... and in the United Toughness Alliance, he backed it up every step of the way.

Flashback footage of a confident, calculating wrestler making his entrance to thunderous boos. Highlights play of big-time matches, championship celebrations, and smug post-match promos.

V/O: He was cunning. Strategic. And at times — utterly ruthless. But make no mistake — this man was one of the most

dominant champions in UTA history.

Clips roll of title defenses, including a heated match against Zhalia Fears and a brutal beatdown that helped define his reign as UTA Champion.

V/O: As a founding member of DYNASTY, alongside Sean Jackson and his next inductee peer... he didn't just win titles. He helped define an era.

The screen fades to black with a golden shimmer as a slow reveal appears:

V/O: The United Toughness Alliance proudly welcomes its next inductee into the 2025 Hall of Fame... Perfection.

Crowd reaction audio. Slow-motion visual of Perfection holding the UTA Championship overhead as confetti falls.

Phillips: One of the most arrogant, gifted, and successful stars this company's ever seen — Perfection was born to be on that stage.

Bravo: And now he's finally where he belongs. The Hall of Fame. DYNASTY is being etched into history this year, piece by piece.

V/O: And speaking of legacy... the next name has long been whispered in the same breath as UTA royalty.

Black-and-white footage slowly transitions to color — of a smirking, methodical veteran staring down his opponents. The camera lingers on the UTA Championship around his waist.

V/O: A master manipulator. A dangerous technician. And a man who always made sure the spotlight stayed squarely on him.

Clips showcase his role in DYNASTY — helping Sean Jackson retain gold, orchestrating ambushes, holding court with a microphone in hand like it was a weapon.

V/O: He was cunning. He was cold. And he was one of the most consistent competitors this company ever saw.

The screen glows again in gold.

V/O: The United Toughness Alliance proudly inducts... La Flama Blanca into the 2025 UTA Hall of Fame.

Slow-motion highlight: Perfection and La Flama Blanca standing tall over a fallen opponent, championship belts raised, DYNASTY in full force.

Phillips: Unbelievable. La Flama Blanca joins his longtime ally Perfection... and of course, Sean Jackson... as part of one of the most stacked Hall of Fame classes we've ever seen.

Bravo: DYNASTY is getting the flowers they earned. Whether you loved 'em or hated 'em — you couldn't ignore 'em. Legends, all of them.

Brick Bronson vs. Gideon Graves

Match

The arena lights dim as a deep red wash floods the crowd. An industrial heartbeat pulses over the PA, each boom resonating through every seat. Suddenly, a heavy drumbeat kicks in—raw, unrelenting.

From behind the curtain, Brick Bronson appears. He stands with arms crossed, letting the music wash over him, then cracks his knuckles deliberately. With each step down the ramp, his boots thud like sledgehammers. The crowd's mix of cheers and nervous gasps builds to a crescendo as he glares at the squared circle.

Phillips: Brick Bronson making his presence known before he even hits the ring, Mark—look at that intensity!

Bravo: He's less "wrestler" and more "unstoppable freight train," Phillips. You feel the weight of every step.

Brick pauses at ringside, slaps the apron, and steps through the ropes. He cracks his neck, paces the perimeter of the ring, and stares out at the sea of fans before retreating to his corner, muscles coiled like a predator.

Suddenly, the arena plunges into pitch black. A lone spotlight snaps onto the stage as a cascade of sparks erupts. Hammer-fist beats echo; the sound feels metallic, inhuman.

Gideon Graves emerges, eyes glowing under the mask of darkness. He paces slowly, gauntlet raised, as the sparks fade and eerie synth lines creep into the entrance music. With each thunderous hammer-fist to his own gauntlet, he sends a ripple of awe through the crowd.

Phillips: There's no fluff with Graves—cold, methodical, deadly. He's here for one thing.

Bravo: And when he steps in that ring, you know exactly why they call him the steel-mill brute.

Gideon circles Brick for a tense staredown. Referee signals both men to the center. The intensity is palpable—two heavyweights from Pittsburgh ready to rip each other apart.

Bell Rings

They lock up immediately—collar-and-elbow. Graves pushes Brick back. Brick responds with brute strength, shoving Graves across the ring. Graves rebounds off the ropes; Brick meets him with a Lariat attempt, but Graves ducks and nails him with a Big Boot that echoes like a cannon shot.

Phillips: Graves is showing that veteran savvy—he isn't here to out-muscle Brick, he's out-thinking him!

Brick staggers but storms forward, planting a Running Powerslam that nearly shakes the ring. He covers—one... kick out at one. Brick snarls, drags Graves up and fires a series of stomps to the midsection.

Bravo: Look at the hammer-fist cracks from both men—pure brutality!

Brick whips Graves into the corner and runs in for a corner splash. Graves raises his knees, catching Brick's midriff. Blood hisses quietly as Brick doubles over. Gideon seizes him for a Pendulum Backbreaker, then hoists him for the sit-out spinebuster—his Iron Drop setup—smashing Brick down.

Phillips: Iron Drop! Graves with the precision—covers—one... two... Brick survives!

Gideon stalks Brick up, landing a glowering glare before charging. Brick counters with a Back Elbow that sends Graves stumbling into the ropes. Brick leaps for an Exploder Suplex, planting Graves face-first in the center of the ring.

Bravo: Exploder Suplex! Snap Spinebuster—no, he transitions into a Corner Avalanche right into the corner post!

The referee admonishes Brick for using the corner. Brick backs off, breathing heavily. Graves shakes off cobwebs, charges—Brick catches him with a Stiff Headbutt, then hoists him high for a Gutwrench Powerbomb setup.

Phillips: Gutwrench Powerbomb in position—Brick eyes the crowd, flexes, then drives Graves down for Concrete Ending!

He slams Graves with brutal authority. The impact ripples through the mat. Brick hooks the leg—one... two... Graves kicks out at two-and-three-quarters!

Bravo: Unbelievable resilience by Graves—but Brick is all business tonight.

Brick hoists Graves to the apron, positioning him for Snake Eyes to the middle rope. Graves counters, landing behind Brick and landing a sudden Big Boot. He hooks Brick for Grave Maker setup—two-hand lift into a spinebuster.

Phillips: Grave Maker coming up! He's got Bronson elevated—no, Bronson wriggles free!

Brick erupts with elbow strikes to the ribs, then hits a sudden Running Powerslam. Both men lay sprawled, sweat glistening under the lights. The crowd is on their feet, roaring.

Bravo: Neither man will stay down—this is what the UTA Championship is all about!

They rise simultaneously. Brick fires a vicious forearm; Graves counters with a Steam Hammer knee drop that rattles Brick's shoulders. Graves hooks the arm for Steel Vice—but Brick rolls nimbly through, breaking the hold at the ropes.

Phillips: Steel Vice escaped! Bronson's toughness is off the charts!

Mid-ring, Graves attempts an Avalanche Powerslam. Brick reverses, planting Graves with a devastating Exploder Suplex. Both men crawl for the ropes, using the ropes to pull themselves up.

Bravo: This is carnage—ironclad power moves from both sides!

Brick blocks a Corner Lariat, ducks under, then charges—Graves catches him off guard with a sudden Overhead Belly-to-Belly that flips Brick end over end. Graves follows up with a Pendulum Backbreaker, wrenching Brick over his knee a second time.

Phillips: Backbreaker number two—Bronson's spine must be feeling that one!

Gideon stalks Brick, measuring him for the finishing sequence. He signals to the crowd, then lifts Brick for the sit-out spinebuster once more. He transitions to standing, wrenching on Steel Vice in the center of the ring.

Bravo: Here's the Steel Vice—and Brick is trapped in the middle of the ring! Can he reach the ropes?

Brick pumps his legs, inching forward millimeter by millimeter, sweat pouring, teeth gritted. With a final burst, he flips Graves over—reversing the hold into a crushing back suplex. Both men crash to the mat.

Phillips: What an escape! Bronson flipped it on its head and broke the hold.

Brick scrambles to his feet first. He drags a groggy Graves up onto his shoulders—Gutwrench Powerbomb setup one last time. The crowd rises as Brick hunches under the weight, then explodes up, slamming Gideon with Concrete Ending.

Bravo: Concrete Ending—he's got it hooked!

Phillips: One... two... three!

The bell rings. Brick Bronson collapses beside Graves, both warriors spent. The referee raises Brick's hand as pyro erupts behind him. The crowd roars their approval.

Phillips: Your winner, advancing to the semifinals—BRICK BRONSON! What a battle, Mark!

Bravo: A war from start to finish. Both men left everything in that ring, but Brick's unrelenting power ultimately decided the outcome. This tournament just got a lot more dangerous!

Respect

Segment

The camera fades in backstage at the Pearl Theater, where the United Toughness Alliance logo hangs on a step-and-repeat behind a focused B.R. Ellis. He's already in his gear, hands taped, a towel draped over his shoulders. A quiet intensity hums in the air as he stares straight ahead. The interviewer raises the mic—Ellis gently waves it off.

Ellis: Jarvis Valentine.

He pauses, his eyes narrowing just slightly.

Ellis:: I've been watchin'. Watchin' since the day UTA came back. Since names like yours started reappearing on the match sheets. Since ghosts started walking back into this business with something to prove.

Ellis: And I get it. I respect it.

Ellis nods, slow and deliberate.

Ellis: You were one of the best to ever do it. I respect the legacy, the grind, the time away, and the fact that you came back hungry—with your eyes on the same prize I'm after. Hell, you even went down to Florida and got yourself a belt this week.

Ellis: And tonight... you're standin' across the ring from me.

He lets that hang in the air for a moment.

Ellis: But let me be crystal clear—respect don't ring the bell. Respect don't keep your shoulders off the mat. Respect sure as hell don't put you through what I'm about to put you through.

Ellis: Because while you were gone... I was rebuildin'. While you were resting, I was clawing back. And while you were remembered... I was overlooked.

Ellis: But not anymore.

Ellis pulls the towel from his shoulders and tosses it aside.

Ellis: 2025 is my year. 2025 is the year BR Ellis finally takes his seat at the table. And I'm not lettin' anybody stop me from claimin' that championship—not you, not Valentine, not anybody.

Ellis: So tonight?

Ellis: You step into that ring as a legend. But you're walkin' out feelin' the pain of a man with nothin' left to lose... and everythin' to gain.

He leans in just slightly, voice low, eyes locked on the camera.

Ellis: I respect you. But when that bell rings... There ain't gonna be any respect left between us.

He turns, jaw tight, and walks off down the hallway, the camera lingering as his boots echo into the distance.

Jaxson Ryder vs. Jet Lawson

Match

The arena plunges into darkness. A heartbeat thrums through the speakers. Suddenly, brilliant strobes of red, white, and blue burst to life, slicing through the gloom. The opening chords of an alt-rock anthem surge, and Jaxon Ryder bursts through the curtain, energy crackling around him. He sprints down the ramp, slapping hands and roaring back every cheer. At ringside, he slides beneath the bottom rope, springing upright to salute the crowd, eyes alight with determination.

Phillips: Jaxon Ryder is pure electricity tonight, Mark! He's feeding off the fans' energy and making every second count.

Bravo: That's classic Ryder—heart of a lion, never-say-die spirit. He's here to leave it all in the ring.

Ryder climbs the turnbuckle, points skyward, then flips off, landing on his feet. He paces his corner, bouncing on the balls of his feet, offering a fist to the referee before backing off and sizing up the entrance.

The house lights snap to electric blue. A hissing blast of CO2 and a cascade of sparks frame Jet Lawson's entrance. Jet rockets onto the apron with a parkour-style flip, landing cat-like. He darts to the ropes, bouncing off and dancing for the crowd—fists pumping, grin wide.

Phillips: And here comes Jet Lawson—speed demon extraordinaire! He's got that daredevil flair and the technical chops to back it up.

Bravo: Two consummate professionals, both babyfaces, both ready to steal the show. This is going to be special.

They meet center ring. After a brief handshake and nod of mutual respect, they retreat to opposite corners. The referee signals for the bell.

Bell Rings

Round One: A feeling-out process. They lock up collar-and-elbow. Ryder uses his strength edge to shove Lawson to the ropes. Jet rebounds, ducks under a clothesline, and snaps Ryder down with a lightning-fast Snap Suplex.

Bravo: Snap Suplex—Ryder thought he had the upper hand, but Lawson’s timing is impeccable!

Ryder lands, rolls through, and pops to his feet. Lawson challenges him with a pointed finger; Ryder responds with a playful grin. They circle, trading quick arm drags and waistlocks, jockeying for control. Ryder plants Lawson with a textbook Dropkick—cushioned but crisp.

Phillips: Beautiful Dropkick by Ryder, showing he’s more than just power—he’s got that clean technique.

Lawson stumbles back, recovers by springing off the ropes into a Springboard Crossbody that flattens Ryder. He rolls through into a mid-ring cover—one... two... Ryder kicks out, still vibrant.

Bravo: Two-count only. Both men are demonstrating their conditioning; early pins aren’t enough.

They rise together and launch into rapid-fire forearm exchanges. Each shot resonates. Ryder gains the edge, snapping Lawson with a Back Elbow that echoes.

Phillips: Back Elbow! Ryder just answered Jet’s best shot!

Ryder tries for a Running Bulldog. Lawson slips free at the last moment, counters with a Swinging Neckbreaker (Move3), then whips Ryder into the corner. He charges—Ryder sidesteps, and Jet crashes into the turnbuckles.

Bravo: Great ring awareness from Ryder. He’s using every inch of that ring to outmaneuver Jet.

Ryder follows with a Corner Splash, but Lawson thrusts knees up, ramming Ryder from below. Jet transitions into a Tope con Hilo—launching himself over the top rope onto Ryder outside.

Phillips: Tope con Hilo! That’s high-risk, high-reward. Both men are making statements.

They crash into the barricade, gasping, sweat flying. Each grabs the other, slugging fists until security warns them back inside. They roll in simultaneously, clotheslining each other as they reenter the ring.

Bravo: I’ve never seen anything quite like this. They’re matching each other move for move!

Mid-match, both men crawl to their corners, summoning the crowd’s energy. Ryder pumps the “USA!” chant; Lawson leads “Jet! Jet!” As cheers cascade, they spring up.

Phillips: Mid-match jumbotron promo moment—classic Ryder, acknowledging the fans!

Suddenly, Lawson rushes forward with a Rolling Savate Kick that snaps Ryder’s head back. He scrambles to the ropes for momentum, charges in—Ryder lifts him for an Exploder Suplex right in the center. Ryder bridges for a pin—one... two... Lawson kicks out.

Bravo: Exploder Suplex and bridge! So much innovation in this match.

Ryder helps Lawson up as both sweat gleams. Lawson returns a Superkick that snaps Ryder’s jaw. He hooks the leg—one... two—still nothing. Lawson claps in admiration.

Phillips: Two and a half! This is a testament to Ryder’s resilience.

Lawson signals for the top rope. He ascends for Skyline Spiral. At the apex, Ryder rolls beneath, causing Jet to crash and burn. Ryder covers—one... two... Lawson barely moves.

Bravo: Wow—timing by Ryder to get out of harm's way and turn it into offense!

They both stagger to their feet. Ryder whips Lawson into ropes; Jet rebounds into a blistering combination—Running Sling Blade followed by Snap Rana. Ryder staggers but answers with a sudden Pop-up Hurricanrana, sending Lawson flipping to the canvas.

Phillips: Pop-up Hurricanrana—textbook execution by Ryder!

Jaw clenched, Ryder signals for the finish. He lifts Lawson for Ace Driver setup—hook kick followed by underhook piledriver. Lawson wriggles free, lands behind Ryder, and locks in the High Orbit Lock submission finisher.

Bravo: High Orbit Lock—if he plants that, we could have a tap-out!

Ryder fights the hold, cascading toward the ropes—inch by inch—finally grabbing the bottom rope. Lawson releases, smiling in respect. He stands, nods, and offers a fist. Ryder hesitates, then returns the gesture.

Phillips: What respect these two share; this isn't just a match—it's a showcase of sportsmanship.

They trade chops in the center—each chop louder than the last. Ryder lands a Pop-up Special 2: Tope con Hilo roll-through—no, scratch that—he lands a Machine Gun Combination: Tope con Hilo into a Superkick for Jet! Jet staggers.

Bravo: Unbelievable combination! The ring is shaking!

Ryder, sensing the moment, scrambles up the ropes. He pauses at the top, salutes the crowd one more time, then springs into the Ion Driver setup—Meteor Lift transitioning into a sit-out slam. Impact!

Phillips: Ion Driver! He hit it clean!

Ryder covers—one... two... Lawson kicks out at two-and-three-quarters! The crowd erupts.

Bravo: This match won't quit! Both men are showing heart.

Ryder pulls Lawson to his feet. He signals for one last finish. Lifting Jet onto his shoulders, he hits Victory Lane—a spinning underhook piledriver. He hooks the leg.

Phillips: Victory Lane—cover! One... two... three!

The bell rings. Ryder collapses, exhausted but elated. Lawson lies beside him, breathing heavily. Ryder reaches out, helps Lawson to his feet, and raises his arm in victory. Lawson returns the favor, lifting Ryder's arm for a moment before both embrace in the center of the ring.

Bravo: What a contest—two faces, mutual respect, and an incredible display of athleticism and heart.

Phillips: Your winner... JAXON RYDER! But tonight, both of these competitors proved they belong at the top of this sport.

The crowd gives both men a standing ovation as fire erupts. Ryder and Lawson raise each other's arms one last time before exiting to thunderous applause, memories of a classic etched into every fan's mind.

A Tale of Destruction

Segment

We return to the sound of buzzing fans inside the Pearl Theater. The camera sweeps across the sold-out crowd before cutting ringside to our commentary team.

Phillips: Welcome back to Jackpot, folks — and I know we're still feeling the shockwaves of everything that's gone down lately, especially in the Women's Division.

Bravo: Yeah, let's talk about Valkyrie Knox. For the last few weeks, she's been showing up and flattening whoever she

wants, whenever she wants. No rhyme, no reason—just chaos.

Phillips: Seemingly unprovoked attacks on some of the most respected athletes on the roster. Athena Storm. Valentina Blaze. Even Kaida Shizuka wasn't spared. And nobody's been able to stop her.

As the commentary continues, the camera cuts to the front row. Fans cheer and wave as the lens zooms in on a familiar face—Marie Van Claudio, sitting among the crowd, smiling politely and taking in the action.

Bravo: But speaking of the women's division — take a look at that! That's Marie Van Claudio right there in the front row.

Phillips: A UTA original. A pioneer. You want to talk about future Hall of Famers? That's one of them.

Bravo: First ballot. No question.

Before they can say more—

[Thunder rolls. The lights shift to deep purple. A haunting war-horn bellows through the arena. "Rise" by Ordo Rosarius Equilibrio echoes out as smoke floods the entrance ramp.]

The crowd erupts — in boos.

Phillips: Oh no...

Bravo: Speak of the devil.

Valkyrie Knox emerges from the smoke, steel-spiked gauntlet raised toward the heavens. Her gaze locked and emotionless. Each step deliberate, each movement dripping with Nordic intimidation. She reaches the ring apron, slams a fist onto the edge, then climbs inside slowly, dragging the atmosphere down with her. The crowd keeps booing.

She motions to a ringside attendant and demands a microphone. The jeers grow louder.

Valkyrie stands still, raising the mic to her mouth—but says nothing. She closes her eyes. The crowd grows even more hostile.

Bravo: They're not letting her speak!

She lowers the mic... smirks. Then raises it again.

Valkyrie Knox: I can stand here all day.

More boos. She waits it out with unnerving patience. Eventually, the noise dulls just enough for her to begin.

Valkyrie Knox: When I signed with the United Toughness Alliance... I thought I was walking into the proving ground. A battlefield. A home for elite competition.

She pauses. Eyes narrowing slightly.

Valkyrie Knox: I expected the best of the best. Other premiere athletes. Killers. Warriors.

Another beat. Her tone drops lower. Bitter.

Valkyrie Knox: But then I looked around... and saw what I was **really** up against.

The crowd buzzes with tension. She starts pacing slowly.

Valkyrie Knox: These women? Athena Storm? Valentina Blaze? Kaida Shizuka?

She scoffs.

Valkyrie Knox: All a joke.

Phillips: Oh come on...

Valkyrie Knox: I came here expecting a roster full of Alex Beckmans. I got a locker room full of Marie Van Claudio's.

The arena erupts. Camera cuts immediately to Marie Van Claudio, whose smile has vanished. Her jaw is clenched. She looks stunned, then deeply insulted.

Back in the ring, Valkyrie turns to face her. A smirk creeps across her face. She gives Marie a little wave.

Valkyrie Knox: Let's face it. Marie Van Claudio was always just the Temu version of a real superstar anyway.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Bravo: Whoa! That's... okay that was uncalled for.

Phillips: I've never seen this kind of venom aimed at Marie Van Claudio, and I've been here a long time.

Back in the ring, Valkyrie raises the mic once more.

Valkyrie Knox: So here's what's going to happen. I'm going to come out here... every single week... and tear through every woman in this division.

Valkyrie Knox: Until someone gives me **real** competition. Or the Wingates get their heads out of their asses and hand me my damn championship.

The booing now feels like an earthquake.

Valkyrie Knox: And there's not a damn thing anyone can do about it.

Valkyrie Knox: Not Athena. Not Valentina. Not anyone in the back.

She stares directly at Marie again.

Valkyrie Knox: Not even has-been hacks like Marie Van Claudio.

Marie stands up in the front row, yelling back—her voice lost under the noise. Valkyrie drops the mic with a heavy thud as her music kicks back in. But it's not over.

Instead of leaving up the ramp, Valkyrie exits the ring on the same side as Marie. The crowd senses something and rises to their feet.

Marie stays standing, visibly furious. Valkyrie walks straight toward her and stands just inches away, staring her down with an ice-cold expression. The two begin mouthing heated words back and forth.

Phillips: Don't do it—don't—

Valkyrie shoves Marie back HARD—sending her tumbling into the arms of nearby fans. Shock and gasps ripple through the theater.

Bravo: Oh, hell no!

Security immediately rushes in, holding Marie back as she tries to get over the barricade. Valkyrie just backs away, laughing, and raises both arms triumphantly like nothing happened. Her war-horn theme resumes as she heads back up the ramp.

The boos are deafening.

Phillips: I—I don't even know what to say. That was disgusting. Unprofessional. Flat-out disrespectful.

Bravo: I don't care how strong she is. Somebody better check her before she ends someone's career. That woman doesn't just want a title—she wants **war**.

Valkyrie Knox stops on the stage for one last look at the chaos she caused. Marie is still shouting past the security wall. The camera zooms in on Valkyrie's smirk—cold and unwavering—before fading to black.

A Division of Women; A Division of Chaos

Segment

We cut away from the chaos at ringside to a backstage hallway monitor. Standing in front of it are Valentina Blaze, Athena Storm, and Kaida Shizuka. Each of them looks equal parts disgusted and fired up, arms crossed, jaws clenched as they watch the footage of Valkyrie Knox's brutal takedown of Marie Van Claudio.

Valentina Blaze: Can you believe this chick?

Athena Storm: That shove? That smirk? I'm done. I don't care who she thinks she is.

Kaida Shizuka: Let her keep running her mouth. She won't be able to talk when I'm stomping her face in.

They continue exchanging heated remarks, the tension in the room escalating — until a voice cuts through the air.

Valkyrie Knox (off-camera): Well... I'm right here, ladies.

The camera pans as Valkyrie walks in, sweat still glistening from her earlier appearance, her expression unreadable but deadly calm. The trio whips around. For a second, time freezes — then they all surge forward at once.

Before fists can fly, a wave of security barrels into the frame, flanked by none other than UTA COO Rich Wingate, who shouts above the commotion.

Rich Wingate: Whoa, whoa, WHOA! Not here! Not like this!

Security strains to keep the women separated, struggling as each of them fights against the restraints. Valentina nearly breaks free, Kaida's voice pierces the air in Japanese, and Athena points directly at Valkyrie, promising retribution. Valkyrie just shouts over all of them.

Valkyrie Knox: Do the right thing, Wingate! Give me my damn belt!

Wingate throws up his hands, visibly agitated, his face red with frustration.

Rich Wingate: All of you—ENOUGH! You want the Women's Championship?

They all yell over each other, a cacophony of "Yes!", "That title's mine!", "She doesn't deserve it!", and various threats and obscenities. Wingate raises his voice again.

Rich Wingate: Then let's settle this in the damn ring.

The room falls quiet — tense, heavy — just for a beat.

Rich Wingate: One Last Stop. July 11th. Fatal Fourway. Women's Championship on the line.

Security begins to usher Valentina, Athena, and Kaida down the hallway in separate directions. They continue barking threats and promises as they disappear from view.

Valkyrie remains, breathing heavily, glaring at the last few security guards still flanking her.

Valkyrie Knox: Get your damn hands off me.

They back off quickly as Rich Wingate steps forward to stand face-to-face with her. The silence between them sizzles with fury.

Valkyrie Knox: I hope you're ready for what happens at One Last Stop. You should've just given me that title... Now? Whatever happens out there—blood's on *your* hands.

She brushes past him without another word, leaving Wingate staring ahead, tense and visibly frustrated as we fade

back to ringside.

Titan Rex vs. Malachi Cross

Match

The arena plunges into darkness. A thunderous bass shakes the seats as twin plumes of golden flame erupt at the stage. Choir chants swell into a roar, then shatter as TITAN REX strides through the smoke, gilded armor gleaming under the spotlights. He pauses at the top of the ramp, flexing, each breath a declaration of dominance.

Phillips: My word—Titan Rex has descended upon us like a god of war! Look at that armor, Mark; this is absolute intimidation.

Bravo: He's the embodiment of a gladiator, Phillips. Every step he takes rattles your ribs.

Rex slowly mounts the apron, posing on each turnbuckle in turn: back to the crowd, arms raised like a conqueror. He lets the pyro explode behind him, then steps inside, pacing the perimeter. His gaze never wavers.

A low fog creeps along the entrance ramp. Gregorian chants drift above the haze before warping into a pounding industrial rhythm. MALACHI CROSS emerges, head bowed, arms crossed—each footfall measured, intentional.

Phillips: And here comes Malachi Cross—silent, sinister, every bit the executioner.

Bravo: Cross moves like he's performing a ritual, Phillips. Fear is his currency.

Cross ascends the apron, lowers his head in a solemn prayer to the ring, then steps through the ropes. He joins Rex at opposite corners as the referee calls for order.

Bell Rings

Rex advances immediately—stepping through the ropes like a battering ram. He unleashes a MONSTROUS Big Boot that snaps Cross's head back. Cross staggers but remains upright, eyes cold and unflinching.

Phillips: Big Boot—and Cross barely flinched! That's some serious steel will.

Rex smirks, hoisting Cross high for a Military Press Slam. The impact reverberates through the ring, the canvas bulging under the combined weight.

Bravo: Military Press Slam—a display of pure strength! Rex is showing why he's the immovable object.

Before Cross can recover, Rex charges off the ropes with a Running Shoulder Block. Cross buckles, sliding down the corner post, clutching ribs.

Phillips: Running Shoulder Block—Rex is methodically pulverizing Cross's body!

Rex drags Cross from the corner and slams him with an Overhead Belly-to-Belly Suplex. He bridges for a cover—one... two... Cross powers out, kicking free at two-and-a-half.

Bravo: Look at that—Cross refuses to stay down!

Rex roars, posing for the crowd. Cross slowly rises, forehead slick with sweat. He ducks under another charge, then plants Rex with a Purgatory Clutch (sit-out arm triangle), wrenching blood from the titan's shoulder.

Phillips: Purgatory Clutch! Cross is targeting the shoulder—smart strategy to neutralize Rex's power.

Rex strains, claws at the ropes, and forces a break. Cross releases and stalks him to the center. With surgical precision, he delivers a Muay Thai Clinch Knee, then transitions into a Dark Harvest Sidewalk Slam onto Rex's kneecap.

Bravo: Dark Harvest—Cross is dismantling the titan's base, piece by piece!

Rex staggers, but unleashes a thunderous Snake Eyes in the corner, sending Cross face-first into the turnbuckles. He follows with a brutal Corner Avalanche Splash, crushing Cross between chest and steel post.

Phillips: Snake Eyes and Corner Avalanche—Rex is reminding us why he's unmatched in the ring!

The referee checks Cross—he's fit to continue. Rex whips Cross to the opposite corner, but Cross stops short, trapping Rex's head between his knees and snapping him down with a Rope-Hung Kneeling DDT off the second rope.

Bravo: Rope-Hung Kneeling DDT! Cross is mixing brutality with flash—this is incredible.

Cross drapes an arm for the cover—one... two... Rex kicks out again, eyebrow raised in a silent challenge.

Phillips: Titan Rex's resilience is off the charts—nothing keeps him down!

Cross, unphased, slides out under the bottom rope. The referee is occupied resetting Rex; Cross hovers by the apron, glancing at the chair nestled at ringside. He deftly retrieves it under the ref's nose.

Bravo: Look at Cross's eyes—he wants carnage. That chair is bad news!

Cross slides back in with the chair hidden. He swings...but the ref turns, blocks the chair, and rips it away. Cross feigns innocence, raising his hands as if mistaken.

Phillips: The ref's got that one—but Cross is a master at playing the part.

The referee argues with Cross, setting the chair aside. Rex lunges again, fury in his eyes—but Cross rolls out, avoiding the charge. Rex barrels forward—

****CRACK!**** Rex barrels into the referee, who staggers into the corner post, unconscious before he hits the canvas. The bell is muffled as chaos erupts.

Bravo: Oh my heavens—Rex just leveled the official! That was an accident, but the ref is down cold!

Cross's eyes flash. He ducks under Rex's arm and delivers a savage low blow. Rex collapses in pain as Cross drags the chair back into position.

Phillips: Low blow! He's exploiting every second while Rex is reeling!

Cross hoists the chair and rains down repeated shots across Rex's back and shoulders. Each crack echoes like a gunshot.

Bravo: Chair shots! This is outlaw brutality—Rex has no idea what hit him!

Rex clutches his shoulders, crawling toward the ropes. Cross delivers one final, crushing blow. He steps back and throws the chair out of the ring just as Rex lifts a hand in protest.

Phillips: He's hiding the weapon—malicious genius.

The referee stirs, coming to in a daze. Cross immediately covers Rex in the center.

Bell Rings

Phillips: One... two... three!

Bravo: Malachi Cross with a coward's victory—cheats right under our nose!

Cross stands, surveying the wreckage with cold satisfaction. He raises his arms in silent triumph as the referee checks Rex's limp form. The crowd boos, but Cross's victory is complete.

Phillips: Cross may have cheated, but he got the job done—Titan Rex never saw it coming.

Bravo: Titus Rex is the picture of devastation. That chair shot sequence was vicious, but Cross's mind games were the

real weapon tonight.

The lights fade on Cross's silent silhouette as he exits, leaving Titan Rex and the fallen referee as the smoldering detritus of his dark sermon.

Hall of Fame 2025

Segment

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

V/O (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.

V/O (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".

V/O:

"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.

V/O (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.

V/O (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"

We move back ringside.

Phillips: With the announcement of La Flama Blanca and Perfection tonight, we have three more inductees to go including our headliner.

Bravo: What a class John! What.. a... class! With three more still to be announced, one of being the headliner, how can you top who's already been revealed?!

Phillips: We will find out over the course of the next few weeks as we head into the Hall of Fame on August first!

B.R Ellis vs Jarvis Valentine

Match

The arena lights dim to a hush. A single spotlight illuminates the top of the ramp as a crisp, percussive Greco-Roman theme—pulsing strings and heavy drums—erupt over the speakers. B.R. ELLIS appears in a tailored blue singlet with gold trim, his boots laced high. He pauses at the ramp's edge, offers a respectful bow to the fans, then begins his deliberate march down the aisle. Each measured step echoes in the cavernous space. Sliding under the bottom rope, he adjusts his knee pads, cracks his knuckles, and stands center-ring, eyes locked on the entrance ramp.

Phillips: B.R. Ellis—stoic technician, measured grappler, a true master of chain wrestling. He speaks through holds and counters, Mark.

Bravo: He's a walking clinic of fundamentals, Phillips. You can sense his focus snapping into place.

The roar of the crowd rises as the lights shift to a patriotic red, white, and blue. Jarvis Valentine's theme "American Flags" by Tom MacDonald blasts through the PA. Pyro ignites stage left, mimicking fireworks. JARVIS VALENTINE steps out wearing sleek, patriotic gear with subtle "Q" and "17" accents woven into the fabric. Around his waist? The WrestleUTA: Orlando Florida State Championship title. He strides down the ramp with arms outstretched, high-fiving fans on either side, pausing to form a "Q" with his hands before sliding under the ropes and pumping both fists to the crowd.

Phillips: After a decade chasing truth in journalism, Valentine chases gold in this ring—and it's clear the fans are behind him every step of the way!

Bravo: His passion is infectious, Phillips. He'll need every ounce of that fire against Ellis tonight. But you should be specific, he's chasing UTA Championship gold. Look at his waist, you're looking at a champion already.

Phillips: You are correct. Jarvis Valentine won that title just two days ago at the inaugural WrestleUTA: Orlando event, In the Zone, defeating 14 other men in an over-the-top rope battle royal.

Bravo: I'm still in shock. The United Toughness Alliance returns to Vegas less than one month ago. Then, less than a week ago announces their return to The WrestleZone in Orlando.

Phillips: The WrestleZone will be home to the future superstars of the UTA, focusing on training and building new talent.

The referee calls for the bell. Ellis and Valentine circle, eyes locked, tension crackling. Valentine offers a fist bump; Ellis hesitates, then nods without contact. They back away, ready to begin.

Bell Rings

Round One: They engage in a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Ellis transitions fluidly into a Headlock Takeover, wrenching Valentine down. Jarvis scrambles, ducks under, and snaps Ellis off with a textbook Arm Drag that sends Ellis sprawling into the ropes.

Bravo: Enough about Orlando, we have our main event underway. Early chain wrestling—both men proving their technical mettle!

Ellis sits up, nods in approval, and catches Jarvis on the rebound with a Snap Suplex. He bridges for two—Valentine kicks out at one-and-a-half, his hand slapping the mat emphatically.

Phillips: Snap Suplex—Ellis showing why he's called the Mat Scholar!

Valentine stumbles to his feet. Ellis whips him into the ropes and meets him with a Shoulder Tackle that snaps Valentine's sternum against Ellis's shoulder. Valentine clutches his chest, gasping.

Bravo: Shoulder Tackle—the heavy artillery from Ellis. He's targeting you to set up his suplexes.

Recovering, Valentine feigns a lunge, then ducks and plants Ellis with a crisp German Suplex—bridging immediately for a near-fall. Ellis kicks out at two, arms trembling.

Phillips: German Suplex from Valentine—perfectly executed! He's giving Ellis everything he's got!

Ellis sits up, expression unchanged, and locks Valentine in a Chain-Link Cutter—spinning neckbreaker from a wristlock that sends Valentine's face into the mat. Ellis drops an elbow, then transitions instantly into a Northern Lights Headlock Driver for back-to-back impact.

Bravo: Chain-Link Cutter into Northern Lights Headlock Driver—Ellis is firing on all cylinders!

Valentine writhes, clutching his jaw, rolling to the apron for respite. Ellis stalks him, but Valentine leaps from the floor, springboarding off the ropes into a Snap Hurricanrana that flips Ellis over the top rope to the floor.

Phillips: High-risk maneuver—Valentine hits the springboard snap! Ellis is out on his feet!

Both men land hard on the floor. Valentine scrambles up first, hoists Ellis over the barricade with a Sidewalk Slam onto the floor. The crowd winces as the impact echoes. Valentine drags Ellis back in under the referee's ten-count.

Bravo: Sidewalk Slam on the arena floor—blood curdling! This is a war!

Round Two: Back in the ring, Valentine signals for one of his specials. He pulls Ellis to the ropes, ducks a left hook, and connects with a Running Bulldog in the center. He covers—one... two... Ellis powers out at two-and-three-quarters.

Phillips: Running Bulldog—Valentine nearly steals it early in Round Two!

Ellis sits up, eyes narrowing. He reaches down, locks both arms around Valentine's waist in a gut-wrench position—drawing the crowd's anticipation—then lifts Valentine high for his Olympic Slam (bridging German Suplex). He bridges for the cover—one... two... Valentine miraculously kicks out just before three!

Bravo: Olympic Slam and bridge—mere inches from defeat! Valentine's heart just won't quit!

Round Three: Both men are visibly fatigued. They trade heated chops in the center, each smack echoing. Valentine lands a snap Dragon Sleeper takeover followed by a Discus Clothesline. Ellis sells on the mat, but rolls free into an Arm Drag and a quick Headlock Takeover.

Phillips: They're digging into every part of their repertoire—chain wrestling, power slams, and high-flying tactics all in the mix!

Ellis transitions into his Mat Scholar Special—snap-DDT immediately followed by a gut-wrench suplex. Valentine lies prone, then kicks out at two. The crowd rises, chanting his name.

Bravo: The tenacity on display is off the charts! Neither man is withering under the pressure!

Round Four: Valentine fights free, springing up and knocking Ellis into the ropes. He ducks under the rebound clothesline and plants Ellis with his finisher setup—Patriot Plunge. He hoists Ellis into the fireman's carry position, the crowd rising in unison... but Ellis wriggles free at the apex, lands behind Valentine, and locks in the Lockjaw Lock (Modified Fujiwara Armbar).

Phillips: Lockjaw Lock—submission time! Can Valentine reach the ropes? He's stretching desperately... yes, he drags himself across and forces a break!

Valentine rolls into the ropes. The referee forces Ellis to release. Both men crawl to opposite corners, gasping for breath.

Bravo: Breathless intensity—each man gasping, but refusing to stay down!

Round Five: They converge center-ring. Valentine feints, then levels Ellis with a Pop-up Hurricanrana. He covers—one... two... Ellis kicks out. Valentine smirks, shaking his head in disbelief.

Phillips: Pop-up Hurricanrana into pin attempt—EK breakneck pace!

Valentine helps Ellis to his feet, but Ellis responds with a thunderous Shoulder Tackle into the corner followed by a Headlock Takeover for good measure. He transitions rapidly into a German Suplex—bridging once more—yet Valentine, with one last surge of adrenaline, kicks out again.

Bravo: Unbelievable resilience from both—what a testament to their conditioning and willpower!

Round Six: Both men teeter on their feet. Valentine fires a sudden quick discus lariat. Ellis stays upright, returns a swift Arm Drag. Valentine answers with a side-rolled Sunset Flip—bridged, but Ellis kicks out. They exchange shouted war cries, feeding off the crowd.

Phillips: Sunset Flip near-fall—these two are willing to try anything to get the upper hand!

Ellis traps Valentine in a Northern Lights Headlock. Valentine powers up, lifting Ellis high in a modified torture rack—then transitions midair into his Q Drop DDT. Impact! Ellis lies motionless as Valentine drapes an arm for the cover.

Bravo: Q Drop—he hit it clean!

Phillips: One... two... three!

The bell rings. Valentine collapses beside Ellis, chest heaving. The crowd explodes in approval. The referee hands Jarvis his Florida State Championship and raises his hand; Ellis lies beaten but breathing.

Phillips: Here is your winner... JARVIS VALENTINE! After a grueling test of wills, Valentine advances!

Bravo: Hard-fought and worthy of this final first-round match. Ellis gave everything, but Valentine's heart made the difference.

Phillips: Could he be on his way to capturing another title?

Valentine offers a hand to Ellis in the center of the ring. Ellis glances up, disappointment shading his face. He dips his head, starts to extend his hand... then pulls back. Without a word, he turns and strides out of the ring, leaving Valentine to celebrate alone as the crowd cheers his resolve.

Phillips: What a conclusion—respect almost shown, but Ellis retreats in silent disappointment. The torch passes tonight, Phillips.

Bravo: A bitter end for Ellis, but a momentous victory for Valentine. The tournament just got a lot more exciting!

We fade to black.

Show Credits

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