

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 40

August 24, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

WrestleShow

A black screen. You turn your television on and excitedly switch to Pure Sports Entertainment. It's just in time as the PSE logo appears on your television. As it fades away, the United Toughness Alliance logo cues up before exploding to reveal a shot of a screaming audience. The word "Live" appears at the bottom of your screen.

As the camera pans across the fans, our faithful commentators begin to talk.

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Wrestleshow, live on Pure Sports Entertainment. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, the one, the only Tommy Ace!

The camera switches to focus on them.

Blackfront: We're coming to you LIVE from the world famous Madison Square Garden in New York City!

Ace: The Mecca of sports entertainment Jason!

Blackfront: Tonight... the Ring King tournament continues and a new Legacy Champion will be crowned!

Ace: How can a new champion be crowned when the title was never lost?!

Blackfront: Come on Tommy, La Flama Blanca knew going into Black horizon if he walked out the World Champion, the Legacy Championship would be immediately vacated.

Ace: Whomever wins, in my eyes they will not be the champion! To be the champion, you must pin the champion!

Blackfront: Well, even that doesn't work out as we saw last week on Victory when Lew Smith pinned La Flama Blanca to become the new UTA World Champion, just to have James Wingate strip it away and give it back to Blanca.

Ace: He did the right thing Jason. Lew Smith viciously attacked him when he desperately needed medical attention! If it had been Lew Smith being helped out and any of Dynasty would have attacked him, people would have rioted!

Blackfront: Well, tonight James Wingate has vowed on twitter to answer the question to why did he do it.

Ace: He doesn't need to explain anything Jason! He's the boss! He can do what he wants! Blackfront: In

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matches tonight, we will kick off this jam packed show with two newcomers in intergender action as Amy Harrison goes one on one with the man known as Sanctus.

Ace: That match will be OK, but the follow up will see Abdul bin Hussain, former UTA Champion, taking on Bobby Dean in Ring King action Jason!

Blackfront: Does it get any bigger?!

Ace: If Bobby gets any bigger he may not be able to fit in the loading dock of any of the arenas! Blackfront: Ring King matches continue when Bronson Box meets Tyrone Walker. These two men have a deep history before arriving here in the UTA, and tonight they plan on ending it once and for all!

Ace: Speaking of history outside of the UTA... independent sensation, Scott Stevens, makes his UTA in ring debut in the Ring King tournament against long time rival, UTA Superstar, Rhys Townsend!

Blackfront: Interesting situation here. Scott Stevens is not a signed superstar. If he defeats Rhys tonight and moves on to win Ring King, we could see someone not contracted headlining the pay per view!

Ace: That's just the half of it Jason. Rhys Townsend has never been able to beat Scott Stevens in a one on one match. This alone makes the match implications so much bigger. What is a UTA

Superstar loses to a non UTA Superstar?

Blackfront: That is a pay per view match in itself. Afterwards we have our first of two main events as former World Champion, Sean Jackson, will face Will 'The THRILL' Haynes in Ring King action. Their last match ended in controversy and tonight they want redemption.

Ace: The main event though Jason, it's huge!

Blackfront: It sure is Tommy. The Legacy Champion will be crowned in a five person, Championship Scramble match! There is a twenty minute time limit, the person holding the title at the end of twenty minutes will walk out with it.

Ace: Yea, but during the match itself we could see multiple champions!

Blackfront: Correct. All pin falls and submissions are counted during the course of the match, with no reset time in between each fall. We'll see The Machine's own Cecilworth Farthington and John Sektor, as well as Too Bad Ass for a Name, Zhalia Fears and Second Coming battle it out. Ace: Don't forget the only guy with no alliances in the match.. Team Danger's Stephan Greer!

Blackfront: It's going to be crazy! We have a helluva show for you here tonight folks! WRESTLESHOW IS LIVE!

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Answers Await

We head back to the parking garage with a shot up the ramp as we see a town car pull in. It drives slowly down the ramp and toward the camera, before coming to a halt nearby. The driver gets out, and adjust his jacket before walking around the car.

Blackfront: I think the rumors are true. It appears that the boss may be here in New York. Ace: Why wouldn't he be? He told us on Twitter he would and the world would get the answers they are looking for. Don't be such a doubter Jason.

Blackfront: Tonight, hopefully, we find out why he did what he did at the end of Victory last week!

Ace: I don't get what all the hoop-la is about. He's the boss. He can do what he wants!

Blackfront: At the expense of whoever gets in his way, right Tommy?

Ace: EXACTLY!

The driver opens the back passenger side door and we get a shot of feet turning and landing on the ground before Mr. Wingate stands up. We hear loud booing from inside the arena where the fans are watching on the big screen.

Blackfront: There he is folks, the man who just one week ago took away the World Championship from Lew Smith.

Ace: Took away?! he never won it Jason!

Blackfront: Give me a break. He not only won it, Lew Smith EARNED the title!

Ace: Really? Can you imagine Lew Smith as the champion Jason? It'd be the beginning of the end!

Blackfront: Yea, the beginning of the end of the dark times here in the UTA. Wingate smirks before walking, silently past the camera as we fade to commercial.

Brought to You By

What's a Sanctus

We cut to an exterior shot of Madison Square Garden. In the top right corner of the screen, the Wrestle Show logo appears with 'live' written beneath it.

Blackfront (OSV): We are live here from the World's Most Famous arena and just about ready for the first match of the night.

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The camera switches to a view of the concession area, zooming past a few straggling members of the UTA faithful trying to score something to eat.

Ace (OSV): Do you think any of the Ungratefals would bring me a pretzel?

The camera stops when the frame is filled with the man in the white mask and bare chest. Sanctus stands in stark contrast to the fans that have begun circling behind him, hoping to make their way onto the telecast. He is dressed in full fight gear, fists taped, white with gold and black pinstriped shorts and the white boot/kicker combo.

Ace (OSV): Hey it's... this guy!

Blackfront (OSV): He goes by the name Sanctus.

Ace (OSV): But does anyone really know what in the Hell a Sanctus is? Better yet, does anyone really care?

Offering the camera a grin, the would-be White Knight lifts his head.

Sanctus: I have heard asked, more than once, what a Sanctus is. They ask a loaded question. Let me see how I can surmise myself for the curious and doubtful.

He shifts his head from side to side.

Sanctus: Sanctus, translated, is the holy. It is my best approximation of what happens between those ropes in front of a cheering mass.

Another short grin.

Sanctus: You see, I'm a misfit, a third eye sewn shut. Still, among the crowd I have a home. He a wrings a wrist against the other hand.

Sanctus: I am not a son of your nation, but a denizen of this planet. I been all over this world, running down dusty roads, chasing down the American dream.

He drops his head for a moment, and kisses his right fist before resuming.

Sanctus: Being in that ring is like nothing I can put into words adequate.

Running through the frame is a teenager sporting a Dynasty t-shirt and a messy hairdo. Sanctus chuckles before continuing.

Sanctus: I live for this, for the Faithful.

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The crowd behind him clap, and a small cheer is heard throughout the arena.

Sanctus: Please, know that I will never again let the Faithful be cheated a finish. Farthington, good luck tonight. Just don't rob these people what they have come to see, a finish. Or will you run away when you realise that Misses Fears and Twin-Cee and Team Danger won't accept your cash?

Ace (OSV): Farthington doesn't run away, he was just afraid he'd catch poverty from this freak. Sanctus: And if none of these words hold weight, just give me a minute. I will walk through these people and demonstrate what exactly we are.

He shakes loose his arms, like a boxer moments before a fight.

Sanctus: We are Sanctus. Saint Us.

Trouble by Imagine Dragons starts playing as Amy Harrison comes out to a chorus of boos. Amy looks out to the crowd and starts to yell back at them.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison looking to get a win tonight after failing to produce one in her first UTA match a couple of weeks ago.

Ace: Win or no win... just look at her! Can we replace you with her Jason? I mean WOWZERS! Amy walks down the aisle determined, while stopping to yell at a few fans in the crowd.

Announcer: Hailing from Belfast, Northern Ireland

Amy jumps onto the ring apron, and tells everyone that she's the best, before getting in the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 5'4 and weighing in at 114 pounds...

Amy looks right at the crowd and yells back at them something inaudible.

Announcer: AMMMYYY.... HAAARRRIIISSSOONNNN!!!!

Amy shakes her head at the crowd as she starts to get ready for the match.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison from a great wrestling family, looking to make her own mark here in the UTA.

Amy then limbers up in the ring to get herself ready.

Ace: She can make her mark on me any day.

Come heavy, or don't come at all...

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The opening line of the Glorious Son's Heavy starts through the PA system. The spotlights dance over the crowd before finding the man in the white mask standing at the top of stairway bordering sections 115 and 116 of the World's Most Famous Arena. He marches down the steps as fans in attendance reach over to pat him on the shoulders.

Blackfront: The mysterious man known as Sanctus, looking to continue what could be the start of a winning streak after gaining a win over Cecilworth Farthington in his first match. Controversy aside, a win is a win.

Ace: Farthington didn't need to be him Jason. He has way more important things to do than question what a Sanctus is!

Amy Harrison looks on, unimpressed as Sanctus makes his way through the NYC crowd. He smoothly hops over the hockey boards like any Canadian would, and onto the floor seating. With a grin, he motions away the security guards and fist bumps any fan with a hand out.

Announcer: Hailing from Bell City, Ontario!

Reaching the guard rails, Sanctus dives over them, and tumbles up to his feet. He stomps up each step to the ring, before climbing up the ropes. With a foot on the top rope, he looks back and forth between sections of the crowd and taps at his heart with his right fist. Finally locking eyes with his competitor, Sanctus runs a hand up to his forehead, down to his midsection and finally slashing across his throat in a modified sign of the Cross.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, two and one half inches; and weighing in at two hundred and forty one pounds...

With one step, he lands in the ring with a gentle thud. He bounces against the ropes

Announcer: SAAANNNCCTTUUSSS!!!!!!

He turns to a small group in the front row, who chant back at him.

Blackfront: Intergender action coming your way folks like only the UTA can provide.

As his music fades out of the PA system, Sanctus walks toward the center of the ring and extends a hand to Ms. Harrison.

Blackfront: The action is about to kick off right here on Pure Sports Entertainment!

As the bell sounds, Sanctus places his hand out to shake with Amy. She just looks at it and snarls.

Blackfront: Great show of sportsmanship here by Sanctus, but Amy is not having it.

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Ace: Why should she? Who knows where that hand has been?!

Amy slaps the hand of Sanctus away followed by another slap, this one to his face. Sanctus rubs his jaw and shakes his head.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison showing disrespect to Sanctus. Sanctus steps back a bit and then comes forward.

Blackfront: Here we go. Sanctus quickly moves in to grab Amy Harrison... she ducks under his arms.

Amy Harrison takes off in a sprint behind Sanctus, hitting the ropes and returning as Sanctus turns.

Blackfront: Harrison on the return, baseball slide underneath the legs of Sanctus.

Ace: You can go through my legs Amy!

Blackfront: Harrison to her feet behind Sanctus, quick standing drop kick to the back of Sanctus! Sanctus is sent stumbling forward, and into the ropes. As he shakes it off and turns back around, Sanctus comes forward toward Harrison with a right. She leans down and comes up grabbing under his arm while throwing her body weight into the move, and swiftly tossing him over to the canvas.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison with one of those quick thinking take downs she is known for.

Ace: Please take me down!

Blackfront: Grow up Tommy. Harrison now quickly continuing her assault. She leaps to the middle rope as Sanctus is getting to his feet.

Sanctus wobbles as he gets up, not seeing Amy Harrison jumping.

Blackfront: Moonsault to a cross body block by the newcomer!

As they hit the mat, Amy Harrison is sent sliding away from Sanctus but quickly leaps up and across to cover him.

Blackfront: Quick pin attempt by Amy Harrison... kickout at one.

Ace: She can pin me and I'd never kick her off.

Blackfront: Are you going to be like this all night?

Amy doesn't dwell as she quickly gets back up. She runs to the corner turnbuckle as Sanctus begins to get up himself.

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Blackfront: Amy Harrison now climbing the turnbuckle, keeping her momentum going. Sanctus is up and stumbles toward the corner as Amy Harrison stands on top, turning to face him.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison leaps, she catches Sanctus by the neck with his legs... hurricarrana! The crowd goes crazy for the fast paced action.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison may have this one won folks!

Sanctus rolls to the side of the ring and slides to the floor. He holds himself up by the edge of the apron while holding his neck.

Blackfront: Sanctus taking a breather outside of the ring, trying to reevaluate the situation. Ace: He's bigger than her. Why si he running away? I can tell you what a Sanctus is... it's a coward!

Blackfront: Not close to the case Tommy. Harrison is a skilled professional, as is Sanctus. He is juts taking a moment to gather his bearings and come at this from a different angle.

Amy Harrison runs toward the ropes and leaps into another baseball slide, this time under the bottom rope in Sanctus' direction.

Blackfront: Sanctus moves.

Sanctus catches the legs of Amy Harrison and yanks her hard under the bottom rope, letting go and sending her back first into the floor on the outside.

Blackfront: Quick thinking by Sanctus. This may be what he needs.

Ace: I need to ask him how her legs felt. i bet they are smooth as silk!

Sanctus shakes off the stars he had been seeing, and bends down pulling Amy Harrison up by her head.

Blackfront: Hard whip by Sanctus, sending Amy into the steel steps.

Amy Harrison lays on the floor near the steps holding her shoulder as Sanctus walks over, bends down and pulls her to her feet.

Blackfront: Sanctus now pulling Amy Harrison toward the barricade.

Sanctus lifts Amy up, picking her up and tossing her down, stomach first on top of the barricade. She slides down to the floor holding her mid section.

Blackfront: Sanctus picking Amy up again, taking her over to and rolling her into the ring.

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As Sanctus gets to his feet after following into the ring, he picks Amy Harrison up once again.

Blackfront: I'm not sure if Amy Harrison can come back from the damage done already.

Ace: Maybe she needs a personal doctor. I need to check on her after this.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison sent toward the turnbuckle, Sanctus follows closely...

Amy Harrison grabs the top ropes as she reaches the corner and pushes up, allowing Sanctus to crash hard into the turnbuckle with his shoulder as Amy Harrison lands on her feet.

Blackfront: Harrison somehow is able to muster the strength to move! Sanctus may be hurt now! Sanctus holds his shoulder as he backs out of corner and turns around. Amy Harrison runs to the side, leaps to the second rope and leaps across with a foot to the face of Sanctus. Sanctus goes to a knee.

Blackfront: It's like she's gotten a second wind! Amy Harrison building momentum once again! She gets up in front of the kneeling Sanctus, leaps and spins.

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick to the face of Sanctus!

Sanctus is sent up and back, hitting the turnbuckle then falling to a sitting position. Amy Harrison quickly moves over and grabs the top ropes to hold herself up as she begins to bring her foot up, kicking him repeatedly in the ribs.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison on a roll. Now focusing on the ribs of Sanctus.

She steps back and looks at Sanctus before taking off. The moment that Amy Harrison hits the ropes right next to him, she comes off, grabbing his head in the process and shooting forward, leaping up.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison with a big bull dog out of the corner! Sanctus is down!

Amy Harrison quickly rolls Sanctus over and covers him as the referee drops to begin his count. Blackfront: Amy Harrison may have it here! This could be the match that makes Amy Harrison. Ace: She's already made a fan out of me!

The referee's hand raises up for a third time. As it comes down, Sanctus is able to get his shoulder up.

Blackfront: Just two! A split second later and Amy Harrison would have took this one home. Amy Harrison gets to her knees and then her feet as Sanctus rolls over, getting to his hands and knees. Amy Harrison heads toward Sanctus as he begins to get up. Going into a slightly defensive position, waiting.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison waiting for Sanctus to get to his feet now, watching for her chance to continue.

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Once Sanctus is up, he and Amy Harrison share a moment of respect as they stand ready. They nod at each other and continue.

Blackfront: This match continues and amazingly has been a pretty equal match up.

Ace: What's that say about Sanctus? He thought this was going to be an easy match tonight. he was wrong.

Blackfront: The two tie up. Sanctus takes control. He pushes Amy Harrison back and into the ropes.

Blackfront: Using the ropes, Amy Harrison sent across the ring. On the return now. Sanctus bends down and catches her, lifting up.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison sent up and over. She falls, hitting the canvas back first.

Blackfront: Sanctus now toward the ropes. Off of them himself... Quick elbow drop to the chest of Amy Harrison.

Ace: Don't hurt the tatas!

Blackfront: Sanctus to his feet, another quick elbow drop.

As he begins to get up, Sanctus pulls Amy Harrison up with him. He wraps an arm around he neck and grabs her pants before lifting her up vertically.

Blackfront: Sanctus going for a suplex...

She kicks her feet, and with momentum, swings back down, attempting to bring Sanctus down with a DDT reversal. However, he holds his ground.

Blackfront: Harrison unable to reverse. Sanctus with a knee up into her mid section.

He moves his arms around, wrapping them under hers. He then lifts up and leaps up and then down, bringing Amy to the canvas, holding her arm and yanking back as he wraps his legs around her.

Blackfront: CRISES OF FAITH! CRISES OF FAITH! AMY HARRISON CAN'T GET FREE... SHE TAPS!

As Sanctus lets go the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via submission.... SAAANNNCCTTUUSSSS!!! Blackfront: Sanctus coming out with the win, but Amy Harrison put all doubts about her skills to sleep tonight folks.

Ace: Just looking at her, she could be terrible and I'd still be in love!

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Blackfront: Aren't you married Tommy?

Ace: Umm... uh... good win by Sanctus Jason!

Blackfront: That's what I thought.

Sanctus has his arm held up by the referee as he celebrates in the ring.

A Moment Alone

We're backstage, somewhere in the cavernous expanse of hallways that extend like roots through the world's most famous arena. We can hear the crowd in the arena proper popping for the action going on out in the ring. As we turn a corner we see sitting up atop a road crate with his back against the wall, already dressed out in his gear, the UTA's fastest rising new star... the Bombastic Bronson Box. He lets a long silence hang in the air before addressing "us."

His eyes cast down and away.

Boxer: I love tradin' words almost as much as I like tradin' blows out there in that ring. He holds his hands up with an insincere smile.

Boxer: You bloody got me, I love to talk... but so do you, Tyrone. The thing is you're detached from the truth. You're blind to the facts because of what you WANT to happen... because of, in your mind, what NEEDS to happen. What WILL... happen. No other choice but pound your chest and hope for the best. Right?

Bronson just shakes his head, obviously exhausted with Walker's tired reasoning.

Boxer: You've easily got eight to ten HARD years on me, Walker. In wrestling terms you're well beyond over the hill. And in a promotion like the UTA? You're a bloody fossil.

He grins with a confident chuckle... He's yet to make direct eye contact.

Boxer: An admittedly lucky fossil, but a fossil nonetheless.

He swallows deep before finally looking up and we finally get a clear view of his cold brown eyes staring back at us. The grin melts back into a look of pure aggressive self confidence.

Boxer: I admire your moxie, Walker. Honestly. But... it changes nothing. I'm going to march out to that ring and take you apart just like you've seen me do to countless individuals over the years. Hell, to you yourself in memory serves...

He settles back again against the wall.

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Boxer: So good luck tonight. Lets put on a good show for these fine folks here at the world's most famous arena, aye? New Yorkers can be so discriminating. So lad. When... I win. You can go slinking back to your sad little tag team partner Mr. Greer and you two can continue icing your knees and finish up your little quest for "tag team glory"...

He closes his eyes with a satisfied sigh.

Boxer: Whilst I take my rightful bloody place at the top of the card. Now piss off.

The camera slowly backs out of the dimly lit alcove as we cut back to ringside.

Brought to You By

If You Don't Mind

Welcome to the backstage area of Madison Square Garden. As the camera comes into focus, Jamie Sawyers is standing backstage with the attorney to the stars Marshall Owens and his Dynasty client Sean Jackson. Once he receives the green light, Sawyers starts his interview.

Sawyers: Mr. Owens, tonight right here in the famed Madison Square Garden. Your client Sean Jackson will once again do...

In typical Marshall Owens fashion, especially while standing with a member of Dynasty, quickly interrupts before Jamie Sawyers gets on a roll.

M. Owens: Mr. Sawyers, if you don't mind...

Marshall reaches out and takes the mic from Jamie's hand. But before Jamie can say or do anything, Marshall continues.

M. Owens: Of course you don't mind, the last thing you want is another super kick from La Flama Blanca...

This draws a smile from Sean Jackson.

M. Owens: Or a high knee from someone even closer...

As Marshall tilts his head back towards Sean Jackson, the former champion's smile gets even larger.

M. Owens: So just stand there and keep your mouth shut while business is being conducted. Marshall then turns his attention towards the camera and immediately begins on the target for the night.

M. Owens: Will Haynes, you can fool some of the people, some of the time. But when it comes to the Ungratefals, you can fool those slack jawed idiots every day of the week and twice on Sunday.

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Jamie Sawyers can only roll his eyes as Marshall continues.

M. Owens: At All Or Nothing, my client stood there in that ring and he didn't just beat you... Slightly bending over, he points towards Sean's devastating right knee.

M. Owens: No Will Haynes, he went beyond just beating you. Sean Jackson stood in that ring and he drilled his knee through the back of your skull.

To further illustrate the point, Marshall goes down to one knee and begins to jab his index finger into the floor, with Sean following the motions with his eyes.

M. Owens: He left you laying in the middle of the ring, in a heap of limp flesh and broken spirit. That draws a laugh from the Mental Rapist. Completely enjoying what he's hearing.

M. Owens: He beat you so badly that not even the lone surviving member of WTFWC wants to have anything to do with you.

There is a special sparkle in the eyes of Sean Jackson now. Nothing was better than watching

Haynes in Sioux City, Iowa begging for Bobby Dean to explain himself.

M. Owens: Admit it Haynes, my client not only ripped that beating heart from your chest, but practically brought an end to your stable.

Now standing, Marshall Owens is pointing towards the camera.

M. Owens: But here is where you want to trick the Ungratefuls Haynes. Here is where you want to alter the past, where you want to use slight of hand in trying to prove why you could ever have a chance against Sean Jackson tonight....

He then shoots a glance towards Jamie Sawyers who continues to stand there, paying close attention to Sean Jackson, who is still smiling.

M. Owens: But in typical Dynasty fashion Mr. Haynes, here is where I drop a little knowledge down on the village idiots. Here is where Sean and I do our best work....

His attention goes back to the camera.

M. Owens: Here is where we take care of business. Marshall holds up one finger.

M. Owens: Doozer, is gone...never to come back again. The second finger shoots up.

M. Owens: Mikey Unlikely is gone, he's never coming back either. And then, the third.

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M. Owens: Bobby Dean is now a member of Team Danger and wants nothing to do with you.... Now the smile has gotten even larger. Marshall Owens has that matter of factly look on his face, knowing that everything he has said so far is the absolute truth....as is everything he will say in the immediate future.

M. Owens: And fourthly Will Haynes...

The fourth finger goes up. No, he's not making reference to the four horsemen.

M. Owens: Coleslaw Jenkins will NOT be able to save you.

As Marshall's fingers drop, Sean Jackson laughs at the thought of Will Haynes being all alone tonight.

M. Owens: Tell me Haynes, who will you blame your loss on tonight? Simon?

Sean looks up to the ceiling, rolling his eyes and lipping the words oh please under his breath.

M. Owens: He's gone, he's been gone...but yet, it still doesn't stop you from using it as an excuse.

Marshall takes a short breath and then points his index finger into the air.

M. Owens: Now don't get me wrong, I understand why you do it Haynes. You are a very proud man, and you want to be respected. Respect is something that you street thugs want on a regular basis, even though you don't do anything to earn it....

Then it hits him, why should Haynes earn it? kids his age expect everything to simply be handed to them.

M. Owens: You think that just because you are here, just because you grace the hallowed halls of this establishment, that people like Sean Jackson should just hand you their respect... Marshall shakes his head no as he peers back towards his client, who has since turned his attention back to Marshall, not even looking at the camera. As they lock eyes, Sean too shakes his head no.

M. Owens: Well in our words Haynes, it just doesn't happen like that. In the world of Dynasty, you don't get respect until you've become championship pedigree. We look at the way you dress, at the way you conduct yourself, and you wouldn't even be trusted enough to carry our luggage. But that is going to be the major difference between my client, Sean Jackson and you.

Again, Marshall turns his attention back to the camera...an action followed by Sean Jackson.

M. Owens: Which will ultimately be the reason why my client Sean Jackson will walk out of this building tonight, on his own two feet, a winner....

The camera then pans in tight on Marshall's face.

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M. Owens: And you won't. The ultimate reason why Sean Jackson will advance to the third round, to face Eric Dane, and you won't.

He turns towards Jamie Sawyers.

M. Owens: Mr. Sawyers, my client is going to defeat Will Haynes isn't he?

Before Jamie has a chance to say anything, Sean turns his attention towards the backstage journalist and the smile disappears.

Sawyers: Look Mr. Owens, I don't want anymore trouble with Dynasty.

Marshall acts surprised by the response, but Jamie is legitimately concerned...especially with Sean Jackson adjusting Jamie's tie.

M. Owens: Trouble? who said anything about trouble? I was just asking a simple question that required a simple answer. Now then, my client is going to defeat Will Haynes tonight isn't he? Sean Jackson reaches over, places his hand on Jamie's head and helps the journalist to nod.

M. Owens: See, that wasn't hard...was it?

Further assisting Jamie, Sean's hand turns his head side to side so the journalist is saying no. That creates an even bigger smile for the attorney to the stars.

M. Owens: Neither will beating Will Haynes.

Marshall then pushes the mic into Jamie's chest as the two step away from the journalist. As they do, he gives an angry glance in their direction as laughter is heard.

Words of Wisdom

Ace: What's next? Have you read the schedule?

Blackfront: No, I haven't. The Arena goes black.

Cameras pan around the sea of anxious people who are cheering loudly at the showing of respect towards the USA. Suddenly, the cheering ceases as the loudspeakers crackle, all attention devoted to these very special proceedings. A large American Flag unfolds from the rafters and hangs majestically over the ring area, each ear expecting to hear the immortal "Star Spangled Banner".

The big screen starts to show all sorts of American iconic sites. Children playing in the streets, baseball matches, troops in the Middle East. Those images dissolve into footage of various terrorist attacks from around the world including 9-11 until, finally, the Iraqi flag with two scimitars underneath fill the screen. This

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soon gives way to a hooded figure. The scene pulls back to fill the whole screen with this figure having sprawled at his feet American soldiers.

As Call to Pray by Seether begins to blare loudly through the arena, it is eerily evident that this wouldn't be a time for celebration. Outraged and appalled, the almost speechless fans erupt in hatred all at once.

Crowd: USA! USA! USA!

The fans begin booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans is deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picks out people in the crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The curtains at the top of the ramp way parts and they emerge.

Ace: Oh God! These guys cannot be out here. This is so disrespectful. Blackfront: Especially in this city. New York and those damn Arabs do not mix. Ace: So true.

Standing there is Abdul Bin Hussain, dressed in traditional Arab clothes. He is standing between his manager Rafiq and his sister Nazirah. Nazirah is dressed in the traditional Burqa. Rafiq carries the Iraqi flag on a pole. They look about themselves at the crowds who are booing really loudly.

Ace: No this cannot be happening; Not in this city.

Blackfront: They will be lynched and I won't stop them.

Slowly Rafiq walks down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He is actually shown laughing. They are ignoring the boos from the crowd. As Abdul passes a camera he stops and looks directly into the lens. He has the look of an arrogant champion on his face. He sees a sign which has on it "Abdul sucks camel dick!" Abdul grabs it and rips it in half and throws it onto the ground. A fan spits at him. The spit runs down Abdul's face.

Blackfront: That shouldn't happen. Security need to get that guy out of the arena.

Ace: Well it is Abdul.

Blackfront: True.

Abdul looks around the crowd with a look of disdain but holds himself with dignity in front of this anti-Arab crowd. He rubs the spit off of his face. He enters the ring with the others.

Blackfront: What a surprise? The people booing Abdul Bin Hussain?

Ace: I notice the hint of sarcasm in your voice, but other than him being from Iraq they've got nothing against

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him, because he is a great athlete.....But not in this city.

Nazirah leans over the ropes and grabs a microphone off of one of the ring crew. She returns to the centre of the ring tapping the microphone making sure it is working. She passes it to Rafiq. He looks around the arena waiting for the people to be quiet so he can talk.

The boos slowly quiet down after a while. Rafiq can't believe the reaction that he is getting. He brings the microphone up.

Rafiq: We should have expected this reception from you..... The boos erupt again.

Laughing Abdul walks around the ring, soaking up the response from the crowd.

Rafiq: Just because my student is the pride of our nation of Iraq you people think it is good to boo him? He is a good honourable man unlike your politicians.

The boos are louder than ever.

Rafiq: Oh how original of you. You sit there on your obese asses booing the greatest prospect this company.....NO!!! This Country has ever seen. You disrespect him? You disrespect the Iraqi people? You disrespect the Arab nation? What is it with you people? Are you so scared of people that are different from yourselves? Are you so afraid of change? Well let me point it out to you.

Abdul Bin Hussain is the real thing.

Rafiq is smiling. He looks around and motions to Abdul who is just standing still in one of the corners menacingly.

Rafiq: This man is the whole package. And that is why he is here. We were warned by the backstage personal of the UTA that we shouldn't wear our Arab costumes. Costumes?

COSTUMES? This is our national look. A bit like your national look is hooker tops and hot pants and that's just the men.

He laughs as he walks around the ring.

Rafiq: Why would Abdul come out at this show? Why would he come out in this city when most of the world mourns the dead from acts of terrorism that have happened this week? You forget one thing, he is from Basra, and he has had to survive in a war zone, brought on by your War mongering country by that half-witted excuse for a President, George Bush and the next guy?

The crowd boos even louder. A bottle is thrown into the ring from the crowd.

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Rafiq: If he could fight his way around a war torn Basra, he can hold his own in this country.....Why do I keep saying that? It is another reason why this country is holding people like Abdul Bin Hussain down. It is an outrage. It is disgusting, and you should all be ashamed of being a part of what some say is the most civilized country in the world.

The crowds cheer.

Rafiq: Why do you cheer? Are you so naive? Are you so stupid? Look at this guy.

He points at a man in the crowd. He is your typical redneck American, a New York Giant's t-shirt, baseball cap, beer belly and all the rest of it.

Rafiq: If he is your typical American then this place is really gone down the drain. He's probably parked his house in the car park outside? He should be ashamed at how he's let himself go. But looking at him, he doesn't look out of place with the rest of you bunch of trailer park trash.....

He looks directly down the camera lens.

Rafiq: AMERICANS!!!!!!!

The crowds boo as they begin to throw their garbage into the ring. Abdul smirks.

Rafiq: Oh come on New York. Was it our fault for what happened to your twin towers? Was it our fault? Was Abdul flying the plane? Even though he does hold a plane licence. He is a professional wrestler not a damn terrorist! That is why you will see him destroy Bobby Dean tonight.

A half full bottle of beer hits Nazirah on the side of the head knocking her down. Rafiq is trying to

hold Abdul back from jumping out of the ring and confronting the crowd. Security come running down the ramp way.

Rafiq: It sucks for you because you are Americans. This whole country disrespects my charge just because of the colour of his skin, because he is from Iraq.

One of the security has stood between Rafiq and Abdul and is trying to see how Nazirah is.

The security is grabbed by Abdul and Irish Whipped into the ropes. Upon his return it is not Abdul that is there to intercept him but Rafiq. He lifts the security up in the momentum and slams him down with the biggest power slam ever.

Blackfront: What?

Abdul Bin Hussain looks on in disbelief before finally a smirk crosses his lips. Abdul picks up the security and

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hits him with a big time DDT.

Ace: What's going on here?

Abdul peels the security off of the mat and throws him through the ropes before following him outside. Rafiq sets up a couple of chairs. Abdul pushes him on top of the chair before climbing back into the ring and climbing to the top rope.

Blackfront: What is the rest of security doing?

Ace: Come on guys; rescue one of your own.

Abdul launches himself off of the top turnbuckle with the Arabian Knight, crashing through the chairs. Picking up a piece of the chair he starts jabbing it into the security guard's face, spurting blood everywhere before laughing as he rolls into the ring covered in the security's blood. He grabs the microphone off of Rafiq.

Abdul: NOBODY TOUCHES MY SISTER!

They all hold their arms up high as pyros explode as Abdul's music starts blaring out around the arena.

Blackfront: Abdul needs to be suspended for his actions tonight.

Ace: We agree on that. Get medical out here now!

Rafiq throws down the microphone as garbage continues to fill the ring and grabs the flag as he rolls out of the ring as Abdul climbs a turnbuckle, yelling at the fans throwing the trash toward him.

The camera moves back up to the top of the stage. The screens light up, showing an in shape and simply beautiful Bobby Dean on them. Joe Esposito's You're the Best Around begins to play throughout the sound system. From the curtains, we see it. Bobby Dean rides out of the back and onto the stage in an electric scooter fitted with a basket that holds his snack foods.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now. From Houston, Texas...

Bobby picks up a piece of pizza from the basket, taking a bite out of it, before sitting it down on top of a bucket of fried chicken.

Announcer: He stands at six foot tall and weighs in at three hundred and eighty pounds....

Ace: Look at this fat idiot.

Blackfront: Why are everyone idiots to you?

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Announcer: BEAUTIFUL..... BOBBY.... DEEEEEAAANNNNNN!!!!!!

Bobby begins down the ramp on his scooter as ABH just stares at him, disgusted at what he is seeing. Bobby Dean parks his cart near the steps as his music continues to play. Bobby Stands up and begins to dismount his cart. He almost stumbles as he does, but is able to catch his balance.

Ace: What a disgrace.

Bobby starts up the steps and stops, breathing heavy before continuing. As he reaches the apron, he struts across the edge of the ring, holding onto the rope so not to fall. The Beautiful one grabs the top rope with both hands and leans back, still holding on. He does a little shake for all of the ladies, who would rather not see it, in the building before entering the ring.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean in the ring, and ready to kick this match off with the former UTA Champion.

Dean grabs the bottom of his way too small shit, and begins pulling it off. The fans, as well as ABH, and even the referee all scream No!. Bobby stops and looks around as he wonders what the big deal is.

Blackfront: Alright, the bell sounds to start this match as Will Haynes watches on front ring side.

Ace: The referee needs to watch him and make sure he doesn't get involved.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain looking to lock up with bobby Dean to get things started.

ABH holds his hands up, his fingers open as he moves in. Bobby Dean does the same and steps forward. As they grab each other's hands, ABH pulls away and immediately begins wiping his hand son his trunks.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain disgusted at whatever Dean had on his hands.

Ace: It could of been.... anything.

Hussain turns around and comes forward, booting Bobby Dean in the gut.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain with a boot to the gut. He now runs.. of fof the ropes... he leaps... The camera turns around to give us a view of the Pray to Allah from behind.

Blackfront: PRAY TO ALLAH IN LESS THAN A MINUTE OF THIS MATCH! WOW!

Bobby Dean's face is planted to the canvas. The fans boo heavily as the former champion rolls Dean over, covering him. The referee reluctantly slides into position and begins to count. As his hand hits the canvas for the third time, the fans boo even louder.

Announcer: The winner of this match and continuing in the Ring King tournament.... ABDUL... BIN...

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HUSSSAIINN!!!!

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain is getting a LOT of hate here tonight folks.

Abdul refuses to allow the referee to hold his hand up, dropping to the canvas and rolling out of the ring to meet Rafiq.

Ace: The fans want him out of the building.

They continue to throw stuff as he stomps up the ramp, occasionally threatening to hit people in the front row.

Give me Justice

We switch backstage to see James Wingate walking through the corridor.

Blackfront: The boss still to address his actions last week here tonight.

As he turns a corner there stands Chris Hopper. The boss stops, looking up at Hopper.

Wingate: Move out of my way Chris.

He tries to continue, however, hopper places his hand out on his chest, halting Wingate.

Wingate: Who do you think you are? Chris just looks down at him.

Hopper: Who do I think I am? Who do you think YOU are. Taken back, Wingate adjust his cuffs.

Wingate: Last time I checked.. I'm your boss. Chris just scoffs.

Hopper: Last week... James interrupts him.

Wingate: Yes, last week I reversed the decision n the main event. I already said I would ex... Hopper puts a finger up, once again taking the boss back a bit.

Hopper: While I absolutely detest what you did to Lew Smith, and know you will get what's coming to you....

James' eyes squint, his blood boils. Hopper: That was not what I was saying. Wingate: Then get on with it!

Hopper: Last week.. La Flama Blanca cost me my match.

Wingate: Just like always, Chris Hopper blaming others for his... inadequities. Chris looks as if he is about to explode, but composes himself.

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Hopper: I.. want.. Blanca. Do you hear me Wingate? I want La Flama Blanca in a match! James laughs.

Wingate: Is that all? You want the UTA World Champion in a match?

Hopper: You're damn right! That was the last time he.. or any of Dynasty cost me a match! You gave Lew Smith and Marie Van Claudio matches with him.. now, give him some real competition! GIVE ME LA FLAMA BLANCA!

The fans can be heard cheering in the background, watching on the big screen as James thinks for a bit.

Wingate: You want to face the champion? You got it Chris! The fans go crazy again.

Hopper: Ah, wise decision. When do I get him? Week after his next match? Two weeks? James just smiles as he begins to pass Chris. he stops and turns around.

Wingate: No silly... You get him, IF he is still champion after Ring King. Chris Hopper looks furious.

Hopper: I have to wait until after Ring King?! IF he is still champion? I don't care about the title! Just give him to me!

Intensity fills his eyes.

Wingate: I don't think you get it Chris. Hopper steps in.

Hopper: Then why don't you explain it to me.

Wingate: You get La Flama Blanca after Ring King if he is still champion... AND you can win the Ace in the Hole match. Then...

He smirks.

Wingate... you can challenge him whenever you want. Now... get out of my damn face and never approach me demanding anything again or I will fire you quicker than I did Joshua Jones.

James turns and walks off leaving Chris to stew in his anger. He clinches his fist and lets out a yell as he punches the wall.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper thinking he was going to get La Flama Blanca, instead is entered into the Ace in the Hole match at Ring King.

Ace: Hey, that's a good trade off. Instead of La Flama Blanca embarrassing him fully, he can win the the contract and if Blanca decides to retire with the title in the next year, he can cash it in on whomever gets the vacant belt!

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Blackfront: I don't see it going that way, but winning the Ace in the Hole match will give Hopper a chance to gain his twentieth World Championship.

We fade as Hopper stands, still angry, his knuckles bleeding.

Brought to You By

Hero Sick

We are back from commercial, and the UTA cameras are following Sanctus walking through the halls of Madison Square Garden. He has a towel draped over his shoulders and wires running from the earbuds back into a pocket of his shorts. His head nods along with a drumbeat our viewers can faintly hear.

Until the audio is filled with the slow clapping hands just off-camera.

OSV: My fellow women's right champion.

The camera pans back to reveal the man that beat Marie Van Claudio on Victory a week ago, newcomer Colton Thorpe. He stands in faded blue jeans and a grey tee that has had its sleeves ripped off. He has one hand outstretched toward Sanctus.

Sanctus: Pardon me?

The man in the white mask reaches up to one ear to pull out a speaker. He then pulls out his phone to turn the volume down, but not off.

Sanctus: Were you speaking to me?

Offended that his hand was not grabbed when he first stuck it out, Colt slides his thumbs into belt hoops.

Thorpe: I am just glad to see that I have a like minded individual on the roster. I mean, the way you threw Harrison around out there just like she was any other wrestler.

Sanctus: Because she is just another member of this roster.

Thorpe reaches a hand out again, now to slap Sanctus on the chest, lightly.

Thorpe: See that's what I am talking about. Just don't go getting upset when she is challenging for the UTA title in two weeks.

With one hand raised to his exposed chin, Sanctus has a lightbulb moment.

Sanctus: Oh! You were the one that defeated MVC on Victory, weren't you?

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Thorpe: Colton Thorpe; undefeated wrestler, host of Chillin' With Colt, and champion of the women's equality fight. Not like that Robertson guy, who'd rather break his arm than deal with the media backlash of beating up a chick.

Sanctus: Oh, he...

Thorpe: Nah, don't say it. That's just the lengths that some guys go to avoid having to make a stand for the right. Hell, Wingate was so impressed with my message that he went ahead and has booked me against two chicks in a triple threat for the next Victory card.

Sanctus: I think you might be mistaken, stranger.

Digging into his back pocket, Colt produces a business card and holds it before Sanctus. Thorpe: I haven't been wrong yet. July 6th, I will dutifully slam my elbow into the faces of Cay-lee and Lisil. Here, I'd love to have you as a co-host an episode of Chillin' With Colt some time.

Sanctus takes the card, but shows little interest, as if he only did take it to get Colt's hands out of his face.

Thorpe: Anyway, Stinktus, I'm going to find myself a cozy spot to watch this Legacy title match from. You have yourself a good one.

Thorpe pats Sanctus on the back and departs from view walking backwards down the hall, hands formed like a gun and winking at Sanctus.

Finding the nearest garbage can, Sanctus throws away the 2" by 4" card.

Sanctus: Certainly not the most enlightened man.

Old Friends

The image cuts to another part of Madison Square Garden, where debuting wrestler, Scott Stevens, is sitting in a chair leaned over lacing up his boots.

Stevens: Tonight is the night.

Stevens says to himself as he is halfway done with his boots.

Stevens: Just relax. You've done this a million times. Tonight is no different.

Stevens tries to calm himself as he finishes lacing his boots, but it looks like the anticipation of his debut is starting to make the Texan nervous.

Stevens leans over and lunges his hand into his duffle bag and fells around for a few moments before he

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produces some athletic tape. He goes to start wrapping around his wrists when a familiar voice breaks his concentration.

Townsend: You do know you're not assigned to this locker room, right...?

The Welshman's question merely hangs in the air, as he walks over towards the invader, looking more bemused than anything else.

Townsend: Are you going to speak, or...what? Going to make me stand around awkwardly in my own locker room?

He stands over Stevens, the Texan slowly moving his attention away from his preparations and up to the Welshman, before he slowly rises from his seat and the two look as if they aren't going to wait for the ring as the tension could be cut with a knife. The two continue to eye one another looking to see who is going to make the first move when Stevens burst out laughing.

Stevens: Good seeing you man.

Townsend still looks bemused, before a smile breaks out across his ugly features, looking pleased to see one of the few people he calls friend.

Townsend: Yeah...yeah, it is...though you do know you're still in the wrong locker room, right? He says that with a smile on his face, more amused than anything else.

Stevens: It said Ground Zero on the door and since I'm Ground Zero I'd thought I'd make myself at home, if that's not a problem with you.

Stevens says with a smirk as he pats his friend on the shoulder a few times before going back to tape his hands and wrists.

Townsend: Sure...and you're welcome here, though a little notice would have been nice. But refresh my memory, Scott...didn't you quit?

Stevens just chuckles.

Stevens: Notice? You've been on notice for weeks now. You knew when I was coming. Did you expect me to change in the hallway or with the Machine? And what do you mean by quit? Quit what?

Stevens asks confused as he begins to tape his other arm.

Townsend: Notice that you were planning to come and use the locker room? Y'know...common politeness and that. And you know what I mean, Scott, you quitting Ground Zero. I mean, you want to come back? Totally fine...hell, I'd welcome it, even. But you did quit...

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The Welshman's voice trails off as he continues to look down at the Texan. Tension fills the room, as Stevens stops taping his arm, the reel of tape hanging loosely as he pulls himself up to his full height, staring straight back at Townsend.

Stevens: Apparently we have two definitions of quit. I never quit, you benched me in favor of Ryan McKenna because I questioned your favoritism remember?!?

Stevens sternly says as he pokes Townsend in the chest.

Stevens: Hard to quit when you retired. You quit on us, not me.

Townsend looks away, chuckling for a moment, before he looks back at Stevens.

Townsend: Yes, I "retired"..."

His hands go ahead and make the air quotes you think they'd make at this point in time.

Townsend: Though it obviously didn't stick, what with this being professional wrestling and

everything. And we obviously have different memories of what went down...and we can stand here and argue about them all day long and achieve absolutely nothing, yeah? We can dig at old wounds, pick at them until they start to bleed and we're busy having yet more arguments about taco stands and crab shacks...

His hand extends as he continues to speak.

Townsend: Or we can look to the future. To a great match tonight. And to Ground Zero's future. So how about it, Scott? Are you still in Ground Zero...or are you going to keep your arse parked on the figurative bench?

His hand is still extended, and perhaps the most sincere look that has ever been caught on Rhys Townsend's face is visible.

Stevens extends his and shakes with Townsend's hand.

Stevens: Lets show them why our match should be the main event by stealing the show like we always do.

Townsend smiles and nods, before he walks over to his bag, pulling something out of it, tossing it at Stevens.

Townsend: Sounds good. And here, you'll be needing this, then.

Stevens unfurls the black shirt, the Ground Zero logo emblazoned across the front of it, as we fade out.

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Shut it Down by Dead Celebrity Status begins to play as out of the back steps BLACKIMUS Prime himself, Ty Walker. He's being accompanied to the ring by the Only Star, Eric Dane due to Greer having a title match later one. Walker and Dane briefly discuss their strategy and start the slow walk to the ring.

Walker nods his head in time to the music on the ramp as he approaches the outside of the ring. He steps towards the ring stairs, opting to use them tonight.

Announcer: From Jacksonville, Florida weighing in at two hundred and five pounds, standing at six feet two inches tall. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is Black Jesus himself - TYRRRRRROOOOOONE Walker!

Walker wipes his feet on the apron before stepping into the ring, climbing the nearest turnbuckle and throwing a hand into the area. He hops down quickly, moving his neck side to side and keeping his eyes towards the top of the ramp.

The arena is bathed in a flickering brown sepia brown as the big screen flickers to life.

Announcer: Now making his way to the ring! Hailing from the Highlands of Scotland...

Cut in on a sepia-toned filmreel of two men in black trunks, jerkily throwing one another around in the ring. The moves weren't flashy, they were just effective. A music box began to tinkle, slowly playing the familiar tune to The Entertainer by turn of the century musician Scott Joplin.

Announcer: Weighing in tonight at two hundred and thirty four pounds... The ragtime piano stops cold.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, the self proclaimed "greatest attraction in all of professional wrestling"... this is THE WARGOD, THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT, THIS IS... THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOX!

The live camera cuts to the stage where Bronson stands ready for war.

?You can run on for a long time...?

Johnny Cash's slow, soulful croon is a grim accompaniment to the Bombastic One, as we quick cut to a few short clips of Bronson performing some of his brutal signature maneuvers on various opponents. Most notably Stephen Greer, Boston Bancroft, Jimmy Kort and Eugene Dewey. We catch a quick glance of Box nose to nose with Eric Dane as well.

?Run on for a long time...?

The next series of clips is of the tragic night that Bronson turned on his tag team partner Evan Hurley, sending his former friend back first into the exposed turnbuckle with a viscous Bombasto

Bomb. A metal on metal CLANG added for extra effect. The camera cuts to Bronson making his way down

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the ramp, jawing with fans along the way.

?Run on for a long time...?

Next we're witness to a series of Box applying The Boston Massacre on wrestlers of all shapes and sizes. Old and young superstars all screaming in pain at The Wargod's hands. On his way up the ringsteps Bronson sheds his robe and tosses it to a ring attendant.

?Run on for a long time...?

Finally a grainy sepia clip from the ladder war where Bronson unified the vacant Defiance Crown with the WfWA World title to become the first official DEFIANCE World Heavyweight champion. A bloody battered Boxer reaching down and snatching one belt from Boston Bancroft and adding it to his own... lifting both championships over his head in triumph. His greatest opponent a bloody heap at his feet. Back live, Box is crouched in the corner primed and ready for the upcoming contest.

?Sooner or later, God'll cut you down.?

And the crowd stands on it's feet as Box and Walker ready themselves for the matchup. Eric Dane and Jane Kratz are both on the apron giving advice to their respective Superstars. Walker nods his head as the Only Star dispenses last minute advice. Bronson Box listens to Jane but never takes his eyes off of Walker.

Blackfront: File this one under "Instant Classic" Ace. It's going to be a barn burner.

Ace: I gotta say - I'm split on this one. I just wanna see a good fight.

Blackfront: What I think you're about to see will come to define the word "fight" here in the UTA for some time.

Walker begins shouting at Box. The official letting it happen as Bronson smiles. Finally Walker charges Box with a full head of emotional steam and the two collide as Bronson turns the shoulder catching Walker off balance. The bells tolls to indicate the start of the match.

Blackfront: And we're off to a hot start here for another exciting matchup in the UTA Ring King tournament.

Ace: One of these men will be advancing. And one will be going home crying. Who will it be? With Walker dazed Box pushes him into the ropes and begins unloading with a series of rights and lefts right to the head and upper chest of Black Jesus. After a few rights and lefts Box brings a foot up and kicks Walker in the side of the thigh, and then in the side of the hip/stomach. Walker cries out in pain as he tries to step to the other side of the ring for relief. This doesn't work, however, as the Strong Man follows him like a lion stalking it's prey.

Blackfront: Bronson Box is no nonsense in that ring. A general in every sense of the word.

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Ace: He's scary, Jason. He could win this entire thing.

Blackfront: Don't I know it.

A hard straight right hand from Box connects with Walker's head. An over hand club from Box sends Walker back into the corner. Another right hand club to the head of Walker, and another. Box brings a high knee up and drives it into the Team Danger's member's stomach bending him over slightly.

Blackfront: Box really taking this fight right to Walker to open this thing up here.

Ace: Walker charging Box with that full head of steam, possibly steaming from last week's Victory, has really cost him so far.

A hard slap across Walker's chest from Box draws a "WHOOOO" response from the crowd. Box fires off another right hand, this time Walker responds with his own left. Box again with a massive right, and again Walker responds with his own left. Box responds in time with faster and somehow heavier right hands leaving Walker dazed. Box steps back and leaps forward running into the air and driving a well placed kick right to the side of Walker's temple. Walker slumps over but uses his massive hand to steady himself with the top rope.

Blackfront: Wow, that was insane!

Ace: I think I felt that one from here, partner.

Box screams out in enjoyment as the fans boo him. He turns back to Walker who is slumped himself in the corner and is breathing heavy. Box takes Walker by the neck and walks him out to the middle of the ropes before delivering another thunderous right hand. Walker is dazed and Box plants a kick in his gut further adding to the pain. Then another chop across the neck from Boxer. On the outside of the ring Eric Dane barks orders at Walker, trying to get him back in this thing.

Box backs off slowly and then steps in trying to clothesline Walker over the top rope. Walker prevents himself from going over. Box shrugs his shoulders and takes a step back. He prepares himself to clothesline Walker over the top with a running start but Walker starts running towards him instead and takes off Box's head with a huge Lariat!

Blackfront: Shades of his Tag Team partner Stephen Greer who wrestles later on this evening in the Legacy Title Championship Scramble Match. And maybe this is where Ty turns this all around.

Ace: Maybe.

Box is quick to his feet but backs off to get some air. He wasn't expecting the clothesline, fairly confident in his position thus far. Box pulls himself up in the corner and is greeted with a jab to his gut by Walker. Another body shot from Walker has Box bent over in a bit of pain. Walker steps back and unloads with a massive

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straight punch that sends Box slumping back into the corner.

Blackfront: I told you this would be a fight, Ace. And so far it's living up to my word.

Ace: I might've doubted you there for a second, but this thing is turning out to be a good old fashioned slugfest.

Walker takes a step back before closing the gap and driving his own high knee into the upper chest of Box. Another closed fist punch to the head as Walker returns the favor so to say now. Dane barks away from words of wisdom again as Jane Kratz stares down Bronson silently.

Blackfront: You cannot discredit the ringside strategies here from Ms. Kratz and the Only Star, Eric Dane. All four of these individuals have a long history with one another. And in this tournament, having a history sometimes can help you, but other times it can certainly hurt you as well.

Ace: Familiarity breeds contempt.

Blackfront: Well said, where'd you pull that one from?

Ace: I saw it on a fortune cookie.

Walker steps away and charges looking for a clothesline. Box has it scouted perfectly and ducks it he turns and delivers another chop off Walker's chest driving him back into the corner. Box brings his foot up again and catches Walker with a kick in the side of the ribs, which cause Black Jesus to call out in pain. Walker slumps down now his arms hanging on the top rope. A kick to the chest for his efforts from Box as Bronson tries to wear him down.

Blackfront: Taking the fight right to Ty Walker once again here. This one has been a long time coming. Lots of words said by these two over the past years. Maybe tonight the chickens all come home to roast.

Ace: Maybe tonight you finally get laid!

Another massive right hand from Box sends Walker seeking shelter. Walker grabs the ring rope and walks himself over to the other corner. Dane barks out some more words of wisdom as he goes. Box steps in to cut off Walker's room to breathe. He pulls Walker forward and delivers a huge headbutt that sends him reeling.

With Walker reeling Box smirks and then he does something unthinkable.

Blackfront: God's Firey Right Hand! Holy hell, didn't think we'd see this so soon. Bronson Box after wearing Walker down has this Clawhold locked in. Look he's digging those fingernails into Ty's face.

Ace: He's one sick puppy.

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Sure enough it's true, the Clawhold is one thing but the fingernails are digging in to the forehead of Ty Walker, as well as the area around his eyes. Blood begins to run down his face, just a trickle. Dane jumps up on the apron furious and begins screaming to Ty that he has to break the hold.

Ty furious that he's being made to bleed swings a leg wildly and manages to clip Bronson just enough that he releases the hold for a second. Ty takes his arm and wrenches it applying pressure the shoulder and the neck. A huge over hand club comes next from Ty, connecting right to the shoulder. Ty still holds the arm out straight before pulling Bronson in and placing his arm between his legs pulling him into a Pump Handle position.

Blackfront: What's this?

Walker scoops Box up and brings him down with a hard Pump Handle Neckbreaker that crumbles Boxer onto the mat. Walker presses in for a pin.

ONE...

TWO...

Ace: Boxer turns the shoulder and this one continues.

Blackfront: Gotta give Ty credit there he was in a world of hurt and was able to flip things around on Box. Shows the resolve he has in this one. The will to fight here is pretty impressive.

Walker rolls over onto his back and is breathing heavy. Box is over on his stomach and he is as well. Box uses the ring ropes to pull himself to his feet as Walker rolls to a knee and stands upright. Walker shakes his head to clear the cobwebs still feeling the affects of those massive right hands from Box to start things off. Box tosses Walker into the ropes, Walker pops off the far side, Box goes to throw Walker in the air looking for something but Walker brings his feet straight into Box's chest with a dropkick that catches the Original Defiant off guard and sends him staggering.

Box rolls to his feet and Walker charges and connects with a head scissors takedown as Dane screams out in excitement on the outside.

Blackfront: Eric Dane fired up on the outside.

Ace: Imagine it, Team Danger with the World Title. It would be great for business.

Walker rolls to his feet quickly as Box takes his time. Walker presses onto Box backing him up into the ropes. Walker takes Boxer's wrist and goes to whip him across but Box reverses it.

Walker vaults over the top rope but stays on the apron. Box charges as Walker drives a shoulder through the ropes and connects to Box's midsection sending his momentum to a crashing halt.

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Walker leaps onto the top rope pausing only for a second before sending himself off and connecting with a Springboard Clothesline that knocks Box down to the mat.

Walker rolls through and gets to his feet.

Blackfront: And here's Ty Walker, now.

Box is sensible and slides out of harms way. He slides underneath the bottom ring and Jane Kratz is quick to his side to talk about their match strategy. Walker smiles in the ring, raising his hands, encouraging the fans to make some noise for this one.

Ace: This one is back and forth, back and forth. Anything could happen!

Walker smiles and runs with a full head of steam. He throws himself over the top of the ropes as Jane moves out of the way Black Jesus comes down with a senton onto Boxer on the outside. Blackfront: Black Jesus just flew! That was incredible.

Ace: Walker putting everything on the line here tonight. He knows what's at stake!

Walker is slightly dazed but takes Box and throws him back into the ring. Box rolls to his feet as Walker charges. Walker throws a clothesline and the War God ducks it. The War God grabs Walker's massive long arms and pulls him into a Gory variation before swinging him around and dropping him over his knee with a Backbreaker.

Ace: Look at that strength! Box is no slouch. Showing it off here tonight. That move was something incredible. Will be on Youtube before the end of the show tonight, I'm sure!

Instead of pressing for a pin Box takes a deep breath, allowing himself some recovery time. Box is over and puts two hands around Walker's throat choking him. The ref is over with his count. Box releases but then is right back, drawing a new count from the ref. Box to add insult to injury lets go but then puts one foot on Walker's throat and poses, drawing boos from every which way. The Strongman flexing for the fans.

Blackfront: And look at this, Ace. Look at this attitude from Bronson Box, just more of what we don't need here in the UTA.

Ace: Speak for yourself, I personally love it.

Box steps off and drops a well placed boot into Ty's midsection before pulling him up and slouching Walker in between the ropes. Boxer uses one of the ring ropes to choke the Team Danger member out, drawing yet more boos from the crowd.

Ace: Look at him, Jason. He's showing Walker who's boss. There is nothing wrong with that.

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Blackfront: Whatever happened to being humble? That's all I'm asking.

The ref makes Box break the hold and break the hold he does. He steps back and plants a boot into the back of Walker's knee, buckling his leg slightly. Walker begins moving on his knees towards the corner trying to get back to his feet. Walker is too his feet in the corner but Boxer is right on top of him. Box whips him hard into the opposite turnbuckle as Box begins to jaw with some fans sitting ringside. Walker is slumped and draws another kick to the midsection from Boxer.

Boxer goes to swing for another right but Walker blocks it and hits a left instead. Another right from Boxer but it's blocker and Walker hits another left. Box steps back charges in, Walker ducks a clothesline steps forward and turns with a Yakuza Kick that catches Box right in the head. Box is dazed.

Blackfront: And here's Ty Walker yet again. He'll never say die. Too much on the line here tonight.

Walker is up and in the middle of the ring breathing heavy. Box is slow to his feet. The two men meet in the middle of the ring and it once again becomes a slug fest. Hard right from Box, hard right from Ty. Hard right from Box, no no no, hard left from Ty. Back and forth, back and forth, each man staggering feeling the affects of this brutal match.

Box bends Ty over in pain after a particularly brutal right hand and chops him across the chest backing Black Jesus back into the ropes. Box whips Ty across the ring, Ty bounces off and comes back to duck a clothesline from Box, he bounces off again and brings up another Yakuza Kick that sends Box crumbling back to the mat.

Blackfront: There's that kick again. Ty Walker, somehow he does it. He's got this extra gear he finds just when he needs it.

Walker falls on top of Box for a pin. ONE...

TWO..

Box powers out.

Walker is to his feet first, yells "COME ON!" at himself more than anyone else. Walker charges a staggering Box who has just come to his feet but Box bends down and scoops Walker bringing him crashing back to the mat with a Powerslam. Box picks up the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

Now Walker powers out.

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Box rolls to his stomach and pushes up to his feet. Box pulls Walker closer to then turnbuckle. Boxer climbs the turnbuckle as the fans jump to their feet.

Blackfront: Box going to the top rope. What kind of damage could he do here?

Ace: Look, Jason. Walker is up!

Walker is indeed up and he swings wildly and plants a right hand that dazes Box. Walker stands on the second rope with an arm around Box's neck with Box sitting on the top rope. Walker fires another short right hand in to keep Box in check. Walker steps up attempting a Superplex but Box doesn't budge at all. Box pushes Walker and Walker hits the mat but rolls to one knee. Box looks to be going for another move off the top rope but takes too long. Walker charges and leaps in the area bringing his knee up and connecting with Box as he vaults himself using the ropes as leverage.

Blackfront: Busaiku Knee to the head of Box, and Box is in trouble!

Box is dazed and Walker is quick now. He stands on the second rope, puts his feet up onto the third. He climbs, hooks Box and brings him crashing down to the mat with a Superplex.

Ace: God damn! This is one of the best matches I've seen!

Blackfront: Two guys who have no love losted between them beating the living snot out of each other. What more can we say!?

Walker drapes an arm over Boxer. Ref slides into position. Dane counts along on the outside. ONE...

TWO...

THRE...

Blackfront: BOX KICKS OUT!

Sure enough Bronson has kicked out. Walker lays back on the mat as he can't believe it. Dane is beside himself on the outside. Jane nods his her head, knowing that it'll take more to put Bronson away. Walker rolls over and pulls Box to his feet positioning him for the Ol' Dirty Buster. Box hooks his legs onto Walker's to prevent the move and spins out of it quickly. He whips Walker quickly across the ring. Upon the come back Box lifts Walker in the area and half pushes him, half launches him with a Powerbomb right into the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: BOMBASTO BOMB! BOMBASTO BOMB!

Walker crumbles back to the mat. Box pins.

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ONE...

TWO...

THR...

Blackfront: Walker kicks out! I don't know how he did, but he kicked out!

Ace: He's not human!

Eric Dane slaps the apron, yelling for Walker to get up. Bronson snarls at him before charging the ropes. As he approaches he kicks at them, with Dane stepping back, raising his hands to show he's not doing anything.

Blackfront: Bronson Box aggravated folks.

As he turns to see Tyrone Walker on a knee, holding his head and neck Eric Dane reaches in under the bottom rope and grabs his ankle pulling back. Box turns to him with his eyes open wide.

Blackfront: Eric Dane buying Tyrone Walker some time, but he needs to be careful. Bronson Box now exiting to the apron!

Box hits the floor as Eric Dane backs away, telling Bronson to bring it. Quickly Jane Katze runs around and gets in front of Bronson, pushing his chest and pointing into the ring where Tyrone Walker is using the ropes to get to his feet.

Blackfront: So much on the line here. Bronson Box needs to keep his eye on the prize.

As Jane talks to Box and the referee stares down, counting, Eric Dane has pulled a chair out from under the ring. He quickly slides it into Tyrone Walker.

Ace: Look Jason! Eric Dane has given Tyrone Walker a chair!

Blackfront: I can see that Tommy. What's Dane doing now?

Eric Dane runs around and leaps up on the apron to the left of the referee, yelling at him. As the referee heads over to tell Dane to get off the apron, bronson Box slides into the ring.

Blackfront: Box back in the ring, Walker with that chair and ready. Box to his feet now... Tyrone Walk runs and swings the chair.. NO! Bronson Box meets him with a boot to the gut!

Eric Dane, thinking Walker has just laid Box out, leaps down to the floor. As he does, the referee turns to see Bronson hold the chair up high that he had just taken from Tyrone. He swings it down, slamming into the upper back of Tyrone Walker. Quickly the referee calls for the bell.

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Announcer: The winner of this match via disqualification... TYRONE.. WALLLKKEERRR!!!

Blackfront: Bronson Box and Jane Katze can't believe it.

Box argues with the referee saying it was Dane who brought the chair in.

Blackfront: Tyrone Walker will move on to the next round of the tournament!

Angry, Box swings the chair and slams it into the referee's head. The fans, always excited when a referee gets his, go crazy.

Blackfront: Bronson Box is upset.

Ace: Do ya blame him?

Eric Dane slides into the ring just enough to grab Tyrone and hell him roll out as Box swings the chair wildly toward him. Holding onto Walker as they back up the ramp, Eric Dane yells inaudible stuff toward Bronson Box standing in the ring, chair in hand.

What's the Deal?

In the back, Marie Van Claudio was looking at her arm that was injured a couple of weeks ago and still in the brace that has to wear. Suddenly, Jamie Sawyers comes up as she looks at Marie Van Claudio, who's still looking at her arm. Marie looks up to her and has her eyes open.

Van Claudio: Oh thank you sweet mother of pearl! It's someone that's not going to ask me the annoying questions about how I'm feeling about my match!

Jamie walks over to Marie

Sawyers: Trust me, I'm not going to ask you anything that will get under your skin, but I do need to ask you a few things about your deal with Amy Harrison and how you are feeling about your

title match?

Marie looks at Jamie and bites her lip as she looks with a straight face.

Sawyers: Now everyone wants to know what's your deal with Amy Harrison? A couple of weeks ago after your match, you and Amy had an interesting conversation, the following week, you two talked about Amy's first round match.

Marie looks at Jamie and rolls her hands to keep on going with the point.

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Sawyers: Now if I can match up something here, I've done some research on your family and her family and I've found out that both your father and her father had some interesting matches in the past leading to your sister, Veronica and her sister Mary Ellen having a match of their own, but you two seem....friendly. Why's that?

Marie looks at Jamie as she goes on his shoulders.

Van Claudio: Seemingly Friendly? Jamie, do you really want to see Amy and I....make out for every man's fantasy?

Jamie gets a little red as Marie looks at him and wipes his sweat off the head of his.

Van Claudio: Amy and I....are ONLY friends!

Jamie jumps back as she yelled as Marie begins to speak again.

Van Claudio: But you're right about one thing and I'm glad that you've done your research before you came into my presences. Craig Harrison and my father did have a rivalry worldwide that lasted until the both of them retired. It took Twenty-Seven years later for Mary Ellen and Veronica to have a match of their own in another promotion, leading to Veronica getting some revenge for my family, but then again, it was Amy's sister and she doesn't know any better.

Marie flips her hair.

Van Claudio: Now as for Amy and I? We are going to be friends and ONLY friends, however, there might be some jealousy with the fact that I do have a title shot before her, but then again, she's new, I'm not.

Jamie nods at that.

Sawyers: Speaking of your title shot, many believe in the back that you're not really deserving to have a title shot because you've lost two of your three matches since you've been back in the UTA, but many believe that you could have the edge because you've defeated a Dynasty Member in the past.

Marie shrugs.

Van Claudio: You're right, I did lose two out of my three matches since I've been back in the UTA with my only win being against Blackbeard. I do have to admit something and that is this. Marie clears her throat

Van Claudio: I have to agree with the people that say I don't deserve a match for the title. There are other people here that deserve it instead of me. The only shot at I had at any titles, was All or Nothing, but considering that I'm going against a Dynasty member, I do have a shot to send another packing and forcing them to eat their feelings out.

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Marie flips her hair.

Van Claudio: But this is not KVT, this is La Flama Blanca we are talking about and I don't expect this match to be easy and I don't expect him to take me lightly as well. This match is not going to be a walk in the park like many of my opponents that have faced me in the past thought it was.

Infact, you MIGHT just see a new side of MVC that La Flama Blanca will not expect. Jamie looks at her.

Sawyers: And what you mean by "new side"

Van Claudio: A side that nobody expects of me. Hell, I might just have a new outfit to go with that!

Sawyers is once again sweating.

Van Claudio: AND I DON'T MEAN BY ME WRESTLING NAKED!

Marie snaps her fingers in his face.

Van Claudio: Lew Smith almost had it until it was SNAPPED out of his hands, but this time around, there WON'T be any reserve decisions in OUR match!

Marie looks at him.

Van Claudio: Now is there anything you want to ask? Jamie shakes his head.

Van Claudio: Good. NOW GET THE HELL OUT!

Jamie runs away as Marie looks at him run out as she shakes her head.

The Fighting Champion

Down by Yelawolf begins to play. The crowd starts to stir and the booing starts almost immediately. The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain with purpose and an edge. The champion is wearing a fine Italian handmade suit.

He walks slowly as Marshall Owens walks out behind him, looking dapper as well. La Flama Blanca has his UTA World Title on his shoulder. Marshall Owens has possession of the UTA Tag Team Title. The Champion stops, putting his fist high into the air but is visibly in pain. Owens claps for his client.

Blackfront: The current-

Ace: And REIGNING!

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Blackfront: Yes, the current reigning UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca on his way to the ring.

He gets a nice round of boos as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp. The Garden is going wild.

Blackfront: He is accompanied by his attorney Marshall Owens.

He pauses for a few seconds seeing fans devilish faces hate his guts. He loves it. Owens loves it as well.

Ace: Always good to see The Champ. We're in the home of champions here, Jason.

Blanca walks down the ramp and gets major heat from the NYC crowd. He walks down the middle of the ramp not giving the fans a second of his time. Owens follows not too far behind. Blackfront: La Flama Blanca, The Luchador held onto his title in a controversial manner at Victory last Monday night. Lew Smith was able to get a one, two, three against LFB.

Ace: Now hold on a second! LFB was obviously injured in that match. James Wingate did the right thing in correcting the referee's error.

Highlights from the Victory Main Event roll across your screen. La Flama Blanca sends Lew Smith to the ground with a Dropkick. Lew Smith is seen blocking the Ay Dios Mio. Lew Smith is now celebrating the victory he thought he had. Finally James Wingate giving LFB back the UTA World title.

Ace: It was a five star event on Victory, Jason. When all the smoke cleared, La Flama Blanca is STILL the UTA World Champion.

When Blanca finally gets to the ring he walks up the ring steps and stops on the ring apron. Marshall stands by the ring steps looking up at his client as he claps.

Ace: That's a champion, Jason.

Blackfront: He has been a successful one so far. Even if his reign might be questionable. Blanca is finally inside the ring. Owens steps through the ropes and passes his client.

Blackfront: Blanca went in for X-Rays and a MRI after Victory went off air. During his match he landed on his neck after being dropped on top of our announce table. Everything has come back negative, which is good for LFB.

Ace: It's good for the UTA! Lew Smith should be suspended! He went over the top! Marshall goes and grabs LFB a microphone.

Blackfront: Pipe down, Tommy... La Flama Blanca has been very confident since winning the UTA World Championship. We've been seeing his ego grow more and more. Lew Smith took The Champion to the max and in many eyes won the UTA World Championship.

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Marshall hands off the microphone. Blanca walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd of mouth breathers.

Ace: Not in my eyes...

Flama Blanca comes to a halt in the middle of the ring as the fans continue to boo. Owens yells at fans by ringside.

Blackfront: Listen to Madison Square Garden. Not happy to see LFB.

Ace: N-Y-C here's L-F-B!

LFB is not giving the fans any attention. He holds the microphone with purpose. He lets out a little cough, clearing his throat before speaking.

La Flama Blanca: Your... UTA World Champion is speaking.

The New York crowd lets The Champion hear it. Blanca holds his neck and looks stiff in the ring. LFB: New York, New York, a place filled with so many morons... they couldn't think of another name for the city so they used it twice.

The fans boo LFB as he looks out into the massive sea of people. The Luchador paces around the ring. He adjusts his UTA World title and looks down at it.

LFB: For those of you who don't have cable TV or have been living under a rock for the past month... I am La Flama Blanca and I am YOUR UTA World Champion. A championship I seem to have to defend again... and again... and again. Those of you with IQs higher than your shoe size get my point.

A camera zooms in to pick up a great shot of The Luchador facing the crowd.

Fans: LEEEEEEEEEEWWWWW!

Blanca turns to face cameras by the entrance ramp, not paying any attention to the NYC crowd. LFB: James Wingate did the right thing last week... James Wingate did what was best for business. He righted the wrong and saved his company. I... have a newfound respect for The Boss.

Fans: Wingate sucks! Wingate sucks!

Blanca pauses, looking down at the ground giving the fans a few seconds to say what's on their minds before cutting them off.

LFB: With that being said... I still stood tall and did what I was saying all week that I was going to do... walk out of the WrestleZone with my World title. Lew Smith, it must have felt great... You thought you achieved

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your dream but... dreams don't always come true.

Fans: You got pinned! You got pinned! You got pinned!

The Luchador puts the microphone down away from his face, not pleased with the NYC crowd.

LFB: Are you dirtbags finished?

The fans erupt. Blanca stops his pacing and looks to be thinking of something.

LFB: Back to what I was saying before I was RUDELY interrupted. So after I defeated Lew Smith I get a call... I'm putting my title on the line again and it's against... Marie Van Claudio?

The Luchador looks back at Owens who is shrugging his shoulder in bewilderment.

LFB: I forgot who MVC was for a minute. Then I remembered that she was here, then she wasn't here, then came back and throughout it all... no one cared. Now people will care. Much like Lew Smith, you are undeserving to even look at the UTA World, much less hold it. Know this, I'm going to make you a star, Marie.

Marshall Owens is seen laughing in the background. Cameras sweep around the crowd before going back to the UTA World Champion.

LFB: I'm going to make you famous. You are one more UNGRATEFUL that has walked backwards through a cornfield into a World Title match...

Blackfront: What?

LFB: Now don't get me wrong... I will go out there and defend this title when I'm challenged. Even with an injured neck, I will go out there and beat you, Marie. I'm going to beat you in front of the whole world.

Blanca's laugh can be picked up by his microphone.

LFB: James sees the ratings when I'm out there. They go through the roof. When the UTA needs to squeeze everything it can out of you, out of the sponsors and the investors, that's when he sends the big dog out there. He knows I can make ANYONE look good... even Marie Van Claudio.

Blanca seems to be picking up steam.

LFB: James... James Wingate, you make the best decision in your entire life in fixing the injustice last week... Then for some reason you stick me in a title match with another bottom feeder? What are you trying to prove? What is your end game?

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The fans boo the exaggerated comments from the World Champion. Some "LFB SUCKS" signs are seen in the crowd.

LFB: I've done everything right in my time in the UTA. I worked hard and proved to be a good role model for all of you here and you watching at home. I'm not talking to you morons here in New York City.

Fans: BOOOOO!

LFB: I'm talking to the real fans. I want to face the best in the world, the UTA Universe wants me to face the best in the world and... MVC is challenging for my title?

The fans seem more angry now than when he first opened his mouth.

LFB: Face facts, James... La Flama Blanca made it possible for you to go overseas post Ring King. La Flama Blanca made it possible for you to acquire the rats from the sinking ship in Chicago. La Flama Blanca made it so you and your loved ones can live over-achieving lives. The fans continue to boo La Flama Blanca. A camera from ringside zooms up to catch LFB walking close to the ropes. The Champion pauses and staring into the onlooking camera.

LFB: I will be forever known as... The Fighting Champion. Mark my words I will add MVC to the list of people I've beaten and cross off another day until I defend my title at Ring King. Listen up... all you beat nuts on the UTA Roster... The Champ is watching you. I will make my presence known this evening.

Blanca stands in the middle of the ring. The cameras are rolling and the lights can't get any brighter.

LFB: Pay attention... you just might learn something.

The music starts again as Marshall Owens goes over towards his client. The two pat each other on the shoulder as we cut to a commercial.

Brought to You By

Sylosis' Emphyreal starts to thunder it's way around inside the arena, as it heralds the arrival of Rhys Townsend. He walks out onto the stage, pausing to adjust the towel hanging around his shoulders, barely even acknowledging the fact that he's in an arena full of wrestling fans, instead, just staring straight down at the ring.

Blackfront: Townsend picked up an impressive victory on his debut against Crimson Lord, not just beating him, but making him submit.

Ace: He did, so now you have to wonder if he can take the momentum from that victory into this one, and pick up a win in what was a storied rivalry in Chicago.

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His focus on the ring is absolute as he walks down the ramp, never taking his eyes off it, his facial expression of pure focus never wavering.

Announcer: Introducing at this time, coming to us from Llanelli, Wales...

He stops at the bottom of the ring steps, still completely oblivious to anything that is not the wrestling ring, as he stares up at the ringpost. He pauses for a second, seemingly murmuring something to himself, before he walks up the ring steps.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, one inch, and weighing in at two hundred fifty two pounds... He finally looks out at the crowd, completely unfazed by their reaction to him, as he wipes his boots on the apron. He steps through the middle ropes, glancing quickly at the ring announcer and referee.

Announcer: This...is....RHYS! TOWNSEND!!!!

He barely acknowledges the announcer's call, merely nodding his head, as he walks over to one of the turnbuckles. The towel comes up and over his head, casually hanging it over the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: He certainly looks ready for Stevens, so you have to wonder if he can finally pick up the elusive victory over him.

Townsend rolls his wrists, before he runs through one final check of his ring gear, making sure that it's all just the way he wants it, before he turns back towards the center of the ring, ready for his match.

Ace: That remains to be seen...if you're a hardcore professional wrestling fan, you know that Rhys is oh and five against Scott Stevens, which is a record that Stevens is not going to want to give up easily.

Blackfront: Oh yeah...this match should be a good one!

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area. The video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The crowd reaction is mixed, but there are more cheers than boos, as the opening guitar riffs and Hellraiser by Motorhead begins to play throughout the PA system.

Ace: And here comes his opponent...making his debut here in the UTA, you would think that nerves won't be a problem for this well travelled Texan.

Blackfront: Yeah...but he's in the big leagues now. You never know!

The cheers intensify as the chorus hits the speakers, drawing out the man from Texas. Announcer: Introducing at this time, coming to us from the Great State of Texas, by way of Houston, Texas.

Walking down the aisle, he fists bumps some of his fans while raising a fist at a few of the more vocal

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bashers.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, six inches, and weighing in at two hundred and fifty-six pounds...

As he finally gets to the ring, he climbs the nearest turnbuckle and stares down at his opponent.

Announcer: This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

An icy glare and the throat slash gesture his only actions as he drops to the mat.

Ace: True...and you can just feel the tension here in the arena tonight! It doesn't matter that the two of them took a moment to remind themselves that they are friends earlier in the night...

Blackfront: Because you get the feeling that this matters a lot to both men! DING DING DING!

The two stare at each other in the center of the ring, as the hardcore fans in attendance pop loudly at the continuation of this rivalry in a new wrestling federation. Both men smile, before they start to circle each other, and it's moments before they rip into a collar and elbow tieup!

Blackfront: A classic start, straight into the collar and elbow!

Ace: Both men are well accomplished technical wrestlers...I don't think we were about to see them go blow for blow to open up this one.

They wrench back and forth, neither giving an inch, until Townsend slips out and grabs a rear waist lock! Stevens quickly grabs hold of Townsend's arms, trying to wrench free, but the Welshman is not having it. Stevens keeps fighting, and eventually manages to grab a rope! The referee calls for the break, and he quickly gets it, before the two wrestlers go back to eyeing each other up.

Ace: And it's just as we expected...a technical opening to the contest, neither willing to give an inch, both wrestling to gain any sort of advantage that they can.

Blackfront: Yeah, I expect this match will continue to go that way. I don't think we'll see either man pick a weakness and attempt to work on it, they know each other too well for that.

Ace: There's no doubt that both of these competitors are intimately familiar with each others strengths and weaknesses.

Stevens makes the move this time, faking for a collar and elbow tieup but instead grabbing a wristlock! He wrenches on the wrist, twisting it this way and that, Rhys slapping at his shoulder joint as he does so. He looks to move behind Townsend, to turn the wrist lock into a hammerlock, and he eventually finds his way back there, continuing to work the arm.

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Blackfront: Stevens seems to have the advantage in the early going here...

Ace: He does seem to be establishing himself in the early going here, though I doubt that Townsend's just going to let him have it all his way.

Townsend isn't willing to stay in the hammerlock for long though, dropping to a knee and catapulting Stevens over his shoulders! Stevens charges back, but Townsend delivers a drop toe hold, smashing the Texan's face off the canvas! He quickly moves up, grabbing a front face lock! Stevens doesn't stay down for long though, the front face lock not really much of an obstacle to his quest to regain a vertical base, before he suplexes Townsend up and over with a Northern Lights suplex!

Blackfront: Big suplex right there from Stevens!

Ace: And a great way to swing the momentum which seemed to be favoring Townsend. Stevens charges at Townsend, who's just about getting back to his feet, and finds himself met with a belly to belly suplex! Like the Northern Lights suplex that came before, this one doesn't

keep the man down either, and it's mere seconds before the two erupt into a furious exchange of blows!

Blackfront: And it appears that the technical wrestling of the early going has just gone out of the window here!

There is no ground given between the two of them until eventually Stevens lands a huge right hand right on the button! Townsend staggers back, as Stevens advances, but Townsend fires his head into Stevens', knocking the Texan back! Both men look a little stunned, a little out of it, as they both seem to be trying to draw their wits.

Ace: The headbutt bought Townsend some space right there, but it has to have stunned him too! Blackfront: But if it gets him the space he needs to start launching a more concerted attack, then it'll have been worth it.

Townsend's first to get his wits back, vigorously shaking his head, before he fires Stevens into the ropes. He makes the common error that all professional wrestlers make at one point or another - he drops his head, and the Texan smashes his boot up into his face. Townsend staggers back, before Stevens drives him head first into the canvas with a DDT!

Ace: Big DDT right there!

Stevens drags the Welshman up off the canvas, quickly bullrushing him into the corner, where he proceeds to drive his shoulder into his midsection repeatedly, driving the wind out of Townsend's lungs. He doesn't move away from the turnbuckle, but instead grabs a muay thai style clinch, starting to repeatedly drive knees into the head of Townsend, before he hurls him overhead with a head and arm suplex!

Blackfront: Momentum firmly with Stevens right now!

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Ace: Townsend needs to pull himself back into this match, or it could all be over very quickly! Townsend's slow to drag himself to his feet, and in fact, doesn't get there until Stevens aids him up. Stevens takes a moment too long to decide what to do next, because a series of ferocious elbows comes out of the Welshman, staggering Stevens! There's a brief shake of the head, before Townsend charges at him, laying him out with a clothesline, immediately dropping to his knees after, trying to get some breath back.

Blackfront: Could that be a momentum swing right there?!

Ace: It could well be! He needs to keep on Stevens, he can't allow him time to recover!

He's up before Stevens is, but only just barely - and yet another exchange of blows, the ferocity decreased from their earlier exchange ensues! This time it's not just one headbutt that gets him the advantage, but a series of them, Townsend recklessly using his own head to get an advantage! He looks almost as stunned as Stevens, as the Texan backs into a corner, but he's not all gone, because he quickly picks him up and powerbombs him into the turnbuckle! The Texan slumps down, as Townsend, again, takes a moment to clear his head.

Blackfront: Vicious powerbomb right into the turnbuckles!

Ace: And again, with the use of the headbutt to set it up - Townsend seems to be willing to sacrifice what it takes to get the victory here tonight!

Blackfront: You cannot write off Stevens though...the guy is tough.

Townsend picks Stevens up, dragging him out from the turnbuckle as he hooks him up for a vertical suplex. He goes to hoist him up and over, but Stevens grapevines the leg, stopping the attempt. He tries again...with no luck, and this time, finds himself being lifted up and over! His back crashes off the canvas, feeling the force of a vertical suplex, as Stevens slowly gets back to his feet.

Blackfront: Nice reversal right there!

Scott Stevens reaches down, grabbing a clearly groggy Townsend by the head, raising him back to his feet, where he takes a moment himself, before he delivers the Fisherman's Suplex he calls the Texas-Plex! He stays in the suplex, bridging for the pin....

1.....

2....

No! Townsend kicks out before the three!

Ace: And there's our first pinfall attempt of the match!

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Blackfront: Townsend kicking out with a little bit of time to spare...but Stevens seems to be pushing the pace right here.

There isn't a look of frustration on Stevens' face, only one of grim determination, as he again, picks Townsend up off his feet, signalling for the Toxic Sting! He leaps up, grabbing Townsend's head...but instead, finds himself flung across the ring!

Ace: Townsend escaping from the Toxic Sting attempt!

Stevens gets straight back up and charges at the Welshman, who ducks underneath the clothesline attempt! He pops up behind Stevens, and he quickly picks him up himself, spinning him around, before he drives him into the canvas with a Blue Thunder Bomb! He looks for the pinfall himself...

1....

2...

No!

Ace: And Townsend's pinfall attempt comes close!

Blackfront: Not close enough though. The momentum of this match seems to be going back and forth!

Ace: These men are clearly very equally matched.

On the kickout, Townsend grabs a leg, and immediately looks to start turning Stevens over for his Single Leg Crab of Doom...but the Texan quickly throws an arm out and grabs a rope! The referee calls for the break, and immediately gets it, as the two wrestlers get back up, slowly, wearily.

Ace: He almost had him with the Single Leg Crab of Doom right there!

Blackfront: But he left Stevens too close to the ropes...

There's a brief pause, before they go back to what they started with - the collar and elbow tieup! Stevens manages to slip behind Townsend, and uncorks a huge German suplex! He's still a little groggy, so takes a moment to press his advantage, slowly dragging Townsend back to his feet...who slips behind Stevens and uncorks his own German suplex!!

Ace: Das Suplexen!

Townsend's too fatigued to cover, too out of it to look for the pinfall, so both men find themselves getting their vertical base back at the same time, exchanging long, slow, laborious blows! An elbow connects viciously with Stevens jaw, staggering the Texan, and then Townsend springs into action, cannonballing himself at

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Stevens legs, knocking him to the canvas! He quickly grabs a leg, and for the second time in the match, he turns Stevens over and sits into the Single Leg Crab of Doom!

Blackfront: There it is again! The Single Leg Crab of Doom! Crimson Lord tapped out to this twice on the last Wrestleshow...is Stevens going to tap right here!?

There's screams of pain from the Texan as he slowly crawls hand over hand, eventually, slowly finding himself within a hand's span of the ropes...Townsend seems to sense what's happening, going to pick him back up and drag him back to the center of the ring...but Stevens' hand slaps against the bottom rope just as he starts to drag him, and the referee immediately starts calling for the break!

Ace: So close! Both of these men are laying it all out there tonight, both really want to advance to the next round!

Blackfront: You have to wonder exactly how much they have left in the tank!

There's disbelief written all over Townsend's face as he stares at the referee, questioningly, though with no argument brooked. He turns back to Stevens, only to find himself met by the Toxic Sting! Stevens flops into a cover, as the referee drops...

1....

2....

3!!!

Announcer: And your winner, advancing to the next round of Ring King....SCOTT STEVENS!!!! Stevens groggily gets to his feet as the referee raises his arm...though he doesn't celebrate the victory too much, instead helping his friend to his feet. He offers Townsend his hand, and the Welshman grabs it, before he hugs Stevens, raising his arm.

Blackfront: A nice show of sportsmanship between the two friends right there at the end. Ace: Quite. Stevens advances to the next round of Ring King, but there appears to be no bad blood between these two.

We fade away from ringside.

More Than Luck

Jamie Swayers is backstage. Will Haynes approaches. Dressed for his matchup with Sean Jackson in the second round of the Ring King tournament.

Haynes: Jamie, how you doin' tonight?

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Jamie turns to face Haynes. Smiles and nods.

Sawyers: I've had better nights. I'm sure you caught my run in with Marshall and Sean earlier. Haynes nods as well.

Haynes: I did indeed. It's the reason I came t' find you. I just wanna tell you that if you need someone t' have your back next time Dynasty tries t' intimidate you I'm your guy.

They shake hands at this point.

Sawyers: Thanks. Means a lot. I don't expect anymore trouble but it's nice to know I've got a former Legacy Champ backing me up!

Haynes: Don't mention it.

Sawyers: You ready for your match tonight?

Haynes: You know it. Been itching t' get after Jackson for a while now.

Sawyers: Even after beating him clean earlier this year? Haynes: Yeah. I wanna prove t' everyone that it wasn't a fluke. Sawyers: I'm sure All or Nothing only adds fuel to your fire.

Haynes: You know it. I been longin' for the chance to repay Jackson n' tonight I get it in droves.

Sawyers: Figures to be a classic, I'm sure.

Haynes: Should be.

Sawyers: Well thanks for the support. Good luck tonight.

Haynes: I'm guided by a force much greater than luck. Swayers is left to ponder the statement as Haynes walks away

Life's Blood

The tron shows a metal table with a white top with lip going around the table. On the table is a assortment of weapons, all covered in blood stains. From right to left the first weapon is a pair of brass knuckles, followed by a corkscrew, a screwdriver, a curved crude knife, a shard of broken glass, and finally a cheese grater.

Crimson's face appears from behind the darkness to stare down at the assortment of weapons. His hair hangs in front of his face, he slowly turns his head toward the arena.

Crimson: One week Two-Cee, that is all your pathetic career has left. In front of me is possibly the

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instruments of your inevitable demise...

Crimson slowly looks down at the weapons and moves his hand over the weapons from left to right.

Crimson: First Blood, I never considered you to be this stupid Two-Cee. Never in my wildest dreams did I expect you to make such a idiotic move. You clearly did not learn at Black Horizon, on what I did to your frail little fragile body. These weapons here are all legal.

Crimson reaches down and grabs the cheese grater as he lifts it up a few drops of blood drop from it.

Crimson: I could use this cheese grater and grate your skin right off your skull.

He looks out toward the fans a sick smile seen through his hair over his face as he shows the grater to the arena. He looks back down at the table and sets the grater down. He looks over and picks up the shard of broken glass stain on the edges with blood. He flips his hair behind his head and looks once more out into the arena staring through the glass with one of his red eyes.

Crimson: Then possibly my favorite of all these weapons, a shard of glass, Where i can easily carve my name into your body with.

He looks back down at the table and sets the glass back on the table. He then reaches over for the curved crude knife. He lifts it above his face admiring the craftsmanship of the blade as he twists it back and forth.

Crimson: Then we have a simple knife, crude but effective. A lovely weapon to carve you up child!

Crimson laughs for a moment as he is entranced with the blade. He finally sets it back down on the table and looks over to the next weapon.

Crimson: Then we have this screwdriver.

Crimson picks up the screwdriver and looks out into the arena with the screwdriver pointed out toward the arena.

Crimson: A effective tool to puncture your skull with.

He looks back toward the table and sets the screwdriver down and then reaches for the corkscrew weapon. He turns the corkscrew in a downward position in a stabbing direction. Crimson: Next we have this corkscrew, a fine weapon to drive into your skull and leave a nice gaping hole in its place.

He puts the corkscrew down and picks up the final weapon a pair of brass knuckles. He slowly puts them over his right hand and clutches his fist staring at his fist as he responds.

Crimson: Finally a pair of brass knucks. Probably my least favorite of these weapons. Effective for knocking

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someone out cold, but to strike first blood...it's possible but not as enjoyable as the rest of these weapons.

Crimson returns the knuckles to the blood cover table. He fully steps from the darkness and slightly turns toward the arena.

Crimson: In a few short minutes is the Championship Scramble, a match you Two-Cee are involved in. A match I should of been put into not you! All for a championship that I should of had the chance to get. Yet again the suits in this blood sucking company have denied me once more. But you Two-Cee you get the opportunity to claim the Legacy Championship.

Crimson makes a clicking noise through his teeth.

Crimson: I will be watching intently at this match. Who knows maybe our First Blood match may be for a title you could actually win tonight. Don't get too distracted by the ominous presence that awaits you next week. Just remember one thing Two-Cee you asked for this death wish and child I will be happy to end your miserable career next week.

Tron fades out with Crimson laughing sadistically

Brought to You By

Voice Over: Madison Square Garden... Can you feel it coming, in the air tonight?

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as a dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

As the mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp, a video explodes on the screen as you can see letters slowly fade in, forming #SeanJackson and #Dynasty.

I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord.

As In The Air Tonight begins to play, Sean Jackson and Vanessa steps out onto the stage and looks at the sea of darkness while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop.

Ace: This one is going to be good, Jason. Sean Jackson wants revenge and Sean Jackson wants the UTA World Title back.

Blackfront: This is the second matchup between Jackson and Haynes. Haynes winning the first. Jackson has been looking forward to this rematch for a long time.

As he stands there with a pissed off look on his face, soaking in the remaining chorus of boos, he motions that it's time to head to the ring.

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Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas.

As they make the slow walk to the ring, Vanessa is dressed in a blood red dress with a long slit while Jackson is dressed in his dark gray logo Mental Rapist shirt, black wrestling trunks, with red elbow and knee pads. His black boots have the initials MR on one and SJ on the other.

Announcer: Standing at Six foot Two, two hundred and twenty pounds.

Blackfront: Another Ring King Tournament Match... winner of this match faces Eric Dane in the next round.

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he takes to one of the turnbuckles and he mean mugs everyone close to ringside. After a few moments, the lights return to the arena and Sean prepares for his match.

Announcer: Representing Dynasty, the former UTA World Champion The Mental Rapist Sean Jackson.

Sean Jackson looks down the entrance ramp and awaits his opponent.

Ace: Vanessa is looking great. What I'd-

Blackfront: Cool it, Tommy.

Ace: Gimme a break, Jason. Nevermind Vanessa. Jackson looking the best I've seen him in a while.

Blackfront: This match has been highly anticipated. What better venue for such a big match than Madison Square Garden?

Ace: The Mecca!

The beginnings of Sabotage by the Beastie Boys begins to play as the fans climb to their feet.

Smoke begins to fill the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: Will Haynes victorious over Zhalia Fears and now he faces the former UTA World Champion.

Ace: Haynes has been talking a lot, he better be ready to back it up.

The song reaches the beginning of the first verse just as Will Haynes steps through the curtain.

Announcer: Hailing from Athens, Georgia

Will begins to walk down the aisle, nodding his head to the music getting into the groove. He slaps the hands of some fans along the ramp as he continues to the ring.

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Announcer: Standing at six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds...

Blackfront: Haynes look determined. This is going to be a slobber knocker. Haynes jumps onto the ring cover, pulls down the middle rope and climbs in. Announcer: Will "the THRILL" Haynes!

He bounces off the far side, then the near side, and then back off the far side testing the ropes.

Ace: If Haynes can get through Sean Jackson, he could go all the way. Will Haynes stares at Sean Jackson. Both men look amped for this match. Blackfront: Indeed... I think both men are ready to go.

Ace: I can't wait any longer. The bell sounds.

Blackfront: And we're off!

Haynes and Jackson circle each other briefly before locking up. Collar and Elbow Tie into a Side Headlock by The Thrill.

Blackfront: Haynes with the Headlock.

Haynes wrenches in on Jackson's head. Sean Jackson being smart brings them close to the ropes, grabbing the top rope. Will Haynes lets go of the hold after a second or two. He turns and lands an echoing Knife Edge Chop on Jackson's chest.

Fans: Wool!

Jackson goes after Haynes. A Collar and Elbow Tie Up by both men ends with Sean Jackson spinning and gaining Haynes' back. Haynes does a reversal of his own. Jackson sends some elbows high on Haynes, hitting him in the side of the left eye.

Blackfront: Jackson reverses Haynes. Jackson with the wrist of Haynes. Wrenching it down hard.

Sean Jackson continues to turn the wrist of his opponent, going as far as he can with the Hammerlock. Haynes lands a hard Back Elbow. Jackson locks his hands around Haynes' waist. The two fight with each other, Haynes to break Jackson's hands loose and Jackson to keep control. Haynes comes back with a few fast elbows to break Jackson's hands free from his waist. Ace: Haynes hitting the ropes.

Will Haynes races back toward Jackson and is sent to the mat after an Arm Drag Takedown. Haynes snaps back up and caught by another Arm Drag. This time Jackson hangs onto Haynes' arm and pulls it back causing Haynes to let out a loud roar. Haynes moves quickly and is at a knee. Jackson pounds his fist on Haynes' shoulder as The Thrill tries to get to his feet.

Ace: Haynes with the cheap Headbutt.

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The tides turn again putting Will Haynes into the driver's seat. He lands a few lefts before finishing with a hard right hand that knocks Jackson to the mat. Will Haynes keeps his offense moving fast and takes off running. Sean Jackson is getting to his feet.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson could be in trouble here...

Will Haynes bounces off the ropes and is met by a hard knee to the mid section from the former UTA World Champion. Jackson doesn't wait long before locking his opponent up in a Rear Headlock. Jackson digs the inside of his arm under the chin of Will Haynes and locks his hands together. Haynes tries to pull Jackson's arm from under his chin as he kicks his legs. Jackson keeps the submission move locked in.

Blackfront: Jackson in control during the early stages of this match.

Jackson laughs as he looks into the crowd. He smiles and gives them a little kiss. The NYC crowd tries to get behind Haynes. Jackson continues to keep the pressure on the Headlock. Will Haynes keeps on fighting to get free. Jackson continues to wear Haynes down.

Ace: Sean Jackson landing some hard fists.

Sean Jackson goes rapid fire with right hands to the top of Will Haynes' head. Haynes can hear the crowd getting behind him.

Blackfront: Jackson still has Haynes where he wants him.

Jackson continues to tighten harder and harder on Haynes' head. Haynes is turning an odd shade of red. The crowd begins to cheer for the former WTFC member. Haynes painfully tries get to his feet. Sean Jackson tries to use his weight to keep Haynes from getting up to no avail. He keeps both arms wrapped around Jackson and uses his power to lift Jackson up.

Blackfront: Haynes with the Backbreaker variant!

The Garden is hyped to see The Thrill bring Jackson down to the mat with the explosive move. Jackson grabs at his back after suffering the painful maneuver. Jackson lays on his stomach still agonizing from the Backbreaker. Will Haynes makes his way over to Jackson and grabs at Sean's legs. Will Haynes gets a little too close to Jackson who out of nowhere hits a Small Package.

Referee: One! Two!

Blackfront: Will Haynes just kicks out before Three!

The UTA Universe is shocked at how quick this match could have been over. Vanessa slams her hands on the canvas in anger. A buzz starts in the crowd. A figure is seen in the corner of the shot.

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Blackfront: What's La Flama Blanca doing out here?

Ace: Saving this show, Jason! Saving the show!

La Flama Blanca is wearing a fine designer suit, carrying his UTA World Title around his shoulder. The fans inside the arena boo very loudly. The Champion gets down the entrance ramp and looks around the UTA Universe.

Blackfront: Why is the UTA World Champion here?

Ace: This is a Ring King Tournament match, Jason. This is a matchup you know The Champion is interested in.

Sean Jackson sits on his knees as he watches his Dynasty faction mate walk around the ring. Will Haynes has himself propped in the corner staring at La Flama Blanca. The referee has no idea what to make out The Champion's presence.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca looks like he's coming to join us. Ace: Get him a headset for God's sake! This is our champion! Haynes: What the hell are you doing out here?

Will Haynes points out at La Flama Blanca. Blanca takes the UTA World Title off his shoulder and holds it in the air.

La Flama Blanca: Why don't you shut your mouth?!

Sean Jackson takes advantage of the distraction by bashing Haynes in the back of the head with a forearm. Haynes walks away from Jackson holding onto the ropes with his left hand and holding his head with the right. Jackson takes a long pause looking at La Flama Blanca. Jackson gets back to his business with a hard forearm to the rear of Haynes' shoulder.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentleman... We are being joined here for commentary by the current UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca.

Ace: The greatest UTA World Champion ever!

LFB: Thank you, thank you. I'm here to get... a bird's eye view of the Ring King Tournament. Sean Jackson leans Will Haynes against the ring ropes and let's him have a thunderous Knife Edge Chop that gets the fans excited. Jackson makes Haynes' chest red once more by another Knife Edge Chop.

Fans: Woo!

Haynes has had enough. He jabs Jackson in the chops and grabs him by the head, sending him into the nearby by corner. We pick up the action from a camera across the ring. Haynes goes to Knife Edge Chop

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City with chop after chop.

LFB: Come on, Sean!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca-

LFB cuts off Jason Blackfront as the action continues in the ring.

LFB: I like to go by Champ...

Blackfront: Okay... Champ.

After five or six chops Haynes pushes Sean Jackson up against the ropes. He sends Jackson across the ring and catches the former UTA World Champion in a Sleeper Hold. Sean Jackson

swings his arms for a second and then tries to break himself from Haynes' grip.

Ace: Sean Jackson is in the middle of the ring! Nooo!

Blackfront: This could be it!

The fans are on their feet as Sean Jackson starts to get less and less active. Vanessa tries to get Jackson back into the contest by hitting the canvas with her hands and giving Jackson encouragement. Jackson out of pure instinct braces himself and nails a Jawbreaker on Haynes sending The Thrill rolling out of the ring. Sean Jackson lays on the mat trying to recuperate.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson out of desperation, connecting with the Jawbreaker. Haynes is on the outside.

LFB: I think Will Haynes is trying too hard to impress me.

Haynes stands on the outside with his arms on the ring apron. He rests his head and takes some deep breaths.

Referee: Come on Thrill, back inside!

Haynes continues to take a few seconds causing referee O'Connor to start a Ten Count.

Referee: One!

Blackfront: There are a lot of questions regarding last-

LFB: I defended my UTA World Title... that's all you need to know.

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Blackfront: But-

Ace now cuts off Jason Blackfront. Referee O'Connor continues to count Haynes out.

Ace: No more questions, give the man a break. James Wingate did what was good for business.

LFB: Thank you, Tommy. James Wingate and the UTA need me as World Champion. Jason looks perturbed. The match continues.

Referee: Four!

Sean Jackson rolls himself to the outside of the ring. Will Haynes almost seemed ready for him. The Thrill chops Jackson in the gut. He proceeds to take Sean Jackson by the hair and slam him face first into the ring apron. Haynes then grabs Jackson, sending him into the barricade back first. Jackson looks like he's in serious pain.

Blackfront: Will Haynes looking to extract some revenge for what happened to him at All Or Nothing. Will Haynes is no stranger to Dynasty.

LFB: Not at all. Will Haynes is usually in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Sean Jackson lands a kick to the face that makes Will Haynes see stars. He turns his back to Sean Jackson. Jackson uses both hands to push Haynes into the ring steps.

Referee: Five!

Jackson grabs Haynes by the head and tries to slam him face first into the ring steps. Haynes puts on the breaks and chops Jackson in the stomach and slams Jackson face first into the ring steps.

Blackfront: This crowd is loving this!

Will Haynes sends Sean Jackson back into the ring. The Thrill stands on the outside as the fans along ringside cheer him. He takes some deep breaths as he looks at the crowd.

Blackfront: Will Haynes needs to get back into the ring.

Ace: No, he doesn't.

Referee: Seven!

Haynes rolls back into the ring as Jackson crawls towards the middle of the ring. Will Haynes walks towards his opponent. He then grabs Jackson by the head and hits a Bulldog. Jackson rolls onto his back after hitting the mat. He puts his hands to his face after landing face first on the mat.

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Blackfront: Haynes with the Bulldog. Sean Jackson, guys... trying to get to his feet.

Ace: Sean Jackson is a fighter!

LFB: He's one of the best.

Sean Jackson rushes Haynes. The Thrill puts his head down and sends Jackson flying. Blackfront: Big Back Body Drop! Okay then... Why this match? Besides the obvious reasons. LFB: One of these men could be the one who faces The Champion at Ring King Twenty-Fifteen. Will Haynes gets back up to his feet quickly and bounces off the ropes. Haynes stops a few feet from his opponent, turns his body and puts everything he's got into an Elbow Drop.

Ace: Haynes going for the pin!

Sean Jackson kicks out before Three. The crowd inside Madison Square Garden lets out a groan.

Haynes stands up and goes back to work.

Blackfront: Seems a little strange to me...

Ace: What do you mean? La Flama Blanca is the UTA World Champion... He can do as he pleases.

LFB: Thank you, Tommy.

Haynes brings Jackson back up to his feet. He lands a few hard right fists that leave Jackson bent at the hip. Haynes hits the ropes once more and lands a very pretty looking Swinging Neckbreaker. The fans are back on their feet.

Blackfront: Will Haynes in control... He has Sean Jackson back on his feet. Sean Jackson going for a ride. No, reversal by Sean Jackson.

Haynes bounces off the ropes and is viciously slammed down to the mat. Sean Jackson sits on the mat with a smile on his face. He wipes the sweat from his nose. Haynes gets to a knee as he holds his back in pain. Sean Jackson stalks Will Haynes landing a forearm strike between Haynes' shoulder blades. Haynes is able to get some distance. He turns around and ducks a swinging right hook.

Blackfront: Haynes... THE THRILLPLEX! This is over!

Ace: Go for the pin, dummy!

Will Haynes sits on the mat as Sean Jackson lay with his eyes closed on the mat.

Blackfront: Will Haynes not going for the pin.

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LFB: And that is why Will Haynes will never be UTA World Champion.

Will Haynes grabs one of Sean Jackson's legs and drags him closer to the corner. The fans are excited and Haynes can feel their energy. He looks to have Sean Jackson right where he wants him. Haynes looks out into the crowd and nods his head rather fast. He is feeling it.

Ace: Come on Sean!

Will Haynes steps through the ropes and slaps his hand on the top turnbuckle. The fans inside the Garden are behind the Thrill. He begins to climb the ropes looking to end the match.

Blackfront: Will Haynes going up top!

LFB: This is a mistake...

Before Will Haynes goes all the way up he stops and looks over at La Flama Blanca. He yells something inaudible by microphones and cameras.

LFB: Keep talking, beat nut.

Will Haynes finally stands high above the ring from the top rope. He goes for a Moonsault that misses its mark. Haynes crashes down to the mat and holds his stomach with both hands in obvious pain. The fans let out a collective sigh. Sean Jackson rolls back and goes for the pinfall. Referee: One! Two!

LFB: NO!

Will Haynes kicks out before the referee's hand can hit Three. Sean Jackson doesn't look happy about it.

Blackfront: Will Haynes unable to connect with the Moonsault. We're going to show it to you again.

A replay of Jackson rolling out from the Moonsault. Then another clip of Will Haynes kicking out of the pin attempt.

Blackfront: You can lie all you want, Champ. I know you're up to something. I know you are going to get involved with this match.

Ace: You're paranoid, Jason.

Cameras cut to the play by play table at ringside. A camera is recording just behind the three men from the other side of the barricade.

LFB: Jason... I'm out here watching a wrestling match. Don't let your imagination run wild. Back to the action. Sean Jackson gets to his feet and looks out at La Flama Blanca. Sean Jackson doesn't say anything.

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LFB: Sean is all business in that ring.

Sean Jackson turns and walks back towards his opponent. Haynes is on his hands and knees before receiving a hard kick to the side that puts him back down on the mat. Sean Jackson waits for Haynes to roll onto his back before leaping in the air and landing a hard knee to Haynes' head.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson taking advantage of the Will Haynes mis-que.

Sean Jackson grabs Will Haynes by the hands and drags him into the nearest corner. Jackson props Haynes on the bottom turnbuckle and goes in for the kill. Jackson wraps both hands around Haynes' throat as Referee O'Connor gives Jackson a Five Count.

Referee: One! Two! Three! Four! Come on Sean! Get off him!

O'Connor pulls Jackson away from Haynes only to have Jackson go back in.

LFB: Classic Sean Jackson right there, folks!

Ace: How you been Champ?

LFB: Other than the utter disrespect I get from the company and the idiots in the back... It's all peachey.

Sean Jackson looks out into the crowd and snarls. He pulls Will Haynes to a vertical position and lands a hard right fist on the chin of his opponent. Again and again, Sean Jackson connects.

Haynes is looking out of it.

LFB: Sean Jackson looks the best I've seen him in a while. He's ultra prepared this time. He's looking for some payback against Will Haynes.

Blackfront: Haynes has blamed Dynasty for stealing the UTA World Championship from him at All Or Nothing.

LFB: Pffft. If ifs and buts were candies and nuts, we'd all have a merry Christmas. Blackfront and Ace look at each other, not knowing what to think.

Sean Jackson puts Haynes in position for a Suplex. He throws Haynes' arm over the back of his head and snaps a Suplex. Haynes arcs his back and grabs at it to relieve the pain. Sean Jackson sits on his rear smiling to himself.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson the former UTA World Champion, gets another shot to reclaim his title. How do you feel about that Blanca?

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LFB: I hope Sean goes far in the tournament. I hope to see him at Ring King across from me. Sean Jackson gets up from a seated position and is vertical. He lands a few boot stomps onto Haynes' right shoulder. Jackson grabs Haynes by the head and brings him up to his feet. Jackson slams him into the nearby turnbuckle. Will Haynes looks spent. Haynes gets his head smashed into the top turnbuckle and then put back first into the corner.

Ace: Haynes is going to do some running!

Will Haynes gets no further than a few steps before reversing the Irish Whip. In one motion he brings Sean Jackson around and hits a Side Russian Legsweep. Jackson hits the back of his head against the middle turnbuckle. Will Haynes doesn't waste any time and goes for the pin. LFB: Jackson's foot is on the ropes.

Jackson puts his foot on the bottom rope before a one count can be made. Haynes seems frustrated and gets to his feet bringing Jackson with him. Haynes lands a few stiff right fists that move Jackson into the corner. Haynes unloads left and right combinations in a fury on Jackson. The former UTA World Champion does his best to fend them off.

Blackfront: Haynes with the knee to the gut.

Sean Jackson is the victim of another knee to the mid section. Will Haynes grabs Jackson's wrist and goes for an Irish Whip only to knock Jackson silly with a Clothesline. Jackson is a perfect distance away from the corner. Haynes walks over and steps onto the second rope. He closes one eye and aims his "hand gun" towards Jackson and pulls the trigger.

LFB: Look at this guy...

Haynes leaps off the second rope and eats a Sean Jackson boot. Haynes grabs at his jaw and falls back into the corner. Jackson moves quickly setting Haynes up for a Suplex. Jackson brings them into the middle of the ring. He tries lifting Haynes up but is stopped as Haynes puts his leg behind Jackson's. Jackson tries again but the same result. Jackson is visibly frustrated. Jackson sends to stiff rights into the kidneys of his opponent.

Ace: Sean Jackson getting ticked off.

Jackson on the third attempt is able to lift Haynes up and nailing a Sit Out Inverted Suplex. Before Haynes can process the pain, Jackson is already making the cover. Jackson nods his head as the referee counts.

Referee: One! Two!

Haynes kicks out leaving Sean Jackson beside himself. The Mecca is going wild.

LFB: Come on! That was three! This match is over!

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Sean Jackson gets to his feet and holds three fingers up to referee Mickey O'Connor. O'Connor

shakes his head and puts two fingers up. Jackson continues to plead his case. Cameras along ring side pick up Haynes with his eyes open, breathing heavy as he lays on the mat.

Blackfront: This one was so close to being over. Will Haynes stays alive!

Sean Jackson puts his hands through his hair. He grabs at Haynes' head, slowly bring The Thrill up to his feet. He lands a right that sends Haynes down to his knees.

Jackson: It's over!

Sean Jackson looks to be going for a Piledriver. He pauses letting the blood go to his opponent's head. Jackson lifts his left leg in the air and jumps slightly, spiking Will Haynes. The Thrill crashes down to the mat and immediately grabs at his neck.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson with the cover!

Ace: Sean said it was over!

The referee is in position and begins to count the pin. One, Two and a big kick out by Will Haynes. The Garden is shocked, especially Sean Jackson. Jackson sits on the mat with his hand over his face. He wipes down getting whatever sweat off his face.

LFB: I can't believe it.

We cut to a replay of the Spike Piledriver by Sean Jackson. Will Haynes' head bounces off the mat as his body ripples out before hitting the mat.

Blackfront: The impact. Haynes could be paralyzed.

LFB: Get real...

Sean Jackson is back on his feet. He walks slowly around the ring and the boos begin. Jackson puts his hand to his ear to try to hear the New York crowd a little better. Will Haynes starts to make some noise as he turns over to his side. Jackson takes a few more seconds to catch his breath and regain composure.

Blackfront: Both men have tried to finish this match numerous times and we are in a stalemate. Ace: This what the UTA is all about. Two top talents on one of the biggest stages, in one of the biggest arenas in the world.

LFB: This is why the UTA is the best around.

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Sean Jackson keeps an eye on Will Haynes as he refills his tank. Will Haynes is on his knees, putting all he has left into standing. Jackson senses it's time to attack and walks towards his opponent. Jackson directs Will Haynes into the nearby corner. Jackson unloads a right elbow that connects with the left temple of Will Haynes. Jackson unloads two more elbows before taking a few steps back. He grabs onto Will Haynes' right wrist.

Blackfront: I'm surprised either man can even stand at this point.

Sean Jackson Irish Whips Will Haynes into the opposite ring corner. The camera in the ring post picks Haynes coming right at your screen as he slams chest first into the turnbuckles. Haynes' is in pain. Sean Jackson licks his chops as the fans sense the end of Will Haynes. Jackson takes off, leaping into the air with his knee targeted on Haynes.

LFB: This is it!

Will Haynes moves at the last second. The fans explode as Sean Jackson hits his knee into the turnbuckle. Haynes is down on the mat and Jackson looks hurt.

LFB: Come on!

Sean Jackson hits the mat and holds his right knee. Will Haynes is still slow to get up. He crawls to the ropes and uses them to get himself vertical. He turns back and takes a look at his opponent. He is angry and spitting. Haynes takes some wobbly steps before finally getting to his prey.

Blackfront: Will Haynes has the chance to steal this match. Sean Jackson might have torn that knee up. Jackson could be finished.

LFB: Is that anyway to talk about a former UTA World Champion?

Ace: It's not, Jason.

Will Haynes pulls Sean Jackson by the legs towards the middle of the ring. Sean Jackson puts his hands up and pleads for mercy. Will Haynes stops and looks out into the crowd. They are going crazy in Madison Square Garden. Will Haynes looks down at Sean Jackson before landing an elbow into the injured knee. He gets up and lands another elbow on the knee. Referee O'Connor eventually warns Will Haynes.

LFB: Get him off him ref!

Sean Jackson holds himself and the agony written on his face says it all. Will Haynes smiles and goes back for the kill. Will Haynes grabs the legs of Sean Jackson but this time goes over a submission maneuver. He puts one leg through Jackson's and looks into the crowd.

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Blackfront: He's got it! He's got it locked in! Will Haynes with the Sharpshooter!

LFB: Don't tap out, Sean!

Sean Jackson's eyes go wide and the scream coming from him is terrifying. Will Haynes leans back a little more putting more and more pressure on Jackson's body. The fans in New York City are on their feet. Sean Jackson tries reaching over for the ropes but he is just too far away.

LFB: Come on, Se-

LFB tosses off his headset and starts walking towards the ring. He gets the attention of Referee O'Connor. O'Connor rushes over towards Blanca and starts yelling at him.

Referee: Go back over there! Get out of here!

Camera switches to a floor view of La Flama Blanca and Referee O'Connor in an altercation.

LFB: You shut your mouth! I'm the UTA World Champion!

Will Haynes keep the Sharpshooter locked on, oblivious to what is taking place between O'Connor and La Flama Blanca. Sean Jackson is clawing and crawling towards the ropes still. Haynes now looks over to see the referee getting into something with La Flama Blanca. Haynes keeps the submission move on Jackson.

Haynes: Come on!

Referee O'Connor is still preoccupied with LFB. Jackson uses all his remaining strength to pull himself as close to the ropes as he's going to get. He grabs onto the bottom rope but there is no stoppage. Jackson is red and the vein on his forehead looks ready to burst. Spit flies from his mouth as he lets out a roar.

Blackfront: Will Haynes not letting go!

Ace: He needs to be disqualified!

Haynes gets a better grip and yanks as he pulls Sean away from the ropes, re-locking in the move as the referee turns. He sees as Haynes yanks back even harder, Jackson slapping the canvas to try and get a handle on things from losing his grip. However, the referee takes this as a tap out and starts to call for the bell.

Announcer: The winner of this match via submission.... WILL.. HAAAYNNEESS!!!

Ace: Oh come on! Sean wasn't tapping! His hand slipped from being pulled away from the ropes! Blackfront: You know, I usually don't agree with you Tommy, but in this case you are right. Sean did not tap. His hands hit the canvas after being yanked away from the ropes!

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Will Haynes lets go and leaps to his feet, his arms in the air. La Flama Blanca enters the ring quickly and begins to assault Will Haynes. Cameras along the entrance pick up CBR rushing down to the ring. Referee O'Connor is outnumbered and out matched. LFB pummels Will Haynes as the bell continues to ring.

Blackfront: Will Haynes is all by himself.

Ace: This is going to be the end of Will Haynes.

Referee O'Connor tries to get LFB off of Haynes but is hit from behind by Ranier. CBR grabs O'Connor by the shirt and pants and tosses him through the ropes and to the ring floor. The time keeper rings the bell repeatedly.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson using the ropes to get to his feet as CBR and La Flama Blanca beat Will Haynes.

Ace: He deserves it! He didn't win this!

Dynasty continue to beat on Will Haynes, with Sean Jackson limping over, composing himself and joining in. All three men stomp on Will Haynes as he tries to cover up. Jackson steps away as CBR and LFB get in a few more strikes before grabbing Haynes and propping him up on his knees. Blanca and CBR each have one of Haynes' arms. They both look at Sean Jackson.

Jackson steps toward Haynes as he waves his index finger at him.

Blackfront: This isn't good, Tommy.

Ace: Will Haynes has been punished this evening. Time to put the dog to sleep.

Sean Jackson smiles but his glee turns to confusion. A buzz seems to be going through the crowd. A figure is seen running through the crowd and leaps over the guardrail. Jackson motions for CBR and LFB to get away from Haynes as the three stand together by the ring ropes. This person wastes no time getting into the ring.

Blackfront: Is that? It's Mikey! It's Mikey Unlikely!

Ace: He's back!

The Dynasty members are shocked to see Mikey Unlikely. Unlikely goes right for Haynes to give him some protection. The Garden is shaking, the crowd so loud. Mikey Unlikely looks fresh and looks pissed.

Ace: I can't believe he's back! He's supposed to be injured!

Fans: Mikey! Mikey! Mikey!

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Unlikely helps his friend up to his feet. Mikey puts an arm around Haynes as he yells at Dynasty to stay back. Haynes gives Mikey a big hug possibly just out of instinct. The NY crowd is loving this!

Blackfront: Dynasty and WTF!

Ace: WTF is in no shape to go against Dynasty. Will Haynes is lucky he can even stand right now.

Will Haynes steps away from Mikey, wanting to continue the fight. Haynes can barely stand but isn't backing down. The New York crowd is going berserk. Will Haynes takes a few steps towards Dynasty. Mikey Unlikely is right behind him.

Blackfront: This isn't smart guys!

Mikey Unlikely grabs Haynes by the head and pulls him back. Unlikely uses Will Haynes' own finisher on him, laying him out cold. The arena goes silent.

Blackfront: Oh my god! What the hell?!

Mikey Unlikely snaps back up to his feet after executing the Rolling Cutter. Unlikely stands over Will Haynes as the fans still don't know what to make of what they are seeing. Unlikely picks his head up and looks over at Dynasty. Mikey steps over Will Haynes and walks towards them.

Blackfront: Oh... Don't tell me!

Mikey Unlikely shakes the hand of La Flama Blanca. The fans boo in unison. Trash flies from all angles into the ring. Unlikely soon shakes hands with each member of Dynasty. LFB walks over to Will Haynes saying something inaudible due to the crowd noise.

Ace: Mikey Unlikely... I think he's joined Dynasty!

A full plastic cup of beer is sent into the ring and is somehow caught perfectly with one hand by Mikey Unlikely. Mikey drinks the remainder of the cup and crushes it. He tosses the garbage back at the crowd.

Blackfront: Damnit, Dynasty! Damnit!

A cameraman jumps up to the ring apron close to Dynasty. All four men are together looking into the lense.

LFB: We are... Dynasty. Get ready for war!

The boos continue to rip through Madison Square Garden. Mikey Unlikely walks in front of the group and is inches from the camera.

Unlikely: I'm back! Did you miss me?!

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Unlikely laughs along with Jackson, CBR and Blanca. The New York faithful are angry at what they just witnessed and continue to hurl trash into the ring.

Blackfront: Shocking!

Ace: Everyone thought Dynasty was falling apart... think again!

Blackfront: Why Mikey?! Why?!

Ace: Because he's smart!

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely sold his soul to Dynasty!

Dynasty make their exit from the ring. LFB has his arm over Mikey's shoulders. CBR looks out into the crowd and smiles.

Blackfront: Will Haynes gets the win and continues in the Ring King tournament, but for the second time in two months someone once considered a friend, has turned on him. This is terrible! Haynes lays in the ring, not moving as we zoom in on Dynasty now stand at the top of the stage, their newest member having his arms held up and the fans booing.

Why Do We Only Think About Ourselves?

The camera turns to static before it turns to a small village. The camera pans around showing many different homes in the process of being built. The camera turns to spot Lisil Jackson sawing some wood for what appears to be a house's frame. Lisil smiles into the camera before grabbing his fedora and slipping it on.

L. Jackson: Eyyyyyyy mon! My bruddas what ya see goin on here is progress! Progress to a betta tomorrow! Open ya ears for dis is anotta lesson from dee words of Lisil!

Jackson straightens himself up and adjusts his fedora nodding his head.

L. Jackson: My bruddas my time to comin to da UTA is soon... But dee more I sit and listen to da best dee UTA has to offa I can't help but be sickened by what I hear! From what I hear it's nothin but hatred and anger! I just don't undastand it! Why do we hold such grudges? Why do we harbor such hate when we can do somethin worthwhile?

Jackson walks pointing to the many homes being built.

L. Jackson: But ya got people in dee UTA who do nothin but tink about demself! Take a look at da mon who holds dee same last name as myself! Sean Jackson... Ya see dat guy walk in some thousand dolla suit and drivin a needlessly expensive car all dee time! Do ya tink dat Mista Jackson truly needs such posessions? Do ya tink he eva took time outta his day to actually help make dis world a betta place? I highly doubt it!

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Jackson says with a tone of disgust in his voice. He shakes his head with a sigh.

L. Jackson: But den ya also have a brudda like Cecilworth Farthington. A mon who use his own wealth for his own self achievement. A mon who tink greed is powa! No no ma bruddas... Greed is a very very bad ting! Dese kind of people sit around tinkin dey are betta dan anyone else while all our bruddas struggle day to day! We try to get by but dey try ta prosecute dee hand dat feeds da hungry!

Lisil says slowly removing his dark sunglasses.

L. Jackson: It's time we start tinkin about our own bruddas! Take time outta ya day! Pick up a hamma! Make tomorrow a betta day! Just rememba.... Money isn't dee answa ta true happiness because dee people with da money have dee most problems! Most people can have dee cars, or dee clothes, or dee expensive house... But deep down inside... Dey feel nothin!

Lisil looks up raising his hands in the air and begins to sing.

L. Jackson: ONE LOVE!!! ONE LIFE!!! LET'S GET TOGETTA AND FEEEEEL ALLLLRIIIGHT!!! Lisil Jackson sings out laughing before he picks up a hammer and points it to the camera.

L. Jackson: Stay breezy my bruddas! Ya inspiration is comin! Dis Victory ya will be inspired! Dis has been anotta lesson from dee words of Lisil Jackson! Today is one day but tomorrow is anotta! I am because you are!

LISIL JACKSON MAKING HIS DEBUT ON VICTORY!

The Answer

As we return to the ring the boss himself, James Wingate, stands with a microphone in hand. The fans boo and chant You Screwed Lew! You Screwed Lew! Wingate raises the mic up.

Wingate: Are you don't yet?

They get louder, prompting him to swing his arm back down and wait.

Ace: Show some respect!

James picks the microphone back up.

Wingate: Keep it up. Just keep it up, and I'll cancel the main event tonight! Heavier boos.

Ace: He will!

Blackfront: This power trip has been getting out of hand as of recent.

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Ace: How can it be a power trip when he literally holds all of the power Jason? The fans start to quiet down. As they do, James raises the microphone back up. Wingate: Good.

He begins to pace a bit, before resting on the ropes facing the camera.

Wingate: Last week on Victory, I came out and did the right thing. The fans boo.

Wingate: After La Flama Blanca was injured, Lew Smith brutally attacked him before he could get the care he needed.

More heavy boos.

Blackfront: Oh come on. Tell the truth.

Ace: He is! He's telling how Lew Smith is a bad guy!

Blackfront: Oh come on Tommy. You don't really believe that do you?

Wingate: You see... After the months and MONTH of people like that purple haired freak.. The Spectre.. and that masked imbecile, Madman Szalinski, running around here.. attacking all of Dynasty without warrant.. without cause... I finally got the courage to do the right thing!

Even more boos erupt.

Ace: PREACH!

Blackfront: Now, somebody has misinformed him here. It was Dynasty who for over a year attacked those two, and others night after night!

James just begins to laugh at the boos, raising the mic back up.

Wingate: Who am I kidding? Dynasty as ran the locker room for a year plus... and until recently... there was no one who could step close to them.

Blackfront: Obviously talking about The Machine.

Ace: No.. really? I thought he meant Marie Van Claudio and Amy Harrison. James takes a deep breath.

Wingate: You want to know why I did what I did?

Blackfront: Yes. Yes we do!

Wingate: You want to know why I walked from the back and down to the ring, and took the title from lew

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Smith before handing it back to La Flama Blanca? Why I told them we were even?

Blackfront: We deserve to know!

Ace: You deserve nothing!

James stares right into the camera.

Wingate: Well... it's because....

Gold Medal by Tha Tradmarc hits the sound system, and James looks up as Ron Hall steps out from the back, mic in hand. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: It's Hall of Fame member Ron Hall!

Ace: We can see that Jason.

Hall makes his way down the ramp, wearing blue jeans a tight white shirt, and his trademark cowboy boots and hat. After a few moments, he heads up the steps and enters into the ring. Wingate: Mr. Hall... for what do I owe this very rude interruption?

Hall just looks at Wingate and shakes his head. Finally, the fan's cheers die down and he raises the microphone up.

Hall: Mr. Wingate... I say this with all due respect... shut the hell up!

The world's most famous arena goes crazy. James Wingate looks crazed.

Ace: You can't say that to the boss!

Blackfront: He just did!

Wingate: How.. DARE Y..

Ron Hall drops back a step and comes forward with a superkick, catching him under the chin. The boss lands hard to the canvas as the fans go berserk. He leans down.

Hall: These people don't need your lies! These people... don't need your excuses! He stands up pointing across the fans.

Hall: Plain and simple... Dynasty is the reason the Spectre is no longer here... Dynasty is the reason madman Szalinski is no longer here... He...

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He points at Wingate.

Hall: He had Dynasty brutally attack both of them to the point they could not make their returns!

Ace: How does he know that? All speculation! Hall: I know... because he approached me too. The fans boo.

Hall: James... You are not your farther. Hell, you aren't even Eddie Peterson and that guy... that guy was bad. No.. you are worse. How dare you sit here and insult the intelligence of the paying fans. Of the guys on the roster back there who put their asses on the line each and every night for you!

Ron just shakes his head.

Hall: James.. this is your wake up call right here.. right now... When you watch this back after you wake up you better have a good long talk with Jesus boy.

Ron drops the microphone as his music starts back up. The fans go crazy for the Southern Rebel.

Wingate: Ran Hall sets the story straight, live, here tonight on Wrestleshow!

We get a zoomed in image of Wingate still knocked out as we fade to commercial.

Brought to You By

The echoing beat of Shut It Down by Dead Celebrity Status begins to pound upon the eardrums, instantly bringing the audience to a simmering anticipation.

The curtains part and out steps on to the stage, the one, the only, the legendary tag team of terror, into a storm of exploding, and perhaps nostalgic, cheers as the opening chorus is heard. Stephen Greer is out first, followed behind by a half step by his blood brother 'til the end, Tyrone Walker. The terrible twosome stop at the edge of the stage, taking in the scene before them with subtle smiles adorning their faces as Greer begins rubbing his hands together and Walker bounces up and down on the balls of his feet.

Blackfront: Tyrone Walker who was successful earlier tonight in his match, will be joining Stephen Greer ringside as he goes for the Legacy Championship.

Ace: He's not in this match. He needs to leave!

As the song hits a lull, they make their way down the ramp. Fans rush the guard rails, reaching out with their hands for even the slightest touch as Walker and Greer hit the aisle. Taking the left, Walker nonchalantly reaches out with an arm for the fans to slap and grab at, while Greer does the same on the right, the fans stroking and tugging on the pad that covers his lethal lariat arm. Announcer: Hailing from Detroit

Nearing ringside, Greer and Walker stop to peer into the ring and then all around, taking in the view of being

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surrounded by the crowd. Coming back around, Walker and Greer look to each other with a nod before both burst forward and dive in under the bottom rope.

Announcer: Weighing in at Two Hundred and Forty Five pounds... In ring action.

Announcer: He is.... the KING OF PAAAIINN... STEPHEN... GREEERRR!!!

Entering the ring simultaneously, they each make for one of the neutral corners. Greer throws up his lariat arm and pounds his chest with the other, while Walker throws his arms out wide and hollers to the crowd all around him.

Blackfront: Big matches the last few weeks for the members of team Danger. Can Greer add to the wins tonight?

Greer and Walker drop from the turnbuckles and join each other in the designated corner as the music fades. Greer gets a little last minute stretching in, while Walker punches his fists into the palms of his hands.

Blackfront: The crowd is electric tonight for this.

The lights drop, and the fans buzz. Silver and red strobes pan the crowd as Epidemic by New Years Day starts up.

After several seconds of anticipation, The Second Coming walks through the curtain and stops just after entry. Her entire head is obscured by the hood of her sweatshirt, and her gaze is focused down.

Blackfront: Second Coming, who has been on top of the UTA for a while looking to secure the title.

Ace: We riot if that happens.

Blackfront: Who is we?

Ace: You know.. everyone?

She takes several cleansing breaths, as if she's psyching herself up for the evening's match.

Announcer: Hailing from New York, New York!

She raises her head and sounds off with a cleansing shout that the fans reciprocate. The Second coming walks to the ring, slapping any hand that reaches for her, though her focus remains on the ring.

Announcer: Standing at five feet nine inches, and weighing in at one hundred and forty pounds... There was no pageantry or fuss as the Second Coming steps through the ropes. She paces the perimeter a step away

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from the ropes like a caged animal, flexing her tape - covered hands and wrists as the lights start to come up.

Announcer: She holds one half of the UTA World Tag Team Championship... THE... SECOOOOND... COMING!

As the fans cheer 2C's name, she unzips the hoodie and waits.

Blackfront: Two of five competitors in the ring now.

The music dies down and the Second Coming focuses her eyes on her opponent, waiting for the bell to ring.

Every light in the arena suddenly shuts off while handheld phones and devices illuminate the darkness. They are joined by a lone dark orange light that shines down upon the ring as White Rabbit by Jefferson Airplane starts up.

Before the lyrics can get started a slow puffing of smoke on either-side of the entrance way requests attention.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears will be the first of two teams in this match, which could possibly be a huge advantage.

Ace: I hope Second Coming uses some of that knowledge Blanca has given her, and turns on Fears for good!

A LOUD screech interrupts the music just before the lyrics kick in once more. The curtains burst open as Zhalia Fears steps out. She gives a single arc wave to the fans.

Announcer: Currently on leave from the Broadmoor Hospital in Crowthorne, UK! She crooks her head at the ring and then she makes a dash toward the ring.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds... Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes looking out at the fans for a few moments. Catching sight of the camera nearest she smiles at it and says 'We Miss You Kush!'. With a smile she then slides across the ring and to the closest corner and leans forward onto it.

Announcer: She is... 'KIMERA'... ZHALIA FEARS!

Zhalia heard her name but gave no heed to it choosing instead to rest her head down upon the top turnbuckle. Tilting slightly to view the entrance aisle as the final words of the lyrics played out. Blackfront: Two men remain.

Machines by Queen blasts around the arena, as the crowd erupts into boo's of sheer hatred. 'The Gold

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Standard' John Sektor then struts out from behind the curtain, pausing at the top of the ramp as he lifts his chin and moustache proudly into the air with an arrogant smirk. Cecilworth Farthington follows closely behind.

Blackfront: The Machine coming out together, but noticeably missing is manager Mike Best. Ace: He and Alex are watching from backstage. No reason to come out when there is no reason to worry! these guys have it! Or, at least one of them do.

Taking a quick look around at the crowd, the two slowly and calmly begin to make their way down the aisle towards the ring, ignoring the outstretched hands of the front row fans.

Announcer: Making their way to the ring, representing The Machine...

Sektor pauses at the bottom of the ring steps with one foot planted on the bottom step, soaking up the hatred and practically smiling as he absorbs it all.

Announcer: Weighing in at a combined weight of four hundred and seventy pounds...

Sektor wipes his heels on the outskirts of the ring apron before ducking under the ropes and into the ring, whilst Cecilwort climbs up the ring steps and joins him.

Announcer: THEY ARE.... JOHN SEKTOR... AND.. CECILWOOORTTHHH... FAARRTTHINNGGTOONN!!!

Sektor throws his head back and stretches his arms wide, completely in love with himself as the announcer echoes his name around the building.

Blackfront: This is the main event!

Sektor runs to the ropes and tests them out before hopping to the middle of the ring and cranking his neck from side to side, sniffing hard as his expression begins to look more focused.

Ace: Lets get this one going! I'm excited!

All five competitors stand in the ring. Cecilworth and Sektor stand in one corner, speaking with each other as across from them Zhalia Fears and Second Coming do the same. Stephen Greer stands by himself, Tyrone Walker yelling at him from outside of the ring to motivate him.

Blackfront: This match is the first of it's kind here in the UTA. With a twenty minute time limit, all pins and submissions count. Each one results in a new Legacy Champion. At the end of twenty minutes, the person holding the title will walk out the official champion.

Ace: How about dissatisfactions? Where do they fall?

Blackfront: This is the question that's been on a lot of the UTA Universe's mind this last week. I've been told

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that the referee has executive power to throw people out of the match for excessive disqualifications, to his discretion.

The referee calls for the bell which begins to sound.

Blackfront: Here we go folks, main event action.

Ace: This should be good!

Cecilworth Farthington holds a finder up to Sektor and mouths something to him. Sektor nods and steps back, leaning on the ropes as Farthington stands up straight, presenting himself proper before walking to the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington seems to be calling the other three participants of this match to the middle of the ring.

After a few moments, they all three walk up to Cecilworth as John Sektor watches on.

Ace: What is he doing?

Farthington can be seen pointing at Zhalia, Second Coming, and Stephen Greer one after the other, before pointing to the canvas. He points to himself, and motions back down to the canvas. Greer steps forward, tightening his first. Farthington throws his hands up, telling him to wait.

Blackfront: I think Cecilworth is trying to work out some kind of deal.

He then makes the universal symbol for money by rubbing his fingers together.

Ace: He is! He's telling everyone that he'll make it worth their wild to lay down for him!

The three look at each other, almost considering it. Finally, Greer motions for Cecilworth to show him the cash.

Blackfront: It looks like Stephen Greer is taking him up on his offer!

Cecilworth puts a finger up to keep the three at bay before reaching into his trunks and digging around. Zhalia Fears looks mortified. Finally he pulls a wad of bills out and hands them over to Stephen Greer.

Blackfront: The deal is done! Stephen Greer is going to give Cecilworth the title!

Ace: Yea, but is he going to keep it for the next eighteen minutes?!

Blackfront: I'm not sure Cecilworth is bright enough to realize the match doesn't end after one pin!

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Stephen puts his hand up at Fears and Coming, telling them to wait. He holds the wad of cash up showing them that money is money. Greer places a finger up to Cecilworth who is not hopping in place with excitement before walking over to the ropes and handing Tyrone the cash through them. As he turns back, Walker starts to flip through the money, yelling for Greer.

Blackfront: There seems to be an issue!

Stephen turns back and ask his partner what the problem is. The outside camera zooms in on Tyrone Walker who holds the money up in a fanning way. We can hear him say It's only four dollars and some Pesos!

Ace: Pesos?! Why does Cecilworth have Pesos?!

Greer shakes his head with his hands on his hips before turning around. Cecilworth has a giant grin across his face, pointing for Stephen to get down. Greer points down, asking Cecilworth if the middle of the ring is fine. Farthington quickly nods yes. he looks back at Sektor and smiles. John just shakes his head in disbelief.

Blackfront: Is Stephen Greer going to go through with it for four dollars?

Ace: And some Peso's Jason!

Greer looks back up at Farthington and then down at the canvas. As he looks back up, Stephen just comes through, rotating his shoulder to add to the force of the short arm clothesline that he attempts to decapitate Farthington with.

Sektor quickly leaps out of the corner and toward Stephen Greer, slamming a right into the oncoming King of Pain.

Blackfront: John Sektor coming to the defense of his fellow Machine member. Greer lets out a yell as he shoves Sektor back, and into the corner.

Blackfront: Stephen Greer rushes John Sektor... hard body shots to John Sektor!

Behind them, Zhalia and Second Coming look at each other, then down at Cecilworth. Fears points at Second Coming before pointing at Cecilworth. Second Coming nods before bringing Zhalia in for a huge. As they let go, Coming leaps down on top of Cecilworth.

Blackfront: Second Coming going for the first pin thanks to Zhalia Fears!

Ace: What an idiot! Always take the title for yourself!

Sektor blocks a shot from Stephen Greer, grabbing his shoulders and pulling him in as he raises he knee up and into his midsection.

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Blackfront: Sektor tosses Greer into the corner now!

The referee raises his hand for the third time as Sektor quickly turns and leaps forward, coming down with a forearm across the back of Second Coming breaking the count.

Blackfront: John Sektor making the save!

Ace: These people do know that they have twenty minutes total and it's every man for himself, right?

Greer shakes off the sudden assault from Sektor and comes out of the corner like a man possessed.

Blackfront: John Sektor back to his feet.. Greer hooks his arms, hands behind his head... Stephen slams John Sektor forward and down face first from a Full Nelson.

Blackfront: The Godstopper by Stephen Greer!

He turns John Sektor over, but as he is going down for the cover, Zhalia Fears leaps forward, bending down and bringing a Capoeira hook-kick forward that catches him in the face.

Blackfront: Fears his the Ode to Kush!

Ace: It'd be nice to go one week without hearing that name.

Greer rolls on the canvas, holding his head. Sektor does the same, holding his face. Zhalia quickly moves over, bending down and helping Zhalia up to her feet. Behind both of them, Cecilworth rolls to the edge of the ring, before rolling out to the floor. He shakes his head a bit before standing fully up and turning around. As he does, he comes face to face with Tyrone

Walker. Farthington, suprised, steps backward, stumbling over a cord on the floor, causing himself to fall to the floor.

Blackfront: Cecilworth not expecting Tyrone Walker to be behind him when he turned around. Ace: Someone needs to get this idiot out of here. You don't see any of the other Machine guys out here!

Inside of the ring, Zhalia and Second Coming look down at the two men starting to get to their feet.

Blackfront: Too Badass for a Name...

Ace: Technically, isn't that a name?

Blackfront: Fears and Coming both run.. off of opposite ropes.. Greer and Sektor getting to their feet... Too Bad Ass on the return... They both leap...

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Both women throw both legs up and forward, each catching one of the men in the face with double leg drop kicks.

Blackfront: Great team work by Zhalia Fears and Second Coming!

Ace: Yes, but Jason.. as I said... this is NOT a team work type of match! This is everyone for themselves! DOES NO ONE WANT TO BECOME THE CHAMPION?!

Outside of the ring, Cecilworth has gotten to his feet. He rolls into the ring under the bottom rope, and begins to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Cecilworth back in this one, but he is out numbered as John Sektor is down for the count.

Farthington looks down at John Sektor and then over at Stephen Greer before looking up at the two women in front of him. He smiles at them and puts a finger up.

Blackfront: Oh come on, what now?

He digs around in his tights again pulling out another wad of money.

Ace: WHY IS HE CARRYING ALL OF THIS IN HIS SHORTS?!

Cecilworth reaches out and hands Zhalia half of the wad, then turns and hands Second Coming the other half before giving them an approving thumbs up.

Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington trying to buy off Too Bad Ass.

The two women look at the cash. We zoom in to see Second Coming holding a twenty up to the light before talking to Zhalia and pointing at it. Both Fears and Coming crumble the money up and throw it at Cecilworth's face. Zhalia can be seen saying It's Fake! as Farthington begins to slowly back away.

Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington now trying to pass fake twenties!

Ace: Not fake Jason, these two just have never seen that much money at one time! Blackfront: Yea, I'm sure that's it Tommy. Fears and Second Coming each grab an arm of Cecilworth Farthington... double whip towards the ropes.... Farthington on the return now... Both women come with a boot up, catching Cecilworth in the gut. The each throw an arm over their necks, and grab the side of his trunks.

Blackfront: Going for a double suplex...

Both women begin to lift. However, Cecilworth kicks his feet, coming back down. He then wraps his arms around their necks tighter, and lifts quickly, bringing both women over and to the canvas. Blackfront: FARTHINGTON REVERSES! DOUBLE SUPLEX!

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Cecilworth pops to his knees, his eyes extra huge as he realizes he is the only one not down. Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington quickly covering Second Coming.... The referee down... He hits the canvas three times and the bell sounds one.

Announcer: The winner of this fall and NEEEEWWLEGACY CHAMPION..... CECILWORTH... FARRRTTHHHINNNGGGTTTOONNN!!!!

Blackfront: Farthington the new Legacy Champion with a little over fifteen minutes left in this match!

Ace: And it didn't cost him a penny. Cecilworth quickly rolls off of Second Coming and up to his feet. He backs to the ropes, grabbing the top one. His legs bounce in excitement as he watches the four people on the canvas.

Blackfront: All Cecilworth has to do is keep everyone down for the next fifteen minutes and he will walk out with the Legacy Championship!

Stephen Greer is the first person to start getting up. As he does, Cecilworth lets go of the ropes and runs forward, throwing a boot up, catching him in the head and sending him back down.

Blackfront: Farthington the only man up...

John Sektor begins to move, starting to get up himself. As he does, Cecilworth takes off, foot thrown out... but quickly realizes it's Sektor..

Blackfront: Farthington realizing he almost kicked his own partner, stops himself. Sektor gets to his knees, looking up at Cecilworth who begins to apologize profusely.

Ace: It doesn't matter if he would have kicked him... IT'S EVERY PERSON FOR THEMSELVES! Sektor pushes all the way up. He assures Cecilworth its OK. Farthington smiles with extra cheese at his buddy before turning away from him. John Sektor grabs his shoulder and turns Farthington around, bringing a boot up into his stomach.

Blackfront: John Sektor attacking Cecilworth Farthington!

Ace: SEE! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF! SOMEONE GETS IT FINALLY!

He hooks both arms under Cecilworth's before lifting him up and stepping forward, then bringing him down hard.

Blackfront: C-SEKTON BY SEKTOR! C-SEKTON!

Ace: He's covering his own partner!

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The referee drops and begins to count. As his hand hits the canvas for the third time, he calls for the bell that sounds just once.

Announcer: The winner of this fall... and NEEEWLEGACY CHAMPION.... JOOOHNNNN....
SEEEKTTTTOOORRR!!!!

Blackfront: John Sektor now with the title with a little over twelve minutes left to go.

Ace: Our second champion in this match Jason!

As Sektor gets up, he turns to see Stephen Greer who has pushed up charging him fast and hard.

Blackfront: Greer charging the champion.. hits him hard.. lifts... HUGE SPINEBUSTER BY THE KING OF PAIN!

Ace: That was massive Jason!

Tyrone Walker yells for his partner to pin him, which he does. The referee drops, does the count and the bell sounds.

Announcer: The winner of this pin fall and NEEEWLegacy Champion.... STEPHEN... GREEEERRR!!!!

Blackfront: Stephen Greer dethroning John Sektor. The King of Pain the third champion of the match.

As Stephen Greer gets to his feet, he nods his head while yelling something we can not make out. Tyrone Walker points behind him, yelling for Stephen to turn around, but it's too late. Zhalia Fears comes up under him from the canvas, grabbing under his thigh and with all of her might, using her momentum to roll him back and to the canvas, shoulder first.

Blackfront: SCHOOLGIRL ROLL UP BY ZHALIA FEARS!

Ace: Out of nowhere!

The referee drops to count, quickly hitting the canvas three times. The single bell tolls.

Announcer: The winner of this fall and NEELEGACY CH...

Greer, who has been let go, comes up fast and grabs Zhalia around her waist, lifting her up and throwing her backwards hard and to the canvas.

Announcer: ...AMMPION... ZHALIA... FEEEARRRSS!!

Blackfront: Inverted release German suplex by Greer!

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Ace: He is not happy at all!

Zhalia rolls on the canvas in pain. Greer sees Second Coming getting up. Blackfront: Stephen Greer changing his attention now to Second Coming. Ace: Rip that stupid mask off!

Blackfront: Greer pulling Second Coming up by her head. Pushes her back into the ropes.. now sending her with force across the ring. Second Coming on the return.

Greer throws his head down to catch her, however, Coming leaps over him grabbing his waist and pulling him over with her momentum.

Blackfront: SUNSET FLIP INTO A PIN BY SECOND COMING!

The referee leaps into position, however Greer is able to kick out quickly.

Blackfront: Not enough to put Stephen Greer down.

As Second Coming and Greer rolls over and push up, Cecilworth Farthington is up behind them.

He quickly grabs Second Coming around her neck from behind and begins to lift.

Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington going for an inverted suplex...

As Second Coming's legs go up, Stephen Greer moves in closer. She quickly throws her legs around his neck. Farthington tugs as she holds tight to Greer's neck.

Blackfront: Stephen Greer grabbing Second Coming's waist...

He pulls hard enough to yank her away from Cecilworth. Greer turns around and lifts her up higher to powerbomb her, however, Second Coming pushes forward and throws her body back with enough force to send him up and over.

Blackfront: REVERSED INTO A HURRICARRANA!

She leans back grabbing his legs and pulling them up to keep Greer down into a pinning position. Blackfront: Second Coming with the pin.. Farthington runs forward, rising knee connects to her face!

She is sent sideways off of Greer and to the canvas. Cecilworth leaps forward and down, covering her.

Blackfront: Farthington covers Second Coming, going for the pin fall... The referee's hand hits a third time.

Announcer: THE WINNER OF THIS PIN FALL.... AND NEEEW... LEGACY CHAMPION.... CECILWORTH... FARRTTHHINNGGTTOOONNN!!!

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Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington now champion again with about ten minutes to go. Farthington throws his arms up in victory as behind him, Zhalia Fears crawls over and covers Stephen Greer. The referee drops.

Blackfront: Fears looking to score a pin behind Cecilworth.

The referee's hand hits three right before Greer pushes Fears off of him. The bell sounds one time.

Announcer: The winner of this pin fall and NEW.... LEGACY CHAMPION.... ZHALIA.... FEEEEEAARRSSS!!!

Cecilworth's eyes grow large as he turns around to see Greer and Fears getting to their feet. Across the ring, John Sektor begins to get up as well.

Blackfront: Cecilworth charging Stephen Greer. Greer with an elbow to Cecilworth's face. Farthington grabs his face and stumbles back toward the ropes. Tyrone Walk quickly leaps to the apron and grabs the top rope, pulling it down hard as Cecilworth stumbles into and over, dropping to the floor. Walker lets go and leaps to the floor himself, moving away quickly.

Blackfront: Tyrone Walker using that tag team mentality to try and give his partner the upper hand.

Ace: THROW HIM OUT!

John Sektor charges Stephen Greer.

Blackfront: Greer with the clothesline... Sektor ducks... Fears meets the King of pain with a quick drop kick!

As Greer hits the canvas, John Sektor returns from the ropes.

Blackfront: Sektor on the return.. FEARS WITH A ARM DRAG TAKE DOWN!

Ace: Oh, come on!

Sektor rolls back up and rushes Fears who once again, takes him over with an arm drag.

The fans go crazy. Second Coming has now pushed her way up and looks around. Zhalia smiles huge at her.

Blackfront: Second Coming back in this. Sektor and Greer beginning to get up. Fears and Coming run... off the ropes... both leap... DOUBLE DROP KICK TO JOHN SEKTOR AND STEPHEN GREER!

Ace: Really? This can't be life!

Cecilworth pulls up to the apron. As he does, Second Coming runs and slams a forearm out, catching him in the face and sending him back down hard to the floor.

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Blackfront: Second Coming keeping Cecilworth Farthington out of this. Now going for the pin on Stephen Greer.

As she pins Greer, Zhalia leaps down on John Sektor. The referee looks at both as he is positioned in between the four.

Ace: You can't both pin people at the same time!

The referee throws both arms out and slaps on each side of him.

Blackfront: I GUESS YOU CAN!

Ace: WHAT?! IS THIS GREECE OR SOMETHING? YOU GOT IT ALL MESSED UP!

The bell rings one time.

Announcer: The winner... uh... winners of this pin fall and NEEEW... LEGACY CHAMPIONS..... ZHALIA FEARS AND... THE SECOND COMING!!!!

Both women get up and high five. The fans go crazy. John Sektor is the first to stir, grabbing the ropes and beginning to pull himself up.

Blackfront: Sektor getting to his feet.

As he gets up, Cecilworth gets back to the apron. Sektor, not looking behind himself, runs backward, hitting the ropes and sending Farthington crashing to the floor again.

Blackfront: Sektor inadvertently knocking his partner off of the apron.. on the return.. both arms out.. double clothesline takes down both Zhalia Fears and Second Coming!

Sektor turns just as Greer gets to his feet. He grabs John's arm and pulls him in for a lariat with enough power behind it to kill a man.

Blackfront: HELLFIRE LARIAT BY STEPHEN GREER!

Cecilworth, moving a little slower than before, pulls himself up to the apron. Greer turns to see him and begins to stomp his way. Farthington shakes his head no as Greer moves in. Finally he throws one finger up that stops Stephen.

Blackfront: Farthing...

He looks back, then at Greer and nods before throwing himself off of the apron. The fans laugh.

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Ace: Come on...

Blackfront: Well.. Cecilworth deciding it was better to throw himself off than be knocked off yet again in short form.

Greer just laughs and turns away, trying to decide which victim is next. As he does, Cecilworth scurries across the floor, gets up, and rolls into the ring behind him.

Blackfront: Cecilworth in the ring behind Greer.

Ace: There's the intelligent C-Money we all know and love!

He slams a kick to the back of Stephen Greer's war torn knee sending him to just one. Quickly he grabs Stephen's head with his left hand and throws his right out. As he brings it in, he moves his left hand away and SLAMS the side of Greer's head with his right.

Blackfront: Malice in Wonderland by Cecilworth Farthington!

Ace: YES!

Fears and Coming both have made it to their feet behind Cecilworth who yet again chooses to throw his hands in the air in celebration. As he does, they move in on each side and grab him. At the same time they lift, and slam him backward to the canvas.

Blackfront: Too Bad Ass for a Name working together again.

Second Coming and Fears head over and both grab the head of John Sektor, lifting him together.

Ace: NO! NOT SEKTOR! ANYONE BUT SEKTOR!

As they have him halfway up, they both drop.

Blackfront: Double team DDT on John Sektor as they two work together to try and leave this match co-champions!

Fears and Coming turn their attention to Stephen Greer, both stomping the bigger man who is still down.

Blackfront: With six minutes left, these two are positioned to walk out the champion if they can keep the three other men down.

Ace: Just like a woman, always trying to keep the man down!

Blackfront: That makes no sense Tommy.

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Fears and Second Coming head around and each grab a leg of Stephen Greer. Zhalia lifts hers first, slamming his knee into the canvas. Next, Second Coming does the same thing.

Blackfront: Continuing to work the knees of Stephen Greer, while showing great team work here.

Ace: BUT IT IS NOT A TEAM MATCH!

John Sektor begins to push his way up. Fears and Coming point it out to each other and begin to head over. As they both grab Sektor, Cecilworth begins to get up behind them.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears and Second Coming pulling John Sektor up...

Cecilworth runs towards the three, leaping up and coming down across all of them.

Blackfront: THOUSAND DOLLAR SPLASH BY CECILWORTH THAT TAKES DOWN HIS

PARTNER AND BOTH ZHALIA FEARS AND SECOND COMING!

Ace: Is that even the name of his move? Blackfront: No. I just thought it sounded good. Ace: It didn't Jason. It didn't.

Blackfront: A pile of bodies covers the canvas with less than five minutes to go!

Cecilworth crawls over, throwing his arm over Second Coming's chest. the referee drops to count.

Blackfront: Farthington pinning Second Coming.. he may have it... HE DOES! As the referee's hand hits three the bell sounds one.

Announcer: The winner of this pin fall and NEEEEWLEGACY CHAMPION.... CECILWORTH...
FAAARRTTHHHINNGGTOONN!!!

Farthington rolls off of Second Coming. Sektor, dazed, sees an opportunity and rolls over, placing his arm over Zhalia Fears. the referee drops again.

Blackfront: John Sektor now trying to earn a pin fall here... His hand hits three and the bell rings once.

Announcer: THE NEW LEGACY CHAMPION.... JOOHNNN... SEEEKKTOOORR!!!

Cecilworth pushes his way up and looks behind him seeing Sektor roll off of Fears and begins to get up

Blackfront: Both members of The Machine with back to back pins.

Ace: Don't blow it guys. You're a team, no reason to bicker. Blackfront: But I thought you said it's every

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person for themselves? Ace: NOT WHEN IT'S THE MACHINE JASON!

Blackfront: Sektor and Cecilworth seem to be exchanging words now about who should walk out the champion.

Ace: No.. no.. no.. nooo!

Cecilworth throws that now famous finger in the air, pausing John Sektor. He digs into his trunks yet again and pulls out what seems to be a hundred dollar bill.

Ace: HA! Cecilworth saving the best for his bud!

Blackfront: Trying to bribe his fellow team match here.

Sektor backs off and lets Cecilworth drop down and cover Second Coming again. Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthing looking to score again in the closing minutes of this match Tommy.

Ace: We have less than three minutes! The suspense is killing me!

Before the referee can hit three, Greer reaches forward and grabs Cecilworth's leg, yanking him back as he begins to get up.

Blackfront: NO! Stephen Greer with the save!

Ace: Save? All he did was keep John Sektor champion!

Sektor moves into action quickly, rushing Greer who is on one knee. He grabs the back of his head and begins to stuff the bill into his mouth as Greer begins to choke.

Ace: DON'T WASTE A BENJAMIN!

He pushes Greer's head to the side, causing him to move to the canvas and spit the bill out, coughing and choking. As he does, Sektor runs forward and brings a boot up catching him in the temple.

Blackfront: VICIOUS PUNT TO THE HEAD OF STEPHEN GREER! HE LOOKS TO BE OUT!

Behind him, Zhalia is up. Sektor steps back. As he turns, Fears turns and hunches down, placing the back of her body into Sektor's body. Quickly she reaches back grabbing his neck and tries to lift up.. however, she fails. Sektor brings a big right up and over her shoulder, coming down across her chest.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears looking for that backpack stunner, but unable to get Sektor up.

Ace: Maybe if he was a vacuum cleaner she coulda picked him up.

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Blackfront: TOMMY!

Fears stumbles around, holding her chest.

Blackfront: Sektor forward with a boot to the gut... grabbing her arms.. he lifts... C-SEKTION! C- SEKTION!

The fans boo John Sektor. Farthington is up behind him, but so is Second Coming.

Blackfront: Wait! Second Coming grabbing Farthington from behind.. could be an inverted DDT here...

She drops him down to his knees, leaning him back and applying more pressure.

Blackfront: No...THE HOLY EXPERIENCE!

Cecilworth begins to tap. The referee calls for a bell.

Announcer: THE WINNER OF THIS FALL BY SUBMISSION AND NEELEGACY CHAMPION.... THE.. SECOND.. COOOMMINNGG!!!

Blackfront: Second Coming champion with under a minute to go!

Ace: No!

Sektor turns slowly, hate and anger on his face.. his fist clutched. he and Second Coming stand eye to eye as the time counts down.

Blackfront: Sektor is mad!

Ace: Do you blame him!

He rushes Second Coming who quickly drops down and rolls out of the ring.

Blackfront: Second Coming wasting Sektor's time as he chases he... NO! Sektor doesn't leave the ring!

He quickly realizes what is at stake and turns, leaping on top of Cecilworth who tries to kick out. However, Sektor grabs both of his shoulders and slams them to the canvas as the referee drops. Blackfront: Sektor pinning his own partner... The referee counts.. Coming back in the ring... she leaps... SECOND COMING BREAKS UP THE PIN!

As her arm hits John Sektor's back, he rolls off of Cecilworth. Both roll to their feet.

Blackfront: Second Coming runs at Sektor.. time is almost out...

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She leaps up, grabs his head and spins her body around behind him, hanging onto his shoulders, trying to bring him down with her momentum.. instead he steps forward and leaps up, coming down hard on top of her.

Blackfront: SAMOAN DROP BY JOHN SEKTOR! HE TURNS... HE COVERS!!!!

The referee's hand hits three and the bell sounds once.

Announcer: the winner of this fall by way of... The bell begins to ring repeatedly.

Announcer: No, the winner of this match... and NEEEWLEGACY CHAMPPPIOONN... JOHN...
SEEEKKTTTOOORRR!!!

Ace: Yes! Yes! Oh glory day!

Blackfront: John Sektor has done it! John Sektor is the new Legacy Champion!

Sektor rolls over and begins to get up, as does Cecilworth. The referee runs over, handing Sektor the title which he clutches close. Cecilworth and John then share a stare.

Blackfront: Farthington deciding what he wants to do next here...

Ace: Don't do it C-Money.. Don't do it..

Finally, he lets out a deep breath and moves in hugging John Sektor who tries to get away, looking uncomfortable. As Farthington breaks, he grabs the wrist of John Sektor and holds his arm up high.

Blackfront: Tonight, The Machine has done it. John Sektor joins Alex Beckman as one of the elite.

We get a shot of Sektor and Farthington standing tall as the copyright comes up... and we fade.. to black.