

Rumble at the WrestleZone: 07.25.2025

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Preview

Card TBA.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The lights dim inside Universal Studios Florida as a thunderous pulse rolls through the air. The camera cuts to wide sweeping drone footage of The WrestleZone, packed with hundreds of raucous fans under the night sky. A massive WrestleUTA banner hangs from the rafters, and the ring is bathed in the red and silver glow of the WrestleUTA: Orlando brand.

Suddenly, the theme music for Rumble at the WrestleZone kicks in — a pulse-pounding instrumental theme with quick-cut flashes of the tournament competitors, big eliminations, and the chaotic signature of the Ace in the Hole Rumble. As the music fades, we cut to the commentary desk just in front of the barricade, where John Phillips and Mark Bravo are standing by in headsets and suits.

Phillips: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the wildest night in WrestleUTA: Orlando history — this is Rumble at the WrestleZone! I'm John Phillips, joined as always by the explosive, the unpredictable, the one and only — Mark Bravo!

Bravo: Orlando, Florida is on fire tonight, Johnny! And with good reason! We've got twenty superstars ready to throw hands and bodies over the top rope in the Ace in the Hole Qualifying Rumble — and a whole lot of careers could change forever!

Phillips: Not to mention, we're also going to find out who will stand tall at the end of a brutal six-woman elimination match and earn a future shot at the UTA Women's Championship — after WrestleUTA: 25!

Bravo: That's right. Valkyrie Knox defends the title against Marie Van Claudio at the biggest event of the summer — but whoever survives tonight? They're waiting in the wings, locked and loaded.

Phillips: And tonight's matches aren't just stepping stones — they're launchpads. Careers will be made. Hearts will be broken. And for the six who remain in that ring at the end of the Rumble...

Bravo: ...they're going to Las Vegas, baby! WrestleUTA: 25. The T-Mobile Arena. And that winner? They get a little something extra — nobody knows what it is, but I'm betting it's something big.

Phillips: The stakes are sky-high, the energy is electric, and this crowd is ready. Are you ready, Mark?

Bravo: I was born ready, Johnny. Let's rumble.

The camera pans around the arena one more time as signs wave, chants erupt, and the ring announcer steps into the spotlight. The lights begin to dim again, signaling the beginning of the first match of the evening.

Phillips: Coming up first — six women, one golden opportunity. Let's send it to the ring.

Athena Storm vs. Dahlia Cross vs. Juno Sage vs. Kaida Shizuka vs. Valetina Blaze vs. Angela Hall

Match

The camera pans the buzzing WrestleZone crowd, full of excitement and anticipation for the night's opening contest. The commentary desk remains lit as the ring announcer steps forward with mic in hand, standing under the bright center ring spotlight.

Phillips: Folks, this is a high-stakes battle to kick off the night — six of the most dangerous, determined, and decorated women in WrestleUTA: Orlando will clash in an elimination match. Only one will walk away with a guaranteed shot at the UTA Women's Championship after WrestleUTA: 25.

Bravo: And you better believe that whoever survives this chaos is walking out with bragging rights, a future title shot, and maybe some bruises in places they didn't know they had.

The house lights dim. Blue lightning streaks across the video wall with a sharp electric crack. A bolt slams down the center of the screen — and when the sparks fade, Angela Hall stands atop the ramp, arms crossed, eyes focused. Her Florida State Women's Championship around her waist. A ripple of cheers echoes through the arena.

Phillips: And here comes the Florida State Women's Champion — the high-velocity Angela Hall! She's got track-and-field roots, she's got momentum, and she's got gold around her waist.

Bravo: She also has more aerial offense than a fighter jet. If she starts hitting those moonsaults, somebody's going home early.

Hall marches down the ramp with unwavering determination, pausing only briefly to glance out at the crowd before sliding cleanly into the ring. She ascends a turnbuckle, points toward the sky, and then drops into a ready crouch.

The lights shift from blue to a fiery orange as the speakers drop a deep bass rumble. A flicker of flame dances across the screen and the crowd pops loud as Valentina Blaze bursts through the curtain, tracing a spark in the air with her finger.

Phillips: Here comes the fire-starter from Miami! Valentina Blaze — fearless, flashy, and full of fight.

Bravo: She grew up fighting in back-alley lucha rings. There's nothing about this that scares her. She's been under pressure since day one.

Valentina sprints to the ring, slides in with athletic precision, then hops to her feet and throws her "Light it up!" gesture to a roaring audience. Her eyes lock briefly with Hall's — no animosity, just focus.

The stage darkens again, this time bathed in a haunting indigo. A soft taiko drum beat begins as a cascade of digital cherry blossom petals rains down on the screen. Kaida Shizuka steps through the curtain, clutching a faux katana at her side. She walks slowly, wiping her soles before reaching the ring apron, then bows deeply.

Phillips: Discipline. Precision. Honor. Kaida Shizuka isn't here to play games — she's here to execute.

Bravo: Cold as steel. And probably sharper than it. Every move she makes is surgical. If Kaida gets her hands on your arm? Say goodbye to it.

Kaida enters between the ropes in perfect form, unsheathes the katana slowly in a practiced display, then sets it aside in the corner. She stands silently, eyes closed, breathing deeply as the lights begin to shift once again.

A synthetic hum pulses as soft blue light floods the entrance ramp. Juno Sage emerges slowly, head tilted slightly, knuckles cracking one by one. She doesn't acknowledge the crowd — just walks toward the ring like it's a puzzle to be solved. Every step is measured.

Phillips: Juno Sage is an enigma. A brilliant technician who approaches every match like it's a thesis on pain.

Bravo: She's not here for crowd pops or highlight reels. She's here to analyze, adapt, and dissect people limb by limb. Creepy? Yes. Effective? Hell yes.

Juno climbs the steps and steps through the ropes without hesitation, circling the perimeter like a scientist inspecting a lab table. She cracks her neck once and backs into a corner — her stare never leaving Kaida, who silently returns the look.

Now, a pulse of slinky trip-hop fills the arena. Violet lights strobe in rhythm as Dahlia Cross emerges, dragging a long scarf behind her. She moves slowly and deliberately, curling her lip at the crowd, who hurl a mixed chorus of boos and curiosity her way. Dahlia smirks at the hate.

Phillips: Dahlia Cross — venomous, dangerous, and absolutely merciless. You want to talk about someone who enjoys manipulating her opponents? This woman smiles while choking people out.

Bravo: She's a technician with fangs, John. Every glance, every breath, is meant to rattle you. She's already in their heads and she hasn't even taken off the scarf.

Dahlia slinks into the ring, dragging the violet scarf under the bottom rope, then slowly drapes it over the top turnbuckle in her corner. She leans back, studying everyone already in the ring like they're insects in a jar.

Suddenly—

THUNDER CRACKS. Blue strobe lights ignite the entrance as a burst of tropical-house rhythm kicks in. Athena Storm explodes onto the stage, spinning a glowing blue staff like a cyclone. The crowd erupts into chants of "Let it rain! Let it rain!" as she pumps her arms to the beat.

Phillips: That's the storm in human form! Athena Storm might be the most electrifying presence in this division.

Bravo: And she's fast. Like... teleport fast. If she catches a rhythm tonight, this whole match might be over before you can say "Lightning Crash."

Athena sprints to the ring, leaps onto the apron, and vaults over the ropes in one smooth motion. She tosses the glow staff aside, mounts the turnbuckle, and throws both arms into the air with a confident grin — absorbing every chant like fuel.

With all six competitors in the ring now — some warming up, some stoic, some smiling wickedly — the referee steps between them, giving each woman a glance before moving to the center of the ring. The energy is tense. The bell hasn't even rung, but every eye is locked on someone else's.

Phillips: The ring is packed with talent, tension, and title implications. One of these women will earn a guaranteed shot at gold — but only after surviving five others.

Bravo: And remember — this is elimination style. You're not safe just because someone else goes down. You've got to outlast them all.

The referee signals to the timekeeper. The bell is seconds from sounding.

The bell finally rings, cutting through the tense air like a whip crack. All six women slowly step out from their respective corners, eyes flicking from one opponent to the next. There's no immediate chaos — only calculated movement. The crowd hums with anticipation.

Phillips: And here we go. Six women — all lethal in their own ways — circling the ring like predators waiting for the first move.

Bravo: I've seen cage fights with less tension than this. Who blinks first? That's the real question.

Valentina Blaze and Athena Storm lock eyes first, a flash of mutual respect between them. They nod — then burst forward into a quick-fire exchange of kicks. Athena hits a lightning-fast roundhouse, but Valentina ducks under and whips in a spinning back kick that sends Athena stumbling back.

Meanwhile, Juno Sage makes a calculated advance on Dahlia Cross, who meets her with a sly smile. Dahlia feints a lock-up, then immediately goes for a leg sweep — but Juno hops it, spins, and drives a low roundhouse kick into Dahlia's ribs. Dahlia snarls and answers with a palm thrust to the throat that knocks Juno back into the ropes.

Phillips: These early pairings are fascinating — speed versus speed, technique versus venom.

Angela Hall and Kaida Shizuka are the last to engage, cautiously circling until Kaida makes the first move with a sharp shoot kick to Angela's thigh. Hall responds by grabbing Kaida's wrist and whipping her into the corner — but Kaida uses the momentum to springboard up to the second rope, spin, and leap off with a missile dropkick that sends Angela rolling to the mat.

Bravo: That's what Kaida brings to the table — precision and elevation. That dropkick was textbook.

Chaos begins to form as all six women start weaving into each other's space. Valentina hits the ropes and delivers a stunning tilt-a-whirl headscissors to Juno, sending her tumbling out of the ring under the bottom rope. Athena comes charging in and nails a standing shooting-star press on a rising Dahlia, popping the crowd.

Phillips: And now we're flying! Athena just lit this crowd up with that shooting star!

Dahlia rolls out of the ring to recover. Angela Hall is back up and meets Athena with a stiff forearm. They trade blows in the center of the ring — crack for crack, the crowd roaring with each strike. Angela whips Athena into the ropes, then leaps up for a beautiful spinning heel kick that lands flush on the jaw.

Bravo: That's that sprinter's explosiveness right there! Angela Hall might be the most underrated striker in this whole company.

Kaida tries to capitalize by locking Angela in a rear waistlock, but Hall counters with a standing switch and hits a snap German suplex. Kaida sits up, dazed — and Athena springs from the top rope with a rope-walk enzuigiri, catching Kaida square in the side of the head. The crowd erupts again as bodies begin to hit the mat.

Phillips: This match is exploding now! Every woman is looking for that opening — just one crack in the armor!

Outside the ring, Juno grabs Valentina by the arm and yanks her shoulder-first into the steel steps. Dahlia follows with a stomp to Valentina's ribs, then pulls her up and executes a snap back suplex on the padded floor.

Bravo: Look at the teamwork — however brief — from Juno and Dahlia. Might not last long, but it's effective.

Back in the ring, Hall runs the ropes and launches herself over the top with a Gale Force Knee, blasting Juno against the barricade! The fans are on their feet now, some literally jumping in excitement.

Kaida climbs the top rope silently, waiting — as Dahlia stands up, Kaida drops with a precise rope-hung double stomp to Dahlia's back!

Phillips: That could've folded Dahlia's spine in half! What a stomp from Kaida Shizuka!

Athena now charges the ropes and dives over with a breathtaking Firefly Plancha, catching Valentina, Juno, and even a rising Angela Hall in one sweep! The crowd explodes into cheers.

Bravo: Athena just took out half the match with one storm surge of her own!

Phillips: All six women are down — bodies everywhere on the outside — but this crowd is loving it!

"LET IT RAIN! LET IT RAIN!" chants echo across The WrestleZone as Athena pulls herself to her feet, chest heaving, eyes wide with adrenaline. The referee checks on all competitors while inside the ring, Dahlia crawls toward the center, holding her ribs.

Phillips: No eliminations yet, but you can feel the exhaustion beginning to set in already. The pace has been blistering, and this crowd is only fueling the fire.

Bravo: Somebody's gonna make a mistake, and when they do, that's when the eliminations start rolling in.

The camera captures all six women stirring — battered, breathless, but not broken. They each begin pulling themselves up, some with help from the barricades, others using the apron. The storm is far from over.

The energy inside The WrestleZone has reached a fever pitch as the six competitors slowly return to the ring. The crowd is on their feet, applauding the display of athleticism, heart, and destruction they've just witnessed.

Phillips: No eliminations yet, but it's only a matter of time. Each of these women has come dangerously close to being taken out — but they've all shown that championship-level resilience.

Bravo: Honestly, Johnny? I don't know how they're still standing. Or flying. Or stomping each other's skulls. This match is a warzone.

Athena Storm is the first back in, rolling under the ropes with a burst of momentum. She charges at Dahlia Cross, who's still favoring her lower back. Athena hits a picture-perfect Tilt-a-Whirl Headscissors that sends Dahlia flipping through the ropes to the outside again.

But before Athena can capitalize, Valentina Blaze is on her — landing a quick-spinning back kick to the midsection followed by a Blaze Trigger— the spring-loaded high knee to the jaw!

Athena drops, stunned. Valentina backs into the ropes to follow up—but Angela Hall cuts her off with a Lightning Bolt Lariat that absolutely levels Blaze. The champion roars out as she keeps moving, building speed.

Angela hits the opposite ropes, rebounds—

—but Kaida Shizuka re-enters the ring and catches her mid-stride with a devastating pop-up high-angle knee strike — Rising Dragon! The crowd gasps as Angela crashes to the mat, limbs limp.

Phillips: That knee strike from Kaida could knock out a rhinoceros! Angela Hall just went deadweight after that impact!

Bravo: Kaida doesn't miss, John. She hits pressure points with sniper-level accuracy.

Kaida doesn't even gloat. She bows briefly toward Angela before turning her attention to Valentina, who is on her knees trying to recover. Kaida rushes in — but Juno Sage suddenly intercepts her with a Dead Code — spinning backfist into a sweep that sends Kaida flat to her back!

The crowd's reaction builds as Juno, normally composed, doesn't back off. Instead, she mounts Kaida's chest, driving sharp forearms into the jaw — one after another after another — before trapping Kaida's wrist and wrenching it into a modified Kimura grip!

Phillips: Juno Sage with brutal ground control! She's targeting the arm and shoulder — textbook Sage precision!

Kaida tries to roll through to escape, but Juno anticipates it and transitions fluidly — dragging Kaida into the ropes and using them for positioning. She breaks on four but not before spiking a final elbow into Kaida's jaw.

Bravo: She's not just dissecting Kaida — she's breaking her formula. This is what Juno does best.

Kaida, dazed and holding her jaw, tries to stand — but Juno is already waiting. She ducks a wild lariat attempt and counters with the Equation Breaker — a leaping knee to the jaw after a drag-and-fake! Kaida staggers back... her balance completely gone.

Juno grabs her arm, spins into the setup —

Cold Equation!! A brutal neck-wrenching impact. Kaida's head spikes the canvas and she falls like a puppet with cut strings.

Phillips: That's it! That has to be it! Cold Equation connects — and Kaida is out cold!

Juno hooks the leg.

Referee: ONE!... TWO!... THREE!

DING!

Ring Announcer: Kaida Shizuka has been eliminated!

The crowd gasps in shock — not expecting Kaida, one of the most disciplined and dangerous in the match, to fall first. Juno rolls to her knees, adjusting her wrist tape without a hint of emotion. Kaida remains still for a few moments before slowly rolling toward the apron, clutching her neck.

Phillips: Unbelievable! Kaida Shizuka is the first woman eliminated — and Juno Sage did it with surgical efficiency.

Bravo: She cracked the code, Johnny. Kaida was a puzzle, and Juno solved her. Just like that.

The rest of the field watches with cautious respect. Dahlia smirks from the outside. Valentina nods slowly. Athena narrows her eyes. And Angela... is stirring.

Five remain. The stakes rise even higher.

The WrestleZone crowd is still buzzing from the shocking elimination of Kaida Shizuka. As officials help her to the back, the five remaining women begin to circle once more, with a new sense of urgency and awareness. The storm has only intensified.

Phillips: Kaida's elimination has changed the entire complexion of this match — one of the most disciplined competitors in this division is already gone, and now the rest of these women know: no one is safe.

Bravo: It's survival of the fittest now, Johnny. Or maybe survival of the smartest. And Juno Sage just proved she's two steps ahead.

Angela Hall is back on her feet, shaking off the cobwebs from that Rising Dragon knee earlier. She locks eyes with Juno Sage, who simply nods and gestures for her to bring it. Angela doesn't hesitate.

The two clash mid-ring — Hall comes in hard with a forearm, but Juno absorbs it and fires back with a knee to the ribs. Angela answers with a Cyclone DDT, but Juno slips out mid-rotation and counters with a standing STO! Angela crashes down but rolls through and bounces back up, landing a Gale Force Knee to Juno's temple that staggers her against the ropes.

Phillips: Juno had that counter scouted but Angela still found a way to connect! That knee might've shut the lights off!

Valentina Blaze leaps into the fray now, springboarding off the second rope with a Flashpoint roundhouse — but Angela ducks, and Valentina accidentally clips Juno instead, sending her tumbling to the mat!

Bravo: Misfire! That kick wasn't meant for Juno, but it landed clean!

Valentina immediately looks stunned — she turns back around and walks right into Angela Hall's Thunderclap Spear! Blaze is folded in half and rolls to the outside to catch her breath.

Angela rises, adrenaline pulsing — but Dahlia Cross slithers in from behind and hooks Hall's waist — Back Elbow to the spine, then pulls her into the Violet Vice! Dahlia yanks Angela down by the arm and wrenches her backward into a twisted, inverted arm-trap STF!

Phillips: Dahlia's got the Vice locked in deep! Angela's limbs are bent at angles they're not supposed to go!

Angela claws for the ropes, her teeth gritted, refusing to quit. The crowd rallies with a "LET'S GO HALL!" chant as she inches her way forward, her free arm shaking. Athena Storm dives in from offscreen — Rope-Walk Enzuigiri! The shot breaks Dahlia's grip, and Angela is free!

Bravo: Athena with the rescue! I don't know if that was for Angela or just to keep Dahlia from gaining momentum — but it worked!

Athena kips up, slapping the mat and rallying the fans. She bounces off the ropes, cartwheels into a dropkick that nails Dahlia in the shoulder and sends her spinning into the corner. Athena charges — but Dahlia cuts her off with a Back Elbow in the Rope Break followed by a snap Leg Sweep that takes Athena to the mat hard.

Juno is back up now, rubbing her jaw, and staring daggers through Valentina Blaze, who's just climbed onto the apron. Juno rushes — Reactive Stomp! But Valentina jumps down just in time, causing Juno to stomp the second rope. The vibration stuns her.

Valentina slingshots back in with a Springboard Arm Drag and hits the ropes immediately after — she's heating up. Blaze ducks a Dahlia clothesline, leaps onto Athena's back, and uses her for momentum to hit a Running Bulldog on Juno Sage!

Phillips: Valentina Blaze is lighting up the zone! She's on fire right now!

Bravo: That's Miami heat, baby! And she's just getting started!

Valentina points to the sky and then throws her arms out with a grin — "LIGHT IT UP!" The crowd chants it back in unison. She scales the ropes and launches off with a perfect Firefly Plancha onto both Juno and Dahlia who had spilled out onto the floor!

Angela is on one knee in the ring, trying to stand. Athena looks at her, then at the crowd... they lock eyes. Without a word, they nod — then hit the ropes at the same time.

DUAL SUICIDE DIVES! Athena and Angela crash through the ropes on opposite sides of the ring — Athena wipes out Dahlia again while Angela drives into Juno and Valentina. Bodies scatter!

Phillips: This place is UNGLUED! These women are burning every ounce of fuel they have left and they're not stopping!

Bravo: No eliminations this round, but I wouldn't be surprised if someone's ribs got eliminated after that chaos!

The fans are chanting "WRESTLE-ZONE! WRESTLE-ZONE!" as all five competitors lay battered around ringside. Sweat-soaked. Bruised. Breathing heavy. But not one of them has backed down.

The camera zooms in on Athena Storm rising first, clutching her ribs but defiant. She turns to the crowd and raises one hand — twirling her fingers skyward —

CROWD: LET IT RAIN!

The camera lingers on the battered battlefield surrounding the ring — five warriors scattered across the ringside area, each trying to pull themselves together. Sweat glistens under the lights. The chants begin to subside as focus shifts to the motion in the center of the storm.

Juno Sage is the first to her feet. Methodical. Calculated. She grabs the edge of the apron and rolls in, brushing her hair back, eyes sharp despite the punishment she's taken. She scans the field, locking onto Angela Hall, who's just climbing through the ropes on the opposite side.

Phillips: Juno Sage — cool as ever — and she's eyeing Angela Hall like she's a formula waiting to be solved.

Bravo: These two had that brutal chess match earlier, but I've got a feeling this time it's gonna be speed chess with steel boots.

Angela steps fully into the ring and immediately squares up. Juno moves forward, circling. No words. Just tension. The crowd begins to clap rhythmically as they slowly approach each other, each waiting for the right moment to strike.

Suddenly — a tie-up. Juno breaks the grip, spins behind Angela into a rear waistlock — but Angela plants her feet and fires off a sharp back elbow. Juno absorbs it and snaps off a Low Roundhouse Kick to Angela's calf. Angela stumbles — and Juno capitalizes with a Snapmare Driver that plants her into the canvas!

Juno immediately floats into a cover —

Referee: ONE!... TWO—

Angela powers out, throwing her shoulder up with a burst of strength. Juno grabs her arm and goes to isolate it, perhaps looking for the Binary Lock— but Angela scrambles to the ropes, forcing a break. Juno, always surgical, lets go immediately... but not before snapping Angela's elbow against her shoulder one more time.

Phillips: Sage's strategy hasn't changed. Dismantle the limbs. Own the angles. But Angela's fighting through it — she knows the danger.

Angela shakes out her arm and charges — Juno sidesteps into an Equation Breaker attempt — but Angela ducks the knee and leaps into a twisting crossbody that flattens Juno to the mat! She follows it up with a rapid succession of forearms before dragging Juno to her feet.

Whip to the ropes — Angela hits the opposite side — and BOOM! A Lightning Bolt Lariat turns Juno inside out!

Bravo: That was nasty. Juno just got decapitated and dropped into another dimension!

The crowd roars as Angela doesn't hesitate. She drags Juno up — double underhooks — and lifts her into the double powerbomb setup! The crowd begins to rise in anticipation —

Phillips: She's going for the setup — this could be the Hurricane Hammer!

Angela powers Juno up — BOOM! One powerbomb — and holds on! The ring shakes. She roars out, muscles trembling, lifting Juno again — BOOM! Second powerbomb — and she transitions...

Angela spins her body, launching Juno into the air —

HURRICANE HAMMER!!

Juno's body crashes to the canvas, folded nearly in half. The crowd erupts as Angela dives into the pin, hooking both legs deep.

Referee: ONE!... TWO!... THREE!!!

DING! DING!

Ring Announcer: Juno Sage has been eliminated!

The crowd lets out a collective pop, not out of disdain for Juno, but in sheer awe of the impact. Angela sits up on her knees, breathing heavily, clutching her ribs — eyes sharp with purpose. Juno remains motionless for a moment, then slowly rolls to the ropes, expression unreadable as ever.

Phillips: What a statement by Angela Hall! She just survived a technical onslaught from Juno Sage and ended it with one of the most devastating finishers in the game.

Bravo: That's the champ for a reason, Johnny. Juno tried to calculate every variable — but Hall wrote her own damn equation and punctuated it with an exclamation point.

Juno sits up on the floor at ringside, expression still stoic. She looks back toward the ring, nods once — perhaps in respect — then turns and walks toward the ramp as fans offer a polite ovation.

Inside the ring, four remain: Angela Hall, Valentina Blaze, Athena Storm... and a quietly grinning Dahlia Cross, lounging in the corner like a predator with time to kill.

The battle wages on.

The WrestleZone is electric as Juno Sage disappears behind the curtain, leaving four women standing in the ring — each of them worn, battered, but far from finished. Angela Hall, sweat dripping from her brow, paces the ring like a lioness. Valentina Blaze kneels in a corner, catching her breath. Athena Storm uses the ropes to rise. And then... there's Dahlia Cross.

Dahlia hasn't moved much — she lounges in the corner like she's got nowhere better to be. Her violet scarf still dangles from the top rope. But the sly smirk on her face tells the story: she's been watching. Waiting. Plotting.

Phillips: Dahlia Cross has been the quietest threat in this match, but don't let that fool you. She's been calculating every moment, picking her spots.

Bravo: Like a spider in the web, John. But there's one problem with that — Angela Hall doesn't walk into webs. She blows through them.

Angela turns — and spots Dahlia. The stare-down begins. Dahlia slowly rises from the corner, rolling her neck, dragging her fingers across her scarf. The crowd buzzes as the tension snaps taut.

They meet in the center — Dahlia grins. Angela doesn't. Dahlia throws the first slap — loud, open palm across the face! The crowd gasps.

Angela answers with a thunderous forearm that rocks Dahlia's jaw. Dahlia fires back with a European uppercut. Angela with a knee to the gut. Dahlia rakes the eyes — NO! Angela blocks it and drills her with a Lightning Bolt Lariat!

Phillips: She saw it coming! Angela Hall not falling for the old Dahlia Cross tricks!

Dahlia stumbles to the ropes, stunned. Angela charges — Thunderclap Spear! But Dahlia sidesteps — Angela crashes shoulder-first into the ring post! Dahlia's grin returns.

She pounces, dragging Angela back with a Snap Fisherman's Neckbreaker — Black Dahlia! She spikes her! The crowd groans on impact. Dahlia rolls into a deep pin, both legs hooked!

Referee: ONE!... TWO!...

NO! Angela kicks out! Dahlia sits up, eyes wide in disbelief.

Bravo: That move has ended matches — but Angela just said "not tonight!"

Dahlia, now scowling, slithers toward her scarf and yanks it down. She wraps it slowly around her hands, stalking Angela like prey. The ref immediately intervenes — warning her not to use it. Dahlia ignores him, stepping toward Angela —

—BUT ANGELA EXPLODES OUT OF NOWHERE WITH THE TWISTER SLAM!! A full rotation powerslam that flattens Dahlia! The scarf flies from her hands on impact!

Phillips: Twister Slam!! That came out of nowhere!

The crowd surges back to life as Angela lets out a scream and hauls Dahlia up by the waist.

Double underhooks. Lift. BOOM! Powerbomb #1!

Angela roars again. Lifts her back up. BOOM! Powerbomb #2!

Angela doesn't even pause — she swings Dahlia upward — spins — and HURRICANE HAMMER!! Right in the center of the ring!

Bravo: Dahlia's done! DONE! That's two Hurricane Hammers in one night!

Angela collapses into the cover.

Referee: ONE!... TWO!... THREE!!!

DING! DING!

Ring Announcer: Dahlia Cross has been eliminated!

The crowd cheers loudly, a mix of relief and satisfaction. Dahlia Cross lays still, staring blankly at the lights. Her wicked smirk? Gone. Angela Hall rolls away, exhausted but still alive. She kneels in the corner, head down, chest heaving.

Phillips: Angela Hall is on an absolute tear tonight. First Juno Sage — now Dahlia Cross. That's two cold-blooded tacticians in a row taken out by pure force of will.

Bravo: She's not just the Florida State Women's Champion — she's proving she's a damn force of nature.

Dahlia slowly slinks out of the ring, dragging her scarf behind her like a tattered flag. She doesn't look back.

In the ring, only three remain: Angela Hall. Valentina Blaze. Athena Storm.

The crowd rises as all three women find their feet — and stare each other down. This war is far from over.

The tension is palpable inside The WrestleZone. With Dahlia Cross eliminated, three women remain — each with the scars of battle written across their bodies. Angela Hall, breathing heavy but defiant. Valentina Blaze, still radiating defiant fire. Athena Storm, rallying energy from the crowd with every heartbeat. The crowd chants swell once again: "THIS IS AWESOME!"

Phillips: We are down to the final three — and all three of these women have what it takes to go the distance. But after everything they've endured... how much do they have left?

Bravo: I don't know, John. But they're not backing down. If anything, they're turning up the heat.

Angela is first to step forward. She sizes up both opponents — then charges Valentina Blaze. They collide in a flurry of fists, Blaze answering with a sudden spinning back kick to Angela's ribs. Angela doubles over — but Athena springboards off the ropes and catches both women with a double dropkick!

All three crash to the mat — but all three are quick to rise again, as if adrenaline has replaced blood in their veins.

Valentina rushes Athena, ducking under a clothesline and leaping to the top rope in a single motion. Rope-walk arm drag! Athena tumbles. Valentina spins up and immediately follows with an Apron Meteora that drops Athena flat again!

Phillips: Valentina Blaze pulling out every high-impact weapon in her arsenal — and the pace just keeps climbing!

But before she can capitalize, Angela yanks her up from behind and hoists her onto her shoulders in a fireman's carry. She's looking for something big — but Valentina elbows free and drops down behind, shoving Angela into the corner!

Angela crashes chest-first. Valentina charges — but Athena returns out of nowhere and springboards with a Tempest Driver—a spinning side slam from mid-air!

BOOM!

Valentina is driven spine-first into the mat. Athena hooks the leg!

Referee: ONE!... TWO—

KICKOUT!

Bravo: I don't believe it! That should've been it!

Athena slaps the mat and springs to her feet. The crowd chants "LET IT RAIN!" as she signals for the end. She pulls Valentina up for the Storm Front — but Valentina counters mid-motion with a stunning tilt-a-whirl headscissors! Both women spin out, collapsing into opposite corners!

Angela Hall sees her moment. She grabs the top rope and pulls herself up. A wild look in her eyes, she hits the opposite ropes and sprints back — Gale Force Knee! to Valentina in the corner! Valentina's head snaps back!

Angela turns— BOOM! —just in time to eat a Snap German Suplex from Athena! Hall crashes to the mat, folding like an accordion!

Athena grabs the ropes and pulls herself up again, battered but burning with energy. She backs into the corner and slaps the turnbuckle pad, firing up the crowd again —

Phillips: Athena Storm is calling for the end! She's weathered this match, and now she's trying to finish it in style!

She stalks Angela, who's rising slowly. Athena springs up to the second rope — looking for the Lightning Crash — but Valentina springboards from the other side of the ring, catching Athena mid-air with a Firestorm — spinning heel kick to the head!

Athena collapses to the mat in a heap!

Bravo: Holy—! That was a collision course from across the ring!

Valentina dives onto Athena for the cover—

Referee: ONE!... TWO!...

Angela breaks it up with a flying knee to the back of Valentina's head!

All three women are down again. The crowd is on its feet, stomping, clapping, shouting — a wave of sound flooding the building.

Phillips: These three women are putting their bodies on the line for a chance at gold — and they refuse to give in!

Bravo: I'm not sure we're watching a wrestling match anymore. This is a war. This is a trial by fire.

All three begin to stir, clawing their way to the ropes and each other. Athena grabs the bottom rope, barely lifting her upper body. Valentina pulls herself up by the turnbuckles. Angela is on one knee, gasping, hair clinging to her face.

The crowd remains thunderous as the three remaining women fight exhaustion just to get to their feet. The atmosphere inside The WrestleZone has shifted — no longer simply a match, but a testament to will. Fans clap in rhythm as all three warriors rise, battered but unyielding.

Phillips: They've survived over twenty minutes of nonstop chaos. And somehow... they're still going.

Bravo: You couldn't write this kind of drama, Johnny. Every single one of them deserves that title shot — but only one is leaving with it.

Angela Hall, still clutching her side, rises first and charges Valentina Blaze — only for Blaze to duck and counter with a Drop-Toe-Hold into Kick combo! Angela stumbles back, but Blaze keeps on the offensive, landing rapid-fire kicks to the thighs and ribs.

Meanwhile, Athena Storm springs from the corner with a rope-walk Enzuigiri that catches Blaze flush across the temple! Blaze drops to one knee. Athena hits the ropes — Roundhouse Kick! — Blaze ducks it, spins through — Spinning Back Kick! to Athena's gut!

Phillips: Blaze and Storm trading shots like it's a fireworks show — precision, power, and passion on display!

Athena doubles over. Blaze runs the ropes — Blaze Trigger! A leaping high knee to the jaw connects! Athena stumbles backward into the corner. Blaze sprints in — Running Bulldog into the center of the ring!

The crowd rises as Valentina pumps her fist, then climbs the top rope. The fans know what's coming.

Bravo: Uh-oh. She's looking to light it up, Johnny!

Blaze steadies herself, takes one look down at Athena sprawled on the canvas... and FLIES with a perfect Firefly Plancha! Her body crashes across Athena's chest and she hooks the leg immediately!

Referee: ONE!... TWO!...

Angela Hall dives toward them—

Referee: THREE!!!

DING! DING!

Ring Announcer: Athena Storm has been eliminated!

The crowd roars — not in anger, but in stunned appreciation. “LET IT RAIN! LET IT RAIN!” chants still echo even as Athena lies flat, blinking at the lights above. Valentina crawls away, chest heaving, still clutching her ribs. Angela, just a second too late to make the save, slams the mat in frustration.

Phillips: What a fight! Athena Storm gave it everything — speed, heart, and high-risk assault — but tonight, Valentina Blaze had her number.

Bravo: That was pure instinct, pure fire. And now it's down to two.

Angela turns and locks eyes with Valentina. Blaze wipes blood from her lip and stands tall. The fans rise in unison as the final showdown comes into focus. Hall. Blaze. One falls. One ascends.

Phillips: We're down to the final two. Valentina Blaze... Angela Hall... and one guaranteed title shot waiting at the finish line.

Athena slowly rolls out of the ring, greeted by an ovation. She looks back one last time, nods, then disappears behind the curtain.

In the ring, the final battle begins.

Inside The WrestleZone, the air is thick with anticipation. Athena Storm has been eliminated. The crowd, still buzzing, begins to rise once more as two women remain: the fearless firebrand from Miami, Valentina Blaze... and the reigning Florida State Women's Champion, Angela Hall.

Angela leans back in her corner, chest heaving, sweat dripping, her jaw clenched tight. The Florida State Women's Championship still rests outside the ring, but her eyes are fixed not on the belt — but on Valentina Blaze. One more to go. One more win. And that UTA Women's Championship opportunity becomes hers.

Phillips: This is it. Angela Hall, already holding the Florida State Women's Title, is one fall away from earning a shot at the UTA Women's Championship — the biggest prize in this division.

Bravo: Can you imagine the headlines? Angela Hall — dual champion. But Valentina Blaze isn't here to make her dreams come true. She's here to light that dream on fire and walk out with the shot for herself.

The crowd begins dueling chants as the two women circle each other: “LET'S GO BLAZE!” — “ANGELA HALL!”

They lock up hard in the center. Angela powers Valentina into the ropes, showing her size advantage. The ref calls for a clean break — Angela gives it, but not before brushing her forearm across Valentina's face on the way out. Blaze smirks, nods — it's going to be that kind of fight.

They tie up again. This time, Valentina uses her speed to twist into a hammerlock, then spins Angela around into a Drop-Toe-Hold and floats over with a headlock. Angela powers out, shoving Blaze forward, but Blaze hits the ropes, returns with a Rope-Walk Arm Drag!

Angela rolls through and pops up — Lightning Bolt Lariat! — but Blaze ducks it, backflips off the ropes, and nails a

Flashpoint kick to the jaw! Angela drops to a knee!

Phillips: Valentina Blaze is on fire tonight! She's not afraid of Angela's résumé — she's attacking her like she's just another obstacle!

Bravo: That's how you have to approach it. You don't let Angela Hall control the pace, or you get steamrolled.

Blaze hits the ropes again, going for another high-flying attack — but Angela EXPLODES up with a Thunderclap Spear! The crowd gasps as Valentina is folded in half and bounces off the mat!

Angela covers!

Referee: ONE!... TWO—

KICKOUT!

Angela doesn't argue — she grabs Valentina by the wrist and drags her to her feet, then hoists her up for the Double Powerbomb setup. She lifts once — BOOM! Valentina crashes to the mat. She lifts again—

Valentina suddenly wraps her legs around Angela's neck mid-lift and turns it into a headscissors takedown! The crowd erupts as Angela is sent flying into the corner!

Phillips: What a counter! Valentina Blaze showing she can scout even Angela's deadliest setups!

Angela stumbles from the corner—

BLAZE TRIGGER! The running high knee lands square on Angela's jaw! The champ crumples to the canvas!

Valentina collapses on top of her for the pin—

Referee: ONE!... TWO!...

NO!! Angela gets the shoulder up at the last second!

Bravo: That might've been pure instinct. Angela Hall is running on fumes and grit.

Valentina pounds the mat, frustrated, then pulls herself to the top rope. The crowd rises with her — she's setting up for the Firefly Plancha again. She steadies herself, leaps—

ANGELA GETS THE KNEES UP! Blaze crashes hard across Hall's knees and rolls away, screaming in pain!

Phillips: That could be the turning point! Angela Hall, even on empty, had the awareness to protect herself!

Angela struggles to her feet. The crowd is now chanting "ANGELA! ANGELA!" as she pulls Valentina up, shakes the pain out of her arm, and lifts her once more. One... two...

Angela sets up for the Hurricane Hammer again — but Valentina kicks her feet and slips out the back! She pushes Angela into the ropes— Angela rebounds— Valentina ducks! — Angela leaps over with a Sunset Flip!

Valentina rolls through— JUMPS UP— DOUBLE KNEES TO ANGELA'S FACE! Blaze falls on top of her—

Referee: ONE!... TWO!...

KICKOUT!!! Angela barely survives!

The entire building is now standing. These two have reached another gear, pushing through fatigue, pain, and instinct. The roar of the crowd fuels both women as they stagger to their feet once more.

Bravo: This is championship heart, John. Angela wants to become the face of this division — and Valentina wants to take that dream and burn it to the ground.

They both rise — Angela with a roar, Valentina with a war cry. They charge — double clothesline! — both collapse!

The crowd chants in unison: "FIGHT FOREVER! FIGHT FOREVER!"

Angela Hall, Florida State Women's Champion, lies flat on the mat. A future UTA Women's Championship shot hangs just out of reach. But she's still fighting. And so is Valentina Blaze.

Inside The WrestleZone, the crowd is at a fever pitch. Fans are stomping the floor, pounding the barricades, and chanting both names: "VAL-EN-TI-NA!" "LET'S GO ANGELA!" The energy is pure, unfiltered chaos — the kind only found in a match where both women have given everything... and still have more to give.

Angela Hall and Valentina Blaze lie motionless in the center of the ring, their chests rising and falling, sweat pooling beneath them. The official checks on both competitors but gets no answer. Then... movement. A twitch of the fingers. A foot sliding across the canvas.

Angela pushes up first, every muscle shaking. She reaches a knee, then plants her foot, refusing to stay down. Valentina isn't far behind — her fiery hair sticking to her cheeks, her eyes defiant through the haze of pain. They rise. Together.

Phillips: You are watching something special tonight. Angela Hall — the Florida State Women's Champion — putting everything she has on the line to edge closer to the UTA Women's Championship... and Valentina Blaze refusing to let her get there.

Bravo: They are fighting like their lives depend on it, John. That's not just grit — that's destiny on the line.

Angela throws the first punch. Valentina answers. Another from Angela. Another from Blaze. Back and forth they go — the crowd reacting to each with roars. Blaze breaks the rhythm — Spinning Back Kick! — Angela doubles over — Blaze runs the ropes—

Angela explodes forward with the Thunderclap Spear! AGAIN! She hooks the leg!

Referee: ONE!... TWO!...

NO!!! Valentina kicks out at 2.9!

Angela slams the mat. She looks out to the crowd — some fans cheering, others pleading for Blaze. She pulls Valentina up again. The familiar grip. The setup.

Phillips: She's going for it — double powerbombs... and then the Hurricane Hammer — she wants to end it!

Angela lifts Valentina — BOOM! Powerbomb one. The crowd groans. She doesn't wait — lifts again—

BLAZE FLIPS OUT MID-AIR! She lands behind Angela and immediately springboards off the second rope—

BLAZE TRIGGER!!! The high knee SMASHES Angela in the face!

Angela staggers — but refuses to fall. Valentina runs past her — springboards from the other rope — FLASHPOINT!!! Roundhouse catches the temple!

Angela collapses to one knee. Valentina hits the ropes again, faster this time — and connects with a SECOND BLAZE TRIGGER! Angela finally falls flat!

The crowd is losing its mind. Valentina Blaze screams out in defiance and climbs the turnbuckles. She doesn't hesitate. She takes one deep breath—

FIRE. FLY. PLANCHA!!! From the top rope, full extension, right across Angela Hall's chest!

Valentina hooks both legs tight!

Referee: ONE!... TWO!... THREE!!!

DING DING DING!

Ring Announcer: Here is your winner... and earning a future UTA Women's Championship opportunity... VALENTINA... BLAAAAAAZE!!!

The crowd erupts into thunderous cheers as Valentina rolls off Angela, clutching her ribs, tears welling in her eyes. She did it. She survived. And now, she's on a collision course with either Valkyrie Knox... or Marie Van Claudio.

Phillips: What a battle. What a war. Valentina Blaze has just earned the right to challenge for the UTA Women's Championship... and she did it by outlasting five of the best, including the Florida State Women's Champion.

Bravo: Angela Hall came within inches of walking out of here with two belts in sight — but tonight? This was Valentina Blaze's moment. And she earned every damn second of it.

Angela Hall slowly stirs, holding the back of her neck. She sits up and looks at Valentina — not with bitterness, but with a slow, respectful nod. Valentina returns it, still breathing heavily.

Angela rolls out of the ring as the crowd claps for her. Despite the loss, the Florida State Women's Champion has nothing to be ashamed of.

Valentina climbs the turnbuckle and raises her arms to a screaming audience. The lights shift to a fiery orange. The moment is hers. Her destiny is just around the corner.

Phillips: And now... the world watches. Because whoever walks out of WrestleUTA: 25 as the Women's Champion — Valkyrie Knox or Marie Van Claudio — will have this woman waiting in the wings.

Bravo: Tick-tock. The countdown to Blaze has begun.

LEGACY vs. RESENTMENT

Segment

The screen fades in from black.

Grainy security footage plays in silence. A backstage hallway. A rising star. Then —

BOOM! A masked figure barrels into Eric Dane Jr. and blindsides him with a vicious clothesline. The image pauses as Eric crashes to the concrete — face twisted in agony.

Voiceover (John Phillips): It started with a name. A legacy. A debut that shook the walls of the UTA.

The screen cuts to Eric Dane Jr.'s first interview — smug, confident, sunglasses gleaming.

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

Smash cut to a violent curb stomp against a road case. The masked attacker leans down —

Masked Attacker: Welcome to Harrisburg, BITCH.

The screen goes white for a moment. A slow drumbeat begins to pulse underneath.

Clips fly past: Dane Jr. walking backstage, wary. A successful debut over Jacob Clark. Another ambush. Another steel chair to the head.

Voiceover (Mark Bravo): He won the match... but lost the moment. And no one knew why.

Video shows Eric pacing backstage, gripping a steel chair. Eyes bloodshot. Rage building.

Eric Dane Jr. (archival): I stop being the guy asking questions. I start being the guy handing out answers. Violent ones.

The screen flickers into distorted video. A shadowed figure in a white mask stares into the lens, voice warped by static.

Mystery Attacker: You were getting your moment. Interviews. Headlines. I was told I had no value. That I was poison.

The music grows louder. Clips flash of the crowd reacting. Of Dane Jr. screaming at the tron. Of the masked man making appearances... then disappearing like smoke.

Mystery Attacker: I signed that contract on day one. I was already on the roster page. But no one cared.

Smash cut — the screen glitches, and suddenly —

CRACK! Steel chair to the back of Dane Jr. in the ring. The attacker unmask.

John Phillips: THAT'S CHRIS ROSS!

Quick flashes of Ross: sneering, snarling, holding the mask in one hand and a chair in the other.

Mark Bravo: The Boss is BACK — and he's not just here to fight. He's here to make sure Eric Dane Jr. suffers.

Cut to black. Then —

ERIC DANE JR. stands in a dark room, lit only by a spotlight. His eyes are bloodshot. His jaw is clenched. A quiet fury in his tone.

Eric Dane Jr. (new): You want to be remembered? You want to crawl out of the shadows and spit in my face because you didn't get your fanfare?

He steps closer to the camera, voice rising with each word.

Eric Dane Jr.: Then meet me in the light. WrestleUTA: 25. You bring your scars. I'll bring your ending.

Hard cut —

CHRIS ROSS is shown training in an empty gym, throwing fists into a heavy bag with animalistic aggression. His voice plays over.

Chris Ross (v.o.): You think this is about legacy? This is about consequences. And at WrestleUTA: 25... you finally get yours.

The screen fades to black again. Just one graphic remains.

ERIC DANE JR. vs. CHRIS ROSS

LEGACY vs. RESENTMENT

WRESTLEUTA: 25

The UTA logo burns onto the screen in silver and red. The words echo one last time—

“Let the legacy burn.”

Ace in the Hole Qualifying Rumble

Match

The WrestleZone is packed to capacity. The crowd is alive with energy — anticipation buzzing like static in the air. Fans wave signs, chant names, and scan the entrance ramp as the lights dim to a cool, ominous blue.

John Phillips: Ladies and gentlemen, we welcome you to the Rumble at the WrestleZone — and this is it. Twenty superstars. One ring. One chance to change their destiny.

Mark Bravo: Every single one of these competitors drew their numbers earlier today. And whoever ends this night standing tall will have a major advantage in the Ace in the Hole match at WrestleUTA: 25.

Phillips: But remember — this isn't just about winning. The last six remaining will all qualify for that career-defining ladder match. Tonight? Survival means opportunity.

The fans begin to murmur in anticipation as a graphic appears on screen: “ENTRY #1”

The lights suddenly cut out.

Then—

Red, white, and blue flood the stage as fireworks crack like cannon fire. The opening beat of “American Flags” by Tom MacDonald blares over the speakers, and the crowd erupts.

Phillips: And look who drew #1! The investigative powerhouse himself — Jarvis Valentine!

Jarvis Valentine emerges through the smoke, dressed in his signature patriotic gear. Subtle Q and 17 insignias shimmer in the lighting as he surveys the arena, a stern expression across his face. Every step down the ramp is slow, deliberate, proud.

The crowd claps along to his entrance rhythm. Valentine pauses midway down the ramp and raises his hand into a subtle “Q” — the fans roar in response.

Bravo: Jarvis might be walking into this at number one, but don’t count him out. He’s got gas in the tank and revenge in his heart.

Phillips: That’s right — this man came this close to punching his ticket to WrestleUTA: 25’s main event before B.R. Ellis cost him the title. And now...

Jarvis steps through the ropes, climbs the turnbuckle, and surveys the field like a man on a mission. He paces the ring as the screen flashes again:

ENTRY #2

The arena darkens again. A single spotlight hits the ramp. Sharp, militaristic strings and booming drums echo through the speakers. The crowd buzzes with uncertainty — and then a mix of cheers and jeers as B.R. Ellis steps into the light.

He’s calm. Stoic. Focused. Dressed in a tight blue-and-gold singlet, he pauses at the top of the ramp and offers a short, respectful bow. Then he begins a precise march toward the ring — no wasted motion, no flair. Just business.

Phillips: And there he is — the man who started all this. B.R. Ellis. He eliminated Jarvis Valentine from more than a match — he may have taken the UTA Championship right out from under him.

Bravo: Don’t forget — these two already met in the UTA tournament. Jarvis got the win. But Ellis wasn’t done. He made sure Jarvis never got another one.

Ellis climbs the ring steps, never taking his eyes off Jarvis. He enters between the ropes, cracks his knuckles, and slowly adjusts his knee pads. Jarvis doesn’t flinch — just stares right through him, jaw tight.

Phillips: This is how we’re starting? With two men who genuinely want to beat each other down?

Bravo: This isn’t just a rumble, John. This is a powder keg. And the match hasn’t even started.

The bell hasn’t rung yet. The referee tries to step between them — but both men brush him off. They each back into opposite corners, never breaking eye contact. The crowd is on their feet, chanting:

CROWD: LET! THEM! FIGHT!

Jarvis takes off his entrance jacket and tosses it to ringside. B.R. Ellis rolls his shoulders. The official checks both corners — and signals for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

The Rumble has begun. Two men. No love lost. And 18 more waiting in the wings.

DING! DING! DING! The crowd is already on its feet as the first two men circle, emotions running hot and history hanging heavy. Jarvis Valentine clenches his fists. B.R. Ellis wipes his boot against the mat, classic amateur wrestling prep. And then —

They collide in the center with a thunderous tie-up, both pushing for dominance. Jarvis uses his size to muscle Ellis into the corner, but Ellis slips around with a Greco-Roman switch, locking in a rear waistlock. Valentine powers out with a sharp elbow to the side of the head and shoves Ellis away.

They reset — quick. Ellis comes in again with a snap suplex, but Jarvis rolls through and rises immediately. Ellis attempts a headlock takeover, but Jarvis blocks it and counters with a stiff back suplex that rattles the ring!

Phillips: It's power versus precision in these early minutes — and both of these men know how badly a mistake could cost them.

Bravo: Ellis might be a technician, but Jarvis is a brawler with something to prove. And that combination's lethal.

Jarvis yanks Ellis up and drills him with a short-arm clothesline, but Ellis rolls through and fires off a shoulder tackle to the gut. Jarvis stumbles to the ropes — Ellis grabs him for a gut-wrench lift, maybe teasing the Olympic Slam — but Jarvis pounds the back of his neck and breaks free.

The two men clash again, this time trading heavy strikes. Jarvis lands a discus clothesline that drops Ellis flat. The crowd gasps as Jarvis lifts Ellis up again, setting up the Patriot Plunge —

—but Ellis counters mid-lift into a slick arm drag! He transitions right into a Lockjaw Lock attempt — twisting Jarvis's arm behind his back and wrenching it toward the mat!

Phillips: That Fujiwara armbar is dangerous this early — especially in a Rumble, where an injury means guaranteed elimination!

Jarvis scrambles, managing to reach the bottom rope out of instinct — but there's no break in a Rumble! Ellis wrenches harder — but Jarvis powers out with raw strength, rolling him over and breaking the grip with a flurry of fists to the ribs!

Both men scramble to their feet, Jarvis holding his arm, Ellis nursing his ribs. They reset again, circling...

Suddenly, the crowd begins counting down—

CROWD: TEN! NINE! EIGHT!

They trade one more lock-up as the countdown continues, each trying to push the other toward the ropes...

CROWD: THREE! TWO! ONE!

Phillips: Here comes #3! And the momentum is about to shift! BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!! The countdown ends, and the arena plunges into darkness. For a split second, there's eerie silence—then a blinding shower of white-hot sparks cascades from the stage. The metallic clang of hammer on steel echoes through the WrestleZone as a figure emerges through the smoke like a tank in human form.

Phillips: Oh no... business is about to pick up. That's Gideon Graves — steel forged and pissed off!

Bravo: That man was raised in the belly of a blast furnace. And right now? Jarvis and Ellis are about to feel the heat.

Graves stomps his way down the ramp, each step measured and menacing. He pounds his right gauntlet with his hammer-like fist as he reaches the ring apron, then steps over the ropes with ease. His eyes are dead cold. No theatrics. Just violence.

Inside, Jarvis and Ellis immediately stop their grappling and turn toward the new threat. For one tense moment... a truce forms between them.

Phillips: That's a rare alliance — the enemy of my enemy, and all that — but Graves might just flatten them both anyway.

They charge him together! Jarvis with a discus clothesline, Ellis with a flying forearm — but Gideon doesn't budge. He plants his boots and double clotheslines them both to the mat like fallen scaffolding!

Ellis is back up first — he charges again — Big Boot! Graves nearly takes his head off. Jarvis runs the ropes — Graves catches him mid-air with a massive pendulum backbreaker! The sound is sickening.

Bravo: That man doesn't hit you — he rebuilds your spine from scratch!

Graves lifts Ellis off the mat like he weighs nothing and hurls him into the corner. He charges in — Corner Lariat! The ring buckles. Ellis drops to his knees, gasping.

Graves stalks Jarvis now, dragging him up by the arm. He hoists him with ease into a Gorilla-Press Slam and tosses him like a sack of cement! Jarvis crashes to the canvas, rolling near the ropes.

Phillips: Gideon Graves has taken over this ring. Everyone else is just collateral!

Ellis, somehow, pulls himself up using the ropes. Graves turns, eyes narrowing. He stalks toward Ellis, jaw clenched — then drags him away from the ropes and sets him up—

Steam Hammer! A thunderous jumping knee drop to the ribs! Ellis convulses in pain. Graves stands over him, breathing slow and steady like a predator.

Jarvis rolls to his feet and tries a surprise Running Bulldog — but Graves shrugs him off mid-air like a gnat. Jarvis hits the mat and immediately clutches his shoulder.

Bravo: Jarvis and Ellis might be technical masterminds... but none of that matters when a brick wall decides to hit back.

All three men are still in — but two are on the mat. Graves stands tall in the center of the ring, fists clenched, daring someone to come for him. The crowd counts again—

CROWD: TEN! NINE! EIGHT!

Ellis crawls toward the corner. Jarvis pulls himself up on the ropes. Graves cracks his knuckles... and smiles. Just barely.

CROWD: THREE! TWO! ONE! Phillips: Who's drawing number four? Whoever it is, they better bring reinforcements! BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!! The crowd buzzes as crimson strobes slash through the arena. A distorted wolf howl rips through the speakers, low and guttural. From the curtain emerges a man cloaked in sinister calm — Magnus Wolfe, tracing the jagged scar over his right brow with a twisted smirk.

Phillips: Oh no... that's Magnus Wolfe. One-half of the Iron Dominion. And if Gideon Graves was a problem before... this just became two.

Bravo: The monster and the mastermind, John. Graves is the blunt force. Wolfe is the scalpel. Together? Pain isn't just coming — it's precision-engineered.

Magnus makes his way to the ring like a hunter on the prowl — not a sprint, but a strut. Confident. Cold. Calculating. He eyes the ring, locking eyes with Gideon for just a beat. No nod. No signal. But the chemistry is immediate.

Jarvis Valentine pulls himself up just as Wolfe slides into the ring. The second Jarvis turns — KNEE LIFT TO THE JAW! Wolfe flattens him with surgical accuracy!

Ellis rises in the opposite corner — only for Graves to grab him by the throat and drive him back-first into the turnbuckles. He hoists him up — Snake Eyes to the middle rope! Ellis gasps as he slumps over the middle strand.

Magnus Wolfe zeroes in and snaps Ellis down with a Single-Arm DDT, wrenching the shoulder with glee. He grabs Ellis's wrist and bends it backward until the ref begins to warn him — not that Magnus cares.

Phillips: It's an Iron Dominion dissection right now. They're not just double-teaming — they're engineering damage.

Wolfe peels Jarvis off the mat and dragon screws the leg hard, keeping him grounded. Then he drags him to the ropes, drapes Jarvis's neck over the second rope — and hits a Guillotine Drop from the apron!

Meanwhile, Graves Gorilla Presses Ellis — not to eliminate him, just to toss him across the ring like trash. Ellis crashes hard, rolling clutching his back.

Bravo: This isn't strategy anymore — it's domination. Two men controlling the ring, the pace, and the pain.

Magnus rolls back in and both he and Gideon stand center-ring. The crowd boos loud — and they love it. Wolfe flashes a sick smirk. Graves? Just clenches his fists. Their body language screams: "Come try us."

Jarvis crawls toward the corner. Ellis tries to use the ropes to get up. Iron Dominion doesn't rush — they stalk, slowly surrounding both men.

Phillips: No eliminations yet — but if someone doesn't come out and shift this tide, we might not get to six survivors tonight.

The crowd begins to count again, desperate for a new variable to break the Dominion's grip—

CROWD: TEN! NINE! EIGHT!

Magnus stomps Ellis's hand as he reaches for the ropes. Graves yanks Jarvis up by the throat again.

CROWD: THREE! TWO! ONE!

Bravo: The field's crying out for a hero. Let's see who's brave — or dumb — enough to step into this den.

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!! The crowd quiets slightly as the arena lights flicker gold — and then...

"Thunderstruck" by AC/DC roars through the speakers, guitar riffs slicing through the air like lightning. On the tron in bold gold letters: MARK BRAVO.

Phillips (confused): Wait—what?! What is—what is this?!

The crowd erupts in a mix of shock and celebration as the camera swings to the commentary table, where Mark Bravo has already stood up and removed his headset.

Bravo (grinning): That's right, baby! I drew #5! They told me I wasn't cleared, but I cleared myself!

He throws off his headset, starts unbuttoning his commentary jacket to reveal a gold-and-navy athletic shirt beneath — complete with his initials embroidered on the chest. The crowd roars louder.

Phillips: Wait a minute, you can't just—Mark! What?! This wasn't in the rundown!

Mark Bravo slaps hands with fans along the barricade as he marches toward the ring. He hops up onto the apron and looks directly at Gideon Graves and Magnus Wolfe — both of whom look mildly amused — before sliding in dramatically and pounding his chest.

Bravo (shouting): LET'S DANCE, YOU IRON IDIOTS!

The fans love it — chants of "BRA-VO! BRA-VO!" fill the air. But it doesn't last long.

Gideon Graves steps forward — BIG BOOT right to Bravo's jaw! Mark flips inside out and lands hard. He tries to crawl back up — Magnus Wolfe grabs him from behind, hooks the arms — PREDATOR PLEX! Into the corner with brutal velocity!

Phillips: Oh my God—Bravo might be dead!

The Iron Dominion share a glance. Graves grabs Bravo by the legs — Wolfe takes the arms — and together they launch him up and over the top rope with a double military press to the floor!

Ring Announcer: Mark Bravo has been eliminated!

The crowd gives a standing ovation nonetheless as Bravo groans and clutches his ribs at ringside.

Phillips (amused): Well that was... short.

Bravo slowly crawls back to the commentary desk as the match continues in the ring. Jarvis Valentine tries to blindside Gideon, only to get caught and thrown back with an overhead belly-to-belly. Ellis is dragged into the corner by Wolfe, who begins delivering a flurry of corner knees to the ribs.

Back at commentary, Bravo slumps into his seat, headset halfway on, winded but smiling.

Bravo (panting): I'm fine. I'm good. I loosened Graves up for the rest of 'em. That was the plan.

Phillips: You lasted all of what, twenty-five seconds?!

Bravo: It's quality, not quantity, Johnny. Did you see that ovation? Did you hear the crowd? That's what you call a pop.

Phillips (laughing): That was less "pop" and more "splat."

In the ring, Wolfe attempts to toss Ellis over — but the technician skins the cat and hooks the bottom rope, hanging on for dear life. Jarvis nails Wolfe from behind with a running bulldog to even the field.

CROWD: TEN! NINE! EIGHT!

Bravo grabs a bottle of water, downs it, and throws it over his shoulder with theatrical flair.

Bravo: Round two might be coming. They need me out there. You'll see.

Phillips: Let's hope they don't draw your name again, because I'm not carrying this booth alone all night.

CROWD: THREE! TWO! ONE!

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

The match rolls on. Four men remain in the ring. Graves. Wolfe. Valentine. Ellis. And another is on the way.

The lights shift into a flurry of flashing red and white strobes, perfectly synchronized to a pounding Latin EDM beat. A driving synth line kicks in—and out bursts Tyler Cruz from the curtain, spinning on one foot before launching into a handspring right on the stage.

Phillips: Hold onto your hats — here comes one half of Velocity Vanguard! That's Tyler Cruz, and this ring is about to get a lot faster!

Bravo: I hope Iron Dominion packed motion sickness pills — because Cruz brings speed, style, and high-altitude headaches.

Tyler dances down the ramp with a grin that radiates confidence, clapping along with the crowd rhythm as he slaps hands on both sides. He hits the apron, springboards over the top rope in a graceful front flip, and lands on his feet in the center with a showman's flourish. The fans cheer loudly, excited by the change in tempo.

In the ring, Graves and Wolfe freeze — their last memory of Velocity Vanguard wasn't flattering, despite the win. They exchange a brief glance, then begin closing in.

Tyler leaps into action — ducking a swing from Magnus, rebounding off the ropes, and nailing a rope-skip enzuigiri that catches Wolfe flush on the temple! Magnus stumbles to a knee!

Graves moves to crush Cruz with a lariat, but Cruz drops low, then backflips into a stunning dropkick that pops the crowd. Graves takes a step back — surprised, but not shaken. Tyler charges and leaps up — tilt-a-whirl headscissors! Graves is spun off balance and tumbles to the mat!

Phillips: Tyler Cruz just turned the tide of this match in seconds! His momentum is pure lightning!

Bravo: He's like if a pinball machine had a personality — and wings!

Meanwhile, Jarvis Valentine and B.R. Ellis are back on their feet and taking the opportunity to regroup. Ellis goes after Magnus Wolfe, yanking him into a German suplex with a tight bridge — though eliminations don't happen by pin, it plants Wolfe firmly to the canvas. Jarvis stalks Graves with a methodical pace, nailing him with a discus clothesline the moment he gets back to a vertical base.

Tyler Cruz, never one to stay still, scales the turnbuckles in one swift motion and launches into a Rocket Burst — a twisting tornillo corkscrew into the crowd of bodies below! Everyone drops like bowling pins as the fans leap to their feet in awe.

Phillips: Tyler Cruz just turned himself into a human comet! That's what this Rumble needs — unpredictability!

The crowd is electric as all five men are down, slowly crawling, struggling to regain their footing. Cruz is the first up, rallying the crowd with rhythmic clapping. "LET'S GO CRUZ!" chants break out across The WrestleZone.

Magnus rolls to his feet, glaring. Cruz throws him a wink. Wolfe lunges — Cruz springboards backward off his chest and lands behind him! He attempts a Pop-up Rana — Wolfe blocks! But before Magnus can counter, Ellis dropkicks Wolfe in the back, allowing Cruz to complete the spin!

Bravo: Even when he's blocked, Cruz finds a way! The kid's an acrobat with a backup plan!

Jarvis hits the corner and lines up Graves — Running Bulldog! He plants the Iron Dominion powerhouse into the mat just as the crowd begins to countdown again.

CROWD: TEN! NINE! EIGHT!

Wolfe and Graves regroup near the ropes, eyes flicking between the other three. Cruz, Ellis, and Jarvis each standing tall in opposite corners. The ring now split — battle lines drawn. Iron Dominion vs everyone else.

CROWD: THREE! TWO! ONE!

BUZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

Phillips: Who's next to enter this rising storm?!

The lights shimmer unnaturally — not quite flashing, but warping, flickering like heatwaves over a desert road. A low, haunting violin sting warps in the air as the crowd quiets in eerie curiosity. From the shadows of the entrance curtain steps a figure in deep violet and black: Kael Mercer.

Wearing a crushed velvet mask, Mercer doesn't march or strut — he glides. Calm, deliberate. The mask conceals his smirk until he reaches the ramp, where he theatrically peels it off and locks eyes with the ring. Then, in a flash of motion, he pulls a card from behind his ear and flicks it toward the camera before pointing at the ring like he just predicted a victim's fate.

Phillips: And the enigma enters the storm! Kael Mercer — magician, illusionist, psychological saboteur. I don't know what he has planned, but you can be sure it'll be two steps ahead of whatever anyone else is thinking.

Bravo: I've seen this guy trick three people into pinning each other at once. Don't ask me how. Kael Mercer doesn't just wrestle — he orchestrates confusion.

Mercer slides under the bottom rope, slowly standing as chaos unfolds around him. He doesn't immediately engage.

He just... smiles.

Across the ring, Tyler Cruz is clapping with the fans again, revving them up for another burst of offense. Ellis has Magnus Wolfe in a headlock, while Jarvis Valentine tries to fend off a revived Gideon Graves with clubbing forearms to the back.

Mercer paces like a chessmaster surveying the board, then strikes — rushing toward Ellis and feinting a lock-up before pulling him into a Sleight of Pain DDT! Ellis's head bounces off the mat and Mercer backs away, flicking imaginary dust from his shoulder.

He turns and ghosts behind Cruz, raising his hands theatrically — and lands a Ghost Hand fake palm strike into a jaw kick before Cruz even senses danger. The crowd lets out a gasp at Mercer's seamless deception.

Phillips: Mercer doesn't just hit you — he makes you question your reality before he does it. Look at that precision!

Bravo: Cruz just blinked and found out he was already knocked down. That's Mercer magic.

Gideon Graves tries to grab Mercer, but Kael ducks, rolls, and suddenly feigns a limp. Graves pauses—confused—and BAM! Mercer springs forward with the Misdirection Knee right to the jaw! The crowd gasps as the big man reels!

Magnus Wolfe rushes in for revenge — but Cruz intercepts with a back-flip dropkick from out of nowhere, staggering him back! Jarvis launches into the fray with a Neckbreaker Slam to Wolfe, while Ellis rolls over and starts rising again, dazed but still alive in the match.

All seven men now move in pairs and flurries — Iron Dominion regrouping, Cruz darting like a firefly, Mercer dancing through danger, Ellis targeting Wolfe's arm with methodical holds, and Jarvis pushing Graves toward the ropes with hard shoulder drives.

Phillips: We've got a field loaded with different styles — powerhouses, tacticians, high-flyers, and the master of misdirection himself.

Bravo: Eight men still in, and every one of them wants that golden ticket to WrestleUTA: 25. But more than that — they don't want to be number seven out.

The crowd begins the countdown again, the energy at a fever pitch as all eight continue battling in a ballet of chaos.

CROWD: TEN! NINE! EIGHT!

Kael Mercer ducks a Wolfe lariat and trap-door slams him spine-first to the mat — then bows theatrically toward the hard cam.

CROWD: THREE! TWO! ONE!

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

Phillips: Who's next to roll the dice in this brutal game of survival?

Gold spotlights strobe and dance across the arena, drawing the eyes of every fan in the building toward the entrance stage. Suddenly, an over-the-top, cinematic beat drops — a fusion of glam rock and synthetic strings. The camera pans up dramatically just as RICO VANCE struts through the curtain, mirror in hand, smug grin on full display.

He stops halfway down the ramp, checks his reflection, adjusts a single strand of hair, then mouths to the camera: "I was born for this."

Phillips: And here comes Rico Vance, a man who treats every entrance like an Emmy-worthy monologue.

Bravo: The man has star power, Phillips. He could wrestle, model, host a game show, and walk a red carpet — all at once.

Rico climbs onto the apron, wipes his boots — twice — and slingshots himself gracefully into the ring, landing in a picture-perfect pose at center ring, arms wide, head tilted back like he's basking in imaginary spotlights.

But that spotlight doesn't last long. Jarvis Valentine charges in, aiming for a clothesline — but Rico ducks and pops up with a leaping lariat that drops the veteran! Vance immediately kips up and blows a kiss to the camera.

Bravo: That's what we call camera chemistry, baby!

Elsewhere in the ring, Kael Mercer is backing Cruz into a corner with sharp feint jabs and a sudden Smoke & Mirrors springboard enzuigiri. Magnus Wolfe yanks Mercer away and whips him into the ropes, but Mercer twists mid-run and rebounds into a Trap Door Slam that puts Wolfe on the mat again.

Gideon Graves is now pounding on B.R Ellis in the corner, using shoulder thrusts to wear down the technician. Ellis, wincing, spins out and delivers a counter German Suplex — the crowd popping as Graves is lifted clean off his feet!

Meanwhile, Tyler Cruz is springboarding between ropes, catching Rico Vance with a rope-skip enzuigiri! Rico staggers but doesn't fall — instead, he rebounds off the ropes and nails Cruz with the Flash Frame, a sudden flying forearm that sends the luchador sprawling!

Phillips: Rico Vance isn't just flash — there's fire behind that flair.

Bravo: The man may come in mirrors, but his elbows are diamond-cut deadly.

Kael Mercer and Rico Vance now circle each other, two theatrical showmen in very different genres — Mercer, the shadowy illusionist; Vance, the daytime spotlight. They tie up, and Mercer fakes a leg trip, only for Vance to slip behind with a Russian Leg Sweep and pose again as Mercer rolls away, fuming.

The center of the ring now fills with clashing styles — Wolfe and Graves regroup, moving as one against Jarvis and Ellis. Tyler Cruz springboards into the fray with a pop-up rana that takes down Wolfe momentarily, while Mercer slithers back into the chaos from the outside rope.

Rico spots his opening and climbs the second rope, launching into a Primetime Cutter on Ellis! But Ellis shoves him mid-air and lands awkwardly — no elimination, but the impact rattles the ring!

Phillips: We're nearing the halfway mark, and the ring is overflowing with potential Ace in the Hole contenders — but only six can punch their ticket to WrestleUTA: 25.

Bravo: And only one gets the mysterious advantage. I'm telling you, Phillips — it's gotta be a jetpack.

The crowd begins to rumble as the timer lights up again overhead. Every fan's voice rising as fists fly inside the ring.

CROWD: TEN! NINE! EIGHT!

Jarvis Valentine and Graves lock horns in the corner, while Wolfe stumbles toward Mercer, who just grins.

CROWD: THREE! TWO! ONE!

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

Phillips: Who's stepping into this powder keg next? We're due for another game-changer!

The lights pulse a vibrant electric blue as a burst of CO2 jets up from both sides of the entrance ramp. Without missing a beat, JET LAWSON explodes through the fog at top speed, flipping forward into a handspring and landing clean on his feet at the top of the ramp. The crowd pops loud as the other half of Velocity Vanguard makes his way to the ring!

Phillips: And here comes Jet Lawson! Tyler Cruz isn't alone anymore — Velocity Vanguard is at full strength!

Bravo: And Iron Dominion better watch out. We've seen these two tear it up before — they don't just move fast, they hit hard.

Jet sprints down the ramp, leaps into a flawless springboard off the second rope, and lands a corkscrew roll onto his feet inside the ring, immediately popping to the corner where Tyler Cruz has just dodged a charging Gideon Graves.

Without a word, Cruz claps once — and Jet nods. It's on.

Magnus Wolfe lunges in, but Cruz drop-toeholds him straight into Jet, who follows up with a running sling blade that flattens Wolfe! The crowd roars!

Graves tries to recover, stepping forward with a big boot aimed at Cruz, but Cruz rolls under it and springboards off the middle rope into a spinning kick that staggers the steel brute. Jet climbs to the top rope — fast — and leaps into a Skyline Spiral, the corkscrew body press landing flush on Graves!

Phillips: Graves just got grounded! Velocity Vanguard's timing is uncanny!

Bravo: Like synchronized chaos! It's beautiful. It's violent ballet!

Cruz kips up and yells to the crowd, who claps along. Jet charges the far ropes, rebounds, and Cruz launches him with a pop-up assist — Jet spins mid-air and hits a rope-walk dropkick — the Comet Crash — right into Magnus Wolfe's face!

Wolfe collapses to a knee, dazed. Graves tries to rise as well, but the high-octane tag team hits a double springboard missile dropkick, sending both members of Iron Dominion staggering into opposite corners.

Meanwhile, the rest of the ring is catching their breath from the high-flying chaos. Kael Mercer and Rico Vance both hang low near the ropes. B.R Ellis resets near the turnbuckle. Jarvis Valentine watches with a calculating eye as Cruz and Jet fire up the crowd.

Phillips: This Rumble just got flipped into another gear! Velocity Vanguard is flying high and taking names!

Bravo: I don't know who has the advantage anymore — but I do know whoever drew the next number has to enter a war zone.

Jet points to the sky, and Cruz gives a sly nod. The fans are on their feet, chanting "V-V! V-V!" as the countdown clock blinks back to life.

CROWD: TEN! NINE! EIGHT!

Graves wipes his jaw, furious. Wolfe snarls, rubbing the side of his head. Both clearly rattled by the speed and synergy of Velocity Vanguard.

CROWD: THREE! TWO! ONE!

Phillips: The Rumble rages on — who's next to join the mayhem?!

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

The beat of a New Orleans second line blares through the arena as vibrant teal and purple lights dance across the WrestleZone. A triumphant brass band fanfare kicks in as CARTER DURANT explodes onto the stage, bursting through the curtain with a full sprint and infectious energy.

Phillips: It's Carter Durant! The Crescent City's own! A lightning bolt of charisma and pure athleticism — and he's entering a Rumble that's already on fire!

Bravo: The guy moves like he's running a 100-meter dash every second he's in the ring. You blink and he's behind you.

Carter slaps hands with fans as he charges the ring full speed, slides under the ropes, and instantly pops up into a springboard enzuigiri — catching Rico Vance in the jaw!

Kael Mercer ducks a clothesline and tries to feint Carter, but Durant vaults off the ropes with a rope-spring armdrag, flipping Mercer halfway across the ring!

Meanwhile, Jet Lawson and Tyler Cruz are back-to-back fending off the Iron Dominion. Gideon Graves attempts to bull through them with a corner lariat, but Jet leapfrogs over him as Cruz hits a pop-up rana on Magnus Wolfe. The crowd is roaring!

Phillips: This is chaos — but it's the kind of chaos UTA thrives on!

Bravo: I don't even know where to look anymore — it's like a lucha carnival smashed into a demolition derby!

Carter Durant steps into frame again — this time springboarding off the second rope into a 450 splash that levels Jet and Rico Vance both in a pile! The crowd gasps, then erupts!

In the opposite corner, Jarvis Valentine and B.R Ellis are circling again. There's history here — thick tension. Jarvis lunges in with a shoulder block, but Ellis counters with a snap suplex, transitioning smoothly into an armbar. Classic technician work.

Phillips: These two met in the UTA Championship tournament — and then Ellis made sure Jarvis didn't win the gold. You have to imagine Jarvis has had that burning in the back of his mind ever since.

Ellis keeps the arm wrung, but Jarvis muscles out, whips Ellis to the ropes — and **BLINDSIDES HIM** with a spinning back elbow! The crowd gasps!

Jarvis eyes the ropes. Then... he grabs Ellis by the back of the head.

Phillips: Wait a minute—

WHAM! With a surge of grit and fire, Jarvis Valentine hurls B.R Ellis over the top rope!

Phillips: **HE'S GOT HIM! ELLIS IS OUT!**

Bravo: **WHOA!** That's a message if I've ever seen one!

The crowd is stunned — half cheering, half gasping. Ellis sits on the outside mat, stunned, breathing hard. Jarvis leans over the ropes, glaring down at him. No words — just a cold stare.

Phillips: Valentine just eliminated the man who cost him everything. You don't forget betrayal — not when the gold's on the line.

Bravo: You know Ellis won't forget this either. That fuse is still lit, and the explosion might not be over.

Back in the ring, Velocity Vanguard and Carter Durant stand tall while Iron Dominion recovers in the corner. Kael Mercer smirks at the camera, dusting himself off. Rico Vance poses with his back to the action — which may be a mistake. The Rumble continues as the next countdown begins...

CROWD: TEN! NINE! EIGHT!

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

The arena goes dead silent for half a second—

BOOM! Flames erupt from both sides of the stage as a deep bass hits, shaking the WrestleZone to its core. A Gregorian-style choir chant rumbles through the speakers. From the golden mist and smoke steps a mountain of a man clad in glimmering golden gladiator armor.

TITAN REX raises one hand skyward, flexing slowly, then slams it down in front of him as the fire bursts again.

Phillips: Uh-oh. Things are about to change — drastically.

Bravo: Everyone in that ring just got a death sentence. Titan Rex has entered the Rumble. May the gods have mercy.

Rex strides to the ring like a conqueror entering a battlefield he already owns. He removes the golden armor at ringside, revealing a statuesque frame — all sinew and fury. He climbs the steps with cold focus, steps over the top rope, and the moment he enters—

Chaos.

Jet Lawson charges first — springboarding off the ropes, but Rex catches him mid-air like he weighs nothing, spins, and launches him with a brutal overhead belly-to-belly that sends Jet crashing to the mat like a ragdoll.

Tyler Cruz rushes in next, attempting a running enzuigiri, but Rex sidesteps and levels him with a massive big boot that sends Cruz flipping inside out!

Phillips: OH MY—Cruz got decapitated!

Jet tries to pull himself up again — but Rex grabs both members of Velocity Vanguard by the throats — hoists them — and spine-shattering sit-out double powerbomb! He stands... poses... and then grabs Jet first, hurling him over the top rope!

Tyler Cruz staggers up next, and Rex charges forward like a freight train, sending Cruz flying over the top with a running shoulder block!

Bravo: Velocity Vanguard just got VAPORIZED!

Phillips: They lit this ring on fire earlier, but Titan Rex just snuffed it out like a storm on a candle!

From the side, Carter Durant tries to dive off the top rope — but Rex catches him mid-air and military press slams him straight into Rico Vance!

Both men roll to their knees — dazed — only for Rex to grab Durant and choke-lift him into the Rex Lift — a monstrous sit-out powerbomb that echoes through the WrestleZone!

He doesn't even rest — grabs Carter Durant and throws him over the top rope! Three down!

Rico Vance stumbles, posing to the crowd, completely unaware. Rex steps in behind him, taps him on the shoulder. Vance turns—

Phillips: Oh no.

BAM! Sidewalk Slam! Vance is folded in half! Rex scoops him up by the tights and hurls him over the top rope like yesterday's garbage.

Bravo: That's five! Five eliminations in under ninety seconds! He's a damn machine!

Gideon Graves stands now — the brute of Iron Dominion — and roars in defiance. He charges at Rex with a corner lariat, but Rex doesn't move. Rex grabs him around the waist, and with unholy strength, suplexes Graves clean over his head and into the turnbuckles!

Stunned, Graves pulls himself up — and Rex clotheslines him clean over the top rope!

Phillips: SIX! That's SIX MEN gone by Titan Rex!

The crowd erupts in a mix of awe and disbelief. Inside the ring, Magnus Wolfe backs into a corner, eyes wide. Kael Mercer watches like a predator awaiting an opening. Jarvis Valentine lowers his stance. Jet and Cruz are gone. Carter's out. Rico's vanished. Gideon — gone.

And now... it's everyone else vs. the golden monster.

Kael Mercer strikes first with a feint and an elbow to the jaw. Magnus Wolfe joins in with a flurry of corner knees. Jarvis

Valentine follows with a running dropkick to Rex's leg. The trio swarm him like hyenas, doing everything they can to ground the behemoth.

Bravo: It's gonna take everything and everyone to stop Titan Rex. And I still don't think it's enough!

Phillips: Rex just cleared half the field — and he's still standing. But the next entrant is about to hit — and whoever it is, they'd better come ready for WAR.

CROWD: TEN! NINE! EIGHT!

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

The lights instantly cut to black. The WrestleZone hushes again — not in awe, but in something colder. A slow, echoing bell tolls... once... twice... three times... and from the smoke-covered stage, a figure begins to emerge.

Silas Grimm walks with eerie stillness beneath a pale spotlight, draped in a tattered black hood and a half-mask obscuring his sneer. The smoke curls around him like a waking spirit. At the foot of the ramp, he slowly removes the mask, staring blankly toward the ring — toward the beast inside it.

Phillips: And the mood has... changed.

Bravo: This guy creeps me out, Phillips. Like... what happens when you lock a haunted house inside a human being? That's Silas Grimm.

Grimm slithers under the bottom rope, eyes never leaving the chaos in front of him — where Titan Rex is still fending off Jarvis Valentine, Kael Mercer, and Magnus Wolfe like a dragon swatting swords.

But then—Grimm joins in.

Strike to the thigh. A precise dragon screw leg whip takes Titan Rex off-balance. He roars — wounded, but furious.

Kael Mercer follows with a Trap Door Slam — spinning spinebuster that briefly dizzies the behemoth. Jarvis Valentine delivers a discus clothesline that knocks Rex into the corner. Wolfe smashes his knee into Rex's jaw with a flurry!

Grimm tilts his head in that disturbing fashion, then lunges in with a barrage of palm strikes — sharp, precise, aimed at the throat and sternum. Rex stumbles... and the crowd stands!

Phillips: They've got him rocking — this might be it!

Bravo: Look at all of them — working like wolves to take down the lion. And the lion's finally bleeding!

Jarvis and Magnus grab one arm each. Kael and Grimm seize the legs. The crowd counts along—

CROWD: ONE! TWO! THREE!

They push Titan Rex against the ropes — he tries to resist, roars in defiance, but the combined force of five men is too much —

Jarvis gets low and lifts the legs as Kael and Wolfe tip the torso—

Phillips: THEY'VE GOT HIM!

Rex's feet leave the mat! Grimm surges forward, a rolling elbow to the ribs that knocks Rex off-balance for good—

OVER THE TOP!

TITAN REX IS ELIMINATED!

CROWD: HOLY SHT! HOLY SHT! HOLY SHT!*

Phillips: They did it! It took five top-tier competitors just to move him, but Titan Rex — the wrecking machine — has

been dumped from the Rumble!

Bravo: He eliminated six people by himself. And it took every ounce of timing, strategy, and violence to get him out!

Rex lands on his feet at ringside. He stares daggers into the ring, silent and seething. He doesn't throw a tantrum. He simply stands... nods slowly... and walks back up the ramp. A warning in his posture.

Phillips: Titan Rex may be out... but he ain't done. Not by a long shot.

Bravo: The Ace in the Hole just got real interesting. And with Rex gone... who's going to step up and fill that power vacuum?

The survivors exchange glances—Jarvis, Mercer, Wolfe, Grimm—suddenly all allies no more.

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

Phillips: And here comes the next entrant!

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

The arena dims to a deep, ritualistic gloom. A creeping fog slides across the rampway as chants fill the WrestleZone. The screen pulses with a crimson symbol — a cracked circle enclosing a vertical slash. Malachi Cross emerges from the mist, arms crossed over his chest like a stone effigy, his face locked in solemn stillness.

Phillips: That is a man who walks like the reaper hired him by commission.

Bravo: I don't know if Malachi Cross believes in God or if he thinks he is one... but either way, someone's about to suffer.

Malachi steps slowly down the ramp, unmoved by the chaos in the ring. He slides in, uncrossing his arms only when he reaches the center. He turns—

Kael Mercer charges him immediately—

—and gets caught. Dark Harvest! Malachi hoists him and drops him over the knee with that devastating sidewalk slam variation. Mercer arches in pain. No delay—Malachi grabs a fistful of gear, hauls Kael up like luggage, and in one smooth pivot, dumps him over the top rope!

KAEL MERCER IS ELIMINATED!

Phillips: That didn't take long. The preacher of punishment makes an immediate impact!

Bravo: You blink against Malachi, you pay penance. Mercer just got excommunicated.

Magnus Wolfe tries to intercept with a corner knee-smash flurry—but Malachi steps out of the way like a phantom, then blasts Wolfe with a Yakuza Kick that folds him up in the turnbuckles!

Grimm moves in, grabbing Wolfe's legs from underneath. Malachi takes the arms. The two men lift together—heave—and Wolfe is launched over the top rope!

MAGNUS WOLFE IS ELIMINATED!

Phillips: Just like that—Iron Dominion is out! Gideon earlier, now Magnus. That's a huge shift!

Bravo: And the man who caused it? Walked in like a sermon and left bodies in his wake.

Malachi turns, arms crossed again, and retreats into the shadows of a corner. The ring breathes tension again as we await the next arrival—

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

Phillips: More danger incoming... who's next in the Rumble at the WrestleZone?!

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

The lights strobe violently red as sirens blare through the WrestleZone. Static flashes across the screen. Then—
CRASH!! Punk rock hits as Maxx Mayhem bursts out from behind the curtain, swinging a dented trash lid over his head and laughing like a man unhinged. He points at the ring, licks the camera, then sprints full speed down the ramp.

Phillips: Well... this just got dangerous.

Bravo: Dangerous? This dude eats tacks for breakfast and flosses with barbed wire. And that's just on weekdays!

Maxx launches himself under the bottom rope and swings the lid at Malachi Cross, who ducks and counters with a heavy knee to the gut. Grimm tries to pounce, but Maxx whips the trash lid back behind him blindly — CRACK! — it clips Grimm across the temple!

Jarvis Valentine lunges at him—Maxx drop-toe holds him into the corner, then charges in with a cannonball that takes Jarvis off his feet!

Phillips: He's turned the ring into a riot! Maxx Mayhem is chaos incarnate!

Bravo: He doesn't even care who he hits — just that it hurts and looks cool on the replay!

Grimm stumbles back to his feet, only to eat a swinging neckbreaker from Maxx. The Detroit brawler scrambles up a turnbuckle and comes crashing down with a flying senton across Malachi!

The crowd roars as Maxx springs up, slapping his own head, trash lid raised high again. The rest of the field tries to shake off the sudden whirlwind as the countdown begins once more.

Phillips: He's a one-man demolition squad, but the ring's about to get even more crowded!

Bravo: Get ready to duck, cover, or fight — because we're far from done!

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

Phillips: Here comes the next entrant!

The countdown ends and silence follows.

Five seconds pass. The arena lights dim to a pure white spotlight at the stage. Then—

A slow orchestral swell begins to build as Graham Keel steps through the curtain with surgical calm. No pandering. No pageantry. Just a laser-focused gaze as he marches toward the chaos.

Phillips: Business is about to pick up... technically speaking.

Bravo: You want flips? He won't give 'em. You want flash? Forget it. Graham Keel's the type of guy who wins matches with a headlock and a death stare.

Keel slides in slowly, scanning the bodies around him. Jarvis Valentine is trading strikes with Maxx Mayhem in one corner. Silas Grimm has Malachi Cross in a neck crank near the ropes.

Keel stalks behind Grimm, snags his wrist, and pulls him into a crisp backbreaker across the knee. He's methodical, immediately targeting the arm and driving his knee into Grimm's shoulder.

Maxx charges in, swinging the trash lid again—Keel ducks fluidly, counters with a kneeling armbreaker, and pops right back to his feet without expression.

Phillips: Graham Keel doesn't waste movement — or time. He's dissecting people already!

Bravo: He's the kind of guy that turns a headlock into a crime scene. And with fresh bodies in there, he's got a buffet of joints to target.

Keel squares off with Malachi Cross, the two locking up in a stiff collar-and-elbow. Cross tries to muscle him into the corner—but Keel hooks the arm, turns it, and transitions into a standing wrist clutch.

Meanwhile, Maxx and Jarvis brawl like old rivals while Grimm tries to shake off the punishment. No eliminations... but the field is crowded, and momentum is shifting.

Phillips: One of the most stacked stretches of the match so far... and there's still more to come!

Bravo: Who's next? Who survives? Who's even breathing in there?

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

Phillips: And the next competitor enters the Rumble at the WrestleZone!

Wind machines kick up at the stage. A sudden blast of air swirls across the entranceway—

—and Aaron Shaffer explodes through the curtain like a living tornado! Hair flying, arms wide, the WrestleZone Champion barrels toward the ring, leaping onto the apron and slinging himself over the top rope with a spinning vault.

Phillips: There he is! The pride of Orlando — the reigning WrestleZone Champion — and he's moving like a storm on two feet!

Bravo: He's got the belt, he's got the fans, and now he's got his shot to make this Rumble his runway!

Shaffer wastes zero time. A springboard dropkick takes Silas Grimm off his feet. Maxx Mayhem charges, and Shaffer ducks low, handspringing off the ropes into a twisting body press!

Jarvis Valentine steps in—Shaffer spins, catches him with a Cyclone Clothesline, then kips up with a roar.

Malachi Cross rises near the ropes, but Graham Keel grabs him from behind—a textbook Butterfly Suplex into the ropes! Cross staggers... Shaffer sprints—

STORMBREAKER!!! A lightning-quick spinning slam sends Cross crumpling against the ropes!

Keel steps in, grabs a leg—Shaffer grabs the other—

And with a synchronized shove—

MALACHI CROSS IS ELIMINATED!

Phillips: Beautiful teamwork, if only temporary — Aaron Shaffer and Graham Keel just sent Malachi to the floor!

Bravo: One second you're choking people out, the next you're airmailed back to New Orleans. This match waits for nobody.

Shaffer and Keel exchange a brief nod — respectful, cautious. Around them, the chaos surges on. Grimm shakes off the cobwebs. Maxx Mayhem is swinging wildly again. Jarvis Valentine eyes Shaffer across the ring... a storm brewing between champions.

Phillips: Two champions now share the same space. Something's got to give!

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

Bravo: The next Rumble entrant's on the way — and this ring's running out of room and mercy!

The arena dims once again. Fog begins to ooze from the stage like something out of a nightmare. An eerie flute melody plays — slow, hypnotic... unsettling.

Through the swirling mist, El Fantasma Oscuro emerges like a specter made flesh. His mask is skeletal, his stare unbroken, his movement smooth and unnatural. The crowd falls into an odd hush as he glides down the ramp without a single wasted motion.

Phillips: The most mysterious man in this match has arrived. El Fantasma Oscuro... and I swear, every time he shows up, the air feels colder.

Bravo: I don't know where he came from, Phillips. I don't know how he wrestles like that. I just know he makes me deeply uncomfortable.

Fantasma reaches the apron and doesn't climb in. He vanishes beneath the ropes — and reappears on the top turnbuckle in a single motion. Like a ghost in motion, he springboards off—

Corkscrew Plancha onto Silas Grimm and Maxx Mayhem! The ring erupts!

Before anyone can grab him, Fantasma rolls under the ropes again and pops up behind Aaron Shaffer — low dropkick to the back of the knees! Shaffer drops to one knee, surprised!

Fantasma fades back into a corner. His eyes never leave the action, head tilting slowly, calculating. Jarvis Valentine and Graham Keel are trading stiff shots. Grimm is stirring. Maxx is licking the bottom rope and laughing to himself.

Phillips: The pace just shifted again. You can't pin down El Fantasma Oscuro — you just hope he doesn't make you disappear.

Bravo: What number is this, Phillips? How many people are in that ring?

Phillips: We're nearing the final few. And with every second, the stakes get higher — and the floor around the ring gets more crowded with shattered dreams.

Bravo: Here comes the next soul brave enough to enter the storm!

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

The tron explodes in a flash of sparks as a gold-and-blue overlay washes over the arena. A bold pyro *POP!* blasts from the stage, and through the smoke struts Mr. Juan Calderon — part action hero, part Hollywood flair, all unpredictability.

He grins wide, adjusting his taped wrists as he marches down the ramp, mouthing to the camera — “Time to flip the script.”

Phillips: The stuntman-turned-superstar — Mr. Juan Calderon — has officially entered the Rumble!

Bravo: He's the only guy I know who could blow up a car on set and then win a match by using a rolling camera dolly. He's chaos in boots!

Calderon slides under the ropes, springs to his feet, and immediately explodes into motion with a Combustion Crossbody onto Graham Keel, knocking him back!

Fantasma Oscuro attempts to intercept, but Calderon ducks, plants him with a Voltage Drop DDT! The crowd roars as the pace escalates again.

Silas Grimm, rising from the corner, glares at the mayhem. But his moment of observation costs him — Shaffer sprints in with a Gale Force Dropkick to the jaw!

Maxx Mayhem cackles and yells, “OHHHH IT'S A PARTY!” — and grabs Grimm from behind, hoisting him up in a back suplex lift—

Jarvis Valentine joins in! He charges and clotheslines Grimm as Maxx drops him over the top rope—

Grimm crashes to the floor below!

SILAS GRIMM IS ELIMINATED!

Phillips: There he goes! The haunting force of Silas Grimm... has just been exorcised from the ring!

Bravo: It took two maniacs and one wrecking ball to do it, but Grimm's out! And Calderon's flipping the energy in here fast!

In the center of the ring, Calderon spins dramatically and strikes a pose as the crowd pops. Behind him, El Fantasma Oscuro crouches again... watching... waiting...

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

Phillips: Another one on the way — the final stretch is getting real crowded!

The lights flicker in red, white, and blue strobe as an alt-rock anthem erupts over the PA. The WrestleZone crowd pops as Jaxon Ryder explodes out from behind the curtain, all smiles, all energy, slapping hands and racing toward the ring like a man on a mission.

Phillips: Here comes a true fan favorite—Jaxon Ryder! The pride of Dayton, and one of the most resilient competitors in all of WrestleUTA!

Bravo: Dude's got cardio for days, Phillips. I once saw him wrestle for an hour, then run a 5K. That's either heart... or a psychotic break.

Jaxon leaps onto the apron, springboards over the top rope, and lands with a dramatic salute to the crowd. Inside, the chaos hasn't slowed. Jarvis Valentine is clashing with Calderon, while Keel and Shaffer trade holds like chess masters. Fantasma Oscuro drifts eerily behind the brawls, looking for a window to strike.

But Maxx Mayhem is still loud, still alive, smashing a trash lid over the back of Calderon—until he turns right into Ryder's missile dropkick! Mayhem's trash lid goes flying!

Bravo: There goes the cookware!

Ryder charges again—springboard crossbody! Then a flurry of forearms rocks Mayhem back to the ropes. The crowd builds behind Jaxon. He points to the fans—

Phillips: He's calling his shot!

Superkick! Mayhem stumbles, dazed. Ryder bounces the ropes—running clothesline! Another!

And then with a final burst of adrenaline, Ryder ducks under a wild shot, pops up into a hurricanrana—

Maxx Mayhem goes over the top!

ELIMINATED: MAXX MAYHEM

Bravo: And that's all she wrote for Maxx! Trash lids, chaos, and a hurricanrana exit courtesy of Jaxon Ryder!

Phillips: What an entrance—Ryder made his mark immediately, and cleared the ring by one!

Ryder throws a salute to the fans as Mayhem pounds the floor in frustration, but doesn't re-enter. The momentum shifts yet again—

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

Phillips: The final entrant's about to enter!

Lightning cracks across the titantron as the screen flashes with a roaring storm. The crowd erupts—because out charges Brandon Henderson, the pulse of WrestleUTA: Orlando, his denim vest whipping behind him like a war

banner!

Phillips: And here he comes! The final entrant in the Rumble at the WrestleZone—Brandon Henderson! And listen to this place!

Bravo: Pittsburgh's own storm chaser is bringing the thunder to Orlando! Let's see who survives the eye of the storm now!

Henderson hits the ring like a bolt from the sky, immediately flooring Calderon with a Thunderclap Chop! Keel turns into a Lightning Bolt Lariat that drops him like a sandbag!

El Fantasma Oscuro tries a springboard—caught midair!—and spinebusted to hell!

Jaxon Ryder and Jarvis Valentine glance across the ring. Shaffer nods. The final phase of chaos begins.

Meanwhile, Keel gets back to his feet, but he's dazed—he stumbles into the corner, right into Henderson's path.

Phillips: Graham Keel's been in there a long time, and that's a fresh Brandon Henderson!

Body splash in the corner! Henderson grabs the arm—spins—Tempest Powerbomb!

Keel rolls to the ropes, holding his back. Henderson lines him up, the crowd rising with him—

Bravo: He's calling for the gale force!

Gale Force Knee!—flush to the jaw! Keel's head snaps back, and he stumbles blindly toward the ropes—

Henderson charges—clothesline over the top!

ELIMINATED: GRAHAM KEEL

Phillips: And that's it for Keel! What a run, but Brandon Henderson just put the exclamation point on it!

Bravo: We've got our final lineup, Phillips. The ring is full of sharks—and every one of them smells blood!

The crowd roars as the last pack of contenders begins to circle. No new buzzer. No more countdowns. This is it.

The ring settles, but only slightly. Breathing is heavy. Sweat drips. And for the first time all night, there's clarity — six competitors remain.

Phillips: Ladies and gentlemen, we are down to the final six in the Rumble at the WrestleZone. And that means one thing—

Bravo: These six have all earned their place in the Ace in the Hole Ladder Match at WrestleUTA: 25! That's the good news.

Phillips: But only one of them... will leave here with the upper hand. A strategic advantage in the biggest match of the summer.

In opposite corners stand Jarvis Valentine and Jaxon Ryder — battered but alert. Aaron Shaffer paces along the ropes, storm eyes flickering. Brandon Henderson crouches in the turnbuckle like he's waiting for kickoff. Mr. Juan Calderon throws mock punches in the air, fired up. And El Fantasma Oscuro... he just stands, deathly still.

Then chaos breaks loose.

Ryder dives at Calderon. Henderson swings at Shaffer. Valentine lunges at Oscuro—

El Fantasma ducks! He tilt-a-whirls onto Jarvis and tries for a headscissors—but Jarvis plants his feet!

Countered! Spinning neckbreaker! Oscuro bounces off the mat like a rag doll, and Jarvis drags him up and toward the ropes!

Phillips: Fantasma's in trouble—Valentine's going for the kill!

Oscuro tries a desperation elbow, but Jarvis kicks the back of his knee, then deadlifts him up—

Whispers of Death—NO! Jarvis blocks it—and dumps El Fantasma Oscuro over the top rope!

ELIMINATED: EL FANTASMA OSCURO

Bravo: There's the ghost, exorcised by sheer strength! Valentine's not playing around!

Meanwhile, Calderon manages to dropkick Ryder into the corner and turns—right into Brandon Henderson!

Blast Radius Legdrop! No—Henderson rolls aside!

Thunderclap Chop! Calderon reels. Henderson backs up—Lightning Bolt Lariat sends Calderon into the ropes!

Phillips: Juan Calderon is reeling now—he's got no clue where he is!

Shaffer leaps from the second rope—Tempest Suplex!—Calderon flattens out!

All three men—Ryder, Shaffer, Henderson—lift Calderon together—and dump him over the top!

ELIMINATED: MR. JUAN CALDERON

Bravo: And then there were four. It's Henderson... Shaffer... Ryder... Valentine. Four men with momentum, with grit, and now with destiny in their sights.

The crowd is on their feet. These aren't just survivors — these are the final contenders for an edge at WrestleUTA: 25. The arena trembles as the square-off begins.

Phillips: This is it. The final four. No more surprises. One more elimination, one step closer to glory.

Brandon Henderson slaps his chest. Jaxon Ryder rolls his shoulders. Aaron Shaffer spins in place like a storm building force. Jarvis Valentine sneers and points to the WrestleUTA banner in the rafters.

Bravo: What a damn moment, Phillips. This is Rumble at the WrestleZone. And it's about to get mean.

Four remain.

Aaron Shaffer circles with a bounce in his step, eyes flicking between Brandon Henderson, Jaxon Ryder, and Jarvis Valentine. Each man battered, each one breathing heavy. But no one backing down.

Phillips: These four have punched their ticket to the Ace in the Hole match... but the winner here? They walk in with leverage.

Bravo: This isn't just about qualifying — it's about momentum. It's about walking into WrestleUTA: 25 with the whole world watching and knowing... you're the one who beat out nineteen others.

Ryder and Shaffer suddenly explode into motion — colliding mid-ring in a flurry of forearms and dropkicks!

That leaves Jarvis Valentine and Brandon Henderson face-to-face.

Jarvis throws the first shot — a stiff right. Henderson fires back with a Thunderclap Chop that sends the crowd into a frenzy!

Jarvis stumbles—Lightning Bolt Lariat! But Valentine ducks under!

Back elbow! Henderson reels — Jarvis grabs him by the wrist—Irish whip!

Brandon rebounds—but Jarvis is waiting—

Pop-up Spinebuster! The ring shudders under the impact!

Phillips: Oh my God! He nearly broke Henderson in half!

Shaffer and Ryder both freeze at the slam — watching as Jarvis drags Henderson up by the vest and walks him to the ropes...

One leg over—Henderson kicks frantically—but Jarvis muscles him up—

Bravo: He's got him!

Ryder charges—Shaffer cuts him off!—Jarvis heaves—

OVER THE TOP!!!

ELIMINATED: BRANDON HENDERSON

Phillips: And just like that — the final three are locked in!

Bravo: Jaxon Ryder. Aaron Shaffer. Jarvis Valentine. That's your last stand!

Jarvis leans into the ropes, breathing like a man possessed. Across from him, Ryder steadies his hands. Shaffer paces in a tight circle, storm building.

Phillips: Only one man can leave with the advantage heading into WrestleUTA: 25... and these three are about to go to war for it.

The final three square up.

Jarvis Valentine stumbles back into the corner after eating a springboard forearm from Aaron Shaffer. Jaxon Ryder zeroes in — his chest heaving, his eyes sharp.

Phillips: It looked like Jarvis might be in trouble there — he's hanging on by a thread!

Shaffer charges in—but Jarvis gets a boot up! He explodes forward with a leaping clothesline that flattens Shaffer! Ryder tries to grab him from behind — but Jarvis spins and levels him with a sudden back elbow!

All three men crash into the canvas at different angles.

Bravo: This is chaos. No breathing room. No wasted motion. Every single move could be the last.

Ryder is up first. He charges at Jarvis again and sends him flipping over the ropes!

Phillips: HE'S OUT! VALENTINE'S OUT—

NO! Jarvis skims the apron — catching the middle rope with both hands. One foot nearly grazes the floor, but he pulls himself back up!

Bravo: That was millimeters away from disaster! Jarvis Valentine's still in!

Shaffer comes flying in—Ryder moves—Shaffer blasts Jarvis off the apron! Or... he would have—but Jarvis drops down and pulls the rope!

Shaffer's own momentum sends him over the top! He grabs at the ropes—but his grip slips!

THUD!!

ELIMINATED: AARON SHAFFER

Phillips: NO WAY! Aaron Shaffer is eliminated!

Bravo: Are you kidding me?! He had Jarvis dead to rights — but the vet turned it around and dumped the champ!

Shaffer lands hard on the outside, slamming his fist against the floor. In the ring, Jarvis rolls under the rope, chest rising and falling like a piston.

Jaxon Ryder stands across the ring now — jaw tight, shoulders square. The crowd rises with him.

Phillips: It's down to this — Jaxon Ryder vs. Jarvis Valentine. One of these men is walking into WrestleUTA: 25 with the upper hand in Ace in the Hole.

Bravo: One last elimination. One last exclamation point. Let's go!

Jaxon Ryder circles cautiously, his boots scraping the canvas as he sizes up Jarvis Valentine. The crowd is buzzing — this is it. The final two.

Phillips: Jarvis Valentine has been in this match since entry number one. He's outlasted twenty-three other competitors... and now he's staring down one last obstacle.

Bravo: If he pulls this off, Phillips, that's historic. But don't count out Jaxon Ryder — he's as fresh as anyone could be this deep in the game.

Jarvis leans on the ropes, breathing hard, chest heaving. His hair is soaked. His jaw is clenched. But his eyes... still focused.

Ryder rushes in — dropkick! Jarvis absorbs it and rolls through to his feet. The crowd pops as both men spring back into motion.

They trade strikes — right hand from Ryder! Uppercut from Jarvis! Forearm smash! Knee lift!

Phillips: Jarvis is running on fumes — but every shot still lands with bad intentions!

Ryder whips Valentine to the ropes — Jarvis ducks a lariat and rebounds — flying clothesline! Both men crash to the mat!

Bravo: And they're both down! This is what you call leaving it all in the ring!

The crowd rises to their feet, clapping, stomping, willing both men to their feet.

Jarvis pulls himself up using the ropes. Ryder gets to one knee. They lock eyes again — and charge.

Collar-and-elbow tie-up. Jarvis twists into a side headlock. Ryder lifts — but Jarvis shifts mid-air and lands behind him with a neckbreaker counter!

Phillips: What a counter! And that's the kind of veteran instinct that's gotten Jarvis this far!

Bravo: He's been in the ring nearly an hour, and he's still pulling moves like that?!

Jarvis gets up slowly, his hands on his knees, sweat dripping. He looks down at Ryder... then glances at the WrestleZone logo on the canvas... and then up toward the WrestleUTA: 25 banner hanging above the entranceway.

Phillips: You know what this means to him. To go into WrestleUTA: 25 not just in the Ace in the Hole match... but to have the advantage?

Bravo: Jarvis ain't done yet. Neither is Ryder. But somebody's dream is about to get crushed.

The crowd claps rhythmically as both men stir — the final moments are coming.

The crowd is on their feet. Jarvis Valentine pulls himself up, shaking out the pain in his shoulder. Jaxon Ryder grips the middle rope, jaw clenched, fire still in his eyes. This is it — the final two.

Phillips: Sixty seconds. Sixty minutes. Twenty-four eliminations. And we are down... to this.

Bravo: And you couldn't script a better final two! The young firebrand versus the iron-willed survivor!

They meet center ring — a slap from Ryder sets it off! Jarvis answers with a thunderous right!

Ryder charges — pop-up hurricanrana! Jarvis tumbles toward the ropes — but hangs on! His boots skim the apron, but he rolls back under the bottom rope!

Phillips: He's still in! Jarvis Valentine will not go down!

Ryder tries again — springboard crossbody! Jarvis ducks — Ryder crashes hard!

Jarvis grabs him — Ace Breaker!!! A lightning-fast lifting underhook neckbreaker!

Bravo: THAT'S the move! That's the one that turns tides!

Jarvis stumbles to the corner — hauls Ryder up — runs him toward the ropes! Ryder fights back with elbows, kicks —

Jarvis twists, spins — spinebuster! Then lifts Ryder again — launches him—

Ryder catches the top rope! He dangles — one foot almost hits the floor —

Phillips: Ryder's hanging on for dear life!!

Jarvis sprints to the ropes — rebounds — leaping clothesline! He drills Ryder midair!

OVER THE TOP!!!

JAXON RYDER IS ELIMINATED!

DING DING DING!

The WrestleZone erupts as Jarvis Valentine collapses to his knees. His face is a mask of exhaustion and disbelief. The official lifts his arm as confetti rains from above.

Phillips: HE DID IT! He did it! Jarvis Valentine has won the Rumble at the WrestleZone — and with it, the final advantage heading into the Ace in the Hole match!

Bravo: He entered at NUMBER ONE. He lasted over an hour. And now... he's going into WrestleUTA: 25 with momentum, grit, and one hell of a target on his back.

Jarvis kneels in the center of the ring, staring up at the WrestleUTA: 25 banner. Around him, the other five survivors — Aaron Shaffer, Jaxon Ryder, Brandon Henderson, El Fantasma Oscuro, and Mr. Juan Calderon — are gone. He is the last man standing.

Phillips: Six names will enter that ladder match... but Jarvis Valentine just proved why he might be the one to climb all the way to the top.

Bravo: The Ace in the Hole just got himself a King.

Fade out on Jarvis raising a single fist as the crowd chants his name, the WrestleUTA: 25 logo glowing bright on the screen above.

Show Credits

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