One Last Stop: 2025

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: July 11, 2025
Location: Cox Pavillion — Las Vegas, NV

Preview

It's the last stop on the road to WrestleUTA 25 as the superstars of the United Toughness Alliance come together for an evening of explosive action where we will see the brand new UTA Champion crowned.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen fades in from black. Dramatic orchestral music swells beneath flickering footage of past weeks on Jackpot. A pulse pounds in rhythm with the imagery, tension mounting.

John Phillips (V.O.): "It started with sixteen competitors... each chasing destiny."

Clips of Titan Rex slamming bodies through the mat. Brick Bronson yelling into the crowd. Jarvis Valentine standing bloodied but victorious. Jaxson Ryder diving from the top rope in defiance of gravity.

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "And now we're down to four..."

Split-screen of tonight's semi-final matchups: Jarvis Valentine vs. Titan Rex. Brick Bronson vs. Jaxson Ryder. The UTA Championship gleams between them.

The music darkens. A quick flash of static interrupts the rhythm. We see Eric Dane Jr. on the ground, clutching his ribs. Shadows. Backstage corridors. Surveillance footage. Quick cuts of brawls. Confrontations. Warnings.

John Phillips (V.O.): "Eric Dane Jr. was ambushed. Stalked. Hunted by a faceless threat."

Clip of Dane Jr. grabbing a microphone. "Whoever you are... you don't get to hide anymore."

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "Tonight... he gets his answers. Or his revenge."

The tone shifts again — a rising tension mixed with elegance. Images of Valentina Blaze's fiery glare. Athena Storm raising her arms to a cheering crowd. Kaida Shizuka in silent control. And Valkyrie Knox... eyes cold, shoulders squared, undefeated in her warpath.

John Phillips (V.O.): "Four women. One championship. And a storm that's been building for weeks..."

Flashes of Valkyrie's dominating performances. Valentina shoving past officials. Athena Storm looking defiant. Kaida standing in the shadows, waiting for her moment.

Mark Bravo (V.O.): "But can anyone stop the Shieldmaiden of UTA?"

Fade to black. One last image appears — the Cox Pavilion illuminated in gold and crimson. The words slowly fade in: WRESTLEUTA: ONE LAST STOP

Fireworks explode from the stage. Red and gold strobes sweep across the packed Cox Pavilion in Las Vegas. The camera glides through the ecstatic crowd, signs raised high —

"JARVIS 4 CHAMP!"

"Valkyrie = DOOM"

"Who Attacked Dane?"

"Ryder or Riot!"

We pan across the ring, then slowly settle at the commentary desk as the crowd continues roaring.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Cox Pavilion in Las Vegas, Nevada! Welcome... to WRESTLEUTA: ONE LAST STOP!"

Mark Bravo: "This ain't your weekly Jackpot, baby — tonight is big-fight energy! Championship semifinals, a mystery unmasked, and a war in the women's division!"

John Phillips: "After tonight, we will know who will carry the mantle as the new UTA World Champion. Two semifinals... and one historic final before the night is over."

Mark Bravo: "And don't sleep on Eric Dane Jr. either — the man's been stalked for weeks and now he's swinging back. We still don't know who his attacker is, but I guarantee he finds out tonight — the hard way."

John Phillips: "And as if that wasn't enough, four of UTA's fiercest collide in a Fatal Four-Way to crown a new Women's Champion: Valentina Blaze, Athena Storm, Kaida Shizuka... and the woman no one's been able to stop — Valkyrie Knox."

Mark Bravo: "Las Vegas, I hope you're ready. Because this is the last stop before the next era of WrestleUTA begins."

History

Segment

The screen fades in. The studio is bathed in muted gold lighting. A dark backdrop with faint glimmers of championship silhouettes and faint echoes of UTA history line the walls. Standing alone in a tailored black suit is Eric Dane Sr., his voice calm but weighty.

Eric Dane Sr.: "History... is a powerful thing."

He slowly steps forward, hands clasped, voice carrying gravitas.

Eric Dane Sr.: "We remember the moon landing. The fall of the Berlin Wall. The first Super Bowl. Ali and Frazier under the lights at Madison Square Garden. The moments that shape time itself — not because of where they happened... but because of how they made us feel."

He pauses, eyes narrowing slightly toward the lens.

Eric Dane Sr.: "In professional wrestling... we live for those moments. The ones that freeze in time. That etch themselves into our memories, into the canvas, and into legacy."

He turns slightly, and behind him, a subtle projection shows images of past UTA legends — blurred, more shadows than faces — before fading to the present day roster.

Eric Dane Sr.: "On August 3rd, the United Toughness Alliance will celebrate 25 years. Twenty-five years of battles. Of triumph. Of tradition. Of history."

A soft swell of strings begins under his words.

Eric Dane Sr.: "But history isn't just something we look back on... it's something we witness. Something we feel. Something we live."

Eric Dane Sr.: "And the road to WrestleUTA: 25 — it's been historic in its own right. New blood. New rivalries. Old ghosts. Moments that remind us why we believe in this sport. Why we believe in the UTA."

He raises his chin slightly, his tone sharpening.

Eric Dane Sr.: "And you — the fans — you're part of that history. You’re the ones who carry it forward. Who live it with us. And tonight... that history continues."

The camera slowly zooms in as his words land with weight.

Eric Dane Sr.: "Because before we get there... before the lights shine on the silver celebration of WrestleUTA: 25... we’ve got One Last Stop."

The UTA logo flashes onto the screen, transitioning to a still of the *One Last Stop* event graphic as the music rises and fades to silence.

Jarvis Valentine vs. Titan Rex

Match

Back inside the Cox Pavilion, the lights dim once again — this time to a low electric hum. A golden hue washes over the entrance stage as the massive video wall pulses like a heartbeat. The sound of pounding war drums and ominous choir chants fills the air.

BOOM! Pyro bursts along the ramp as flames erupt from the stage. From the smoke, stepping with thunderous weight, emerges a mountain of destruction — Titan Rex.

John Phillips: "And here comes the hometown juggernaut. Titan Rex, born right here in Las Vegas — and built like the very city itself. Flash, power, and no forgiveness."

Rex is draped in golden shoulder armor and a crimson sash across his torso. He flexes with precision, his face stoic, eyes fixed ahead. He marches to the ring like a Roman emperor returning from war. As he climbs the steps, he removes his armor, revealing a thick, scarred chest and arms like concrete pillars.

Mark Bravo: "He’s not just a threat, Phillips. He’s a walking end credit. And for Jarvis Valentine... this might be one headline he doesn’t get to write."

The arena lights fade to black once more.

"American Flags" by Tom MacDonald hits the sound system. The crowd erupts into thunderous cheers as red, white, and blue spotlights swirl across the arena. A sharp burst of pyro erupts in time with the opening beat — then another — then another, like a 4th of July finale.

John Phillips: "Listen to this ovation! There he is — the Florida State Champion, the truth-seeker, the dream-chaser — Jarvis Valentine!"

Jarvis steps onto the stage, draped in a sleek patriotic ensemble. The WrestleUTA: Orlando Florida State Championship rests proudly over his shoulder. Subtle design work — a Q here, a 17 there — tells his believers he's never forgotten where he comes from.

He raises his hand in the shape of a Q. The crowd responds in kind. Red, white, and blue pyro bursts behind him as he makes his way to the ring.

Mark Bravo: "You know what I love about this guy, Phillips? He’s not just carrying gold from Orlando — he’s carrying momentum, purpose, and about 274 pounds of Midwest justice."

John Phillips: "He’s defended that title with pride down in UTA’s feeder territory, but this is the big stage. This is the big prize. This is the tournament that could fulfill his lifelong dream of becoming UTA World Champion."

The bell rings. Jarvis eyes Rex from across the ring. Rex doesn’t move — he simply smirks, tilting his head with that imperial confidence. Jarvis bounces lightly on his feet, sizing up the mountain in front of him.

John Phillips: "This is a matchup of speed and will versus raw power. Let’s see if Jarvis can chip away at the foundation."

They circle. Lock up. It’s not even close — Rex hurls Jarvis backward with one arm. Jarvis skids across the canvas, landing on one knee, breathing heavy already.

Mark Bravo: "That wasn’t even a throw, that was a message!"

They lock up again. This time, Jarvis ducks under, goes for a quick waistlock — Rex breaks it by simply dropping to one knee and driving his weight backward, flattening Jarvis. The crowd groans as Rex rises slowly, then stares out into the Vegas audience and roars.

John Phillips: "Titan Rex is asserting dominance early. This man is not easy to chop down."

Jarvis regroups. He slaps his own face, psyching himself up. He rushes in — duck, duck, DDT! Jarvis hits it and pops up! The crowd roars! But Rex... is already stirring. Not down long enough.

Mark Bravo: "That was textbook execution — and it barely dented him!"

Jarvis stays on him — German Suplex! Another! Rex stumbles to one knee... Jarvis hits the ropes — Running Bulldog! Rex eats canvas!

The crowd pops again. Jarvis pulls Rex to his feet — Sidewalk Slam! No! Rex elbows out — BIG BOOT! Jarvis folds backward violently, landing near the corner.

John Phillips: "That nearly took his head off! Titan Rex with just one move and the momentum swings back his way!"

Rex drags Jarvis up — lifts him like he’s weightless — Military Press Slam! The ring shakes. Jarvis writhes, clutching his back.

Mark Bravo: "That’s what happens when gravity gets insulted. Jarvis just got yeeted by a golden god."

Rex doesn’t go for the pin — instead, he stalks Jarvis. Corner Avalanche! Jarvis stumbles out — Snake Eyes on the turnbuckle! — then a Running Shoulder Block flattens him again!

John Phillips: "This is bad — Jarvis may be running on fumes already!"

The referee checks on Valentine, but he waves them off. Slowly, he claws toward the ropes. Rex poses, flexing one arm high above his head. Boos mix with awe from the Vegas crowd.

Rex hauls Jarvis up by the throat — Rex Lift coming— No! Jarvis elbows! And again! He fights free!

Rex swings a massive arm — Jarvis ducks! Rapid fire shots to the gut! One! Two! Three! The crowd is roaring as he unloads! Jarvis hits the ropes — shoulder block!

Nothing. Rex doesn’t budge. Doesn’t even flinch.

Mark Bravo: "That was like running into a marble statue."

Jarvis hits the ropes again — another shoulder block! Rex takes a half-step back... still standing. Jarvis screams and hits the ropes a third time —

BIG BOOT! Rex nearly decapitates him!

John Phillips: "Just flattened him again! Jarvis might be running on heart alone right now!"

Rex drops to one knee beside Jarvis, gripping his jaw like inspecting prey. Then he lifts — Delayed Vertical Suplex! Holds him high in the air — ten full seconds — before dropping him with thunder!

He hooks the leg!

1!

2!

Kickout!

Mark Bravo: "Credit to Jarvis. Most men would've stayed down."

Rex grits his teeth. Now he's getting annoyed. He drags Jarvis up by the head — Sidewalk Slam! — but no pin. Rex rises, lifts him again — Overhead Belly-to-Belly! Jarvis is launched halfway across the ring!

John Phillips: "That ring just shifted on impact! I swear!"

Rex goes for the kill — yanks Jarvis up for another Rex Lift — lifts him halfway —

Jarvis frantically claws at the face — eye rake! Ref didn't see it! Rex drops him!

Mark Bravo: "Hey — by any means necessary at this stage! Jarvis isn't cheating, he's surviving!"

Rex is dazed for the first time. Jarvis sees the window — and explodes with fists, elbows, knees — a wild flurry! Jarvis bounces off the ropes — Back Suplex! He hits it! The giant rolls to his side!

John Phillips: "Back suplex on a man that size?! Jarvis is throwing his whole soul into this!"

Jarvis scales the turnbuckle — top rope! He's never known for high flying, but desperation breeds risk — he leaps — DIVING CLOTHESLINE!

Rex goes down — but not for long! He's already sitting up!

Jarvis backs into the corner, sizing him up — the crowd claps in rhythm —

Rex stands — Jarvis charges — Running Neckbreaker Slam! He got all of it!

Jarvis hooks the leg!

1!

2!

KICKOUT!

John Phillips: "So close! That neckbreaker damn near folded him!"

Jarvis looks to the crowd, breathing hard, sweat pouring — Toni is in the front row, on her feet, screaming support. Jarvis slaps the mat, feeding off it. He pulls Rex up again — DDT! Then another!

Jarvis ducks a wild swing — locks his arms around Rex's waist — he's going for the German Suplex!

He grits his teeth and heaves — but Rex doesn't move! Like trying to suplex a freight train!

John Phillips: "He's trying — but Rex might be just too massive!"

Jarvis lets go, stumbles back, hits the ropes — comes charging in — and throws his entire weight into a forearm to the back!

Rex drops to one knee — Jarvis hooks again — another lift attempt — still nothing!

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis is going to blow out his back before he gets this guy up!"

One more run off the ropes — Running Knee Strike! — it stuns Rex! He's dazed!

Jarvis roars to the crowd — hooks the waist one more time — AND HE LIFTS HIM!!! — GERMAN SUPLEX! The ring shudders from impact and the crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "HE GOT HIM!! Jarvis Valentine just German suplexed a monster!"

Jarvis crawls to Rex’s chest, breathing hard — hooks the leg!

1!

2!

KICKOUT!

Mark Bravo: "That was beastly — but he’s not dead yet!"

Jarvis slaps his own chest — psyching up — he climbs the middle rope — signals again to the crowd.

Rex rises like something out of mythology — Jarvis launches — CLOTHESLINE FROM THE MIDDLE ROPE!

It connects!

Jarvis hits the ropes — Sidewalk Slam! Finally gets it!

He covers again!

1!

2!

Rex throws him off like he weighed nothing!

The ring ropes shake. Jarvis staggers up — and suddenly — CORNER AVALANCHE! Rex crushes him!

John Phillips: "Out of nowhere! Titan Rex is still alive and dangerous!"

Jarvis stumbles — SNAKE EYES! off the buckle again! Another Running Shoulder Block sends him spiraling!

Both men are down. The crowd is split — chants of “LET’S GO JAR-VIS!” fill the Cox Pavilion as both warriors crawl to opposite sides.

Mark Bravo: "This is war now. We’re past wrestling. This is willpower!"

Jarvis hits the ropes — ducks a lariat — rebounds — DISCUS CLOTHESLINE! Rex stumbles!

Mark Bravo: "He’s wobbling the wall!"

Another discus! Rex drops to a knee! Jarvis sprints — CLOTHESLINE FROM THE CORNER! — and the big man goes DOWN!

John Phillips: "He’s got him! He’s got the giant down!"

The crowd is on their feet. Jarvis pulls Rex toward the middle — points to the sky. The crowd knows what’s coming. He lifts — PATRIOT PLUNGE— Rex blocks it! Rex drives elbows into Jarvis’ neck!

Rex spins out — grabs Jarvis by the throat — hoists him— THRONEBREAKER?!

NO! Jarvis counters mid-air into a twisting DDT! Both men are down!

John Phillips: "Unbelievable counter! Jarvis Valentine just reversed the Thronebreaker in mid-air!"

The referee counts... 1... 2... 3... 4... both men stirring... 5... Jarvis grabs the ropes... 6... Rex sits up, dazed.

Jarvis is up first! He hits the ropes — RUNNING BULLDOG!

He lifts Rex... it’s time — PATRIOT PLUNGE!!! Jarvis nails it!

John Phillips: "PATRIOT PLUNGE! He got him! COVER!"

1!

2!!

3!!!

John Phillips: "He did it! Jarvis Valentine is going to the finals!"

The bell rings. The crowd explodes into thunderous applause. Jarvis collapses onto his knees, exhausted, his eyes wide. The referee hands him back his Florida State Championship — but his eyes are already on the banner above the ring that reads “UTA World Championship Tournament.”

Mark Bravo: "He just slayed a giant, Phillips. One more to go. One more step... and the dream becomes reality."

Testicular Fortitude

Segment

Backstage, the camera cuts to a neutral-toned interview set. A large black-and-gold “One Last Stop” backdrop hangs behind Melissa Cartwright, who stands centered, microphone in hand. To her right? A storm barely contained — Eric Dane Jr.

Dane Jr. is pacing like a cornered animal, silver trunks visible beneath a long, open leather jacket. Over one shoulder, a sequined scarf hangs loosely. And in his hands — gripped tight like it’s a damn lifeline — is a steel chair. He doesn’t look at Melissa. He stares into the camera. Jaw clenched. Breathing sharp.

Melissa Cartwright: "Eric… thank you for joining me. Everyone’s been asking the same question all week: what is your plan tonight if — or when — your mystery attacker shows up?"

Dane stops pacing. His head tilts slightly. He slowly raises the chair — not to swing, but to show.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You see this?"

He taps the chair against the floor once — a sharp metallic *clack* that echoes louder than expected.

Eric Dane Jr.: "This is my plan. And when that coward decides to grow a pair and actually show up like a man — if he has the testicular fortitude to walk out of the shadows and into my ring — I’m gonna do more than unmask him."

He steps closer to the camera, steel chair now resting over his shoulder like a baseball bat.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I’m gonna beat him so bad, he’s gonna need to put that mask back on — just to show his face in public again. That’s if he can still walk after what I do to him."

Melissa opens her mouth to ask another question — Dane cuts her off.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Tonight? Tonight I stop being the guy asking questions. I start being the guy handing out answers. Violent ones."

He takes a long breath. The crowd in the arena can be heard faintly reacting in the background as they watch on the tron.

Eric Dane Jr.: "He wanted my attention? He’s got it. Hope he brought a helmet."

Dane turns without another word, steel chair still over his shoulder. He storms off the set with purpose, his boots echoing against the concrete floor. Melissa watches him go, her expression somewhere between unsettled and unsure.

The camera holds for a few extra seconds…

Then — just over Melissa’s shoulder, deep in the background near a hallway corner — a figure appears.

Dark hoodie. Black gloves. Face obscured by the now-infamous mask with its hollow stare. He stands perfectly still,

arms at his sides, watching. Unmoving. Unblinking. Almost like he knew when to show up.

The camera lingers… then cuts to black.

Brick Bronson vs. Jaxson Ryder

Match

Back at ringside, the arena is buzzing. The massive tournament bracket graphic appears on the tron, one side now emblazoned with the name: JARVIS VALENTINE.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine has punched his ticket to the finals, but now it’s time to see who joins him. Will it be the wrecking machine from Pittsburgh, or the pride of Dayton, Ohio?"

Mark Bravo: "Two very different paths, two very different philosophies. But only one gets the shot at immortality tonight."

The lights flicker red. A heavy industrial beat drops like steel crashing on concrete. Out steps Brick Bronson, stomping slowly onto the stage with no music-cue theatrics — just raw intensity.

His eyes stay locked on the ring. No gestures. No wasted motion. He cracks his knuckles at the top of the ramp and starts his deliberate march down the aisle.

John Phillips: "This man has destroyed everything in his path. Precision. Power. Pain. Brick Bronson doesn't just win — he dominates."

Mark Bravo: "And I love it. The man doesn't need a catchphrase. His fists do the talking. His shoulders do the punctuation."

Bronson slides into the ring, stands tall, and rotates his neck slowly. Cold eyes. Stone jaw. A red spotlight hovers over him like a warning.

The lights now strobe red, white, and blue — the opening chords of an alt-rock anthem hit as Jaxson Ryder bursts through the curtain to a thunderous ovation!

John Phillips: "Listen to this place! They want it for Ryder!"

Jaxson slaps hands down the aisle, stops to salute a young fan in the front row, then points straight at the ring. His smile fades. Game face on.

Mark Bravo: "This kid's got guts. He’s got heart. But he's got to survive a brick wall to make it to the finals."

Ryder leaps up to the apron, springboards over the ropes, and lands in a full sprint to the far corner, raising a fist. The crowd roars in response.

The bell rings.

They circle. Bronson doesn’t move fast — but each step toward Ryder feels like a loaded gun. Ryder tries a low leg kick — Brick barely reacts.

They tie up. Ryder slips under, grabs a waistlock — Brick immediately peels him off like luggage and tosses him with a standing Exploder!

John Phillips: "That was insane power!"

Ryder scrambles to his feet — Lariat! Bronson folds him inside out! Cover!

1!

2!

Kickout!

Mark Bravo: "He almost turned Ryder into a souvenir shirt."

Bronson hauls Ryder up — Back Elbow to the jaw — drives him into the corner — Corner Avalanche! — then a Snap Spinebuster! He plants him!

Another pin!

1!

2!

KICKOUT AGAIN!

John Phillips: "Jaxson's absorbing a beating but he's staying alive!"

Brick stands over him like a shark over blood. He drags him up — Gutwrench lift! Ryder kicks his legs — flips over the shoulder — lands behind!

Superkick! Right to the jaw!

Bronson stumbles back — Dropkick! Sends him to the ropes! Ryder hits the far ropes — Springboard Crossbody! AND IT CONNECTS!

Cover!

1!

2!

Brick kicks out — and throws Ryder off with authority!

Mark Bravo: "Ryder just bounced like a skipping stone!"

Bronson’s not rattled — he’s annoyed. He storms forward — but Ryder catches him with a Pop-up Hurricanrana! He spikes him!

Brick rolls to the outside to recover — and the crowd rises to their feet!

John Phillips: "Ryder’s heating up!"

Ryder hits the ropes — TOPE CON HILO!!! He crashes into Brick at full speed, sending both men into the barricade!

“LET’S GO RYDER!” chants fill the arena. He gets up, slapping hands with the front row — then drags Bronson back into the ring.

Ryder climbs up top — Crossbody from the top! Cover!

1!

2!

NO! Brick rolls through — powers Ryder up — Uranage Slam!!!

Mark Bravo: "And just like that, the lights go out for Jaxson Ryder!"

Brick covers — aggressive this time — hooks both legs.

1!

2!

2.9!! Ryder kicks out again and the crowd is deafening!

Brick is visibly frustrated. He stalks Ryder like prey. Ryder stumbles up — STIFF HEADBUTT — followed by a Running Powerslam!

Brick doesn't pin. He shakes his head. He wants the exclamation point.

He pulls Ryder up — Gutwrench lift! — no delay —

GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB! Ryder SLAMS into the canvas like dead weight!

"OHHHHH!" the crowd gasps as the ring rattles!

Brick drops into the cover.

1!

2!

3!!!

John Phillips: "It's over! Brick Bronson has paved a path to the finals!"

The bell rings and Brick slowly rises to his feet. No celebration. No emotion. He simply stares up at the tournament bracket as his name is added beneath Jarvis Valentine's.

Mark Bravo: "And that final... is going to be a demolition derby. I can't wait."

As Brick exits the ring, Ryder is left stirring on the mat. The crowd gives him a standing ovation. He fought with everything he had — but tonight wasn't his night.

John Phillips: "Jaxson Ryder just earned every bit of this crowd's respect. He left it all in that ring. But tonight... it's Brick Bronson's road to glory."

WrestleUTA: 25 Main Event

Segment

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

We see The Spectre, followed by Sean Jackson.

V/O: After the Hall of Fame, the plesentries 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 Specre vs. Sean Jackson

Hall of Fame Inductee

Segment

The lights in the Cox Pavilion dim. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as the UTA logo flashes on the tron.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for a very special announcement. As we approach twenty-five years of United Toughness Alliance history… we continue to honor the icons who shaped this company — for better or worse."

Mark Bravo: "This next name? You're gonna have feelings about it. One way or another."

The screen fades to black. Then… white Arabic calligraphy appears, stylized in sharp lettering. A slow, ominous drumbeat builds beneath a visual montage of controversial moments.

Clips of riots. Burned flags. Protest signs. Chanting crowds. Then — the image of a throne of scimitars rising from fire.

Video Narration: "He was hated. He was feared. He was undeniable."

More flashes. The Arab Nations surrounding him. The American flag falling from the rafters. The Arabian Knight connecting on top stars of the time. The UTA Championship raised high above his head.

Video Narration: "He didn't want your cheers. He didn't need your respect. But through it all… Abdul bin Hussain made you feel something every time he stepped through that curtain."

The crowd's reaction in real time begins to turn — a low rumble of boos, some scattered cheers, growing into an audible split.

John Phillips: "You can debate the methods. You can loathe the message. But no one can question the legacy."

Mark Bravo: "This man wasn't just part of the new generation… he led it. He forced his name into history. And now, it's carved there forever."

On screen, the following appears in bold red Arabic script and English translation:

"UTA Hall of Fame Inductee: Abdul bin Hussain"

Half the crowd erupts in loud boos. The other half gives a respectful, if conflicted, ovation. The moment is charged.

John Phillips: "The Butcher of Basra. The man who made an entire generation uncomfortable. And the man who etched his name in UTA immortality."

Mark Bravo: "Controversial? Always. Effective? Without question. Love him or loathe him… Abdul bin Hussain is UTA Hall of Fame bound."

The show rolls on.

Eric Dane Jr. - Mystery Attacker Challenge

Match

The arena lights shift to silver and blue. The crowd murmurs with tension as the first distorted notes of Eric Dane Jr.'s theme hit. The beat drops — and out he steps.

Eric Dane Jr. appears beneath the tron, steel chair gripped tight in both hands, sunglasses on, his sequined headband and leather jacket clashing spectacularly under the lights. But he's not playing it up tonight. He's not dancing. He's not smirking.

John Phillips: "He looks ready… but not in the usual 'look at me' way. That chair's not for show."

Mark Bravo: "Paranoia's a hell of a drug, John. And right now? That man's got enough anxiety to power the Strip."

Eric walks slowly, methodically, eyes scanning everything. The fans cheer loudly — not necessarily out of affection, but anticipation. He clutches the chair like it's a lifeline, eyes darting left and right as he steps onto the apron and into the ring.

He waits. Chair raised. Breathing heavy.

John Phillips: "Where is he?"

Nothing happens.

Dane starts pacing. Then stomps to the ropes, yelling out to the back.

Eric Dane Jr.: "COME ON! Don't be a coward now! You've been hiding in the shadows for weeks — come out here and face me!"

Still silence. The crowd starts to murmur, confused. Boos begin to mix in.

Mark Bravo: "No sign of him. Maybe the masked punk doesn't have the guts to show up when the playing field's level."

Dane angrily exits the ring, pacing around ringside. He yells at crew members, camera operators, even points at fans in frustration.

Then — he rips the microphone out of the ring announcer's hand and slides back into the ring.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You're a damn coward, you hear me?! All that sneak attack crap and now that I'm standing here, ready, you disappear? You blindsided me. You humiliated me. And now you don't have the guts to show your face?"

Suddenly — the tron flashes to static.

The crowd pops.

Dane freezes, breathing hard. Chair in one hand. Microphone in the other. All eyes on the screen.

The static fades into a dimly lit video feed. A lone figure sits in shadow, face obscured behind the sharp lines of a now-familiar white mask.

Mystery Attacker (distorted voice): "Eric Dane Jr. wants me to come to the ring. He wants to tell me where to be… and when. He thinks he has the right to control my actions."

Boos begin raining down again. Dane shakes his head in the ring, nearly shaking with anger.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I want to know why you're attacking me, damn it! I want to get my hands on the man who has the gall to ruin my moment!"

A beat of silence. The figure tilts his head slowly. Then —

Mystery Attacker: "Your moment? YOUR MOMENT?!"

The voice shakes now, no longer cold — furious.

Mystery Attacker: "That... is exactly why, Eric. You were getting your moment… to be yourself. The son of a future Hall of Famer. An entitled prick getting his spotlight. Previews. Interviews. Headlines… all before you ever even proved you belonged here."

Dane lowers the mic slightly, watching more intently now. The crowd stirs.

Mystery Attacker: "Where's my moment, Eric? Where's my fanfare? Where's my damn hype?! I signed that contract to come back to UTA. Day one. But they told me I had no value. That my reputation was shot. That no one would touch me."

The crowd grows tense. The word "back" lands hard. A return? A legacy name? People begin murmuring in confusion.

Mystery Attacker: "They told me if I wanted to step into the ring, I had to wear a mask. A mask, Eric. Like I was something to hide. Like I was poison."

Mystery Attacker: "Did I get a press release? A photo shoot? A single rumor? Hell no. Because entitled little stars like you eat up all the oxygen while the rest of us rot in the shadows."

Dane’s face turns. He’s no longer angry — he’s confused. Even... disturbed.

Mystery Attacker: "I bet none of you even noticed I was already on the roster page on WrestleUTA.com. I was there the whole time. But all you care about is what’s next. Who’s hot. Who’s got the name."

Mystery Attacker: "So no, Eric. I’m not coming down there for you. I’m not dancing for the crowd. I won’t fight on your time. I’ll do it when I’m ready. When I want."

Mystery Attacker: "It’s my time now. My respect."

The screen starts to flicker. Dane paces.

Eric Dane Jr.: "WHEN?! WHEEEEN?!"

The figure breathes heavily. Silence. Then, cold and clear—

Mystery Attacker: "WrestleUTA: 25."

The screen cuts to static again.

John Phillips: "There it is! We’ve got our answer — Eric Dane Jr. versus whoever’s behind the mask — at WrestleUTA: 25!"

Mark Bravo: "And that man sounds furious, Phillips. Whoever he is, he’s not just looking to fight — he’s looking to send a message."

Dane drops the mic in the ring. His face reads rage and disbelief. His theme starts back up as he stares out toward the entrance ramp, mouthing, “I’ll be ready.”

The commentary continues…

John Phillips: "What a moment. A legacy grudge match at WrestleUTA: 25. The fire’s lit. But tonight, Eric Dane Jr. walks away with more questions than—"

BOOM! The crowd screams — someone just jumped the barricade!

Black hoodie. White mask. He slides into the ring from behind — chair shot to the back! Dane Jr. crumbles!

The fans are in shock!

The attacker pummels Dane Jr. with fists, forearms, knees — savage, relentless. He lifts him — SIDE WALK SMASH! Eric’s face crashes into the mat with a vile thud.

Mark Bravo: "What the hell?! He said he wouldn’t come down!"

The figure stands over Dane’s broken body. He reaches up — and removes the mask.

The crowd gasps. Some cheer. Most boo like thunder.

John Phillips: "Wait... That’s— That’s Chris Ross! It’s CHRIS ROSS!"

Mark Bravo: "Holy hell! The Boss is BACK. The maniac is back! And he’s coming for Dane at WrestleUTA: 25!"

Ross crouches beside the downed Eric Dane Jr., his face twisted with satisfaction. He mutters something off-mic before standing tall, fists clenched.

The crowd unleashes a storm of boos as the screen above fades into one word:

WRESTLEUTA: 25

Blackout.

GDS

Segment

We fade in on the soft hum of a backstage monitor. The screen shows chaos unfolding — Eric Dane Jr. being tended to by medical staff, still motionless from Chris Ross' violent attack moments ago.

Multiple personnel flood the ring. The commentary is barely audible, drowned out by real-time crowd noise thundering from just beyond the hallway — a dull roar of concern and shock still buzzing inside the Cox Pavilion.

The camera slowly begins to pan back… revealing a figure standing silently. Watching. Arms folded.

He's dressed in a well-worn black suit. Not flashy — classic, frayed at the edges, just like the man himself. His signature blue mask with red trim covers his face. The eyes tell the story though. We know this man. Madman Szalinski.

Older. Road-worn. Callused by experience and hard miles. But still here. Still watching. Still a part of this place — whether by choice or by fate.

He shakes his head slowly, exhaling through his nose. No smile. No smirk.

Madman Szalinski: "God damn, son."

The camera holds on him for a long beat — his masked expression unreadable, but the weight in his voice says everything.

Then fade to black.

Valkyrie Knox vs. Valentina Blaze vs. Athena Storm vs. Kaida Shizuka

Match

The camera returns to the packed Cox Pavilion, still buzzing from the chaos of Chris Ross's reveal and brutal assault on Eric Dane Jr. Replays of the incident briefly flash across the screen — medical staff loading Dane into an ambulance, commentators confirming he's been taken to a nearby facility, and the phrase "WrestleUTA: 25" echoing in everyone's minds.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, we've received official word that Eric Dane Jr. has been transported to a local medical facility following that ambush by Chris Ross. And yes — it is now confirmed: at WrestleUTA: 25, it'll be Dane vs. Ross… sanctioned, official, and bound to be violent."

Mark Bravo: "That match might need more than a ring to contain it, Phillips."

John Phillips: "But now, the focus shifts — to gold, to legacy, and to a question that's hung in the air for weeks: who will lead the next era of UTA's women's division?"

The lights dim. The crowd roars with anticipation. A slick graphic flashes across the tron: UTA WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP - ELIMINATION RULES

"To become champion, you must be the last woman standing. Eliminate your opponents by pinfall or submission. No countouts. No disqualifications. One fall at a time. One winner."

Mark Bravo: "Four women walk in. One walks out with the belt — and three with nothing but regret."

"Firestarter" by Halestorm hits — red and orange strobes light the entrance as Valentina Blaze walks through the curtain with a strut, confidence rolling off her like smoke.

She raises her arms at the top of the ramp, eyes locked on the ring, mouth mouthing off to the fans already. Her red leather gear catches the light like fire. The crowd gives a mixed but electric response.

John Phillips: "She's passionate. She's punishing. And she's pissed off. Valentina Blaze believes this title belongs to her, and tonight she gets the chance to prove it."

The arena goes icy blue. Japanese synths blend with a rolling bassline as Kaida Shizuka steps calmly into view. Black-and-white gear. No emotion. Only focus.

She walks with quiet precision, hands behind her back, head tilted slightly as she surveys the crowd like a general surveying a battlefield.

Mark Bravo: "Kaida Shizuka — the calm before the storm. She doesn't scream, doesn't posture… she executes."

"Lightning Strike" by Architects blasts as Athena Storm bursts through the curtain to a loud ovation. Purple lightning flashes across the video wall. Athena slaps hands, runs to one side of the stage and points to the rafters, then the other.

John Phillips: "A true fan favorite — Athena's energy is undeniable, but so is her heart. She's been climbing this ladder rung by rung, and tonight could be her breakthrough moment."

The lights abruptly cut. A single spotlight illuminates the stage.

A haunting war drum begins to beat. Then: "Shieldmaiden" by Otep erupts through the speakers.

Through the smoke, the imposing silhouette of Valkyrie Knox appears. Black and silver gear, fur-accented cloak draped over her shoulders. Hair in tight braids. No fear. No hesitation.

Mark Bravo: "There she is. The destroyer. The juggernaut. The woman who has terrorized everyone in her path since debuting."

Valkyrie marches to the ring slowly, staring at each of her opponents one by one. No blink. No flinch. She hands off the cloak and steps between the ropes, standing tall at center ring like she owns it.

John Phillips: "This is elimination-style, and if recent weeks are any indicator, the other three know their best chance is to take Valkyrie out early."

All four women are now in the ring. The referee raises the UTA Women's Championship overhead. The crowd is white-hot with anticipation.

The bell rings.

For a moment, no one moves.

Just a stare down.

Valkyrie stands unbothered — arms at her sides. Athena, Valentina, and Kaida glance to one another… then nod in unison.

Mark Bravo: "Oh boy… they're doing it."

Suddenly — ALL THREE charge Valkyrie at once!

Athena launches first — dropkick to the chest! Valentina follows with forearms! Kaida unleashes stiff elbow strikes to the back of the neck!

They back her into the corner — corner triple team! Boots to the midsection! Elbows! Fists! Valkyrie tries to cover up but they keep pounding!

John Phillips: "Weeks of frustration… boiling over right now on the Shieldmaiden!"

Valentina steps back — charges — knee to the jaw! Kaida follows with a high kick! Athena hits the ropes and delivers a flying back elbow!

Valkyrie finally drops to a knee. All three grab her — TRIPLE TEAM DDT! The crowd explodes as Valkyrie rolls out of the ring, holding her head!

Mark Bravo: "They did it! For now — they neutralized the monster!"

The camera pans to Valkyrie stumbling along the barricade, growling in frustration, holding her jaw. Her eyes burn with hatred. But for now… she’s out.

Back in the ring, Kaida Shizuka suddenly spins and drills Athena with a spinning backfist! The alliance is over!

John Phillips: "Just like that — it’s every woman for herself again!"

Valentina grabs Kaida from behind — German Suplex! No — Kaida reverses — Saito Suplex! She plants Valentina and kips up coldly.

Kaida then hits the ropes — running low dropkick to Athena! Then she dives into a mount and rains down short forearms!

Mark Bravo: "Kaida is carving through them!"

She grabs Athena’s wrist — yanks her up — attempts a Dragon Suplex — Athena flips out mid-air! — lands on her feet — Superkick! — NO! Kaida catches the leg — Spinning wheel kick!

Kaida stands over her — cold, calculated — but she doesn’t see Valentina springboarding off the second rope — Meteora from behind! Kaida eats both knees to the spine!

Valentina covers!

1!

2!

Kickout!

John Phillips: "The pace of this match is already insane, and we haven’t even seen the first elimination yet!"

Kaida turns back to Athena — drags her up by the hair — goes for a Dragon Suplex again — but Athena breaks free! A spinning heel kick catches Kaida in the ribs! Then a sudden jumping enzuigiri!

Kaida stumbles. Athena backs into the corner — Springboard Crossbody! She hits it! She scrambles for the cover!

1!

2!

Kaida bridges out of the pin — rolls to her knees — Athena hits a quick dropkick to the chest!

John Phillips: "Athena Storm won’t stay down! She’s running on pure heart!"

Athena pulls Kaida to her feet — Snap Suplex! — then a float-over — Standing Moonsault! Cover again!

1!

2!

Kickout!

Athena slaps the mat, rallying the fans. She points to the top rope — crowd erupts!

Mark Bravo: "Going high-risk! Here comes the storm!"

She ascends — perches — but suddenly Valentina Blaze reappears — shoving Athena off the top!

Athena crashes to the canvas with a sickening thud!

John Phillips: "Valentina playing opportunist! She may have just taken Athena out!"

Kaida staggers to her feet — sees the prone Athena — coldly steps over and grabs her by the arms…

“Yurei Clutch!” — she traps Athena in a grounded straightjacket submission!

Athena struggles — writhes — but Kaida wrenches it back further — pulling her head toward the mat — nowhere to go!

She taps!

The crowd gasps, then applauds as the referee calls it!

Ring Announcer: "Athena Storm has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "What a fight from Athena… but the storm has passed."

Mark Bravo: "And Kaida Shizuka just made a statement. She didn’t need anyone’s help — she finished that herself."

Kaida slowly gets to her feet, expression unreadable. Valentina steps into the ring, clapping sarcastically… then slaps Kaida across the face.

John Phillips: "Oh no."

Kaida stares. Calm. Then explodes with a forearm! Valentina fires back! They trade strikes center ring — stiff, fast — the crowd is eating it up!

Kaida wins the exchange — high roundhouse kick! Valentina stumbles! Kaida charges — but Valentina pulls the top rope down!

Kaida spills to the outside!

Mark Bravo: "Heads-up move from Valentina! She’s no stranger to these situations!"

Valentina climbs the top rope — DIVES to the outside! — Crossbody wipes out Kaida! Both women hit the floor hard!

John Phillips: "This is what’s at stake — everything. These women are leaving it all out there."

Suddenly, from the far side — the crowd begins to rise again.

Valkyrie Knox is back on her feet.

She’s pacing. Seething. Blood at the corner of her mouth. Eyes locked like crosshairs.

Mark Bravo: "She’s been waiting. Watching. And now — it’s hunting season."

Kaida and Valentina are both rising on the outside. Valkyrie hits the ropes — SUICIDE DIVE! She crushes both women against the barricade!

The fans go wild!

John Phillips: "Valkyrie just launched herself like a missile!"

She’s not done — she grabs Kaida — whips her hard into the steel steps — Kaida hits with a clang!

Valentina tries to crawl away — but Valkyrie stalks her — grabs a fistful of hair — throws her into the barricade!

Mark Bravo: "Welcome back, Shieldmaiden."

Valkyrie throws Valentina back into the ring. Kaida’s still slumped near the steps.

Valkyrie stalks Valentina — clothesline! — then another! She whips her into the corner — Corner Splash! — and hits a Spinning Powerslam!

She hooks the leg!

1!

2!

Kickout!

Valkyrie grabs Valentina’s arms — tries for a stretch muffler — but Kaida’s back in!

Kaida springboards — springboard knee to the back of Valkyrie’s head!

Valkyrie crumbles. Kaida covers!

1!

2!

KICKOUT!

John Phillips: "Nobody’s backing down!"

Kaida pulls Valkyrie up — tries for a Dragon Suplex — Valkyrie blocks!

Elbows back! Turns into a German Suplex of her own! Kaida crashes hard!

Valkyrie is fired up — she yells into the crowd — who respond in mixed cheers and stunned awe.

She lifts Kaida — DEATH SPIRAL DRIVER! — folds Kaida in half!

Hooks the leg!

1!

2!

3!

Ring Announcer: "Kaida Shizuka has been eliminated!"

The crowd stands in ovation — not out of love for Valkyrie, but out of shock.

John Phillips: "Kaida is out! And now we are down to two!"

Mark Bravo: "It’s Blaze… and the Shieldmaiden."

Valkyrie Knox screams in rage, her eyes wild, her breath ragged. She’s hunted this moment for months. With Athena gone and Kaida fading, she can taste the title.

Valentina Blaze charges in — shotgun dropkick! But Valkyrie doesn’t budge!

John Phillips: "That dropkick barely moved her!"

Mark Bravo: "She’s in full-on Berserker Mode now!"

Valentina tries again — this time Valkyrie catches her mid-air and spinebusters her into Kaida’s ribs!

Kaida howls in pain, coughing hard. Valkyrie grabs her by the scruff and throws Kaida headfirst into the middle buckle — Kaida collapses. She’s done.

Knox turns back — SPEAR FROM BLAZE!!

John Phillips: "Blaze from the ashes!!"

Valentina makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

NO!!! Valkyrie kicks out with fury!

Mark Bravo: "That was instinct, not strategy. She’s a machine!"

Valentina rolls away, favoring her back. She signals the end. She climbs — top rope —

PHOENIX SPLASH— NO!!! Valkyrie rolls, and Blaze crashes hard!

Knox rises, stalking, calculating. She hoists Valentina from behind—bridges—

VALKYRIE SUPLEX!

John Phillips: "A savage throw from the Warrior Queen!"

Knox doesn’t let go. She rolls her hips — second suplex! The ring shakes!

One more time — third release suplex! Valentina lands awkwardly, nearly folding!

Mark Bravo: "Triple Valkyrie! Blaze may not know what planet she’s on!"

Valkyrie yells to the sky, soaking in the heat from the crowd. She lifts Blaze again...

“VALHALLA’S JUDGEMENT!!” A sickening ripcord knee to the face!

Valentina’s body slumps to the mat.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!!

John Phillips: "She did it! Valkyrie Knox has conquered the division!"

Mark Bravo: "Long may she reign. Good god what a war!"

RING ANNOUNCER: "Ladies and gentlemen, your winner… and NEW UTA Women’s Champion… VALKYRIE KNOX!!!"

The official hands her the championship belt — sleek, polished, reborn. Valkyrie cradles it… then holds it high above her head. The camera closes in: her face streaked with sweat, smeared war paint, but filled with nothing but victory.

She stands in the center of the ring, a queen surveying her fallen battlefield.

John Phillips: "There’s no one like her. Since arriving in the UTA, Valkyrie Knox has laid waste to everyone in her path."

Mark Bravo: "And now she has the crown to prove it."

Valkyrie slings the belt over her shoulder — a smirk curling on her lips. Her music plays triumphantly—

But it fades.

Instead—

“Forever & Ever” by Lacey Sturm ft. Lindsey Stirling hits the speakers. The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Wait—what? Is that—?"

Mark Bravo: "IT IS! IT’S HER!!"

From the curtain emerges a vision from UTA’s past — Marie Van Claudio, dressed in glittering black and gold, mic in hand, hair shimmering under the lights. She walks slowly, seductively, down the ramp — the crowd losing their minds.

Valkyrie’s smirk fades, replaced by wary suspicion. She clutches the title tighter, preparing for a confrontation.

Marie stops halfway down the ramp and raises the mic.

Marie Van Claudio: "Relax, Valkyrie. I didn’t come to fight… not tonight."

The crowd hushes, clinging to every word.

Marie: "In fact, I’m here to congratulate you. I watched you tonight. I’ve been watching you for weeks now. You’re… impressive. Fierce. Unstoppable."

Valkyrie slowly nods — cocky again, nodding with arrogant agreement.

Marie: "You deserve that belt. You’ve earned it. You are a monster, Valkyrie."

The crowd reacts with confusion. Some cheer. Some boo.

Marie: "You are, in my eyes… the future of this division."

Mark Bravo: "Wait… did she just say… the future?"

Valkyrie beams, lifting the belt up again — but then Marie leans in.

Marie: "One day."

The tone shifts. The crowd catches it instantly. Valkyrie lowers the belt. Her face tightens.

Marie: "Because right now, you stand in the presence of the First Lady of the UTA."

POP from the crowd! Valkyrie is furious.

Marie: "So no, I didn’t come to fight you. But I did come to challenge you."

She steps forward now, fire in her eyes.

Marie: "I just came from the office. I spoke with the brass. And it’s official. At WrestleUTA: 25... it’s you and me. Valkyrie Knox vs. Marie Van Claudio... for the UTA Women’s Championship."

The crowd explodes again. Valkyrie stares holes through Marie, clutching the title tighter than ever before.

Marie: "So enjoy your moment, Valkyrie. Bask in that spotlight. That gold? It’s beautiful. Shiny. Glorious."

She tilts her head.

Marie: "But at WrestleUTA: 25… it comes home. To its rightful place."

Marie drops the mic. Her music plays again. Valkyrie stands in the ring, seething, championship on her shoulder — the storm in her eyes growing darker.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knox may have won the title… but the real challenge begins now."

Mark Bravo: "The Queen vs. The First Lady. WrestleUTA: 25. And I cannot WAIT."

Hall of Fame - Headline Inductee

Segment

As the screen fades in from black, a golden shimmer runs across the words:

2025 UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE HALL OF FAME INDUCTEE

The fans roar with anticipation. A beat passes before the next graphic hits the screen—

“HEADLINER”

The arena buzzes, uncertain. A moment of silence follows. And then—

“MIKE BEST”

The name hits the screen in bold, capitalized letters. The crowd pops. Some cheer. Some boo. All react.

Phillips: “Are you kidding me?! Mike Best… is the headlining inductee into the UTA Hall of Fame!”

Bravo: “Whoa! I did NOT see that coming. Mike Best… in the UTA Hall of Fame? That’s history right there.”

A tribute video begins, cutting between vintage footage, grainy promos, highlight reels of chaos, and championship moments. DREAM Wrestling. Death Row. High Octane Wrestling. Blood. Fire. Glory.

We hear audio snippets:

Mike Best (archived promo): “I didn’t come here to be liked… I came here to be remembered.”

Voiceover: “While he’s never wrestled a match inside a UTA ring… Mike Best’s impact on professional wrestling is undeniable.”

Clips play of Mike battling legends, headlining supershows, delivering scathing promos, and standing bloodied but unbroken with title belts raised high.

Voiceover: “He’s led empires, ended dynasties, and stood toe-to-toe with the greatest names in the sport. A founder. A disruptor. A legacy carved in steel and blood.”

Phillips: “You can love him or hate him… but you cannot ignore Mike Best.”

Bravo: “And now, he stands among the elite… enshrined forever in the United Toughness Alliance Hall of Fame.”

The video slows to a close. Black and white footage fades to gold. The screen reads:

“MIKE BEST – 2025 HALL OF FAME HEADLINER”

Brick Bronson vs. Jarvis Valentine

Match

John Phillips: “It’s time. The UTA Championship is on the line in tonight’s main event—Jarvis Valentine. Brick Bronson. One Last Stop. And you can feel the tension in the air.”

Mark Bravo: “All month long, we’ve talked about who could possibly beat the monster that is Brick Bronson. Jarvis Valentine is the last shot to stop the streak before it becomes a legacy. And damn, I think he might actually have a chance.”

As the arena lights dim, a hush falls over the crowd. Suddenly, the opening notes of "American Flags" by Tom MacDonald fill the air, and the arena is bathed in red, white, and blue lights. As the music swells, Jarvis steps onto the stage, the crowd erupting in cheers. He's dressed in a sleek, patriotic outfit, with subtle hints of the letter Q and the number 17 woven into the design. With each step, bursts of pyro light up the stage, mimicking a Fourth of July fireworks display.

As he makes his way down the ramp, Jarvis pauses for a moment, raising his hand in a subtle Q shape, a knowing nod to his fans. The crowd catches on, cheering even louder. He steps into the ring, his presence commanding and confident, ready to take on whatever challenge lies ahead. It’s an entrance that leaves a lasting impression, full of symbolism and spectacle. He soaks in the moment, eyes locked on the ring, fists clenched, jaw tight with purpose.

Phillips: “Listen to this reaction! Jarvis Valentine, the man who refused to fade away—tonight, he walks into the biggest opportunity of his career.”

Bravo: “He’s walked through fire just to get here. This isn’t just a match for Jarvis. This is validation.”

Jarvis climbs the turnbuckle and raises his fist high. The crowd roars again, fully behind him.

The lights shift to a cold steel blue as a guttural guitar riff echoes. The curtain parts—and out steps Brick Bronson. Slow. Unshaken. He wears a black hoodie, sleeves torn off, soaked in sweat and menace.

Phillips: “The Terminator of the UTA. He’s walked through everyone who thought they had his number. Brick Bronson is a force of nature.”

Bravo: “But tonight’s different. He’s not facing a powerhouse. He’s facing a technician. A strategist. A survivor.”

Brick climbs the steps, ducks between the ropes, and walks to the center of the ring. He slowly lifts the title into the air as the crowd boos. The referee stands between the two men, taking the belt and showing it to both before raising it high for all to see.

Phillips: “This is it. The final championship match before WrestleUTA: 25. And only one of these men will walk into that historic night with the gold.”

The bell rings. The tension is electric. Both men step forward. Jarvis’ eyes never leave Bronson’s. Bronson cracks his neck and offers the faintest smirk. They circle each other. The crowd builds into a slow, steady clap.

Bravo: “Here we go.”

They lock up—and immediately Brick shoves Jarvis halfway across the ring, showcasing that raw power. Jarvis hits the canvas, rolls through, and pops back up. The crowd pops for the fast recovery.

Another lock-up—Jarvis ducks under, grabs a waistlock, and transitions into a standing switch. Brick throws a sharp back elbow, but Jarvis dodges and snaps off a chop to the back. Brick turns—Jarvis smacks him with a dropkick that stumbles the big man to the ropes!

Phillips: “Speed advantage is real! Jarvis Valentine is here to fight tonight!”

Jarvis presses the advantage—he hits the ropes and charges for a knee strike—but Brick catches him in midair and slams him down with a brutal spinebuster that shakes the ring.

Bravo: “OH MAN! That’ll take the soul right out of you!”

Brick rises slowly, looming. He grabs Jarvis by the throat and hauls him back up with one hand…

Brick yanks Jarvis to his feet and whips him hard into the turnbuckle. Jarvis crashes chest-first, gasping for air. Brick stalks in, grabs him by the head, and delivers a thunderous short-arm clothesline that spins Valentine inside out.

Phillips: “This is what makes Brick Bronson terrifying. One move, and he takes the air right out of your lungs.”

The champion drops a heavy elbow across Jarvis’ chest, then hooks the leg.

1…

2…

KICKOUT!

Bravo: “Jarvis Valentine is still alive!”

Brick doesn’t show frustration. He doesn’t need to. He rises, slow and steady, before dragging Jarvis up by the hair. He lifts him into the air like dead weight and drops him with a delayed vertical suplex that sends shockwaves through the ring.

Phillips: “Every move has weight. Every slam chips away at Jarvis’ resolve.”

Brick circles like a predator, then pulls Jarvis up again. He positions him for a powerbomb—

—Jarvis counters! He shifts his weight, hooks his legs, and sends Brick flying with a hurricanrana out of nowhere! The

crowd explodes!

Bravo: “HE GOT HIM OVER!”

Jarvis scrambles to the ropes. He’s running on fumes, but the spark is lit. Brick gets to one knee—Jarvis hits a running knee to the jaw!

The big man stumbles backward. Jarvis jumps to the second rope—springboards off—and hits a flipping neckbreaker!

Phillips: “That could be it! COVER!”

1…

2…

NO!

Bravo: “SO CLOSE! He almost had the UTA Championship in his hands!”

Jarvis rises, pounding the mat. The fans are on their feet, chanting his name.

“LET’S GO JAR-VIS!” *clap clap clapclapclap*

He signals for his finisher — the Heartbreaker DDT. He pulls Brick to his feet. But Brick shoves him into the ropes—

—Jarvis rebounds and launches for a running crossbody!

Brick CATCHES him—

—and turns it into a spinning powerslam! Cover!

1…

2…

KICKOUT AGAIN!

Phillips: “Jarvis Valentine will not die!”

Brick finally snarls, frustration etched across his face. He grabs Jarvis and delivers clubbing forearms to the back of the neck. The referee warns him, but Brick doesn't care. He wants to end this.

Bravo: “Jarvis had the momentum, but Brick just shut it down. It’s slipping away now. The dream is fading.”

Brick hauls Jarvis up… signals for the kill…

Brick yanks Jarvis into position… hoists him onto his shoulder…

Phillips: “Bronson’s got him up! This could be the Comedown!”

But Jarvis elbows him! Once! Twice! He slips off the back! The fans roar!

Jarvis hits the ropes—springboard—HE FLIES—

—Brick SWATS HIM OUT OF THE AIR WITH A LARIAT FROM HELL!!

Bravo: “OH MY GOD!”

Jarvis collapses to the canvas like a marionette with its strings cut. Brick stands over him, breathing heavy, eyes focused. He doesn’t go for the pin yet. No… he drags Jarvis up. Slowly. Methodically.

Brick sets him up again — hooks the arms — lifts —

Phillips: “COMEDOWN DRIVER! That’s it!”

Jarvis' body bounces lifelessly off the mat. Brick covers. The ref drops to count.

1…

2…

3.

DING DING DING!

The crowd's reaction is a storm of boos, mixed with stunned silence.

Phillips: "And just like that, Brick Bronson wins the UTA Championship. Jarvis Valentine gave it everything he had—but it wasn't enough."

Brick rises, the referee handing him the title belt. He doesn't smile. He doesn't gloat. He just stares into the camera, cold and unshaken, holding the UTA Championship over his shoulder.

Bravo: "He said he'd crush dreams… and tonight, he crushed Jarvis Valentine's."

In the background, Jarvis slowly stirs. The fans applaud for him. He uses the ropes to pull himself up… bruised, battered, but standing.

Phillips: "Listen to this crowd. They're giving Valentine a hero's sendoff—even in defeat."

Jarvis glances at Brick, who stands at the top of the ramp, belt in hand. They lock eyes. But Jarvis nods—defeated but not broken—before stepping through the ropes and walking up the ramp alone.

Bravo: "What a fight. What a heart. Jarvis Valentine didn't win the title, but he earned respect tonight."

Brick Bronson stands tall at the top of the ramp, the UTA Championship raised high over his head. The fans boo loudly, but he doesn't care. Jarvis Valentine disappears through the curtain behind him, defeated but proud. The music begins to fade…

TAP TAP TAP

???: "Hey… is this thing on?"

The sound echoes through the arena, not coming from the speakers in the ceiling, but through the house mic system. Brick lowers the championship slightly, glancing around in confusion.

???: "Do we have video, or just audio?"

Phillips: "What the hell—who is that? Is this a production issue?"

Bravo: "Sounds like someone trying to hijack the feed! But that voice…"

???: "No video? What? Same old UTA…"

The crowd murmurs. Brick stares at the giant screen above the entrance — still black. No visuals. Just voice.

???: "Brick… congratulations on your performance in the tournament and that match you just had. Killing the dream of Jarvis… man, that was just something."

Phillips: "Who is this?! This is surreal—"

???: "I'm being told we don't have video, and I guess MVC got the plane ticket this week, but allow me to introduce myself."

Brick's expression grows darker. The crowd buzz builds.

???: "I'm the UTA Champion. Better known to everyone… as The Raging Dead."

The crowd erupts in a mix of shock and disbelief. Even Brick's confidence falters as he lowers the title just a bit.

Phillips: "WHAT?! The Raging Dead?! That… that can't be possible!"

Bravo: "Is this real?! He hasn't been seen since before the shutdown in 2020!"

Raging Dead (off-mic, faint): "It's so weird being just audio…"

Raging Dead: "You see, when the pandemic shut things down, I… never lost my title, Brick. Five years running, technically, your champion is here… uh… I'm still the champ."

The camera cuts to Brick, gritting his teeth, visibly pissed.

Raging Dead: "And before YOU can say you've done it—that you've climbed to the top of the mountain—there's one little detail we need to clear up. You gotta beat me, Mr. Bronson."

Bronson steps forward, shouting toward the production area. He's furious. The crowd is eating it up.

Raging Dead: "WrestleUTA: 25… in the main event…"

A pause.

Raging Dead: "…wait… what? Sean Jackson? The Spectre? Are you kidding me?!"

The crowd laughs. Brick is fuming.

Raging Dead: "Fine. Semi-main event! Brick Bronson. Raging Dead. UTA CHAMPIONSHIP. WINNER TAKES ALL."

Phillips: "OH MY GOD! We just got the main event—no, SEMI-main—of WrestleUTA: 25!"

Bravo: "What the hell is going on?! Who's the real champion?! Is Raging Dead even recognized anymore?!"

Raging Dead: "Even if I have to hitchhike, I'll be there. See you soon…"

The audio clicks out. Silence.

Brick Bronson glares at the screen. Still black. No image. He clutches the UTA Championship tightly to his chest, jaw clenched. Fans are on their feet, buzzing.

Phillips: "I… I don't even know what to say."

Bravo: "The Raging Dead just laid down the gauntlet… at WrestleUTA: 25… we're going to crown the undisputed UTA Champion."

The final shot is of Brick Bronson at the top of the ramp, seething… championship in hand… as the screen behind him remains dark. No music. No visuals. Just a storm of anticipation hanging over the crowd.

Phillips: "Goodnight from Las Vegas. We'll see you at WrestleUTA: 25."

Conclusion

Card Subject to Change.

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