

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 41

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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 have a huge show for you tonight folks!

Ace: Yea we do! the quarter finals of Ring King is tonight!

Blackfront: Not only that Tommy, but tonight is a special Wheel of Chance episode with all match stipulations being chosen by the Wheel.. of.. Chance!

Ace: Who let that mullet head back here?!

Blackfront: No one Tommy. Tonight, the Wheel of Chance will be spun by the lovely Amy Harrison.

Ace: Oh, nice.

Blackfront: Amy is actually standing by backstage right now to go over the wheel and spin it for the first match!

We switch backstage to be welcomed by the Wheel of Chance and Amy Harrison.

Blackfront: Amy, can you hear us? Amy just smiles huge.

Harrison: I sure can Jason!

Blackfront: Tell us a little about tonight's wheel.

Amy turns her body to the wheel, using her hands as she speaks.

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Harrison: Well, we have eighteen different match stipulations ranging from a normal match... to a tables match... to a tuxedo match.. and even a dance off.

Ace: DANCE OFF!

Harrison: Before each match I will spin the wheel with the stipulation it lands on being the one for that match.

Blackfront: So, no one knows what kind of match they may be in before hand?

Harrison: Not at all Jason!

Ace: We were told you'd be spinning the wheel about now for the first match, is that right? Harrison: Yes it is Tommy. I'm going to give the wheel a spin here and we'll find out what type of match that CBR and Scott Stevens are going to have!

The camera pans around as Amy grabs two of the notches on the wheel.

Harrison: Lets see what they will have!

She pulls down on the wheel, backing away as it spins.

Blackfront: Eighteen different choices, neither man aware of what type of match they will have. Whatever it lands on here will determine how Wrestleshow will start.

As the wheel slows down, it finally lands on the first match stipulation for the night.

Ace: BLINDFOLD MATCH!

Harrison: A blindfold match? I hope you've got a spare one, I don't want to see this! Blackfront: Last year La Flama Blanca and Yoshii went one on one in a blind fold match. This year, CBR and Scott Stevens will! Thank you Amy, we'll see you ina little while.

Harrison: No problem!

We switch back to where Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace are sitting.

Blackfront: After our opening match tonight, Pin Smith will defend his Wildfire championship against former UTA Champion, Abdul bin Hussain.

Ace: You mean lose the title, right?

Blackfront: Why on earth would you say that?

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Ace: The Wildfire title is cursed Jason! Look at the list of people who have held it.. Conrad Teller... GONE... KUSH... GONE... Perfection.. GONE... Joshua Jones... GONE. Not one person who has held it since it came VCW, other than The Second Coming, is still here in the UTA. Most gone shortly after winning the title.

Blackfront: That's just superstitions. You said it yourself, Second Coming is still here.

Ace: Yes, but when is the last time she's held a singles title? It's cursed!

Blackfront: Moving on from crazy here.. we will then have Sanctus take on Team Danger's Stephen Greer.

Ace: So, what is a San...

Blackfront: Ugh. Shut up Tommy. I'm so tired of that.

Ace: What? It's funny.

Blackfront: No, it isn't. The next match will pit Eric Dane and Will "The THRILL" Haynes together in what could be a match of the year candidate.

Ace: These two have been at each other's throats non stop for weeks.

Blackfront: In a hard hitting match, Bronson Box will take on Rhys Townsend.

Ace: Hard hitting doesn't even begin to describe this one Jason. These two guys are two of the meanest, roughest, toughest guys in all of the UTA and tonight they collide!

Blackfront: Championship action is in our first main event as the undefeated Alex Beckman defends her Prodigy Championship against the man who has captured the hearts of all, Team Danger's Tyrone Walker!

Ace: She's gonna break his arm like she did Robertson and I'm going to love it!

Blackfront: The main event, we will see two members of The Machine, John Sektor and Cecilworth Farthington, take on Zhalia Fears and Second Coming. Things are just now heating up between these four and tonight the fire spreads!

Ace: Like an STD after a night with Dick Fury!

Blackfront: All of this and more... tonight on.. WRESTLESHOW!

Ace: I can't wait!

Backstage, we see Jamie Sawyers standing in front of the camera. Dressed in a suit, slightly loose around his shoulders, with a smile on his face, he grips the mic with both hands.

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Sawyers: Welcome to another edition of Wrestleshow, right here on the PSN network on a night where the stakes couldn't be higher.

Sawyers motions to his left then back at the camera.

Sawyers: Joining me at this time is the former Legacy Champion and one of the final eight in the Ring King tournament, Claude Baptiste Ranier.

The lens zooms out to reveal CBR standing beside Jamie, in his purple ring trunks, knee pads and boots. Over his torso, he wears a red and black Dynasty t-shirt, right around his chest and his blonde main hangs loosely framing his face. Claude just gestures down at the smaller interviewer with a smirk.

Sawyers: Claude, it's caused a stir and everyone watching at home wants to know, what were the reasons for Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely joining Dynasty?

Ranier shakes his head slowly, staring through Sawyers and folding his arms.

CBR: Why are you asking me about that? It will be addressed when it's addressed. This interview is about me.

Sawyers swallows a lump in his throat and continues.

Sawyers: Right. Two weeks ago, you came off the back of a huge win against Chris Hopper. How does it feel to have gained a victory over the man that beat you at Black Horizon?

Ranier scoffs quietly, lifting his left hand to scratch at the back of his head, his right lifting Sawyers' arm to his face.

CBR: As far as I'm concerned, the King is dead. Next question.

Sawyers drops his hand back down to his own lips, speaking nervously into the mic. Sawyers: Coming up next, you have a match against Scott Stevens. He has just beaten Rhys Townsend to get into this match, how confident are you of a victory?

Claude lifts Sawyers' hand again, but instead slips the mic from his grasp and holds it himself. CBR: Rhys who? Another one of the Scooby gang here to try and solve the Dynasty mystery and save the world? I don't give a damn if Stevens beat Townsend - the point is I'm ready. Next question.

He shoves the mic into the chest of Jamie Sawyers who steps back a fraction, before coming forward again.

Sawyers: Now, if you manage to beat...

Ranier takes exception, grabbing the mic from the smaller interviewer and shoves him out of the camera

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shot. Claude lifts the mic and looks viciously into the camera.

CBR: There are no ifs when it comes to CBR. All of you out there in your pocket change seats, all you losers in the back know that; and tonight, Scott Stevens, so will you. It doesn't matter that it's a blindfold match, I will dismantle you all the same tonight tonight and send you back beneath that rock you've been living under, next week take the Wildfire Title back to Dynasty and on

#Wrestleshow 43 be crowned your Ring King!

He steps forward an inch or two to the camera, head bowed slightly, eyes narrowed and lips curled upwards.

CBR: Then you're all going to have to sit through another Dynasty vs Dynasty World Title match. Why? Because no one in the back is good enough to stop it. No one on this roster of tragedies can topple the natural ecosystem.

Lifting his head and letting the smile dissipate.

CBR: Last year, Dynasty won Ring King. This year, Dynasty wins Ring King. Stevens is a road block and whether it's a blindfold match, dance off or a damned Care Bear costume submission match, Stevens is just a road block the juggernaut rolls over to...

"Woah, woah woah..."

The camera pans round as CBR is taken from his monologue, to show Scott Stevens in his ring gear as well, ready to compete.

Stevens: Let's be honest here. No one wants to sit through another bore fest like Black Horizon produced.

Claude slowly lowers the mic, turning to face Stevens and stepping forward.

Stevens: You might want to back up there chief or bad things will happen for you.

Ranier's smirk, plastered across his face, doesn't lose a step. He flicks the mic away and stands in position, the smug radiating from his skin.

CBR: Bad things?

A smirk comes across the face of the Texan as he gets chest to chest with CBR.

Stevens: Exactly. Here let me show you.

Stevens calmly says as he pushes CBR back a little with his finger.

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Claude steps back an inch, taken off guard by the forwardness of his opponent later tonight. He looks down, half in surprise at the finger then back up at Stevens. Usually people don't push back

on a CBR intimidation...but then usually they're not two inches taller than him. The smirk disappears, replaced by a look of focus.

CBR: You think you're funny Stevens? Coming into my world and trying to take my spot in the Ring King tournament?

He steps forward an inch again.

CBR: You know what will be funny? Hearing you tap to the Canadian Cradle tonight with your eyes weld shut under that blindfold. You know what else is funny?

Stevens: The sound of your neck snapping after I spike it into the mat?

Stevens says with a shrug and before any word can come out of Ranier's lips, he shoves two palms into the chest of Scott Stevens, driving the larger man a foot or two back.

Stevens: Finally.

Stevens says almost orgasmically as he approaches his challenger later in the night with his fist balled.

Claude launches a right fist at the larger man, which is blocked by his forearm, sending one back and staggering the former Legacy champion. Ranier leans down and launches into a rugby tackle as the two drop to the ground, security rushing into the scene and involving themselves in the ensuing scuffle.

CBR is pulled off of his foe as Stevens is back in his feet, full of energy. The teams of security get in the way.

CBR: See you out there! You're finished Stevens!

As Stevens is dragged away he's able to get the last word in.

Stevens: Those words will be etched on your tombstone.

The camera pans to CBR, who is backed off by the security, before raising his arms, Stevens having turned and disappeared down the hallway. Ranier looks at the security guards one by one before taking another step back and turning. He walks down the hallway and the camera glimpses the figure of Sean Jackson standing in a doorway to a lockerroom. The two, out of earshot exchange a few words before disappearing into the room, the camera hurrying to follow. "Thanks man. Remember, Blanca can't know. We have to..."

The words of CBR are heard, Jackson pointing behind him at the camera, causing Claude to turn around angrily and slam the door.

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Brought to You By

Blackfront: Well fans, we've had our first spin of wheel for tonight and amazingly, this opening bout is going to end up with CBR and Scott Stevens trying to find each other like strangers in the night with a Blindfold Match!

Ace: I thought it was contractually stipulated that Scott Stevens had a wear a blindfold at all times. Scares the children, y'know.

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.

Blackfront: The proud Texan, Scott Stevens, representing an outside organisation here tonight managed to make his way against an old running buddy in Rhys Townsend a few weeks back but how is he going to be able to prepare for a wrestling with a blindfold on?

Ace: I'd have reckoned Stevens is used to wrestling in an empty, dark void. Totally has the insider advantage on that one.

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 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: I can't believe the fans in this arena are supporting nasty filth from outside this fine, pres . That man should be in Chicago crying over his twentieth title shot loss this month.

Blackfront: He's an invited guest and I think the least we can do is show a little respect. The fans already support him, particularly with him mere seconds away from taking on CBR

The lights in the arena dim as a red strobe appears, focused on the entrance atop the stage.

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The opening riff of Hail to the King by Avenge Sevenfold begins to play, the crowd erupting into a crescendo of boos, peppered with faint cheers of a growing fan base for the former Legacy Champion of the UTA.

After four repetitions of the riff the symbol joins in, and out from the back steps Claude Baptiste Ranier, the titantron glowing with images of suplexes and submission holds by the Canadian Star, each separated with brief images of the Canadian flag as the power chords fire into the tune.

Wearing a pair of purple and white ring trunks, purple knee pads and elbow pads with white boots, he raises his arms outwards on the stage. He wears the trademark purple and white robe with 'Subjugation' written in black font on the back.

Blackfront: Dynasty has been running a little recruitment drive recently and have really made an impact these past few shows. It doesn't hurt that CBR has been rolling his way through the Ring King bracket either.

Ace: And CBR is here to ensure that Scott Stevens visit here ends just as quick as it began. Thank god for Dynasty because Ground Zero sure as hell didn't do the job last time.

As the verse kicks in, Claude looks over the fans, a pair of purple tinted sunglasses over his face. Ranier has his blonde mane of hair falling by his shoulders and starts to make his way down the ramp, the music hitting into its starting lyrics. CBR edges forward towards the ring slowly, ignoring outstretched hands of fans, focused on the squared circle.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Canada

Ranier is distracted by one fan's abuse, his smile turning to a frown straight into the eyes of an overweight male in the front row shouting and pointing at the Canadian Star. Ranier feigns a slap to the fan, but then smirks and continues walking to the ring.

Announcer: Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds... CBR walks up to the ring steps looking over the fans again momentarily as he pauses. He walks slowly up the steps to the apron, stepping carefully through the ropes and into the ring. Ranier walks purposefully around a circuit of the squared circle, the smile curled back once more onto his face. Stopping at one of the corners of the ring, Claude takes off his robe and sunglasses, placing them into the corner. He climbs the turnbuckle, raising his arms and flexing for everyone to see as the chorus starts.

"Hail to the King, Hail to the one;

Kneel to the crown, Stand in the sun."

Announcer: The Canadian Star...C... B... RRRRRRRRRRRR!!

Holding his arms aloft, Ranier takes in the boos, closing his eyes and savouring the moment. He lingers for a second before coming down and sharing a few words with the referee, stretching his right arm.

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Blackfront: We could also see CBR take the whole thing and see our second big Dynasty war in so many months.

The music begins to fade as the second chorus approaches, CBR focused, resting against the corner turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Two very experience pros here in the right. I know the crowd seemed on Stevens side but I do wonder, when it comes down to it, will they support an outsider

Ace: I've always wondered what a crowd ironically trolling would look like.

The referee, each hand containing a blindfold, walks over to Stevens' corner and hands off one to the large Texan. The follows up by handing one off to the French Canadian Sensation known to the world as CBR. CBR holds his blindfold up the ceiling to inspect it, trying to see if there's any way he can see through it while the referee assists Stevens in tying his up behind his head. CBR calls the referee over and insists that a man of his stature is not going to wear a blindfold, yelling about how he is a "member of Dynasty" and "deserves better treatment".

Blackfront: CBR not looking too happy with what the Wheel of Chance brought him here tonight. Ace: Nor should he be, it's disgusting enough he has to deal with a filthy interloper but he has to wrestle in the dark?

The official gestures towards Stevens, already with his blindfold on and swiping into the air madly from his corner as a way of getting his bearings. He warns the (presumably) poutine loving Canadian Star that if he does not put the blindfold on, he will be disqualified. CBR looks back down at the blindfold, highly irritated as the crowd begins poking the bear with a "PUT IT ON!" chant. The referee gestures to the crowd as a way of encouraging CBR to put the blindfold on.

Scott Stevens remains in his corner, now kicking the bottom rope as a magical way of getting a sense of his bearings.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens there... mule kicking the ropes. Tommy, any idea why Scott Stevens would be mule kicking the ropes?

Ace: He's an ass?

Blackfront: Really should have seen that one coming.

Having enough of the situation, the referee threatens CBR, saying if he does not wear the blindfold by the count of five, he will be disqualified from the bout. CBR looks down at the blindfold and then back up again at Stevens, weighing up his options. He does this double take a few times but just before the official can reach the count of five, he raises up the blindfold and begins to wildly tie it and his head. The crowd is none too pleased at this development as they all secretly hoped CBR would be ejected from Ring King on pure hubris alone. The referee signals for the bell and the bell does indeed ring.

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Blackfront: And this match is finally under way after CBR's attempted stalling tactics.

Ace: I think Scott Stevens may have already exhausted himself before the bell even rang. He's been swinging wildly left and right since he put that mask on, the crazed loon.

Blackfront: I guess that's him showing some Texan Pride?

Stevens and CBR begin the opening moments of the match with their arms outstretched, doing a mummy style walk in completely opposite directions from each other.

A wave of boos emits itself from the crowd as an indicator that they may be heading in the wrong direction from each other.

Ace: Jesus, this could be a long night? Do you think the network would let us go late?

Blackfront: With the rawkus energy of the fans here, I think they may find each other sooner than later.

CBR, fancying himself something of a student of the blindfold match stretches out his finger and points to a vacant space which does not contain Scott Stevens, the fans boo. CBR takes a second stab at it, this time pointing directly at Scott Stevens. This doesn't benefit him much however and he ends up being booed again.

Blackfront: CBR thought he could use the crowd as a guide, forgetting of course that Dynasty aren't exactly that popular with the UTaverse.

Ace: Ungrateful fans really should step up and recognise we have a true blue UTA talent in that ring right now and he deserves our respect and support. Unlike that Chicago hobo who wouldn't have seen an arena this crowded in his wildest dreams. In fact I doubt he's even seen a crowd at all!

Stevens gets a sense of what CBR is doing and jumps in on the finger pointing game himself. He lifts his finger and points at, as if by the luckiest man on Earth, directly at the face hole of CBR. The crowd erupts in cheers and Stevens knows he has found his man. Stevens lunges towards the direction he assumes CBR is to be but CBR has stepped out of the way in the interim, sending Stevens crashing chest first down onto the mat below.

Ace: High Octane Wrestling's finest, ladies and gentlemen, flopping around on the mat like a beached whale.

Blackfront: Stevens almost had him Tommy,

Stevens begins to pull himself back up from the mat while at the same time CBR is wildly flailing about the ring. CBR is attempting to take cautious steps, perhaps too cautious as he trips and falls over the prone body of Scott Stevens, sending him crashing to the mat, the back of his head smashing up against it.

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Stevens, assuming that CBR has tripped over him, attempts to find his leg and hook it for the pin.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens has managed a successful cover in this contest! Which is amazing! Ace: You aren't going to put down an athlete of CBR's calibre with the ole trip and fall routine. Even if he is suffering by having to wear a blindfold. I can't believe Amy Harrison can't even spin a wheel correctly. Honestly, I would have thought that's the one thing she COULD do.

Blackfront: One! Two! No, CBR powers out.

Ace: Told you!

Both men have an awkward skirmish on the mat, with Stevens continuously hammering the left armpit of CBR, while CBR hammers away at the right thigh of John Sektor. This continues to happen as both men crawl away from each other. As they begin moving in opposite direction, both men kick wildly in an attempt to deliver a little bit of extra damage until they reach opposite ends of the ring and use the ropes to pull each other up.

Blackfront: A bunch of brutal shots as the two men scrap it out on the mat!

Ace: But not in the places where damage is doing to be doing. I mean I have to hope CBR deodorized this even or Scott Stevens now has one hell of a smelly fist. He could use that as an illegal weapon!

Stevens gets back up in the ring with support of the ropes and thinks he's sussed how this whole match business works. On the opposite side of the ring, CBR is nursing his armpit as he tries to pull himself back up. Stevens points his finger out the empty void and gets a tepid crowd response and shrugs his shoulders. He takes a second shot at this whole finger point business, this time in the direction of the referee. The crowd roars in approval as Stevens give a knowing nod of the head. Stevens slowly trundles over towards the referee, the crowd cheers drowning out the noise in the ring. The referee turns around to see Stevens with his fist cocked back, primed and ready. Just as he faces Stevens, Stevens unleashes and smashes his fist directly into the referee's jaw, sending him flying down to the mat.

Blackfront: That's not CBR, Stevens! That's the referee!

Ace: This idiot just whacked our official down to the mat.

CBR, getting a sense of what just happened, what with him hearing Stevens smack someone else in the ring who wasn't him, lifts his blindfold up ever so slightly. He storms quickly over to a confused Stevens, who is attempting to drop down for the cover on the referee, who is attempting to shove Stevens away.

Blackfront: That's cheating! He peeked!

Ace: It's only cheating if you get caught. You have to love the ring awareness of CBR, he heard

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our woeful official drop like a sack of potatoes and knew to take advantage of the moment. CBR sneaks up behind Stevens and spins him around, a dazed Steven completely uncertain of where he is or what just happened. He doesn't have to worry about that for long however, as

CBR kicks him in the gut. CBR pulls his blindfold cover back down and hooks up Stevens high in the air.

Ace: BRAINBUSTAHHHHHHHH.

Blackfront: That... that seems racist.

CBR drills Stevens skull with the mat with a stiff brainbuster and floats over on top of him for the cover.

Blackfront: I can't believe CBR is going to progress this way. This is not how you win Ring King! This is not the path of a champion!

Ace: Oh call a god damn wahmulance.

Blackfront: Did you just wahmbulance me in the year of our Lord two thousand and fifteen?

Ace: And I'd do it again!

The official manages to pull himself back up after his altercation with Stevens. He shakes himself off and as he does so, he notices the pinning situation in the middle of the ring. He looks a little mildly perplexed by how this happened but after peaking to check CBR's blindfold, he drops to make the count.

Blackfront: One! Two! Three! This one, sadly, is over.

Ace: Mercifully, I'd say.

Announcer: Here is your winner... progressing to the SEMI-FINAL ROUND OF RING KING... C! B!
RRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

A hostile crowd reaction follows CBR, who basks in it, tossing his blindfold straight off and cupping his ear to the crowd, as if begging them for more boos. He yells at the referee to raise his hand up high, a smug smile broken out across his face.

Blackfront: There's plenty more Ring King action to come folks, I just hope our other semi-finalists don't stoop as low to get here.

Ace: I'm just glad we've got the stench of High Octane Wrestling off of us. God bless Dynasty. God bless CBR, our Ring King semi-finalist.

The camera fades out on a shot of Scott Stevens, still prone on the mat with his blindfold on as CBR stands

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atop him, celebrating for all to see.

A Zero to Sixty Personality

We cut to backstage to find the Man in the White Mask in the midst of his pre-fight rituals. These mostly consisted of simple stretches and a heavy amount of music. These rituals are about to be interrupted.

OSV: So you and Mr. Tag Team Wrestler are going to be stinking up the joint tonight...

Visually agitated, or at least as visually as the mask would let us see, Sanctus takes the earbuds out and turns to see a cheshire smile pasted across the face of Colton Thorpe. Sanctus turns off his phone and tucks it back into his pocket.

Sanctus: Excuse me? I regret that I must beg you to repeat yourself, even though I have this strong suspicion it will be hollow sentiments.

Thorpe: Let me simplify this for you.

Colt reaches a hand to lay on Sanctus' right shoulder. With his free hand, he points to an imaginary chalkboard.

Thorpe: Sanctus + Greer + Any Stipulation Imaginable = Washroom/Snack Break. But fear not my turtle-inspired, mug hidin' friend: I've got something up my sleeve tonight that just might save your time slot.

After watching Colt write it out for him to see, Sanctus brushes the hand off his shoulder and takes a step backwards, creating more space in between the two.

Sanctus: I am uncertain whether you truly grasp the words you choose.

Thorpe: Fine, don't believe me. Just take notice as you do your little entrance through the crowd, as the fans get up from their seats to take off. I'm telling ya, this will be the match the live viewers change the channel during and the DVRers fast forward past. But again, I'm here to help you.

The would-be White Knight shakes his head in obvious disagreement.

Sanctus: If you intend to help me, I would appreciate it in the form of silence and isolation. Is that an option?

Thorpe: Negative. Well, isolation, kind of. But silence? God no.

The two share an awkward glance before Sanctus' hand is rubbing at his chin. He's reached an ah-ha! moment.

Sanctus: Now I can ascertain the intent of this barrage. Running away from our past, happens one day at a

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time. Your defeat on Victory can only grow as meaningful as you lend thought to it. Thorpe: Woah woah woah, hold up Whitey. Let's get one thing perfectly clear, I didn't lose last week.

Sanctus: Exactly where did you find victory from your performance on Victory?

Thorpe: A tally in the L column means nothing in the grand scheme of things. I have yet to have my shoulders flat for the three count, I haven't tapped out like a quitter, nor have I been knocked out cold. Murray beat Jackson. Jackson lost to Murray. I was a simple victim of circumstances. With a glimmer in his eye, and a knowing grin, Sanctus replies.

Sanctus: Perhaps you do not need to explain yourself to me, but the man in the doorway may be more apt to hear what reasons you have.

One hand extended points beyond the brash Thorpe to new Superstar Cayle Murray.

Sanctus: I believe this is where I take my leave.

Sanctus turns from Colton, exiting stage left, exchanging nods with the newly-arrived Scotsman. Cayle. It appears he'd been leaning against the doorframe for some time, and is clad in black and grey street clothes. He pushes himself away from the threshold.

Murray: Thanks for the match, lad. You definitely belong in that ring.

The Scot extends an open hand to Colt, who folds his arms and glares at Murray with a face like thunder. Cayle soon retracts.

Murray: ... okay then.

Thorpe: Do you honestly expect me to shake your hand? Are you that stupid?

Murray: I guessed from what I heard of your conversation there that you probably weren't the accommodating type, but I thought I'd at least give you a chance to prove you're not completely petty. Turns out my faith was misplaced.

Thorpe: 'Your faith'?

He clasps his hands together and feigns earnestness.

Thorpe: Oh no, I've lost Cayle Murray's faith! Whatever will I do?! Colt shakes the act away and laughs.

Thorpe: I don't know what you think you're going to lecture me with, but I stand by what you just overheard. You beat Jackson, not me, and no words of yours can change that.

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Though challenged, Cayle stands unswayed by Colt's bullishness. He lets one side of his mouth curl into a smirk, then shakes his head.

Murray: I'm not a lecturer, lad. It's not my place to stand on a pedestal and tell others how to behave: when I heard you and Sanctus, I approached out of professional courtesy, not self-importance or hostility. But if my breath's gonna be wasted, I'm just gonna leave.

Thorpe scoffs.

Thorpe: Coward.

Murray: ... excuse me?

Thorpe: First you steal a W from me, then you turn and run before letting me speak. You're softer than cotton, Murray: just like every other brown-nosing do-gooder in this place.

He doesn't quite take the bait, but he does abort his existing plans. He takes a step closer to Colt and looks him dead in the eye.

Murray: You want to try and take that L back, man? Any date, and time: I'll be there waiting in the ring.

Thorpe: Maybe I won't wait 'til you're in a ring. Maybe I'll let wait 'til you've left this room, give you a few moments to walk down the corridor, and--

Murray: --jump me?

His demeanor visibly turning colder, Cayle's brow tightens into a frown.

Murray: Listen, I know what you're doing. You failed at Victory and you can't find the fortitude to confront that failure, so you get angry about it. Instead of looking at the match and figuring out where you went wrong and why you weren't in the right place at the right time, you spit flames at guys like me and Sanctus. Take the loss--

Thorpe: I. Didn't. Lose.

Colt plants a finger firmly in Murray's chest. Cayle glances down at it, and then back up to Thorpe's burning stare. Both men pause: Cayle clenches a fist, just in case.

Murray: I get the sense I'm wasting my time here.

Thorpe: You walked in here - you interrupted ME - not the other way around. I'm not about to stand here and take advice from an also-ran like you, Cayle: because let's face it, it's only a matter of time before you screw this "last chance" up and find yourself back in rehab.

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A grinning Colt pushes his finger deeper into Murray's ribcage, but Cayle says nothing. Only he knows what's happening behind those eyes, but for now, he just takes a couple of slow steps backwards, away from Colton Thorpe.

Murray: Keep your nose clean, lad. That's all I'm suggesting.

Thorpe: Until next time 'lad', and trust me when I say, there will be a next time.

Murray backs through the doorway, nodding at Colt before vanishing into the hallway. The scene fades out on Colt's grinning mug.

Wheel of Chance II

We head back to the Wheel of Chance, where Amy Harrison is standing by.

Blackfront: Amy, are you there?

Harrison: Sure am.

Blackfront: You are about to spin the wheel for the next match as Pin Smith will defend his Wildfire championship against Abdul bin Hussain!

Ace: Is there a "Break the Curse" option on the wheel? AMy looks at it.

Harrison: I.. don't think so.

Blackfront: Don't mind him. Give the wheel a spin when ready Amy. She walks over to the left side of the wheel, and reaches up grabbing it.

Tugging down hard, the wheel begins to spin.

Blackfront: Eighteen options, anything can happen.

It begins to slow down, clicking on each knob until finally landing on the stipulation for the match. Harrison: Wha.....what? Rock, Paper, Scissors? First a blindfold match, now freaking Rock, Paper, Scissors? We're not at a damn kid's birthday party here!

Blackfront: That's right folks, Pin Smith will defend his championship in a Rock, paper, Scissor's match!

Ace: Does Abdul even know how to play Rock, Paper, Scissors Jason?

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Blackfront: I'm not sure, but we're about to find out live.. on Wrestleshow!

Brought to You By

The CONSOL Center becomes a party without much warning. There's strobe lights, and spotlights moving filled with various colors. The stage lights up underneath as the video screen groughts though an inspirational montage of sweet cars, flying dollar bills, fat booties bouncing. The PA ratchets up with a scientific sounding noise that reaches the apex as KING replaces the bouncing booties. All I Do Is Win by DJ Khaled kicks on over the airwaves.

Ace: How can anyone stand this song?

Blackfront: Seems like the fans are enjoying it, Ace.

Ace: Yeah and what do they know? They cheer folks like Chris Hopper yet boo pure talent like our World Champion, La Flama Blanca.

Pin Smith dances around the stage moving from side to side, engaging with the crowd. He throws his hands up as the song calls for it, and bounces up and down. He points to the Wildfire Championship draped over his shoulder.

Blackfront: A big test here for Pin Smith as he is set to defend that Wildfire Championship against former World Champion, Abdul Bin Hussian.

Ace: Abdul is a fierce competitor. Pin Smith has got no chance, no chance in hell at winning this one.

Blackfront: Well, it's not exactly the most physical of matches, partner.

Ace: Oh I know. Rock, Paper, Scissors. It might as well be a coin flip!

The Real Deal heads down the ramp with a smile on his face. He slaps hands with fans sitting close enough to enjoy such a luxury. He climbs the steel stpes, wipes his feet on the outside of the ring and steps through the ropes. toward the ring with a beaming smile on his face, taking the time to slaps hands and receive the welcoming wishes from wrestling's greatest fans.

Announcer: In the ring... from Main Street, USA... by way of Sin City, Nevada...Standing at 6'6" and weighing in at 220 pounds...

The Wildfire Champion quickly jogs around the ring. Pointing to the fans in the top bowl, and the sides. Pin encourages everyone to make some noise.

Announcer: He is YOUR Wildfire Champion..."KING" Pin Smith!

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Smith runs full speed and climbs a turnbuckle holding the Wildfire Championship belt tall for all to see. The crowd cheers.

Ace: He better kiss that title goodbye. He loses it here tonight.

Blackfront: Hasn't Pin impressed you yet, Ace? He's defeated Perfection in one of the most memorizing matches we've seen here in the UTA in quite some time.

Ace: What has the King Pin done for me lately? That's what I wanna know. King Pin Smith turns his attention towards the stage.

Call to Pray by Seether begins to play loudly throughout the CONSOL Center. The fans immediately react negatively booing as the Iraqi Flag fills the screen. Then appears a hooded figure, with American soldiers sprawled at his feet.

Ace: Here he comes, the Butcher of Basra himself, former UTA Champion, Abdul bin Hussain. Blackfront: And these fans tonight are really letting Hussain have it. The UTA faithful want no parts of him.

Ace: People hate what they can't understand, Blackfront. Like your obsession with sniffing women's underwear.

Blackfront: Sounds more like a Dick Fury thing to me.

Ice blue strobes cut around the arena. Blue smokes fills the ramp and the stage. The curtain parts standing there is Abdul bin Hussian, dressed in his traditional Arab garb. Standing by his side is his manager Rafiq, as well as his sister Nazirah. Nazirah is wearing a Burqa.

Announcer: Hailing from Basra, Iraq.....

Slowly Rafiq walks down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He reaches the ringside and climbs the stairs; Abdul and Nazirah enters the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 2 inches and weighing in at 242 lbs.....

Abdul looks around the crowd with a look of disdain but holds himself with dignity. He starts to run the ropes.

Announcer:The Butcher of Basra.....Abdul bin Hussain!!!!!!

Abdul walks towards Pin Smith, Pin Smith walks towards Abdul. Both men stand in the center of the ring staring one another down. The official standing between them. Abdul starts barking towards Kingpin, Kingpin just rolls his eyes. Abdul motions to his waist, telling Pin that he's going to be walking out of this matchup with the Wildfire Championship. He adds one way, or another. Ace: It's a shame that the James Wingate isn't going to let these two beat the crap out of each other. It would be a sight to see.

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Blackfront: Live by the wheel, die by the wheel Ace. It's all random. And besides I think that James Wingate has enough on his plate as is.

Ace: I suppose that's true. Still I would've liked these two to face off in something that wasn't a school yard competition.

The referee begins going over the rules with Pin and Abdul. Best two out of three rounds of Rock, Paper, Scissors. The official states that there is to be NO TOUCHING! This won't be a match, this is a competition of intelligence and mostly luck.

Abdul looks at pin intensely. He would rather just kick Pin's head off his shoulders, take his prize, and move on. However, Abdul is ready to play the game.

Pin stretches his arms out, as if preparing for a big battle. He turns towards the fans asking them what he should throw first. As Abdul steps to the ring ropes, drops to a knee as he converses with Raqfiq on strategy.

Rafiq: American's love muscle. He will want to throw rock first, Abdul. Be wary.

Pin has stepped up onto the second ropes, cupping his ear as if to hear the crowds demands better. Some people scream rock, others paper, and even others screaming scissors. Pin nods his head as he takes it all in. He cracks his fingers and heads to the middle of the ring ready to make his decision.

Abdul takes a few seconds longer than Pin but also comes back to the middle of the ring. The official asks both men if they are ready. Both respond in the affirmative.

Blackfront: And here we go, sports fans. Rock, Paper, Scissors. What would you choose, Ace? Ace: I'd probably go Rock honestly. Strong open. Maybe Scissors, but I think that's a pretty ballsy play.

Blackfront: I didn't know you were so well versed in this game.

Ace: Been playing since I was five years old, partner. It isn't rocket science.

Official: Rock, Paper, Scissors, shoot!

Pin throws Scissors first. Abdul throws Paper, taking Raqfiq's advice. Pin is awarded the "first fall." He celebrates as the fans cheer.

Blackfront: It's safe to say that Pin Smith is one third of the way to defending his Wildfire Championship successfully.

Ace: Good open from Pin Smith, as much as it pains me to say that.

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Abdul is irrate. He barks at Rafiq on the outside. His sister tries to quiet him down and eventually does so.

Rafiq: Abdul, concentrate. He is trying to pit us against one another. He is trying to get inside of your head. Do not let him, Abdul. You are the stronger man.

Abdul nods his head at this and rolls his shoulders back. He nods his head and is ready to throw again. Pin Smith has leaned back into the turnbuckle and just watched as this all unfolded. He steps forward also ready to throw again.

Blackfront: Who's going to win the second fall here? Let's find out!

Official: Rock, Paper, Scissors, shoot!

Abdul throws Scissors this time around, as Pin Smith throws rock. Pin wins the "second fall" and again celebrates. The fans go nuts.

Blackfront: Pin Smith is one fall away here from successfully defending the Wildfire Championship and advancing in the Ring King tournament. We've seen some upsets so far in the tournament, and although Pin holds a championship here in UTA many at home wrote him off.

Ace: I sure did. But this whole thing is a bit out of hand. Abdul has probably never even heard of Rock, Paper, Scissors.

Abdul is steaming. He's red faced. He doesn't need a minute, he's ready to throw again. Raqfiq offers advice but Abdul holds up a hand to silence him. Pin nods his head, he's ready to go again. Official: Rock, Paper, Scissors, shoot!

Abdul throws rock, Pin with Scissors. The fall is awarded to Abdul. He shows no signs of slowing down and motions that he's ready to go again. Pin shrugs off the lose and is ready as well.

Official: Rock, Paper, Scissors, shoot!

This time Abdul throws paper, and Pin goes with Rock. Suddenly things are tied up. Pin reacts poorly, grabbing the sides of his head in agnoy. How'd he let this slip away!?

Blackfront: This one is tied up. Abdul has evened things up. I never thought I'd be this into Rock, Paper, Scissors. Lemme tell ya.

Ace: I'm with ya there. This has turned out to be decently exciting. The most exciting Rock, Paper, Scissors since Camp Rockaway 89. I won the first overall pick in the dodgeball game. It was epic.

The two men come together again. Both nod. They are ready.

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Official: Rock, Paper, Scissors, shoot!

Abdul throws scissors, as Pin tosses paper. Abdul is the winner!

Blackfront: Oh no Pin Smith has lost his championshi - HEY!

Abdul launches towards Pin Smith and connects with a huge Enzugri. Pin Smith gets knocked to the mat helpless as the fans boo.

Ace: Now this is what I like to see.

Abdul quickly pushes up and runs, hitting the ropes as Pin tries to get up himself. Blackfront: Hussain leaps... PRAY TO ALLAH ON THE NOW FORMER CHAMPION! Hussain rolls over to two knees and throws his hands up, looking to the sky.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain a sore winner here tonight. Ace: When you are champion, it's all good to gloat Jason. Blackfront: No it isn't Tommy.

The referee walks over, Wildfire title in hand, presenting to Hussain who grabs it away while still kneeling. He thrust it in the air.

Ace: Well, this will be the last time we see Hussain I guess. Blackfront: Oh come on Tommy. The damn belt is not cursed! Ace: Yea, well we'll see. We'll see.

Blackfront: You're insane.

Ace: Not as insane as a title changing hands over a game of Rock, paper, Scissors!

Blackfront: I will say, this so far has been an odd series of events.

Ace: What's next? Alex Beckman loses the title to Tyrone Walker in a Dance Off?

Blackfront: You don't think Alex can dance?

Ace: Are you serious? She doesn't have a dancing bone in her body! That and you know Walker has to know how to do some hip hop Step Off type dance moves!

Blackfront: Don't be stereotypical like that. It's a terrible trait.

Ace: Your face is a terrible trait.

Hussain stands up, title in hand as he continues to celebrate.

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Wheel of Chance III

We return to the wheel, with Amy Harrison standing by.

Blackfront: Two matches down as we get ready to find out what type of match Stephen Greer and Sanctus will have next.

Ace: If we continue the pattern we've been going down, it'll be something dumb.

Blackfront: Amy, are you ready? Harrison: I'm always ready Jason. Ace: I bet you are.

Harrison: Hey!

Ace: Just spin the wheel honey.

Amy reaches over, grabbing the wheel and giving the camera a smile.

After a moment she reaches up and gives the wheel a spin.

Ace: Round and round it goes, where it stops nobody knows!

Harrison: There better be something good come up here, no more kid's games.

The wheel slows down, finally landing on Falls Count Anywhere. We hear the fans cheer in the background.

Harrison: Aha! Now, that's more like it! Falls Count Anywhere! Just try not to trash the place too much, alright?

Ace: Finally! A real match!

Brought to You By

Believe Me Haynes: No absolutely not.

Haynes is talking to Coleslaw Jenkins. The Gruesome Twosome are enjoying some time in Haynes' locker room before his Ring King matchup later on this evening with "The Only Star" Eric Dane.

Jenkins scoffs, he can't believe it. He's wearing a tall black tee shirt, that falls a few inches below his waist, a pair of jean shorts that come down to his ankle, and a fresh pair of Timberland boots. An Alanta Hawks throwback cap lays on his head - perfectly angled to the side. Straight thugging. Jenkins: N' why da hell ain't I supposed t' go find that two timin' wanna be Eminem n' knock his teef down his throat. For what he did t' us, mayne. You comin' off lookin' weak n' shit.

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Haynes shakes his head. It was bad enough that Eric Dane, and various Twitter idiots were wondering when Haynes would strike back at Mikey Unlikely but now his own boy - Coleslaw? That's tough.

Haynes: Cause Mikey, as much as he wants t' be, ain't my priority right now, Slaw. I don't know how many times I gotta say it for people t' believe me. Mikey, Mikey is gonna get his. The time is gonna come when that dude wished he would'a stayed in Hollywood, believe me. But it ain't gonna be tonight, hell it might not be soon.

Jenkins: How you mean, playa? Ain't you wanna cross this off your list?

Haynes picks up a water bottle, twists the top off, and kills about half the bottle. Staying hydrated before a match is a big key to success.

Haynes: Say I beat Eric Dane tonight, no small task when ya come t' think 'bout it. N' say I get past whomever my next round opponent is n' get t' the final a' Ring King. N' then say I win that there final n' advance t' facin' El Eff Bee or whoever else is holdin' the title, right? N' then say I win

- ain't Mikey Unlikely the least a' the problems for the man who just ran through Ring King en route t' his first World Title in a few years?

Coleslaw taps his chin as he ponders it. His eyes seem like he understands what Haynes is saying.

Jenkins: Guess I can see your point when you lay it out like dat. Haynes nods.

Haynes: Honestly, Slaw, I don't need dis tonight. I really don't. Eric Dane is a tall order. I gotta have every ounce a' mental energy I have focused on that cat or he's gonna beat me. Ain't no two ways 'round it.

Slaw looks a bit sheepish.

Jenkins: Dat cat is gettin' what's comin' t' him tonight, right? I ain't gotta worry 'bout Team Danger rollin' on me again.

Haynes stops and looks at his friend. He remembers it all too well. Coleslaw Jenkins laid up in a hospital bed. His moms come to town. The grief, the struggle. His friend in a few day coma. All at Eric Dane's beck and call.

Haynes grits his teeth, angry energy pulsating through his veins.

Haynes: I'm gonna do everythin' I can t' make sure that Dane n' his boys don't even look at you sideways in the hall. Believe me, when I say that, Slaw. Believe me.

Slaw nods his head.

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Jenkins: I do, b. I believe ya. You gonna quiet down some more critics tonight, just like you been doin' this whole tourney. Recognize dat.

Haynes nods his head. One last word before this is over.

Haynes: Heard dat.

Slaw smiles and the two men emulate one of their favorite pop culture handshakes. Haynes and Slaw slap hands, bring the hand they slapped with up, snap, and make the "Pshh" sound affect. Perfect Fresh Prince of Bel Air.

The Pittsburgh crowd are buzzing as Drain Sth's Simon Says' comes through the Consol Energy Center's loudspeakers.

The curtains part and out steps on to the stage, the one, the only, the legendary 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, and finally the last man out, the Once and Future King, the Only Star himself ERIC DANE. The terrible threesome stop at the edge of the stage, they take in the scene with smiles on their faces. Greer rubs his hands together, as Walker does his best to hype him up. Dane points towards the ring and the threesome start the long walk.

Announcer: The following match will be a Falls Count Anywhere match!

Blackfront: Team Danger coming out in full effect, looking out for one another's backs here tonight.

Ace: So just because Alex Beckman tried to kick Walker's head off in the back at Victory, Greer is going to get a three on one handicap here?

Blackfront: I don't think they are going to try to make this a handicap, but I'd still be weary here if I was Sanctus.

Fans extend their hands towards the Team Danger guys. They're trying to touch a piece of wrestling history, literally. Walker works the left nonchalantly reaching 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. Dane walks in the middle giving an occasional head nod, or wave to a particular busty woman in the crowd.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring, hailing from Jacksonville, Florida.

Nearing ringside, the Team Danger 3 slow their roll and take in the view. The Consol Energy Center packed to the gills, the fans popping for them. It's as if they never left. After a few seconds all three men look at one another and take off for the ring at a fever pitch. They slide in on their stomachs.

Announcer: Weighing in at Two Hundred and Forty pounds, he is the King of Pain, Stephen Greer!

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Entering the ring simultaneously, each man takes a corner. 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, Dane nods confidently - determined to make it one step closer to being the winner of Ring King later tonight

Blackfront: This is no doubt a big one here tonight, as all three of these men will compete.

Ace: It's just that the other two matches will be to advance in the Ring King tournament, while

Stephen Greer is facing... Sanctus.

Blackfront: But a win here really could set the tone for Walker and Dane as this night rolls along. Team Danger drops from the turnbuckles and join each other in the center of the ring. Greer gets a little last minute stretching in. Dane brings both men together, briefly discussing strategy.

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

The opening line of the Glorious Sons' 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 the isle that borders sections 112 and 113 of the Consol Energy Center. He marches down the steps as fans in attendance reach over to pat him on the shoulders.

Blackfront: And here comes Sanctus, making his way through the fans, which he calls the Faithful.

Ace: Faithful, Ungratefuls, it doesn't matter. It's going to be three on one in this one.

Greer, Walker and Dane look on, patiently waiting as Sanctus wades his way through the Steel City crowd. He smoothly hops over the hockey boards looking a little like Crosby, 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 takes a moment to walk around the ring and see Team Danger waiting for him. Defiantly, he stomps up the steps to the ring, and climbs 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.

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

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Announcer: Sanctus!

The would-be White Knight takes one last second to let the fans twenty rows deep in the 100 bowl that he does see the sign they've brought.

Blackfront: And Sanctus is putting his undefeated start on the line in this one.

As his music fades out of the PA system, Sanctus walks toward the center of the ring and the King of Pain, Stephen Greer. Meanwhile, referee Cameron Wrigley is asking Eric Dane and Ty Walker to exit the ring.

Ace: This is where Greer steps up, tonight.

Blackfront: He certainly does have the edge in experience.

Ace: And having Walker and Dane ringside during a Falls Count Anywhere match? Sucks to be Sanctus, whatever that is.

Just before the ref is ready to call for the bell, the PA blasts the theme of Monster by Skillet, as everyone turn their attention towards the entrance way. As the instrumental beginning merges into the opening lyrics, Colton Thorpe backs out from the curtain with his head slightly cocked. He has thrown an obnoxiously blue suit jacket over his attire. He slowly turns, facing the audience with an unimpressed expression.

Blackfront: And what does Colton Thorpe think he's doing out here?

Ace: Well, this is a no DQ match. He might just be out here to swing away his anger with a steel chair pointed at Sanctus.

Thorpe saunters down the entrance ramp, and is met halfway by the ref. He has his hands thrown up, pleading his innocent intentions. The ref turns back to the ring after giving Thorpe his one warning. He has his path to the left side blocked by Walker and Dane, who also give him his one warning, but in a much less polite manner. Colt shrugs and squeezes through, making his way to the commentary desk.

Blackfront: Well, it appears we are going to be joined here by...

Ace: Colt, glad to have you out here!

Sliding a set of headphones on, Colt sits next to Tommy.

Thorpe: Do you hear that noise, Blackfront? That's the sound of the remotes being set back down all over the country.

The ref calls for the bell as Greer and Sanctus have begun circling.

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DING! DING! DING!

Blackfront: Greer shooting in first with a headlock.

Sanctus is looking for a reverse, but the King of Pain has switched up his holds into a hammerlock.

Blackfront: And now with the go behind.

Sanctus is quick to drop to a knee and let Greer's momentum carry him over the top, but Greer still has a hold of his arm. Getting back up, Greer pulls Sanctus in to light up his chest with a chop.

Ace: And they heard that one in the cheap seats.

Thorpe: For those who didn't leave their seats already...

Rolling around, Sanctus reverses grip on the wrist lock and fires his own knife-edged chop. He tries for another, but Stephen Greer has pulled him in for a knee to the ribs.

Blackfront: Smart counter by the vet.

With the early momentum, Greer drives Sanctus back into the corner. Keeping him trapped, Greer nails knee after knee in on Sanctus. A back elbow crumples him down to the mat.

Ace: I don't think Walker or Dane will even need to factor into this one, at this rate.

Thorpe: Like I predicted, this one was going to be a snore. That is why I highly recommend the "faithful" log onto Wrestle UTA dot com, check out Chillin' With Colt and behold what real entertainment actually looks like.

Rolling away from the boots of Stephen Greer, Sanctus has rolled to the apron. For what time it has bought him, Greer is pulling him back up to his feet by his mask.

Blackfront: Greer using the mask there.

Thorpe: Careful big fella, we don't need to see what's going on under that rag. Guy was spewing some nonsense about some third eye or something.

Back to his feet, Sanctus throws a series of forearm shots at Greer before he finally gets some separation.

Blackfront: Quick thinking there by the Man in the White Mask.

Ace: I don't think he did much more than piss off the King of Pain.

Shaking the cobwebs loose, Greer marches back toward Sanctus, who is still trying to make it back through

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the ropes.

Blackfront: Not where you want to be...

Ace: Tornado DDT! How in the...

Using the bottom rope as a spring, Sanctus had nailed the desperation DDT, and was now crawling over for the first pinfall attempt.

Blackfront: A one count. This one is far from over.

Thorpe: Credit where credit is due, great move out of desperation. But the key word there is desperation.

Blackfront: Sanctus looking to pick up the pace here, dragging Greer back to his feet.

As Sanctus has Greer nearly vertical, he is met with an uppercut that knocks him back a step. Stephen Greer leads in with another.

Blackfront: A series of uppercuts rocking Sanctus here.

With Sanctus doubled over at the ropes, Greer raises his lariat arm up.

Ace: Well, so much for a long match.

As Greer charges in, Sanctus ducks down and takes Greer up and over with the back body drop.

Blackfront: Greer deposited on the outside! Sanctus has the big man down on the outside. Immediately, Ty Walker and Eric Dane are over to check on their compadre. They help him back to his feet. Meanwhile, back in the ring, Sanctus looks like he just got an idea.

Ace: It might be time for a team huddle here for Team Danger.

Blackfront: Yeah, but they'd better look out.

Bouncing off the of the far ropes, Sanctus has picked up a head of steam and rushes to the ropes, aimed squarely at huddle at ringside. He leaps over the ropes.

Blackfront: Vaulting Plancha! No!

Ace: Team Danger stepping aside, and Sanctus crashes and burns.

Thorpe: Ha! What a knob! Bet that didn't feel too good on the tailbone.

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A collective "Oh!" is heard throughout the arena when the two hundred and forty pound luchador hit nothing but guardrail and floor with his dive attempt. Team Danger begin to circle the Man in the White Mask. Our ref has slid out of the ring, and is trying to back Walker and Dane away from the action.

Ace: The ref looking to keep Team Danger's numbers advantage at bay.

Rolling a shoulder, trying to loosen up any damage he might have taken falling outside, Greer again pulls Sanctus up, using the mask as leverage. With Sanctus back to his feet, Greer digs a shoulder into his midsection and drives him into the barricade.

Blackfront: Slammed back first into that retaining barrier. And again.

Pulling Sanctus off of the barricade, Greer nails the short-arm clothesline. With a display of force, he pulls Sanctus up with one arm and drives him hard back to the thinly padded concrete with another short-arm clothesline.

Blackfront: Greer using his strength here in a dominating fashion.

Ace: And he's pulled Sanctus back to his feet. Oh, look out!

With a heavy bang, Sanctus is driven shoulder first into the steel steps. He can only sit in agony against the cold steel hoping for time to recover.

Blackfront: Greer giving Sanctus no time to recover here and he has yanked him away from those steps and is going for a pin!

1!

2!

Kickout!

Thorpe: Sanctus getting his shoulder up just in time. And we pause here again to remind everyone at home that I've yet to be pinned.

Blackfront: And Greer is looking a little frustrated here.

Ace: No, he is just concerned whether or not our referee can, in fact, count to three. It's kind of important.

Ty Walker is pulling Greer away from the ref, trying to talk down his 'brother'. Eric Dane takes one look at Sanctus, staggering back to his feet with the help of the barricade and points to his right arm. Greer smiles back.

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Blackfront: Is Greer looking for that Hellfire Lariat again?

Stephen Greer charges again at Sanctus, and this time, nails him flush across the jaw and neck. The force is enough to send Sanctus over the barricade and into the crowd.

Ace: He just got turned inside out!

Blackfront: This one is over if Greer can get a pin.

But with Sanctus in the crowd, fans have begun circling the fallen XL Luchador. Security are doing their best to keep them away from the action, but Greer is struggling to make it over to Sanctus. When he finally does, he is left bobbing his head to a count that isn't going on.

Blackfront: Stephen Greer with the pin attempt here, but the ref cannot get a good look at Sanctus' shoulders. But, finally now, is counting!

1!

2!

3!No!

Blackfront: Another kickout from Sanctus that time.

Ace: I thought he was knocked out. Greer had this one if the ref wasn't so slow.

Thorpe: I personally counted fourteen on that pinfall. Greer just won four plus matches in my books.

Greer gets up and stares a hole through our official. Out of instinct, Sanctus is crawling on hands and knees through the crowd, hoping to get away from the damage that the King of Pain has been delivering.

Blackfront: Greer needs to keep his attention on Sanctus, not the official.

And Greer does follow after Sanctus, grabbing him by the back of the neck. The crowd are cheering and a few trying to reach out and touch the one half of Team Danger. Greer ignores them and keeps leading Sanctus along.

Ace: Greer taking Sanctus over to the hockey boards.

Stephen Greer throws a shot to Sanctus' ribs to loosen him up. He goes back to his grip behind Sanctus' head and slams him down into the sideboards.

Blackfront: Head bashed off the boards. Greer looking again... no, blocked!

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Sanctus gets free of Greer's grip by stomping down on his toes. Now he grabs Greer's head and forces it into the boards. Greer staggers a few feet down.

Blackfront: Sanctus flowing close behind, and again!

The King of Pain has his head bounced off the sturdy wooden framework and comes up with a lazy clothesline attempt that Sanctus easily ducks under. Taking Greer's back, Sanctus hoists him up for what might be a back suplex, or...

Blackfront: Greer dropped along the boards, groin first.

Thorpe: Some White Knight. I guess honour goes out the window when you're losing. Sanctus takes a few steps back before clotheslining Greer into the penalty box.

Ace: That's a five minute major, isn't it?

Sanctus walks in, and shuts the half door behind him. He drops an axehandle across Greer's back, but Greer isn't stopped from getting back up. He blocks Sanctus' forearm shot, and then nails him in the midsection with a knee.

Blackfront: Greer back in control.

Ace: And I think Sanctus just invited himself into the Violence Party.

Thorpe: A self invitation is the only way he would be invited to a party, Ace.

Indeed, Greer is unleashing a flurry of chops, closed fists, knees and kicks in the tightly confined box. With a Mongolian Chop, he knocks Sanctus down, but he notices a problem immediately. Blackfront: There isn't another space in there for a pin attempt, and I think Greer is trying to clear away the fans, this is going to spill onto the floor again.

And Greer, with the assistance of a few security guards, has cleared out ten feet on the floor. He turns back to look at the box, but Sanctus is up and standing on the boards.

Blackfront: Hurricanrana on the floor!

Quickly scurrying over, Sanctus rolls Greer and tries for the pin. 1!

2!

Kickout!

Blackfront: Greer powers a shoulder up to keep this one going.

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Shaking his head, Sanctus pops back up to his feet. He grabs control of Greer's head as he gets back up, and drags him through the crowd back towards the entrance ramp and more open space.

Ace: And there's the numbers advantage!

Sanctus releases Greer when he is met by Ty Walker and Eric Dane, who've followed the action back to the entrance area. Sanctus readies himself for a fight as Ty takes Greer and helps him back to the ramp. Eric Dane sports that grin and begs Sanctus to try him.

Thorpe: Come on Dane! Do us all a favour and end this already.

Blackfront: The ref has his hands full here, trying to keep this match to one on one.

Dane tries to first ignore the ref, shouting something Sanctus' way. The ref only grabs his attention when he threatens to have Dane kicked out of ringside. He stands down, but still chips the shoulder of the Man in the White Mask as he passes.

Ace: I knew he didn't want any of Dane.

Back on the ramp, Ty is walking Greer back along the ramp, but is interrupted by Sanctus catching back up to them. Sanctus ducks under the right Walker throws and shoves him away. Greer turns back just in time for Sanctus to connect with a stiff kick to his thighs.

Blackfront: Great kick, and now a suplex attempt on the ramp! No, blocked! He tries it again. But Greer just goes deadweight, and Sanctus is unable to bring him up and over. Taking the moment, Greer reaches in for a waist lock and pops him hips.

Ace: Overhead belly to belly!

Blackfront: Sanctus sent crashing hard on that steel grating.

Thorpe: You know for a luchadore, he isn't all that graceful, is he?

The suplex was hit with enough force that Sanctus was sent rolling down the ramp, back to the ringside. He is on hands and knees trying to collect himself as Stephen Greer is stalking back down toward him, flanked by his brothers in arms.

Blackfront: Greer lifting Sanctus up... back kick!

Sanctus has doubled over the King of Pain with a spinning back mid-kick, and now dives with the low dropkick that connects with the side of the head. Trying to keep the pace going, Sanctus is clutching at Greer, trying to drag him back up. As he does, he notices Walker to his left, and Dane to his right.

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Blackfront: Sanctus rolling Greer back into the middle of the ring. Smart move to get away from the unfriendly ringside.

As Sanctus starts to climb, back in, his head is jerked backward.

Ace: Eric Dane tugging on the tassels of that white mask. I think he got Sanctus' attention. Sanctus is stopped, frantically trying to readjust his mask. Everything back in place, he finds it the place to be forcefully tapping a finger against Eric Dane's chest.

Thorpe: If Sanctus wishes to keep that finger in one piece, I'd suggest retracting it quickly. Blackfront: Dane with the head games here. He's telling Sanctus that his fight is in the ring. Our ref, again trying to get between these two!

Frustrated, Sanctus again tries to get back into the ring, but Greer has had enough time to regain his senses.

Blackfront: Greer with the knee to the head!

Stephen Greer drags Sanctus back through the ropes, and throws him into a corner.

Ace: You don't want to get trapped in a corner against Greer, because that will happen. With Sanctus cornered, Greer again works the short game with a series of knee lifts. Holding Sanctus in the corner with one hand, Greer shushes the crowd so they can hear the double backhand chop he is about to deliver.

Thorpe: You don't have to shush a silent crowd Stephen...

Ace: That'll hurt in the morning.

Blackfront: Sanctus now folded over in the corner, using the ropes to keep himself up. Look at those welts forming on his chest! Wait, what's Greer thinking here?

Thinking it is time to pull out something to keep this kid down, Greer hoists Sanctus up and lets him straddle the top turnbuckle. Greer slowly climbs up after him. On the second rope, Greer hooks the head and grabs the waistband of Sanctus' shorts.

Blackfront: Greer looking for a superplex here.

Greer takes one more step up, as he is trying to pull Sanctus into position.

Blackfront: From the top! No! A headbutt.

Ace: Sanctus doing whatever he can to save himself here. Another headbutt.

Sanctus continues firing a succession of headbutt after headbutt before Greer has to relent the superplex

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attempt. With Greer grabbing the ropes, trying not to fall backwards, Sanctus delivers the European uppercut. Greer has to jump down before he crashes.

Blackfront: A great save there. And Greer might have been knocked dizzy, he doesn't quite look like he knows what to try next.

Swinging his legs back over the ropes, Sanctus stands on the second rope, waiting.

Blackfront: Leaping Tornado DDT!

Ace: And Sanctus got enough into that one to send Stephen Greer to the other side of the ring.

Thorpe: Show us something new, Stinktus

Sanctus makes the slow crawl back toward Greer, looking to make the pin. But as he is finger lengths away, Ty Walker is in the ring and pulling Greer back out to safety.

Ace: That's why Sanctus isn't going to win, right there. He's got no friends.

A look of desperation flashes over Sanctus' face. He gets to his feet and just looks out to the fans that have packed the Consol Energy Center. He shrugs his shoulders as he bounds off the far ropes.

Blackfront: Sanctus going for it again! The Vaulting Plancha!

And this time, he's hit home, knocking down and scattering the members of Team Danger. Sanctus gets back up quickly, waving his hands asking the fans for more response.

Thorpe: So wait, Sanctus can attack Walker and Dane but they have to leave him alone? Somebody check this ref's credentials.

Sanctus has dragged Greer to the corner of the barricade, and adds a forearm shot for measure before backing away fifteen feet or so. He runs back at Greer and throws a high kick that

connects.

Blackfront: Greetings from Bell City! The Yakuza Kick hits and Greer is down!

Sanctus doesn't waste time, waving the official over before he hooks a leg, trying to get the pin. 1!

2!

2.5!

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Blackfront: Eric Dane! Dane with a boot to the side of Sanctus' head breaking up the pin! Ace: And now the ref is working over Dane? Come on! He was just retaliating after Sanctus jumped on top of Tyrone Walker and himself, who clearly weren't meant to be a part of this match.

Thorpe: I knew it! How much is Sanctus paying this guy?

The distraction is enough to have let Walker hand off a steel chair to his other half. Sanctus has made the mistake of turning his back to his opponent, and it's going to hurt.

Blackfront: That chair cracked over the back of Sanctus!

Ace: About time someone figured out that Falls Count Anywhere meant No DQ!

The shot took Sanctus down to a knee, but he refuses to go down. Greer just takes another swing with the folding chair.

Blackfront: A second shot and he's got Sanctus on the ground. You've got to think he's going to go for the pin here.

Ace: Or he's just going to let Sanctus use that ringpost to get himself in perfect position. Next stop, Concussion City!

Sanctus sees the chair at the last second, and rolls out of the way. The crack of the chair against the post sends an eerie twang through the arena, and a shooting pain through the King of Pain's wrists. Taking the short window, Sanctus hits a dropkick to the knee of Greer, and rolls back into the ring, lying in the center of the ring, just trying to recover.

Blackfront: And I think both men are at the breaking point here. One big move and this could be over.

Greer is up and shaking out his knee. Sanctus has backed into a corner, clutching the second rope to bring himself to sit up. Walker gives Greer a pat on the back, and tries again to hand him the chair.

Ace: I knew one of those clotheslines knocked him loopy, Sanctus is just laughing in the corner. He's waving Greer back in.

Thorpe: He was loopy long before any of those clotheslines. Guy walks around like everyday is Halloween.

Greer takes a look between the chair, and back into the ring at Sanctus, who is barely able to kneel upright. He shakes off Ty and rolls back into the ring. He stands over Sanctus for a second before the two share a respectful nod.

Blackfront: Greer with a right.

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Sanctus' head sways with the force of the punch, but comes but up with a right of his own that connects with Greer's midsection.

Blackfront: Sanctus trying to get back into this one, but Greer with another right.

And Sanctus has to kick out a leg just to stay up. He pushes up to one leg, and is trying to use Greer to climb back vertical. Firmly in the driver's seat, Greer pulls Sanctus up and spins behind him. He quickly grabs the rear waist lock.

Ace: Overhead release German!

Blackfront: No! Sanctus lands on his feet!

Sanctus has landed on his feet, but the momentum carries him into the corner. With a second, or fifth wind in this one, he rushes in.

Blackfront: Sanctus looking to- Spinebuster!

Greer drives Sanctus into the mat, neck and spine first with the sit-out spinebuster. He's got a hold of the legs and the ref slides in to start the count.

1!

2!

2.9! Kickout!

Blackfront: And Sanctus gets a shoulder up at the last second!

Thorpe: Why won't he just die already.

Ace: I don't know how much Greer has in the tank.

Greer is the first to his feet, and is dragging Sanctus back up. He raises up the lariat arm again, whipping Sanctus off the ropes.

Blackfront: Hellfire! Sanctus slides under!

With lightning speed, Sanctus has stunned the King of Pain with a jawbreaker. He clutches Greer in with the double underhook.

Blackfront: Angel's Wings! Sanctus just planted Greer!

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The ref is already in position as Sanctus lays over Greer, unable to hook a leg. 1!

2!

Kickout! Too Late!

DING! DING! DING!

Blackfront: And Sanctus has done it, he outlasted Stephen Greer. Announcer: The winner of this match via pinfall.... SAAANNNCCTTUUSSSS!!! Thorpe: Well boys, it's been a pleasure but it's time to do what Greer couldn't.

Sanctus is on one knee, shaking Greer's hand. He walks to the ropes as Team Danger walk backstage, unhappy with this result. And as he turns back around.

Blackfront: Thorpe with the running body block! What is he?

Ace: Weren't you just listening? He's trying to do what Greer couldn't get done.

Thorpe is up, ripping away the ugly blue blazer he wore for commentary. He stalks Sanctus, who is backing into the corner. Thorpe gets to him before he can get his hands up, and begins stomping away. Kick after kick finds it's way to the ribs.

Blackfront: Colton Thorpe with a cowardly attack. Sanctus was spent after that match! Composing himself some, Colt walks out of the corner. He wipes away at his mug with one hand, and turns back to Sanctus. Double guns salute.

Ace: Here comes the Thorpedo!

The thrust side kick has Sanctus knocked limp, face down on the mat. Colt takes the time to soak up the boos as he does a victory lap.

Ace: If you're going to go ahead and attack a guy from behind, you should at least do it with some pizzazz. Colt's showing he's got just the right amount of style.

With the smile gone, Colt stands staring at the struggling Sanctus, stretching out his right arm.

Blackfront: And now the Colt Magnum? Dammit, you've done enough.

Colt stops dead in his tracks, and we pan to the ramp to see why. Cayle Murray is racing down the ramp. And as Murray slides in, Colt simply slides out, laughing.

Blackfront: Finally, someone is here to shut this jerk up.

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Cayle sprints the length of the ring, sliding out in pursuit of Colt. Colt hops the barricade to the left of the announce team, turning around, back peddling through the crowd.

Ace: Murray had no reason to interfere in Colt's business.

Blackfront: Thorpe had no business being out here tonight.

As Cayle stands guard at the barricade, Colt's ear to ear smile only teases that this is far from over. I Hope You Suffer by AFI hits the PA, while back in the ring Sanctus is finally making his way back to his feet.

The Last Word

The CONSUL Energy Center, much like many of the arenas and venues visited by the UTA, has lots of twisty and turny hallways filled with doors and dark corners, all ripe for yonder shenanigans and other such hullabaloo. Just about the only two places that are put together with any sense of function are the catering area and the gorilla area. Fabian Kaye, UTA intern and conscripted Team Danger microphone stand, finds himself in one such twisty hallway.

As we learned before, young Fabian isn't short on resources though, and he knows that he was

at Gorilla just a moment ago. He turns a corner and happens on a lone figure dressed to wrestle in a snazzy pair of red and black tights with matching elbow pads and black leather boots. The logo on the left hip gives away his identity.

The Only Star.

Eric Dane leans against the wall, one foot kicked up underneath him as he wraps his right hand with black tape to match the left. Eric barely notices Fabian, who produces a microphone as he approaches the Team Danger boss.

Kaye: Fabian Kaye here, backstage in Pittsburgh to get a few last minute words from "The Only Star" before his matchup with Will Haynes. Eric, have you anything to say?

Still he barely acknowledges the intern. It's t-minus two minutes until he's do at the Wheel of Chance and Eric Dane is inside of his own head, making last minute plans and adjustments. He's in his own world, but he manages a nod to the fidgeting Fabian Kaye.

Dane: I've ranted and raved until I'm blue in the face.. Whether or not anyone is listening is their problem. At this point the only variable left to plug into the equation is the Wheel of Chance.

Kaye: Speaking of, is there a particular match you'd like to see the spinner land on?

Eric continues his wrapping, ignoring Fabian completely until the last piece of tape is perfectly strapped into

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place. He punches the palm of the other hand once or twice just to finalize the process. Finally he glances at Fabian and then the camera. His demeanor hasn't changed, it's all business now.

Dane: (deadpan) Doesn't matter. They can call it a Tuxedo if they want to, or even a... He snarls.

Dane: Dance-off. I don't care. Before it's over I'm gonna beat Haynes' eyes out of his head. When it's all said and done tonight that kid's gonna have learned that's it's never what you expect when you meet your heroes. As a matter of fact it's usually a huge let down.

Pause.

Dane: I hope you're ready, Will, but not for that five-star match you're after. I hope you're ready for me to defeat you at the first given opportunity. It's not about flashy finishers and drama, kid, it's about collecting the W and moving on to the next round of the tournament.

Before he can be asked another question, he puts a stamp on the conversation.

Dane: The sooner Will Haynes learns that, the sooner everyone learns that, the better off we'll all be. And if anybody has a problem with it, I'm not a hard man to find.

And that's it, The Only Star is done. He nods at Fabian slightly as he pushes himself off the wall and makes his way to where Amy Harrison and the Wheel of Chance will decide just exactly what kind of lesson Will Haynes was going to learn tonight.

They Need This

We find ourselves in the back of the CONSOL Energy Center. A screen with the UTA logo is to the right of Dynasty. The fans inside the arena boo as they see them on the big screen. Cameras pan left to get a nice group shot of the four men in front of a black and blue backdrop. A quick cut to an in front view of Dynasty, La Flama Blanca stands in the middle with Marshall Owens behind him.

The Champion has his title on his shoulder and a fine grey Italian suit. A golden chain shines on his chest through his open black dress shirt. To LFB's left is Mikey Unlikely, wearing a new black suit trimmed with gold, looking more mature than we are used to. Kendrix, hair tied back looking sharp in a navy suit, stands on the right hand of La Flama Blanca with Marshall behind him as well. CBR is missing due to being in the medical facility after his most recent match. Sean Jackson is also missing in action.

Marshall Owens moves forward to get in front of the group. He is holding La Flama Blanca's UTA Tag Team title in his right arm.

Owens: Tonight's the night... It's the night all the mouth breathers have been waiting for. They

want to hear from the man himself. They want to hear it from the horse's mouth. They want to know... why?

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Dynasty chuckle as a group. Marshall looks over at his newest client and points his index finger in Michael's direction.

Owens: Well... this man... Mr. Unlikely is going to tell you... why. He's going to break his silence. Michael sniffs and exhales deeply, knowing it's been a long time coming. The Champion let's his voice be heard.

LFB: And I'll be right there with him. Tonight... it's all about Mr. Unlikely. The same Mr. Unlikely who put Will Haynes down like the dog that he is. Tonight he speaks LIVE in front of the world. I know you're all excited for that.

Marshall Owens steps back to where he once stood as La Flama Blanca looks over at Michael Unlikely. Blanca turns more to his left to kind of face Michael Unlikely. The two give each other a fist bump. Blanca then turns and faces the camera.

LFB: Let's talk about Victory next week... when Dynasty takes on Chris Hopper and Lew Smith. When Kendrix, the man who is going to be captaining the show of his choice after The Chamber Match and the UTA World Champion... La Flama Blanca face two career losers here in the UTA. The group lets out a chuckle. La Flama Blanca keeps it together and focuses on his opponents. LFB: It seems like Hopper and Smith don't know when to keep their noses out of other people's BUSINESS. They made their presence known at the end of my title defense and now they get a shot at Dynasty in the Main Event... You're welcome.

Kendrix rests his hand on LFB's shoulder as he leans in, eyes focussed toward the camera, dismissively chuckling and shaking his head slowly in apparent disbelief. He drops his index finger toward the ground.

Kendrix: You should be on your knees grovelling, lads! Thanking Dynasty for the opportunity to stand in our shadow.

The Headliner stays like a stone looking right into the camera. He shakes his head and gets a pat on his shoulder from Kendrix. Cameras pick up the fans reaction as the big screen is in the same shot. The production team goes back to Dynasty live.

LFB: If there's one thing you know about me, it's that I don't care where, when, or what the stipulations are... when I step into that ring, my eyes are on the prize, VICTORY. I'm no stranger to tag team wrestling. See that title Marshall is holding?

Marshall proudly displays the UTA Tag Team title for the cameras and the world to see.

LFB: That's my UTA Tag Team Championship, which means... I'm one of the best tag team wrestlers in the promotion. Scratch that... I AM the best tag team wrestler in the UTA, bar none. Kendrix, Unlikely and Marshall Owens all nod their head in agreement. Blanca looks down at the ground, gathering himself.

LFB: If the good guys want a fight, Dynasty will give them a fight. Kendrix and I, WE have history with Hopps and Smith...they've both been victims of Dynasty. On Monday that trend will continue. On Monday so does

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the disrespect.

We cut back to the fans watching Dynasty on the big screen.

LFB: People continue to disrespect Dynasty and that's good. You know to me... all the belly aching and jaw jacking about why we do what we do just sounds like jealousy. They want to be where we are. They want to be us.

Unlikely: Even if they won't admit it.

Kendrix holds his hand up in a sweeping motion to his scrunched nose, his face looking disgusted;

Kendrix: That's right bruv! Do you smell that? Jealousy is a stinky cologne...or is that just Pittsburgh in general?

LFB Looks up at the ceiling and then back towards the camera.

LFB: They can all try to chip at us and call Dynasty a sinking ship. HA! We are stronger than we have ever been! Next Monday in the WrestleZone... Chris Hopper and Lew Smith will be the next victims of the greatest semblance of talent in UTA, pro wrestling, and sports entertainment today. LFB looks around at Unlikely and JFK. He is obviously proud of them both. He then looks down at his UTA World Championship.

LFB: Let the pressure tear them apart. They need this... They need to get one over on the big bad Dynasty.

He extends his left arm as he holds onto the UTA World title with his right hand.

LFB: I'm certain they are getting the confetti, the streamers, the balloons ready for the celebration. The prognosticators have all picked Hopps and Smith to come out on top but... When Dynasty wins that match it will all be for nothing. When JFK and LFB defeat Chris Hopper and Lew Smith, we will bask in victory and continue to be crapped on for being the best. But what else is new?

Blanca takes a few steps back. Unlikely slaps him on the shoulder as Kendrix takes the floor now.

Kendrix: Well said bruv, well said. You see, that's exactly the point. NOTHING...is new. He wags his finger slowly from left to right, a smug look on his face;

Kendrix: Listen Yeah?! The very best, have always been despised. Whether it's Derek Jeter's New York Yankees or Alex Ferguson's Manchester United...despite everything these teams achieved, they were never appreciated. Even Pittsburgh's very own...

He stops abruptly and grits his teeth in apparent embarrassment.

Kendrix: Oh wait, that's right, Pittsburgh have never had a team to be proud of...

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The shot then picks up the fans reaction to a chorus of boos before going back live to Dynasty. Kendrix: And it's exactly the same with Dynasty. But what you all fail to realise, is that the reason Dynasty sets the standards in this company is because we are quite simply...better...than each and every one of you.

He shrugs his shoulders and holds his hands up by the side of his head as if to say "obviously". Kendrix: Why? Because we are always one step ahead of the game. I mean, Lew, who do you think it was that beat the... out of you just before the biggest match of your career against the greatest champion this company has ever had, maaatttee?!

He chuckles to himself holding his arms out at shoulder length before composing himself with a smirk and acknowledging nod towards the camera.

Kendrix: Hopper, Smith...Come Victory you are both lucky enough to share the spotlight with Dynasty...but unfortunately for you both, the standards Dynasty set for you will, as always, be just out of your reach.

LFB and Mikey Unlikely pat Kendrix on the shoulder. As Unlikely and JFK leave the shot, LFB holds Marshall Owens back. Marshall turns to face The Champion.

LFB: So... where's Sean?

Marshall rolls his eyes a bit and shakes his head in ignorance.

Owens: Sean is being Sean. I don't- LFB interjects himself.

LFB: You better get him out of his... funk or whatever it is. WE need him. He's starting to worry me.

Marshall closes his eyes and puts his hands in a nonchalant manner.

Owens: Hey... I'm trying to do right by everyone involved. Blanca laughs; he thinks that was a cute comment.

LFB: That's funny, Marshall. I know that's a lie but... Do right by yourself as well and get his head back in the game. He's been acting strange since... you know. We need him, we need him in The Chamber with Kendrix and we need him to own the Wildfire or Legacy title.

Owens puts his arm on Blanca's shoulder stopping LFB from speaking.

Owens: I'm on it.

Marshall goes to leave but is once again held back by La Flama Blanca.

LFB: What about... what we talked about last week?

Owens closes his eyes and nods his head up and down, patting LFB on the shoulder.

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Owens: I'm on it.

Both men walk away from view.

Wheel of Chance IV

We move backstage where Amy Harrison is standing next to the wheel. She smiles before walking across the front of it, doing a little spin and slapping into a pose.

Blackfront: Amy having some fun being tonight's special spinner. Ace: I'm gonna be having some fun later thinking of her having fun! Blackfront: You're disgusting Tommy.

Harrison: You boys ready?

Blackfront: Spin the wheel Amy and lets find out what kind of match Eric Dane and Will Haynes will have here next!

She grabs the wheel and begins the spin. As it slows down, Amy looks excited. Finally it lands on the choice.

Harrison: A strap match, huh? Nowhere to run for either one of you in this one!

Blackfront: Strap match coming up next!

Ace: Somebody is getting whipped!

Harrison: OOH! Can it be me?!

Amy playfully smiles as the camera as Eric Dane walks into the scene. He looks up at the wheel and smirks before looking down at Amy.

Dane: Anytime sweetheart. Amy blushes.

Dane: Strap match... Will Haynes is dead.

He laughs as he walks off, leaving Amy looking perplexed.

Brought to You By

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

Blackfront: Our fourth match here tonight as we continue on in the Ring King quarter finals.

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Ace: This one is going to be huge Jason.

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

Announcer: Hailing from Athens, Georgia

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

Announcer: Will "the THRILL" Haynes

Haynes jumps onto the ring cover, pulls down the middle rope and climbs in. He bounces off the far side, then the near side, and then back off the far side testing the ropes.

Blackfront: Will Haynes hoping to become the Ring King and go on to face the World Champion for the title he was so close to gaining at All or Nothing.

Ace: Story of Will Haynes' life. So close but can never pull it off.

We come back to ringside where the crowd begin to buzz with anticipation as the lights suddenly drop.

A bluesy bass-riff plays over the P.A. system, as it comes to a crescendo it's accompanied by a pyrotechnic explosion as Heavy is the Head gets to the chorus and "The Only Star" bursts onto the stage.

Blackfront: There he is folks, The 'Only Star' Eric Dane about to make his way to the ring for tthis match.

Ace: Eric Dane is the glue that holds Team Danger together. The mean, hateful, and just ruthless glue.

The crowd greets Dane with mixed reactions as pockets of his cult like following in the stands begin to chant his name whilst the rest boo. Eric Dane makes his way toward the ring as Zac Brown and Chris Cornell work their way through the song.

Announcer: The follow contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is a quarter final match in the RING KING tournament!

Pop from the crowd as the announcer references Ring King.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana...standing at six feet four inches and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds...

He slides under the bottom rope and comes up spinning with both arms held out wide above his head, taking in the raucous and mixed reactions from the UTA fans in attendance.

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Announcer: He represents TEAM DANGER...THE ONLY STAR..ERIC...DAAAAAAAAANE!

Blackfront: Dane looks ready.

Ace: Eric Dane is always ready Jason.

The song fades as Dane does a few last minute stretches, glancing back up as he awaits the start of the match.

Ace: Well, we know this match is a strap match, I wonder what the last few matches will be?! In the ring, the referee is securing the strap to the competitor's arms.

Blackfront: We'll find out soon. For now, let us take a look at what we should expect in this match up. Both men are attached together by a leather strap that stretches the entire width of the ring. In order to win the match, you must touch all four of the corner post in succession without being interrupted.

Ace: That strap is unforgiving and of course, can and probably will be used as a weapon. Blackfront: Undoubtably. You heard Eric Dane when he saw what type of match it would be. The referee checks the strap one more time before calling for the bell.

Blackfront: Here we go!

Both men stand in opposite corners with the strap pulled tight as they both try and get into a position to anchor themselves.

Blackfront: Both men pulling back on the strap, trying to find the right spot to overpower their opponent.

Will Haynes wraps a bit of the strap around his wrist, stepping closing. Eric Dane does the same thing.

Blackfront: Haynes pulling on the strap, inching toward Eric Dane who is holding his ground. Haynes takes off!

Will, strap and all, rushes Eric Dane. He meets him with several forearm smashes to the face. Blackfront: Eric Dane pushes Haynes off of him. Will right back with a swift kick to the side of the legs of Eric Dane.

Ace: Will Haynes is on a mission tonight! No one expected him to make it this far, but he has. Blackfront: When everyone has turned on him, Will Haynes pushing through and using that to motivate him through Ring King.

Ace: I've got to say, you have to hand it to Haynes a bit. Just a bit though.

Blackfront: Another series of forearm shots to the face of Eric Dane. Dane now pushes Haynes back and hard into the corner post.

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Eric runs toward Will Haynes.

Blackfront: Haynes out of the corner with an elbow to Eric Dane's face!

Eric Dane is sent twisting around and stumbling away from Will Haynes. Haynes jets forward. However, Eric turns, sees him, and brings his elbow back to smash Haynes in the face.

Blackfront: Will Haynes sent to the canvas by Eric Dane!

Eric ignores Will, confidently walking over and slapping the top of the first turnbuckle. Blackfront: Eric Dane looking to go ahead and end this one right here as he heads toward the next turnbuckle.

Ace: Can you imagine if he hit all four after just an elbow smash?

Eric Dane slaps the second turnbuckle. Will Haynes gets to a knee then springs up, running toward Eric Dane. He leaps up, his left foot landing on the first rope as his right leg comes up into Eric's gut. As he hits, Will wraps his arm around Eric's head.

Blackfront: Going for...

Eric Dane just shoves Will Haynes off of him and to the canvas.

Blackfront: ... and rejected.

Eric Dane runs toward Will Haynes. He leaps up and comes down with both knees. however, Will rolls out of the way and up to his feet.

Blackfront: Denied. Will Haynes now using this to his advantage as he quickly spins around and kicks Eric Dane across the chest. Another swift kick sends Eric Dane to his hands and knees.

Will Haynes takes a couple steps back and slaps the turnbuckle. He heads over and slaps the second one with force as Eric Dane begins to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Two of four turnbuckles down. Eric Dane on his feet. He yanks the strap, pulling Will Haynes across the ring.

As Will runs, Eric sidesteps and gives him an added shove to send Haynes into the corner. Haynes hits so hard he stumbles back out toward Eric Dane, who quickly steps forward and wraps his arm around Will's neck, and hooks his leg before lifting.

Blackfront: Will Haynes right into a fisherman's suplex by Eric Dane.

Ace: Now, all Eric Dane has to do is touch all four corners and this one is over. Blackfront: Will Haynes may

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be down for the count on this one as Eric Dane slaps the turnbuckle, heading for the next. If he tags all four turnbuckles in succession without being

interrupted, this one is over and he continues to the semi-final round of the Ring King tournament. Eric looks at Will Haynes to see he is still down and starts toward the third turnbuckle.

Ace: Yea, this one is over. It shows that Will Haynes's win on the last show was a fluke. As Eric slaps the third turnbuckle he begins for the fourth.

Blackfront: Just a matter of seconds and this match.. NO!

As he raises his hand to tag the last turnbuckle, Eric Dane is yanked back har by Will Haynes who is now on his knees.

Blackfront: Haynes pulling with everything he has to keep Dane from that final turnbuckle! He pulls hard, Eric Dane heads toward him. The THRILL gets to his feet, side steps Eric and wraps the strap around his neck. Standing behind him, Will pulls tight, choking Eric Dane.

Blackfront: Will Haynes using that strap as a weapon, attempting to choke out Eric Dane.

Ace: If he is able to, all he will need to do is tag the turnbuckles and call this one a night!

Will loosens up, allowing Eric to fall to the mat where he holds his neck, gasping for air. Will wraps the strap around his hand a bit more before coming forward, lifting it, and bringing it down across Eric's back.

Blackfront: OH! That strap cutting across the back of Eric Dane. That does not feel good.

Ace: He's whipping him like a red headed step child!

Blackfront: Multiple lashes across the back of Eric Dane.

Will confidently walks back and slaps the first turnbuckle, heading toward the second. The fans begin to boo him as he tags it.

Blackfront: Will Haynes looks to once again score an upset victory!

Ace: He just tagged the third. One more and he advances!

Eric Dane rolls to the edge of the ring and slides out. As he does, Will Haynes is violently pulled back and to the mat.

Blackfront: Eric Dane using that strap to stop Will Haynes. he is now on the outside of the ring yanking Haynes across the canvas.

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Eric struggles, but is able to pull Will under the bottom rope. His head lays just outside of the ring as Eric comes forward with an elbow to the forehead.

Blackfront: That's got to hurt!

Eric Dane grabs Will Haynes's head and yanks him outside of the ring and to the floor.

Ace: What is he doing? You need your opponent in the ring with you if you plan on touching the turnbuckles!

Eric climbs to the edge of the apron.

Blackfront: Eric Dane on the apron, he's... walking tot he turnbuckle! He just tagged the first one from outside of the ring.

Ace: Can he do that?

Blackfront: I don't see why not Tommy.

Eric turns, and pulls Will, who is on one foot. He yanks until Haynes stumbles up and forward. Eric crosses around the outside of the corner post and heads around the ring ont he apron still. As he gets to the length of the strap, he pulls hard agan.

Blackfront: Haynes being yanks around the ring by that strap!

Will stumbles forward and to the other side of the ring just enough for Eric to slap the secon turnbuckle.

Blackfront: That's two!

Eric, begins to pull on the strap, pulling Will up and forward before he drops to the edge of the apron and rolls into the ring.

Blackfront: Eric Dane back in the ring, and on his knees. He pulls the leather strap.

Will is pulled to the edge of the ring. Eric continues to yanks, pulling Haynes's arm into the ring. He gets up and walks over, grabbing it.

Blackfront: Eric Dane now yanking Haynes from the floor and back into the ring from the outside. As Will is pulled in, Eric grabs him, lifting his opponent up.

Blackfront: Eric Dane dragging Will Haynes along with him as he slaps the third turnbuckle!

Ace: If Will wants to win this, he needs to stop Eric now!

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Eric lets Will drop and quickly goes for the fourth and final turnbuckle. Will grabs the ropes and uses them to pull himself up.

Blackfront: Will Haynes to his feet. He runs toward Eric Dane!

Eric turns around, seeing Will. He bends down, lifting Haynes up and over.

Blackfront: Haynes sent up and over Eric, and to the canvas!

Eric Dane turns and leaps, his arm outreached as he slaps the fourth and final turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Dane reaches....

He is yanked back hard to the canvas.

Blackfront: NO! Will Haynes able to somehow get on his knees and pull Eric Dane back, keeping him from touching the fourth and final turnbuckle! This one continues.

Eric Dane starts to try and push up to his feet, as Will Haynes makes his way up.

Blackfront: Will Haynes making his way over.. after weeks of Eric Dane taunting him, looking to end this now.

Haynes slides beside Dane, wrapping his left arm around his neck from behind, arching Dane back a bit as he grabs his left shoulder. Haynes lets out a scream before throwing his body down, twisting Dane face first down.

Blackfront: THE THRILL RIDE! THE THRILL RIDE!

Ace: Eric Dane is out Jason!

Blackfront: Will Haynes crawling toward the corner... He uses the ropes to start to pull himself up.

Blackfront: He slaps the first turnbuckle!

Ace: Eric Dane needs to get up. He needs to get to his feet.

Will Haynes, holding onto the top rope, makes his way across the ring, slapping the second turnbuckle as he does.

Blackfront: That's number two! Two more and Will hHaynes moves on.

Ace: He's doing it for Bobby Dean Jason.

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Blackfront: It sure seems like it.. HAYNES WITH THE THIRD! ONE MORE! Eric Dane begins to push up.

Blackfront: Dane getting to his feet... Haynes almost there...

Eric Dane begins to wrap the strap around his wrist, yanking back.

Blackfront: Dane pulls Haynes back!

Haynes stumbles forward, but ducks Eric Dane's clothesline attempt. Both men turn quickly Blackfront: Dane going for another clothesline.. Haynes ducks again.. he runs.. leaps.. arm reached out.. HE TOUCHES THE FOURTH TURNBUCKLE!

The bell starts to sound as Eric Dane yanks Will Haynes back and to the canvas.

Announcer: The winner of this match... WILL... HAAAYYNNEESS!!!

Blackfront: Will Haynes may have won this match but Eric Dane over punching The THRILL in the top of the head. He has nowhere to go.

Dane grabs his head, pulling him to his feet, before lifting Will Haynes up vertically.

Blackfront: Eric Dane holding Haynes up...

Finally, he drops down, bringing Will Haynes on his head.

Blackfront: Stardriver by Eric Dane. Oh come on Eric. Is that really needed?!

Ace: Eric Dane always has to have the last word Jason.

The fans boo Dane who gets to his feet and begins to rip at the strap until it is off of him. He comes forward, bringing a hard boot into the ribs of the downed Will Haynes as he yells obscenities at him.

Blackfront: Despicable if you ask me.

Ace: It's far from over between these two Jason.

Blackfront: It sure is. However, Eric Dane's Ring King hopes are completely over as Will Haynes advances.

Eric Dane's music starts to play as the fans boo. He yells at them in anger before making his way toward the ropes, leaving Will Haynes laying in the center of the ring.

Wheel of Chance V

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Backstage, yet again, Amy Harrison stands by the wheel.

Harrison: Time to spin to see what kind of match the two manly men of the UTA will have.

Ace: Bronson Box and Rhys Townsend's future are in that woman's hands right there. Blackfront: It can be any of eighteen choices. So far we've seen a blindfold match... rock, paper, and scissors... Falls Count Anywhere... and a strap match! Give it a spin Amy.

Amy slides across the wheel, posing for a moment.

She reaches up and grabs a peg with both hands, giving the wheel a big spin. Finally it lands.

Blackfront: Tonight it will be Rhys Townsend and Bronson Box in a Cage Match!

Harrison: And I thought there was nowhere to run when the strap match came up. Lets see how these animals act when they're all locked up.

Ace: I hope there is blood!

Brought to You By

... a little of the old Mr. Fantastic"

Lights all around the arena start shutting off one by one. When the big overhead lights shut off with a clunk the crowd pops simply for the sudden darkness. A whistling wind is heard, a hush falls over the arena. When the driving beat the man in black starts up, the fans perk back up. A few cheers, mostly derision from the UTA fans. When the lyrics to Johnny Cash's God's Gunna' Cut You Down kick in, the whole arena rises up in one clear voice.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: Quite the impression this gentlemen's made on the UTA fans since his debut, eh partner?

Ace: If by "impression" you mean the footprint he left up the back of Mr. Fantastic's head, yeah... quite the impression. Loss to Walker or no, this dude is downright terrifying...

Announcer: Now making his waaaaaaaay to the ring! Hailing from the highlands of Scotlaaaaand. Weighing in tonight at two hundred and forty three pounds...

The lights come back on with a pop. Already standing on the ring apron, big as life and dressed for war. The Wargod. The Original Defiant. His name arching across the front of his tights.

Announcer: ... BRNSOOOOOOOOOOON BOX!

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BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Boxer closes his eyes and soaks in the reaction from the UTA fans.

Ace: I heard Boxer threatened our ring announcer on day one not to announce his height

EVER... or else. Can you imagine what "or else" is with this sociopath? Yeesh.

Blackfront: Scary thought... let's just say he's tall enough, what do you say?

As the music fades Bronson slowly climbs between the top and second rope, placing boot to canvas. He walks slowly towards a microphone that's been placed at center ring. He strolls over and picks it up with a little flourish. He waits for the crowd to simmer before bringing it inches from his mustachioed lip.

Boxer: I'm going to keep this very brief for all of you, tonight. If I seem a bit out of sorts tonight, I do apologize ladies and gentlemen. If'n I'm being quite honest with all of you, I'm very much disappointed. Disappointed that the mighty UTA would pass up an opportunity to capitalize on Bronson Box when he's steamin' angry...

His eyes twitch back and forth, he licks his lips with excitement.

Boxer: Tyrone Walker is like an itch I haven't quite been able to scratch for several years now, and there's ample time to deal with him and his later, elsewhere. Ring King would have been a proud trophy... proud indeed. And the UTA shames me by throwin' me to some green as grass pampered High Octane pet project who thinks he can step onto the world stage and face down

me like ME?!

Boxer shakes his head in disgusted amazement.

Boxer: I gave that spoiled little prince Rhys ample opportunity to blow the door off the bloody hinges and put me in my place, I pleaded with him to look back... LOOK BACK and the path of destruction that lead me here to the UTA's doorstep! To hear and see and experience the answer to the eternal question on everyone's bloody mind when they hear me preach, "Why Bronson?"

Why?... "

He looks directly into the hard camera, it zooms in slightly. Focusing on the cold creased features of the Wargod.

Boxer: But you didn't. You... pranced around with your mates and shat on me, my legacy, where I come from like it was a fart in the wind, didn'tcha boy'o? I've no faith in you Rhys Townsend.

And I could... ye'see I have great faith and respect in a many of my opponents over the years. Go back there

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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: Rhys Townsend is all business here tonight.

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 as the cage continues it's journey down, which it started as Rhys was entering the ring. Blackfront: This should be a doozy.

Once the cage is down, the fans go crazy. The bell then sounds and the two walk to the middle of the ring. Bronson Box puts his hands up, signaling he wants to start the match with a test of strength.

Blackfront: Going to see a a battle of strength right now.

Rhys Townsend laughs, slowly coming forward, hands up, his fingers moving as they lock into Box's.

Blackfront: These two may be the most powerful men in the UTA today.

They both begin to push forward. As Box gets a bit of a lead, Rhys comes forward and lands a quick boot to the midsection of Box.

Ace: I like it Jason, I like it. Townsend, taking the offensive right away. No reason to be playing games.

Rhys lands several elbows onto Bronson Box's back causing Bronson to stagger to the ropes as Townsend continues to attack.

Ace: Townsend keeps it up and he'll get this win tonight.

Rhys turns Bronson around, grabbing his arm and pushing him into the ropes before yanking back.

Blackfront: Townsend now takes Box and Irish Whips him across the ring. Bronson Box bounces off the ropes and comes back at Townsend with a shoulder. Blackfront: Townsend hits the canvas hard.

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Ace: Box is letting Townsend get back to his feet. Classic mistake in a match with a man like Rhys Townsend.

Box gives Townsend a boot into the midsection. He lifts Townsend's head and lands a hard right on his chin. Townsend starts to fight back with his own hard rights.

Ace: These guys are going right for right.

Blackfront: Townsend goes for a Belly to Belly...

Bronson spins under Rhys' arms and locks him in belly to back before lifting.

Blackfront: NO! Box counters into his own suplex. The fans erupt.

Ace: Looked like a shower scene on OZ, Jason.

Rhys Townsend begins to get to his feet with Box moving in quick.

Blackfront: Box to his feet giving a succession of Boot Stomps to the side of Rhys Townsend. Rhys lets out a yelp as Bronson's boot connects.

Blackfront: Bronson Box now pulling the Welshman to his feet. He grabs his arm and pulls back.

Ace: Box is going to send Townsend into the ropes.

Townsend runs across the ring and bounces off the ropes. Box puts his head down to send Townsend across the ring into the cage. However, Rhys counters.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend with a quick swinging neckbreaker on Bronson Box.

Ace: Another mistake, Jason.

Townsend goes to grab Box to bring him to his feet.

Ace: Box trying to fight of the hulking Townsend. There's a right.

Blackfront: Townsend returns with some fists of his own.

Townsend then lands some elbows to the top of Bronson's skull.

Blackfront: Townsend picks Bronson up to his feet and looks like he's going to toss Bronson into the cage now.

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Box puts his foot up to stop Townsend's attack. He then chops Townsend in the chest. Townsend punches Box in the side and tries once again to throw Bronson into the cage.

Ace: Box just won't stop.

Blackfront: Lot of fight in the man known as Bronson Box.

Ace: It's the mustache. It has to be.

Box fights Townsend and is able to grab his head and smash his face into the steel cage.

The fans go crazy as Rhys grabs his face and stumbles back, turning around. He yells in anger before swinging his arm.

Blackfront: Bronson ducks a wild right from Townsend and sends Townsend back into the cage face first!

Rhys Townsend grabs at his face again as Bronson goes after him.

Blackfront: Box going after Rhys Townsend, oh man!

As Bronson runs, Townsend bends over, grabbing him by the waist and using his own momentum to lift him up as Townsend drops back.

Blackfront: Bronson Box sent face first HARD into that unforgiving steel!

Ace: Making matters worse, I think Bronson's face hit the steel pipe holding the cage together. Townsend goes to bring Box to his feet. However, Bronson fights through the pain, reaching forward and grabbing Townsend's legs, pulling back and sending him to the canvas.

Blackfront: A busted open Bronson Box grabbing the legs of Rhys Townsend... He appears to be going for a Boston Crab.

Ace: Too early for that Box. Work the legs more.

Townsend is close to the ropes. He screams out in pain and tries to bring the two closer to the ropes.

Blackfront: Box trying to wrench back on that Crab.

Ace: Trying to take Townsend's wheels away from him. Smart move finally by Box. Rhys Townsend powers himself to the ropes and grabs them for dear life.

Ace: Townsend still trying to save himself.

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Bronson lets the hold go and turns to start kicking at Townsend's leg.

Ace: I think he wants to cripple Rhys Townsend. I approve.

Bronson grabs Townsend by the head, picking him halfway up and throwing him over into the nearby corner. He grabs the top ropes and begins to send knees into Rhys' head.

Blackfront: Bronson landing some heavy knees in the corner.

Ace: Townsend needs to turn this around and quick. Not too bad of a comeback by Bronson Box. Rhys Townsend push his way up, blocking the knees of Bronson. He grabs Box, spinning him around and slamming him into the corner now.

Blackfront: Big European Uppercuts by Townsend as he starts to fight back.

Ace: The action keeps going back and forth in this one Jason.

Rhys grabs Bronson's arm, and sends him across the ring hard into the opposite corner.

Blackfront: Box gets whipped into the corner.

Rhys Townsend takes a bit of a squatting stance and begins to charge at Bronson. Box bounces back from the corner. He drops down, his legs extended out catching Rhys' feet.

Blackfront: Box goes for a Drop Toe Hold and is successful. Townsend get's sent through ropes and into the steel cage! What a reversal!

Ace: These fans are loving it! He got lucky, Blackfront. Remember that.

Blackfront: Bronson looks like he is back in the driver seat of this one.

Bronson lands quick boots as Townsend gets to his feet. He then lands a High Knee.

Ace: Townsend is seeing birds after that one.

Box bounces off the ropes.

Blackfront: Box going for something right here.. he leaps... NO! TOWNSEND GRABS HIM... Spinebuster! Townsend hit a Spinebuster!

Box lifts his back from the canvas, grabbing at his back and rolling back and forth in agony. Townsend holds his head and turns to face Bronson.

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Ace: This one is getting good. The fans are on their feet! The referee starts his Ten Count.

Blackfront: Both Townsend and Bronson are down. The referee is currently at Five.

Ace: This match can't end like this. It's a cage for Christ sake!

Both men start to regain themselves. Box is lifting himself off the canvas as Townsend tries to use the ropes to get him to his feet.

Blackfront: The ref stops his count. This match continues.

Ace: Bronson should have stayed down. He's got a pissed off Rhys Townsend to deal with now.

Blackfront: Townsend drops to a knee and sends a chop to the chest of Bronson Box. Townsend grabs the throat of Bronson Box, pushing him back into the corner.

Ace: Choke him Rhys!

Blackfront: Townsend trying to send a message tonight.

Townsend breaks the hold and goes back to work. He lands hard fists to the back of Bronson Box who has stumbled forward. He grabs Box and goes for an Irish Whip.

Blackfront: Irish Whip by Townsend... no! Reversal. Rhys send into the ropes.

Townsend runs across the ring and bounces off the ropes. Box puts his head down to send Townsend across the ring into the cage.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend with another quick swinging neckbreaker on Box.

Ace: ASecond time in this match he's caught him with that.

Rhys Townsend jumps over to Box and quickly gets a side mount. He grabs the head of Box and lands left after left.

Ace: Get him Rhys!

The referee starts a five count.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend taking the count to four.

Rhys Townsend gets up and starts walking around the ring. He grabs the ropes and starts to climb. He gets to the middle of the cage as Box comes to.

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Ace: Come on Rhys. Bronson is getting up.

Bronson Box finally gets to his feet. Rhys Townsend is reaching the top of the cage as Bronson grabs his foot to keep him in.

Blackfront: Townsend kicking at Bronson Box now.

Townsend breaks free from Box sending him to the canvas. He rushes back up and goes back for Townsend.

Ace: Bronson doesn't have any quit. Keeps coming back for more. Glutton for punishment.

Box tries to climb the cage to bring Townsend back into the ring. The two fight while holding onto the cage.

Ace: Townsend is a beast.

Bronson grabs the head of Rhys, and slams it hard into the cage. Both men fly back and down, hitting the canvas hard as the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Oh my.

Bronson Box turns over and begins to push himself up.

Blackfront: Bronson Box to his feet after that fall.

Ace: How?!

He looks around and begins to head for the cage as Rhys Townsend begins to get up behind him. Bronson turns to see Rhys who rushes forward raising his knee to the midsection of Bronson.

Blackfront: This one is far from over!

Ace: Come on Rhys!

Blackfront: Townsend now lifting the head of Bronson Box up. He comes forward with a thunderous chop across the chest of the The Scottish Strongman.

Bronson grabs his chest and stumbles around, facing away from Rhys Townsend.

Blackfront: Townsend back and off the ropes, bull dog! He plants Bronson Box into the canvas, face first.

The fans begin to cheer as Rhys Townsend gets to his feet. Bronson Box rolls around holding his head.

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Blackfront: Townsend back to his feet. He now stomps away at the head of Bronson Box. Rhys continues to stomp before dropping to his knees above Bronson. He grabs his head and picks him up, wrapping his arms around the neck of Box.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend now applying a sleeper hold to Box. If he can render him unconscious he can easily climb over the cage.

Bronson flails his arms, trying to break free, but just allows Townsend to get a better grip.

Blackfront: He is using that brute strength to try and put him out.

Box is able to get his fingers up and into the eyes of Rhys who briefly legs go.

Blackfront: Bronson trying to get away.

Rhys shakes it off and headbutts Bronson in the back of the head.

Blackfront: Bronson Box able to get away from Townsend, but he needs a lot more to get into this thing.

Townsend pushes to his feet and stomps over, bringing a foot down to the back of the head of Bronson.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend lifting Box to his feet. He turns Bronson around and grabs his arm.

Blackfront: Townsend whips Box into the ropes.

As Bronson approaches the ropes, he leaps up and grabs onto the cage. His feet fly around for a second before catching the second rope allowing him to try and climb up.

Blackfront: Bronson Box trying to make a quick escape.

Ace: Go get him Rhys!

Rhys runs over and grabs the feet of Bronson Box and yanks him back. Bronson flies from the side of the cage backwards, and slams hard into the canvas.

Blackfront: It was a good attempt, but a failed one. Townsend quickly back to his feet, goes back to work, stomping away at Bronson's side.

Bronson turns over to his stomach, reach out as if trying to reach for the ropes. Townsend just smiles as he walks above him.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend now stomping the outstretched fingers of Bronson Box!

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Ace: If he can't use his hands, he can't climb!

The fans continue to get louder as Rhys lifts Bronson back to his feet.

Blackfront: Bronson whipped hard into the corner by Rhys Townsend.

Rhys Townsend walks over and grabs the top ropes, using them for leverage as he raises his leg up, putting his foot into the throat of Bronson.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend choking his opponent.

Rhys pulls his foot down and steps back. Bronson is only held up by the way he is leaning on the turnbuckle. Townsend heads back a few feet, and turns back to Box. He runs and lifts his leg as he crashes into Bronson.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend still dishing out the punishment to Bronson Box.

Ace: He is having fun while doing it as well.

Rhys Townsend grabs the middle ropes and uses them to add force as he slams his shoulder into Bronson's stomach, following with a second. As he steps back, Box falls forward and to the mat, holding his mid section.

Blackfront: I'm not sure if Bronson Box is going to be able to get back to his feet after the assault from Rhys Townsend.

Rhys taps Bronson with his foot. Once he sees that he is down, Townsend turns back to the cage and reaches up, grabbing it.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend now climbing the side of the cage. I think this one may be over.

Ace: Bronson isn't getting up. There's just no way.

The fans are on their feet, screaming as Townsend continues to climb. Box slowly crawls a few inches before turning over to his back and looking up.

Blackfront: Bronson moving, but not at any pace to stop Rhys Townsend now. Box sees and sits up. He gets to his feet, slowly stumbling toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Come on Bronson! You need to pull yourself together!

Box throws an arm up and grabs the cage. He starts to climb, obviously not at a healthy pace at all.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend three-fourths of the way up that cage. He is home free.

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Ace: I don't know Jason, Bronson is now gaining on him.

Box climbs a bit and reaches, unable to grab Rhys. He climbs a bit more before stopping and reaching again. This time he touches Rhys's boot.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend now sees that Bronson Box is right below him.

Townsend pulls the foot up and puts it into the cage opening before continuing to climb.

Blackfront: Box reaching deep inside of him and continues to climb.

The fans start screaming for Bronson as he continues up. He reaches and is able to grab Rhys Townsend's lowest boot.

Blackfront: Bronson Box has ahold of Rhys Townsend's foot!

He begins to try to pull, but is still weak from the attack and having to climb. Townsend tries to continue up but can't.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend trying to kick Box down.

Bronson, with one last burst of energy, pulls Townsend's foot and uses it to get him self up a bit more. He grabs the shin of Rhys Townsend and holds on. Townsend's feet come off of the cage and he tries to hold on with his arms.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend trying to hold on but his weight and Bronson Box's is just too much! Both men fall backward from the side of the cage to the mat below. As they hit hard, the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Bronson Box somehow able to stop Rhys Townsend from advancing but at what cost?

Ace: Bronson is hurt Jason. That fall did him no favors. Both men lay on the canvas, breathing hard.

Box rolls to the side of the ring near the ropes as Rhys Townsend begins to push himself up. Blackfront: Bronson Box using the ropes to pull himself to his feet as Rhys Townsend begins to get to his.

Bronson leans on the ropes, trying to gather himself as Rhys Townsend gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend on his feet. He runs at Box..

Bronson sees Rhys coming, and drops down, pulling the top rope down as well as Rhys leaps slamming face first into the cage. The fans explode.

Blackfront: RHYS TOWNSEND'S HEAD MEETS THE CAGE! ACE: NO!

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Townsend ricochets off of the cage and flops down to the canvas, flailing around holding his head in pain. his legs kick and we can see crimson coming off onto the mat.

Blackfront: Townsend is bleeding after his forehead met that metal.

Ace: Both men are bleeding. What a match!

Bronson rolls over and gets to his feet. He runs toward Townsend who has now rolled over to his back, blood running down his forehead.

Blackfront: Box leaps up, elbow drop right to the already busted open forehead of Rhys Townsend!

Rhys flops around even more, grabbing his head and rolling to his stomach, kicking his feet still.

Ace: What a move as Bronson used that elbow to work that spot of Rhys's forehead. Bronson quickly rolls over and gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Bronson Box has hit that point where your body no longer feels pain. He is on his feet and full of energy!

Rhys pushes to his hands and knees as Bronson Box runs past him and hits the ropes. As he returns he jumps, throwing his feet out, catching the champion in his face.

Blackfront: Two feet to the face of the Rhys Townsend. Box rolls over and gets up. The fans continue to yell for him.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend not staying down, trying to get back to his feet.

Ace: Rhys Townsend is just one tough man and hard to keep down.

As Townsend begins to get up, Bronson runs forward and grabs the neck of Rhys Townsend, leaping.

Blackfront: Swinging neck breaker!

Ace: Bronson continues to build himself up to potentially being able to win this match! A Bronson! chant kicks off in the crowd as the fans scream for the challenger to get up. Blackfront: Bronson Box getting to his feet.

Ace: He might have this!

Blackfront: Box climbing the turnbuckle.

Ace: That's how you do it, get to the top rope and then climb the cage. Why try to fight climbing from the

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bottom?

Bronson reaches the top, but instead of continuing, he turns around to face the ring.

Blackfront: What is Bronson doing?

Ace: This is crazy! Just keep climbing!

Rhys Townsend begins to get up, blood still flowing. As he gets to his feet, Bronson Box leaps off of the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: He jumps!

Box's legs wrap around the head of Rhys.

Blackfront: Going for a hurricarranna...

As Bronson leans back, Rhys doesn't flip over. Instead he pulls back, fighting against it, and lifting Bronson Box up before coming forward and bringing him down, hard.

Blackfront: NO! Rhys Townsend turns it into a powerbomb!

Ace: Bronson Box just screwed himself going for a move he knows he has no business trying. Box lays, arms and legs out as Rhys rolls over and slowly begins to get up. The fans go nuts. Blackfront: This crowd is electric here tonight.

Rhys gets to his knees and rest for a moment.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend now getting to his feet and looking at the cage. He is ready to end this match.

Rhys gets to his feet. He quickly rushes the ropes and leaps up, grabbing onto the cage and begins climbing.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend trying to get outside now, he wants to put an end to this match. Inside the ring, Bronson pushes himself up. He looks around and sees what is going on.

Blackfront: Bronson Box late to the party, but now following Townsend up the cage.

Rhys reaches the top and throws a leg over. However, he is tired from the match and takes a breather.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend waisting too much time. I don't think he knows Bronson Box is up as well!

Bronson finally reaches the top as well. Holding on tight with his left arm, he uses his right to elbow Townsend.

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Blackfront: MY GOD! MY GOD!

At the top of the cage both men have now climbed up, putting on leg over, sitting on top. Blackfront: Bronson Box and Rhys Townsend hit each other with heavy rights on top of the cage.

Ace: One wrong move by either, and this match is over!

Bronson blocks a punch by Townsend and comes forward with another of his own. Rhys, barely able to hold himself up is dazed.

Blackfront: Bronson Box with another punch... and another... NO! Rhys Townsend now returns the favor.

Ace: These men wont stop!

Townsend pulls back and with all of his might, slams a fist into Bronson that rocks him over.

Blackfront: BRONSON BOX FALLING FROM THE TOP OF THE CAGE!

Rhys' face is nothing but shock as he realizes what he has done. Box turns mid air and lands hard onto the floor. The fans get on their feet and start chanting HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! The

bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match.. BRONSON... BOOOXXX!!!

Rhys Townsend sits on top of the cage, one of his hands on his head as disappointment comes across his face.

Blackfront: Rhys Townsend hit Bronson Box so hard it sent him off of the cage giving him this match.

Ace: Yea, but what shape is he in after that fall Jason?!

Blackfront: I'm not sure as the medical team is making their way down here now.

Rhys throws his leg over the cage top and starts to climb back down into the ring as Bronson lays on the outside, holding his back. He throws his hands up, telling the medical staff to get back, before slowly rolling over and starting to push up. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Some how, Bronson Box is able to get up on his own!

Ace: That is one tough guy right there. I have to give it to him.

The cage starts to raise as Rhys stands in the ring, hands on his hips watching Bronson outside. As Box

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gets up fully, the fans start to clap. Rhys nods toward the Original DEFIANT outside who gives a nod himself as they stare at each other.

Blackfront: These two put each other through hell, but at the end of it all, Bronson Box is the victor and has shown himself to be a real force to watch in the UTA.

Wheel of Chance VI

Once again, backstage we find Amy Harrison and the Wheel of Chance.

Blackfront: What a cage match. Now, we return to the Wheel of Chance to find out the type of match that Alex Beckman and Tyrone Walker will have.

Ace: As long as Walker leaves with a broken arm, I'm happy. Amy smiles.

Harrison: You guys ready?

Blackfront: Whenever you are Amy.

She turns, grabs the wheel and gives it a spin. As it slows, Amy looks on with excitement. Harrison: And it is... OH! Best two out of three falls! We've got ourselves a real good one here. You two better not go easy on each other here, I wanna see you two beat the crap out of each other in this match.

Ace: So basically, Tyrone Walker has to take a beating not once but twice? I LOVE IT!

Blackfront: The Prodigy title is on the line.. next!

War Stories

Crimson Lord's Theme hits the PA. A sea of boos resonate throughout the arena as the Demonic Couple step from behind the curtain. Crimson in a black hoody his head tilted downward covering

his entire face. Gaze leads him to the ring.

Blackfront: Well, here comes one of the most vicious man in UTA history!

Ace: You got that right Jason, and you know after last week and The Second Coming outsmarting him and striking first blood. He is not in a very pleasant mood tonight.

Blackfront: I was told over the weekend Crimson did suffer a broken nose from that steel plate 2c used against him last week.

Gaze slides under the bottom rope as Crimson walks around the ring and walks up the steps and walks the

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apron before stepping over the top rope.

Ace: This should be interesting.

Crimson reaches behind him and pulls a microphone from his back pocket. He rips the cube logo for the UTA off the microphone before raising it to his mouth.

Crimson: Tonight four UTA superstars will be in this ring in a fight. John Sektor our new Legacy Champion and his friend Cecilworth Farthington the infamous Machine. Against another pair of good friends in Zhalia Fears, and.....The Second Coming.

Blackfront: He has that right fans tonight The Machine to take on Two Badass for a Name in our main event here in Pittsburgh!

Crimson: A friend, that is what all four of those individuals have in common, friendship. Each depends on the other to succeed. A friend is someone you share a laugh with, you eat with, party with. Someone that you would be willing to do anything for. Someone to be behind you every step of the way to have your back.

Crimson looks over at Gaze, who gives a brief smile toward him. Crimson returns to staring out into the fans.

Crimson: Someone even willing to go to war with you! War, it has been with us for centuries. This country has seen its share each sharing casualties and each side growing a fierce emotion with each loss they sustain in their war.....HATRED!

Ace: No truer words can be spoken we are pretty much a warmonger country as of late. Crimson: Lets go back to this friendship concept. It can be your greatest asset....it can also be your greatest weakness! So why concern yourself with such a concept as having a friend? I don't know maybe it's someone to talk to, someone to listen to your petty issues in life. However mundane it truly is, people strive to make these friendships last forever.

Crimson and Gaze stare at each other once more before Crimson returns his attention back to the fans.

Crimson: Sektor knows Farthington will have his back tonight, much like Cecil knows John will have his. The same can be said for the two bitches in this match!

A chorus of boos resonates after those words are spoken by Crimson.

Crimson: Two-Cee, you made a statement last week about outsmarting me. You and that nacho stuffing pig friend of yours! Your words struck a nerve with me, if you think this is over now you're dead wrong! You want to make a name for yourself hero. You want to stand up to the "bully" well just like in war expect some casualties on the way.

Crimson starts to pace the ring while continuing his speech.

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Crimson: When you first signed your name on the dotted line I was disgusted! Out of all the meatbags in the back that could possibly give me a challenge, I get the fragile little girl to step up to the plate. The little girl trying to act like Electra, from Daredevil. My only mistake I made at Black Horizon was not finishing you off. Then First Blood was made, and you did THIS too me! Crimson stops in the middle of the ring. He quickly removes his hood to reveal a black mask covering the bottom of his nose up to his forehead. Pure rage seen in his eyes peering through the mask.

Crimson: This little girl, thinks that we're even, that breaking my nose with a steel plate was going to end this and make us even. Child all you did was start a war that you know in the end you will not win! After I am done with you, not only will I rip your bleeding heart from your chest, I will take your identity, and finally your most prized possession! I will make you develop a sheer hatred for me!

Ace: Crimson is out for blood, here Jason his words just give off that chill.

Blackfront: You got that right!

Crimson: Oh and this will start sooner than you think! Now lets touch on that word Hate! You talk about putting on a display for all these peasants!

Crimson points around the arena.

Crimson: Let me tell you a little something I hate every bloodsucking peasant in this building watching on television, and streaming over the worldwide web!

Crimson walks over to a side of the ropes and points at a fan of Chris Hopper in the front row. Crimson: To this fat puke with the Chris Hopper shirt on, to this little child with his pathetic Zhalia Fears sign!

He walks over to stare at Jason and Johnny. First pointing at Blackfront before saying.

Crimson: To this piss-ant Jason Blackfront!

Ace chuckles but his enjoyment soon is cut short when Crimson points at him and says.

Crimson: Yes, even you Johnny you brown nose BITCH!

Ace points at himself in shock. Crimson walks to the center of the ring growing even more angry with each passing minute. He points to the backstage area while he says.

Crimson: I hate all the meatbags in this bloodsucking company from top to bottom. Most of all I loathe you Two-Cee!

Crimson slowly stares down at Gaze who is enjoying the verbal outlash her husband is serving to the UTA.

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Crimson: I even hate...

Blackfront: WAIT A MINUTE! CRIMSON HAS GAZE BY THE THROAT!

Ace: What is he doing!?

Blackfront: CHOKESLAM! THIS BASTARD JUST CHOKESLAMMED HIS OWN WIFE!

Crimson Lord's Theme hits as Crimson stares down at his wife motionless on the mat, with a sick smile across his face. He slowly looks up toward the stage then to a arena in shock.

Blackfront: I can not believe my eyes!

Ace: Look at him he doesn't even look sorry! There is no remorse in those eyes.

Blackfront: I have never seen this side of Crimson Lord before! Has Two-Cee pushed him too far?

He exits the ring and slowly heads back up the stage leaving Gaze unconscious in the ring, not so much as a shred of remorse is seen from Crimson.

Blackfront: Even the fans in here are in shock. These two were inseparable why would he do something like this?

Ace: I have no idea, but that man is pure evil. The Second Coming, better have eyes in the back of her head. I got a feeling Crimson is going to cash the rain check he has on her.

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, "Black Jesus" Tyrone Walker.

The smoother half of Team Danger stops at the edge of the stage, taking in the scene before him with a subtle smiles adorning his face as he bounces up and down on the balls of his feet.

Blackfront: The Wheel of Chance has spoken, Tommy, and I frankly can't think of a better stipulation for this third round Ring King match than two out of three falls.

Ace: You mean two out of two falls, Jason. There's no way that "Blackimus Prime" is getting a fall over the number one Deceptacon in the Machine army. Look at him! Does that look like the new face of the UTA to you? He doesn't even show up on a camera phone!

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As the song hits a lull, Walker makes his way down the ramp. Fans rush the guard rails, reaching out with their hands for even the slightest touch as he hits the aisle. Taking the left, Walker nonchalantly reaches out with an arm for the fans to slap and grab at.

Announcer: The following contest is a two out of three falls match, and it is a third round Ring King contest for the UTA PROOOODIGY CHAMPIONSHIP.... entering the ring first, he is the challenger... hailing from Jacksonville, Florida....

Nearing ringside, Walker stops to peer into the ring and then all around, taking in the view of being surrounded by the crowd. Coming back around, he gives a little nod out to the fans before diving into the ring under the ropes..

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

Tyrone Walker heads for a neutral corner, throwing his arms out wide and appealing to a crowd who never expected him to make it this far in the tournament. They love this Team Danger member, and are firmly on his side tonight.

Announcer: ...he is one half of Team Danger.... "Black Jesus"... TYYYYYROOOONE
WAAAAAALKKKERRRR!

He hollers out to the fans, really amping himself up on the turnbuckle. As he lowers his arms, he stares out into the sea one last time, taking it all in.

Blackfront: Tyrone Walker has solidified himself in the UTA as a force to be reckoned with. Who else can brag that they've got a victory over both John Sektor and Bronson Box, much less in back to back matches?

Walker drops from the turnbuckle and takes his corner, as the music fades. He punches his fists into the palms of his hands, limbering up his neck as he awaits the arrival of his opponent.

Ace: Face the facts, Jason-- he's made it further than he was ever supposed to make it in this tournament. Tonight, Beckman isn't just defending her Prodigy Championship.. she's correcting an error.

Blackfront: I think that Team Danger would disagree with you, Tommy. And a lot of screaming fans here in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania!

Go To Sleep by Eminem begins to play throughout the arena, inciting the crowd into a frenzy of boos as Alex Beckman makes her way out from behind the curtain with the UTA Prodigy Championship over her shoulder, accompanied as always by The Engineer of The Machine, Michael Best.

Her fight robe covering her head at the top of the ramp, she hops in place and stares down toward the ring with very little fanfare. On her right side, Mike gestures toward her then points down at the ring, talking trash to Tyrone Walker as he waits in his corner. It's not audible on camera, but it's probably best for the sponsors

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that way.

Ace: Look at her, Jason. Look at that Beasty Mama from Okinawa and tell me that her undefeated streak ends at the hands of a guy who calls himself Blackaconda.

Blackfront: I wouldn't dare predict the outcome of this match, Tommy, but I WOULD direct you to what happened to John Sektor in his round one matchup against Tyrone Walker.

As the tempo of her music kicks into second gear, Alex stops limbering up at the top of the stage and begins to descend down the ramp. She ignores the fans at ringside, walking slowly down to the ring. Michael Best goes on ahead of her, stopping the announcer before he can announce her arrival and instead taking the microphone for himself.

Best: Ladies and gentlemen, do not adjust your television sets, what you are about to see is REAL. Hailing from Camp Kinser, Okinawa, Japan by way of Chicago, Illinois...

The booing only intensifies as Michael Best arrogantly heralds his client. She stops at the bottom of the ramp, resuming her hopping and stretching routine as she awaits the rest of her lavish introduction. Fans, mostly male, try to reach over the guard rail to harass and grope at her.

Best: ...she is a mind blowing physical specimen, standing at five foot seven inches and weighing in at a lean, mean one hundred thirty five pounds...

Alex steps forward toward the apron, climbing up the steps and holding onto the turnbuckle as she leans on the ropes.

Best: ...she is the Thai-breaker, the BTKO Killer... she is the single most dominant woman in the history of women and domination and the UTA PRODIGY CHAAAAAMPION... get on your knees and pay your respects to ALEX.... BECKKKKKKKKMANNNNNN!

At the announcement of her name, Alex spins on the apron to face the ramp, ripping the hood back off of her head. In one fluid motion, she ducks backward beneath the rope, as Michael Lee Best holds it open for her, and finally she steps inside of the ring.

Ace: That is the face of domination in the UTA today. Make no mistake, folks.

Alex Beckman takes her corner, slowly removing her robe and handing it off to Michael Best. He in turn hands it off to the actual ring announcer, telling him to do something with it since he just had the last two minutes off.

As she stretches out on the ropes, "Go To Sleep" begins to fade from the PA system in the arena. She prepares for the beginning of the match, talking to Michael like he's her cornerman as she impatiently awaits

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the opening bell.

Blackfront: Beckman versus Walker. Two out of three falls, with everything on the line. And it begins... now.

Ace: And ends in fifteen freaking seconds.

The referee holds the UTA Prodigy Championship high over his head, signifying to the live crowd and the folks at home that this is indeed a title match. Once he hands it over to the ring announcer and takes his place in the center of the ring, he signals for the bell... and this match is official.

DING DING DING

In the champion's corner, Alex Beckman looks tense as she holds the ropes, stretching out her arms and doing some last minute limbering up. Michael Best gives her some last minute advice in the corner, before slapping the apron with his open hand.

Tyrone Walker, however, is smiling.

The man known as Black Jesus saunters to the middle of the ring, offering to bump knuckles with Alex Beckman. She steps forward out of the corner, getting directly into his face and declining to show him that same respect back. He once again extends his hand, this time offering her a handshake, but the UTA Prodigy Champion turns away from him and heads back to her corner. Blackfront: A blatant showing of disrespect by Alex Beckman, not that it's surprising.

Tyrone's hurt expression changes, as soon as she turns around, and now he's back to smiling. He reaches out with an open hand, slapping her as hard as he can on the ass as the crowd in Pittsburgh just about blows the roof off the place!

Ace: You said something about disrespect?! SOMEONE HAVE THAT MAN ARRESTED! Beckman spins around, her eyes narrowing in rage as she lets out a battlecry. Blinded by her anger, the Prodigy Champion throws a stiff front kick toward the face of Tyrone Walker, but the challenger quickly backs out of the way, laughing.

She shoots in again, this time with a spinning elbow, but the ring-weathered Walker ducks out of the way and grabs her by the braid on the back of her head, tugging at it like a bully on the schoolyard. The crowd roars again, but this time the referee steps in to scold Walker for pulling at her hair. He holds up his hands, feigning innocence.

Ace: What in the hell is he doing? How does that corn-rowed hack expect to stand a chance against my girl Becksy if he can't even take the match seriously?

Blackfront: I think that he knows EXACTLY what he's doing, Tommy-- he's making her angry. As the referee orders each of them to reset back to their corners, Tyrone Walker throws his arms out and appeals to the

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crowd, turning around to give Beckman a smile and a wink. She scowls, gritting her teeth-- and charges straight across the ring, headed right for him!

Beckman leaps into the air, literally stepping up Walker's body with a shining wizard variation... and drops it into the triangle choke! She's got him, merely a minute into this match!

Blackfront: THE BTKO! BTKO! SHE'S GOT HIM!

Ace: One fall down, one to go. What was that about predictions?

Alex pulls the challenger down, seething with rage as she locks in the choke, her back perched against the mat. Walker cries out in pain, fighting the natural instinct to tap out, as she clinches down and tries to secure the first fall in this two out of three falls match.

Walker squirms, but Beckman only clamps it on tighter. Tyrone Walker has no choice-- he reaches out his hand, waving it in the air as the crowd begins to boo...

Ace: JUST TAP OUT ALREADY! Save something for the rest of the match, you moron!

Blackfront: It looks like he's about to--

BUT TYRONE WALKER PUSHES HER SHOULDERS TO THE MAT!

A moment of confusion washes over the crowd, and the referee himself for just a moment, as Tyrone Walker forces his leverage into Beckman's hold, pushing up on his toes and using his full height and weight to his advantage. It takes the referee a few seconds to realize that he's got her shoulders pinned to the mat using her own finishing hold, and he drops down to make the count! ONE!

TWO!

Blackfront: Beckman releases the hold! Two count only! Tyrone Walker showing real ingenuity, saving himself from losing the first fall of this match-- and almost picking one up for himself!

Ace: JEEZ, BECKSY! Cut it a little close there, didn't you?

Realizing that she couldn't tap him out before the three count, Alex drops the hold and allows Tyrone Walker to resume breathing like a normal human being. She looks panicked-- it's the first time in her UTA career that anyone has escaped from the BTKO, and suddenly she's not so comfortable out there.

Beckman rolls onto her stomach, trying to catch her breath, as Tyrone Walker stumbles forward. As she climbs up to her hands and knees, Walker grabs her by the wrist, pulling it into his side and stepping through it, locking her arm around his knee.

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Ace: What is this, some kind of urban submission hold?

Blackfront: Not exactly, Tommy... look out!

Suddenly, and before Beckman can even hope to get her bearings, Walker looks to capitalize as he reaches for her arm, letting out a yell to the fans as he ties her up with a La Magistral Cradle! The referee, who hadn't even got all the way back to his feet, drops to make the count!

ONE! TWO! THREE! DING DING

The roof on the building practically blows off it's hinges, as Tyrone Walker jumps up from the pin and literally runs around the ring. There is a look of shock on his face, as the crowd gives him the biggest ovation that they've given him since he came to the UTA!

Blackfront: TYRONE WALKER WINS THE FIRST FALL! BECKMAN HAS BEEN PINNED!

Ace: What the--? Wait, huh? How... how was that not illegal? I demand a recount!

Outside of the ring, Michael Best absolutely can't believe it either. He slams his hands on the apron, running them through his hair like a total maniac. He screams for Beckman to get up and get into the corner, as Tyrone Walker does his celebratory lap around the ring.

Blackfront: Unprecedented. Tyrone Walker has scored a pinfall over Alex Beckman!

Ace: SHE'S STILL UNDEFEATED, MORON. The match isn't over!

Blackfront: That may be, Tommy... but if there's anyone who can do it, I'm beginning to believe that it could be Tyrone Walker!

Beckman stumbles back into the corner, absolutely shocked and disgusted as she falls with her back to the pads and slides down to the canvas. Immediately, Michael is berating and coaching her, as the referee sends Walker to his corner as well for the beginning of the second fall.

Announcer: The winner of the first fall, by way of a pin... TYYYYYROOOONE WALKERRRRR!

Back in the champion's corner, Michael Best presses his forehead to Beckman's, giving her one final peptalk as the match continues. He's barely finished talking when Walker heads to the center of the ring, egging Beckman on and telling her to get up.

The match is back on again, as Alex stands up in her corner and narrows her eyes at the challenger. He mockingly offers her a fist bump again, but this time she isn't letting him screw around.

Beckman charges into Walker with a big elbow strike, staggering him backward and following it up with a

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rushing kick to the side of the head. He stumbles back toward the ropes, but immediately comes back with a right hand! The crowd is sucked right back in, watching the brawl in the ring as the champion and challenger go at it with heavy strikes.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman has her guard up, Tommy. Tyrone Walker gave her a wrestling lesson, and the Prodigy Champion doesn't seem to like it.

Ace: Yeah, well it looks like she's about to give him a lesson on how to become severely concussed.

Beckman sidesteps a potential knockout swing from Walker, instead throwing a snap front kick to the side of his head that nearly takes him off his feet. Taking a few steps back, Beckman launches off the ropes and hits a Superman punch, and this time Walker succumbs to the blow and falls to a knee.

He's back up in a flash though, laughing in Beckman's face even though his head is throbbing in pain. He's only trying to make her angrier, and it's working-- Beckman blasts him again with a kick to the midsection, and follows it up with a knee to the face! Walker hits the canvas for the second time!

There isn't any time to be proud of herself. Beckman gets down into a crouched stance as Walker pushes himself quickly up to his feet, trying to knock the cobwebs out and continue the fight. As soon as he's halfway standing, Beckman launches forward and grabs hold of his arm, pulling him over into a flying armbar and planting him in the middle of the ring, cinching up on the hold and locking it in with one smooth motion!

Blackfront: WHOA! No mercy from the Prodigy Champ!

Ace: He didn't get in her head with that first fall, Jason... he pissed her off.

Walker lets out a wail of agony, reaching out for the ropes with his free hand. He quickly sees that he's got nowhere to run, and tries to pry her out of the hold... but he's got no leverage. Knowing that he's got no choice in the matter, Tyrone Walker does the one thing that no one in the arena expects him to do.

He taps out!

DING DING

The boos are deafening, as Alex tightens up the hold even harder. The referee drops down and tries to break it up, threatening to disqualify her and end the match if she doesn't let go.

Ace: Let go, Becksy! It's not worth it! You've got him!

Blackfront: Alex Beckman may be about to wash out of this tournament on stubbornness alone. The referee begins a five count, as a furious Beckman refuses to acknowledge that he tapped out so immediately from her hold. Michael Best is yelling for her to release it from outside of the ring, and finally she lets go as the referee's count hits four.

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Announcer: The winner of the second fall, by way of submission.... ALEX.... BECKKKKKMAN! Unhurt and still having plenty of juice left, Tyrone Walker rolls back to his feet and takes his corner. He looks game on to finish this match without a broken arm, and he shakes off the hold as he tells her to keep on bringing it. If anything... he looks more ready now than ever.

Blackfront: An intelligent move from Tyrone Walker, not wasting any energy fighting a futile battle. That's the same hold that broke Lamond Robertson's arm just two weeks ago.

Ace: An intelligent move? He's a freakin' coward, Jason. Call a spade a spade.

Blackfront: Two fast falls here...literally anything can happen in this match.

For the last time in this match, and with the score tied up at one, the referee orders both combatants back to their corners.

This time, Alex waives the peptalk from Michael Best-- she's pumped and ready to go. Tyrone Walker doesn't seem to disagree, and they don't even wait for a nod from the referee this time. Both fighters step to the middle of the ring, and this time it's Beckman who extends her fist for the bump. Walker hits is quickly, to a roar from the crowd, and now it's on.

Beckman shoots in for a takedown, but Walker sprawls backward and avoids it! He brings a meaty fist down onto the back of Alex's head, grabbing her by the hair and pulling her up to her feet. Using his sheer size advantage and wrestling expertise, he quickly hooks the staggered champion around the back of the neck and throws her over with a snap suplex!

Blackfront: Big impact!

Ace: All part of her plan, Jason.

Beckman is clearly winded, as she gasps for breath on the canvas. Walker is still in it to win it, though, as he climbs back to her feet and takes her up with him once again. Repeating the procedure, he hooks her and brings her down with a second snap suplex, this one even bigger! Blackfront: And again!

As she hits the mat, Ty hooks her leg for a pinfall, at least hoping to make her burn the last of her energy.

The referee drops to count. ONE!

TWO! KICKOUT!

It's not as close as it could have been, but outside of the ring, Michael Best looks horrified. He's practically tearing the hair out of his head as he watches helplessly with his elbows on the apron. Tyrone Walker gets back to his feet, and once again brings Alex Beckman with him. He takes two steps, using his weight to throw her hard into the ropes, as he rebounds back off the opposite side...

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Blackfront: Flying leg lariat! Walker is imposing his will!

Ace: They're gonna be READING his will when this is done. Guarantee it.

Beckman hits the mat again, and she's not looking to be in great shape. This is the hardest that she's ever had to work in a match, and it's beginning to show big time. The crowd is firmly behind Tyrone Walker, who is still looking pretty fresh compared to the UTA Prodigy Champion.

She rolls to the ropes, grabbing hold and trying to pull herself back up.

Tyrone hops around near the corner, waiting for her to get her bearings. As soon as she's too her feet, the challenger rushes toward the ropes, but Beckman turns around and throws out a snap front kick! Walker takes it dead center in the face, and lands flat on his back, looking up at the rafters!

Blackfront: WHOA! What a change in momentum! Tyrone Walker is dreaming!

Ace: When you're a certified killer, all it takes is one shot. Beckman's the boss, brother. Dropping down onto him and awkwardly hooking the leg, an exhausted Alex Beckman looks to make the cover and get the hell out of here.

ONE! TWO! THREE!

Ace: She's done it!

But the referee says that Walker kicked out, just in time!

Blackfront: Not so fast, Tommy! This one is still going!

The crowd is on their feet, screaming for Tyrone Walker as he barely saves himself from taking the third fall in this match! Michael Best jumps up onto the apron, openly arguing with the referee in predictable fashion, but he's not getting his way-- the decision stands!

With a grunt, Alex pushes herself back up, clearly losing focus at this point in the night. He wails back, delivering a hard kick to the ribs of Tyrone Walker. He grabs hold of his stomach, rolling with the kick and trying to minimize the impact as he rolls toward the ropes.

Yelling at him to get up, Beckman verbally taunts the challenger now.

Blackfront: The champion is coming unraveled, Tommy. This may be the hardest that she's ever worked in her life.

Ace: And for 7/10ths what a man makes, am I right? Nah, seriously though, this is upsetting.

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The smile has completely left Tyrone Walker's face, as he pulls himself up on the ropes. He shambles back into the corner, trying to get his bearings, but the champion keeps on coming! She charges into the corner with a running elbow, colliding with the side of Walker's head and keeping the pressure on. He tries to swing back with a big right hand, but Beckman counters and nails him with another stiff shot!

The champion is leaning in hard with kicks, trying to beat her opponent down into the corner. The referee warns her to back off, but she's not listening to a word of it! The count begins, the referee getting louder with each number, warning the champion that she's about to be disqualified-- he even tries to force himself in between to break it up...

...and takes an elbow to the face!

The referee tumbles to the canvas, an accidental casualty in an absolute war in the ring, and neither Beckman nor Walker seems to have noticed! The buzz is on in the crowd now.

Blackfront: The official is down... and it looks like things are about to get dirty.

Ace: Oh... here comes Michael Best! Time to fix the mistake he made one month ago!

The Engineer of The Machine angrily charges toward the timekeeper's table, convinced that it's time to put an end to all of this nonsense. He rips the UTA Prodigy Championship from it's resting place, bounding toward the ring with the belt in his hands! He climbs up onto the apron!

Blackfront: Oh come on! What's he going to do?

Ace: You KNOW what he's going to do. Don't play dumb, Jason-- this is justice.

Blackfront: Justice?! Justice for WHAT?!

Michael yells for Alex to get out of the way, but he never has time to get into the ring! He's accosted from behind, a flying forearm taking him off the apron and knocking him to the concrete below! The crowd is on their feet now, screaming as Best takes a kick to the side of the head, and his attacker lifts the manager up off his feet.

Blackfront: IT'S ERIC DANE! ERIC DANE JUST TOOK OUT MIKE BEST!

Ace: Ring the bell! RING THE BELL AND DISQUALIFY THOSE CRIMINALS!

Dane lifts Michael Best to his feet, throwing the manager of The Machine into the announcer's table with a thundering crash. And then, not satisfied with just preventing Best's actions... he reaches down and picks up the UTA Prodigy Championship!

Alex Beckman turns her attention from Tyrone Walker, as she sees Eric Dane step up onto the apron and

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climb into the ring. She's ready to fight, but she's not ready for what happens next! The leader of Team Danger charges forward with the UTA Prodigy Title, swinging for the fences as he leaves his feet, prepared to take her head off her shoulders with a title-fueled lariat!

BUT ALEX BECKMAN DUCKS!

Blackfront: OH MY GOD, HE HIT WALKER! HE HIT TYRONE WALKER!

Beckman rolls out of the way, retreating to the corner as Dane climbs back to his feet, looking shocked that he just leveled his own partner in the ring. He looks around lightning fast, trying to think up a way to make it right... and he turns his attention toward Alex Beckman.

The legendary Eric Dane stalks toward the Beast of The Machine, fire in his eyes as he raises the UTA Prodigy Title to chest height, ready to bring it down-- but suddenly, there is another set of hands on the title.

Michael Best tries desperately to tear it from his hands, and the crowd couldn't be louder if you projected them through a megaphone. A decade long rivalry rears it's head in the middle of the ring, in the form of a literal tug-o-war over the UTA Prodigy Title!

Ace: This is the greatest thing I ever EVER seen. EVER. This is just anarchy!

Blackfront: This entire match is off the rails, ladies and gentlemen. Someone needs to get security out here and break this up! We've got a damned tournament match to finish!

Both men tug back and forth on the title, trying to exert their will on the other, but then as quickly as they started, both men stop. The referee is beginning to stir, and both leaders of their respective stables slowly realize that the last man holding the belt is going to get his charge disqualified.

Like cats with canaries, they both let go of the belt in unison, letting it fall to the mat as they go their separate ways. Dane bails out the way he came in, while Mike Best slides out of the ring and takes his place back at the apron.

The only one left standing is Beckman.

Blackfront: Say what you want about Alex Beckman, but she wanted a clean match against Walker tonight. This is a travesty.

Ace: Did she really, Jason? Because that's not what it looks like to me.

Inside the ring, Alex stares down at the UTA Prodigy Title, lying alone on the canvas. She looks out to the crowd, and then back over at the fallen Tyrone Walker.

He still isn't moving.

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The decision weighs on her for all of about four seconds. She didn't cheat. The Machine didn't cheat. Despite everything that she's ever believed about fighting, when she looks down at the Prodigy Championship, she knows what she has to do.

It's not technically against the rules.

Without a single gleam of regret in her eyes, Alex Beckman drops to her stomach and hooks the leg of Tyrone Walker, rolling him up into a pin as the referee begins to come to. The fans have never booed so loudly as the referee makes the count.

ONE! TWO! THREE!

DING DING DING

And that's it. Not with a bang, but with a whimper, Alex Beckman rolls off of Tyrone Walker, completely physically and emotionally spent. She scoops the UTA Prodigy Championship up off the mat, slinging it over her shoulder and staring down at Michael Best with a new kind of emotion in her eyes.

Announcer: The winner of the third fall by pinfall, and STILL UTA Prodigy Champion.... ALEX....
BECKKKKKMANNNN!

Michael Best crawls quickly into the ring, taking all of about four seconds to hold her arm up in victory. Immediately, he grabs Alex and pulls her toward the ropes, ushering her the hell out of the ring. He leads her back up the ramp, backs to the curtain as they watch Eric Dane getting into the ring, careful not to allow for retaliation.

Dane kneels down next to Tyrone Walker, trying to explain to him what in the hell just happened. He helps the Team Danger soldier up to a knee, as they both stare down at The Machine in contempt. Walker gives his leader a pat on the back, shaking his head as UTA Monday Night Wrestleshow goes on.

Wheel of Chance VII

We find ourselves backstage with Amy Harrison and the wheel for the final time of the night.

Blackfront: Well Amy, it has been an interesting night.

Harrison: Sure has Jason.

Blackfront: Are you ready to spin the wheel one last time? Harrison: I was born ready! I'm just glad it didn't fall on me! She giggles, before striking a pose with the wheel

She reaches up and gives the wheel it's final spin.

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Blackfront: It all comes down to this spin for our main event of the evening.

The wheel begins to slow down, before finally resting on the "Spinner's Choice" option.

Harrison: Well, well, well. So, I get to choose? Amy smiles.

Blackfront: What type of match will our main event tag match be Amy? She thinks for a moment.

Harrison: Alright then, no more kiddie games here. Let's see.....well, I was hoping to come here and see a good fight tonight, so I think it's about time we get one! And with you lot, it's going to be real good. So, why don't we make this a good old street fight?

The fans can be heard in the background cheering.

Blackfront: Tag team street fight coming up next in the main event! The camera pans across the wheel and Amy before we fade.

The Last Garrison

As we return to ringside, a new theme song pumps through the arena speakers. The sound of the keyboard cuts through the crowd. Suddenly we hear a lighter clicking over the music. The fans are unsure on how to react, until the new entrance video lights up the screen and they see a very familiar face.

Boos erupt from every corner of the enormous indoor arena as Mikey Unlikely appears on the screen. His new entrance video shows replays of him turning on Will Haynes, just two weeks ago on Wrestleshow.

~I live it up like these are my last days,~

~If time is money, I'm an hour past paid.~

Mikey walks out onto the stage, Behind him, the UTA World Heavyweight Champion, La Flama Blanca. The boos grew louder as they reach the ramp. Mikey stops, closes his eyes, smiles, and takes it all in. He wears a very nice suit, decked out in black with gold trim. His collar loose, where a tie would normally rest. LFB dressed in his fine Italian suit.

Blackfront: Here he is folks, the man who stabbed his friend in the back just one week ago. Turning on Will Haynes, and aligning himself with Dynasty.

Ace: What a brilliant move, Jason! I always liked Mikey, and now with a real direction, I predict he takes off!

Blackfront: You liked Mikey? You were out here week after week, poking fun at him and hashtag WTF!

Ace: Well yea, it's like Adolf Hitler, You see the potential in someone, but sometimes it takes some time for

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them to rise to....

Blackfront: Tommy! Bad example!

Mikey walks down the ramp slowly, gone is the happy go lucky smile we're so used to seeing from him. Gone is the enthusiasm for pleasing the fans, he holds back laughter as he walks right past their outstretched hands. LFB talking into Mikey's ear on the way to the ring.

He arrives at ringside, and takes his time slowly climbing the ring stairs, before pausing one last time and shaking his head as he looks out towards the thousands in attendance. He steps between the ropes, and walks over to the corner immediately for the microphone from the ring announcer. He returns to the center of the ring, and goes to speak but is cut off by the crowd. The champ resting in the corner now.

Crowd: 'Asshole, Asshole, Asshole'

Blackfront: These people, telling Mikey exactly what they think of his actions.

Ace: These people don't know what they are talking about!

Mikey brings the mic to his lips, where he waits for the noise to die down.

Unlikely: I guess I knew better than to expect some class from a low life, blue collar city like Pittsburgh.

The mass of fans once again attempt to shake the building with the smattering of boos and yelling. Unlikely smiles, and sticks his tongue behind his lip, embracing it.

Unlikely: If I can just garner your attention for a few moments, then you can get back to watching your races, or getting that newest pair of Levis, or watch your quarterback defile another woman.

The new Dynasty member, glances over at the champ who just nods back at him. Unlikely walks around the ring a little, his eyes scanning the crowd.

Unlikely: I decided this week, that I did not want to hear weeks of "Why Mikey?"

Mikey uses quotes with his fingers, the camera follows up by zooming in on a fans sign that says just that.

Unlikely: I didn't want to have someone chasing me around every arena, and calling me out looking for answers.

Blackfront: Mikey obviously alluding to Will Haynes calling out Bobby Dean a few weeks ago.

Ace: I love it Jason!

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He once again brings the microphone to his lips.

Unlikely: Here it is! Are you ready!? For the first time in my UTA Career, I did something I have never done before. I did the unthinkable! I did the unimaginable! I decided to choose loyalty!

The fans react with expected criticism of the returning superstar. Blackfront: What? Loyalty? How was anything Mikey Unlikely did loyal? Ace: Well let the man finish Jason, maybe you'll learn something.

Unlikely lets the fans calm down before he continues.

Unlikely: Over half a year ago, when I was still a rookie here, I tried to not only form a faction, but a group of friends. I took the initiative, and put together what I thought was a pretty impressive group of well rounded wrestlers, excluding Bobby Dean of course.

This receives a chorus of boos. The big man, although recently turned on Mikey as well, is still loved by the fans. La Flama Blanca, readjusts the title over his shoulder.

Unlikely: We grew in popularity each and every week, and went through a lot of crazy times. Although we rode together, smoked together, and partied together, Quickly I realized, that these men, they were not my brothers like they claimed to be.

The champion nods in the corner and claps lightly, agreeing with Mikey's words.

Unlikely: Doozer, was a man I looked up to, a great example for children and wrestlers a like. A man who was well respected amongst the wrestling community. Then Doozer did, what Doozer does best. When the going got tough, Doozer disappeared. He DID NOT choose loyalty!

Unlikely's chest swells and deflates visibly, his anger getting the best of him.

Unlikely: Bobby Dean, let's talk about that fat, useless, excuse of a man. The man who would be NOTHING if not for MY DIRECTION. A man who floated around here without purpose, biding his time before his next sexual harassment lawsuit. Who do you think kept him out of trouble? Who do you think kept him from being arrested night after night? I did.

Blackfront: To be fair, there were two other members of #WTFC who helped out.

Ace: Oh stop Jason, you don't know what you are talking about.

Unlikely: Bobby Dean DID NOT choose Loyalty, when he not only turned his back on me, but pushed me off that cliff. He fed me to wolves, after all I had done for him!... Finally, let's talk about Will Haynes.

The crowd explodes in applause and cheering for 'The Thrill'. Mikey rolls his eyes and drops the mic to waist level. He walks to the ropes and rests his arms across them. He tilts the mic back towards his lips.

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Unlikely: I'll sit here for as long as it takes for all of you stupid people shut up, and listen to what I have to say.

Immediately back to booing. The champion walks up to Mikey and speaks inaudibly to the cameras. Unlikely smirks as LFB backs up again.

Unlikely: William Haynes! The Thrill Ride, The man I was happiest to recruit to our little gang. He was a man I respected inside the ring. A man who I thought would prove to be very loyal, but man was I wrong.

Blackfront: Oh come on! This is getting ridiculous. Haynes is the ONLY one who was loyal! Unlikely points to an imaginary watch on his wrist.

Unlikely: Let me take you back in time, to December! When Will Haynes fought Abdul Bin Hussain, and Hussain viciously attacked him after the match... Where was I? I came to this ring, and chased away Abdul. Weeks later when Abdul attacked me in the locker room, and left me bloody and carved, where was Will Haynes? Out with the boys.

Ace: He's got a point you know.

Unlikely: I continued to support my buddies, and continued to push them to their limits. Then we started getting the big matches. Doozer pins Sean Jackson! Will Haynes pins Sean Jackson! Finally I get my chance. Doozer and Mikey vs Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca. I would finally get my win over Dynasty.

He raises both hands in the air and closes his eyes. Imagining the win. He drops them back down and looks back at the camera.

Unlikely: Then came Will Haynes, running in from the back when we had the match squarely in control, and cost us the decision, resulting in a no contest. Clearly thinking about himself!

The fans choose to take this time to start another chant. "Thrill! Thrill! Thrill!" Unlikely grabs the top rope and stomps the mat, frustrated with the fans. Prompting them to get even louder.

Unlikely: Through all this! I let cooler heads prevail and I kept quiet and supported my friends. Finally, once again I was given a golden opportunity. One on One for the World Heavyweight Championship. It was a great match, went back and forth, and I thought I had it. Sean must have too, because he took things into his own hands. He went outside, and grabbed a steel chair.

Mikey walks to the ropes and points down at a steel chair near the announcer's table as the camera zooms in on it.

Unlikely: Jackson took a chair, and wrapped it around my head. It cost me the world title shot, but more importantly It had me seeing stars in a big way. A concussion and some short term effects, and once the

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match was over, where were my friends? Where was WTF? WHERE IN THE HELL WAS WILL HAYNES? They DID NOT choose Loyalty!

The camera cuts to the back area where we see Will Haynes in his locker room, Boots untied, glued to the monitor, watching what's going on in the ring. He shakes his head, as the fans blow up.

Unlikely: So here I stand. The last garrison. Now its time for Mikey, to think about Mikey. When Dynasty approached me, it was an easy decision. Dynasty is about loyalty. Dynasty is about consistency. Dynasty is about gold! I mean, just take a gander at the man I share the ring with right now.

Mikey motions towards La Flama Blanca who waves to the crowd. The fans react with hate and disdain for the champion.

Unlikely: For going on 7 months now, Dynasty has yet to relinquish this championship. For ALL of 2015, the World Title, has been in firm grasp by Dynasty. No one has beaten them when it counted most. No one. Not Lew Smith, not Marie Van Claudio, not 40 superstars in a battle royale. This is the model of success.

Finally we see the million dollar smile by Mikey that we're used to, but this time, the fans don't like it.

Unlikely: If there's one thing that Mikey knows, It's success. Whether it be music, wrestling, or now movies, there is no one on the planet who has been more successful across the board in everything they do. Never has anyone else in that locker room, made Mikey Money, and never again will I be taken as a joke, a fraud, or someone step stool. Now I have friends, now I have family, now I have brothers! The rest of you...well, the rest of you are just Ungrateful.

Unlikely drops the mic to the ground as his new theme song once again hits the loudspeaker. He and LFB converse as they exit the ring together. They head up the ramp as the camera fades away.

Brought to You By

Blackfront: It's been a hell of a night, Tommy, and we're finally ready for the Main Event!

Ace: Speak for yourself, I've been ready for this match since the moment it was announced. The Machine is going to machinery its way over the landscape of the women - folk and show them that the only place they belong is the kitchen, making my lunch.

Blackfront: Do you believe that about all women?

Ace: Of course I do, Jason!

Blackfront: Alex Beckman is a woman, and I bet she can hear you.

Ace: ...Don't blame me for things you say, Jason!

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Blackfront: Yes, because we sound exactly alike.

Announcer: This next contest is our MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING! The fans cheer in anticipation.

Announcer: It is a tag team match, scheduled for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit, and it is a STREET FIGHT. There will be no count outs, and no disqualification. However, to keep things fair by order of James Wingate.. there will not be allowed any form of outside interference. Blackfront: Wingate making sure that The Machine's Alex Beckman and Mike Best can not interfere here tonight in the main event.

Ace: Why does it have to be them? What's to say Fears and Second Coming haven't paid anyone off in the back?

Blackfront: Oh yea, sure. More cheers.

Announcer: Introducing first...

CUE UP: Machines by Queen. The fans boo terribly, which makes Freddie Mercury fans cry.. Announcer: Representing The Machine...at a total combined weight of four hundred and seventy pounds... The Current Reigning UTA Legacy Champion, The Gold Standard, JOHN SEKTOOOORRRR... AND...

He stops and looks at his notes, and looks back up, rolling his eyes toward the camera.

Ace: Announce my favorites!

Announcer: AND HIS PARTNER... The 'Guy who is better than everyone else in the UTA except for John Sektor and Alex Beckman, but at least as good as them when they're at their best...'

The announcer, Jonathan Franklin, looks to the side as if he has trouble believing the words he's saying, too.

Announcer: CECILWORTH... FARRRRRTTTTHHHHINGTONNNN!!!

John Sektor and Cecilworth Farthington enter the arena as their announcement finishes. Both men wave sarcastically at the fans, soaking in the excessive boos.

Blackfront: You can say what you want about these two men and their attitudes, but they're smart, capable, and infinitely talented.

Ace: That's exactly what I want to say about them.

Sektor holds the UTA Legacy Championship title belt over his shoulder, proudly displaying it. As he and his partner walk toward the ring, Cecilworth pats him on the back in a reassuring way, and subtly takes the belt from John and puts it over his own shoulder. Sektor allows this to happen, but gently (not really) takes it back a few steps later.

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Blackfront: The Machine has reached the ring, and they look ready to go!

Ace: Of course they are. The co-Legacy Champions don't slack.

John Sektor was standing on the middle turnbuckle in the corner, holding the Legacy title up with one hand and his fist with the other, and he gets down so he can move to the opposite corner.

Cecilworth had done the same thing and they meet in the middle of the ring and share a handshake - hug, during which Farthington once again relieves Sektor of his title belt. Both men move to the opposite corner from where they were and raise their arms in victory; the adrenaline was pumping up at this point to the point where John Sektor either didn't notice or didn't care at

this point.

Announcer: Their opponents...

Army of Me by Bjork starts to play, and the lights dim to a mix of red and silver spotlights.

Announcer: Representing... He looks at his notes.

Announcer: Representing the fans of the UTA... at a total combined weight of two hundred and eighty two pounds...

The cameras pan the crowd, showing signs that advertise "#FearsNone" and "#OurHero" and the ubiquitous "#2BAFAN." Additionally, many young women can be seen strapping 'Second Coming' style face masks over their mouths, and hooded sweatshirts with the hood over their heads.

Announcer: 'Kimera', ZHALIA FEARS... and one half of the UTA World Tag Team Champions... THE SECOND COMING... This is... TOO BADASS... FOR A NAAAAAMMMEEEEEE!!

Ace: That's a name! They have a name! It's like pluralising the Lone Ranger!

While Tommy Ace has a point, the fans do not seem to care. The cameras remain focused on the entryway, but there is no sign of life.

Blackfront: Where are...

Before he can finish his statement, one of the wide shots moves toward a section of the fans that had suddenly started to cheer much louder, and we can see the Second Coming leading Zhalia Fears to the ring through the fans, slapping hands all the way.

Blackfront: They're coming through the crowd!

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Ace: Living dangerously, I see. You never know when an enemy is waiting.

The Machine watches their opponents walk through the people and hop the guardrail, and are wary of both Zhalia Fears making a rope - assisted leap from the floor to the apron, and the Second Coming slides under the bottom, coming to a stop on her knees with her hands, not up, but ready to defend.

The music dies down and the two teams are keeping their distance from each other as the bell rings, and the fans cheer in anticipation.

Blackfront: A street fight was certainly an unexpected choice by Amy Harrison. With no disqualification and no countout, who do you think has the advantage?

Ace: It's an interesting thought. Clearly, the Machine has the advantage because of the will to win, even against each other. Take that advantage and add in the disadvantage of Zhalia Fears and her irritatingly infectious optimism.

Blackfront: So, The Machine?

Ace: As a team? Absolutely. But the wild card is the Second Coming; she's been unpredictable and violent in her time here, and if the Machine can keep her in check I think they can figure out a way around Fears.

Blackfront: Well, that's a possibility, Tommy - but the time for speculation is over as this match is underway! There looks to be some discussion over which team member is going to start off, and it looks like Zhalia Fears will face off with Cecilworth Farthington to begin with!

Ace: There's something wrong with that.

Fears and Farthington circle, and they lock up. Cecilworth shoves her back and wipes his hands off on his trunks, to an annoyed chorus of boos.

Ace: Why are they booing? We don't know where Fears has been.

Blackfront: She's been in the audience with the fans! We know where she was!

Ace: With the fans? Even worse.

The two circle again, and when Fears moves to lock up, Cecilworth sidesteps her, and when he passes her, he pulls her hair to an incredibly loud chorus of boos, and a close up of Fears' face shows her annoyance.

Blackfront: He's just playing with her now.

Ace: Wouldn't you? You've got the better team and cooler partner.

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Before they can lock up again, Cecilworth is distracted by his partner, who calls him over for a brief conference. As Farthington takes his instruction from John Sektor, he returns his attention to the ring, and his current opponent -

Blackfront: FEARS WITH A SLAP TO THE FACE!

Cecilworth touches his face, shocked at the audacity.

Ace: That's uncalled for!

Blackfront: It is not, there's no rules in this match! Zhalia Fears with a right hand, and a whip into the ropes - Farthington reverses!

Ace: One interesting fact about this match -

Blackfront: JOHN SEKTOR WITH A KNEE TO FEARS' BACK! CECILWORTH FARTHINGTON WITH A RIGHT HAND TO THE SECOND COMING!

Ace: - Is that there's no DQs, which means the Second Coming was way too naive, standing there like a good little soldier on the apron.

The dual attack is almost poetic in its execution, as Fears drops to her knees and the Second Coming catches herself on the top rope. Sektor fires a kick to the back of Fears' head, which puts her face down on the mat, and Cecilworth does the same with another right hand!

Blackfront: The Second Coming dodges! She has him hooked by the wrist, and drops to the floor!

Ace: She might've just injured Cecilworth's shoulder, but there's no tags in this match and no disqualification: Fears could be in trouble.

Blackfront: Good point, Tommy - however I thought we'd see a little more wrestling action and sportsmanship first.

Ace: Seriously? Do you even watch the shows?

Jason Blackfront's naivety aside, John Sektor was indeed flipping Zhalia Fears for a quick pinfall attempt of ONE... TWO... Kickout, just as the Second Coming slides back into the ring and makes a move to break it up. She doesn't make it, however, because Cecilworth holds her back with a handful of hair.

Ace: No DQs! I love it!

Sektor scoops Fears and lifts her for a quick bodyslam...

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Blackfront: and another quick cover! ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Cecilworth, on the other side of the ring, is doing his best to stay behind the Second Coming, all the while holding tightly to her hair, jerking her sharply around the ring and keeping her from balancing.

Blackfront: It's not exactly a technical masterpiece, but I have to give credit to The Machine, this is smart strategy out of the gate. One of their opponents is compromised and the other is completely tied up, unable to affect change.

Ace: Say it: the women shouldn't've left the kitchen.

With Zhalia's most recent kickout, she was able to roll to the ropes and regain some of her wits, but she still looks dazed. Sektor hesitates - but only for a second, as the ropes offer no sanctuary in this match - before he pulls her back to her feet and whips her into the ropes - giving Farthington a heads up that she was coming his way.

REVERSAL! Cecilworth looks like he was ready to hold tight to the Second Coming's mane of hair and, with his impeccable awareness, attack Zhalia at the same time. Instead, the reversal sends John Sektor barreling toward him and he had only a split second to adjust his plans.

Blackfront: The Machine collides! Zhalia Fears is back to her feet and the Second Coming is released!

Ace: How much hair did Farthington bring with him?

Blackfront: That's a good question, there's several strands in his fist as Too Badass For a Name finally has a chance to go on the offensive!

The replay shows that Farthington's answer to an approaching John Sektor was to step back and pull the Second Coming into the Gold Standard's path, however, Zhalia Fears sends a similar warning to her own partner and 2C steps back with Farthington, drives an elbow into his chest, and spins them both around, so that John Sektor collides directly with Cecilworth's strained shoulder.

The Second Coming holds a hand to her head and kicks Farthington squarely in the ribs as several strands of hair float out of his grip. She gives another instruction to Zhalia Fears and

scoops Farthington to his feet while Fears climbs to the top!

Blackfront: This is new! Fears flies off the top with a missile dropkick, while the Second Coming sweeps Farthington's legs behind the knee and rolls him up! ONE... TWO... Sektor with the save! The Legacy Champion scoops the Second Coming and takes her back down with an armdrag takedown, and grapples with Zhalia Fears, all the while Cecilworth is recovering his senses.

Blackfront: Sektor and the Second Coming trading blows and continually blocking each other's attacks, but

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Sektor is edging her back, little by little! Fears has Farthington against the ropes - we've got a double Irish whip! Farthington and the Second Coming barely miss each other!

Ace: This is why we need Mike Best out here. Get these two focused.

Blackfront: On the rebound, the Second Coming ducks a superkick attempt, and Farthington shoulder blocks Zhalia when she steps forward for an attack. She staggers into the ropes and Farthington moves in again, while Sektor turns to attack.

Ace: You fools!

Blackfront: Double backdrop! The Machine is out of the ring!

Ace: We should've all seen that coming. Use your brain, Sektor!

The fans cheer wildly for the women in the ring, and they work the crowd expertly as Fears and the Second Coming take up defensive poses in the ring: it was unlikely that either member of The Machine could reenter without being attacked.

Blackfront: This is where strategy comes in. We're at a standstill with nothing to move this match forward except for the time limit, but neither member of The Machine is inclined to reenter, and neither member of 2 Badass is inclined to exit, thus giving up their safe zone.

Ace: Meeting time, boys!

Cecilworth Farthington holds his arm, gingerly, while trying to make it look like he isn't. Sektor whispers in his ear, presumably a course of action. Fears and the Second Coming do the same in the ring, trying to disregard the fans' cheering of their names in order to focus.

Blackfront: Sektor and Farthington look like they've got a plan - they high five, and - SEKTOR JUST SHOVED CECILWORTH BACK INTO THE RING!

Ace: Some must die so others can live!

Blackfront: Fears grabs Farthington - SEKTOR GRABS HER THROUGH THE ROPES AND STUN GUNS HER!

Ace: Trojan Farthington! I love it!

One piece of luck is with 2 Badass 4 a Name - Fears had started to scoop Farthington, so when her neck hit the middle rope, Cecilworth had his head crash to the mat.

In the frenzy, the Second Coming slid out of the ring to engage with John Sektor, but...

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Blackfront: He's running!

Ace: He is not!

Blackfront: John Sektor is a coward! He's running away!

Ace: It certainly looks that way. First, Sektor sacrifices his partner, then he turns tail and runs.

In the ring, Cecilworth Farthington pushes himself to his knees, and shakes the cobwebs from his head.

Blackfront: Sektor stumbles! The Second Coming's got him--DROP TOE HOLD INTO THE RING STEPS!

Ace: HAH! Told you he wasn't scared!

The first few rows rise to their feet to get a good look, but John Sektor's 'stumble' is now clearly seen as a ruse that has given him the chance to trip up the Second Coming. She was hot on his heels, and that momentum unfortunately causes her to land headfirst in the ring steps.

Blackfront: You were certainly right for once, Tommy, and it looks like the Machine has regained control of this match!

In the ring, Cecilworth stomps Fears several times.

Outside, John Sektor pulls the Second Coming to her feet and whips her hard into the guardrail.

He runs at her with a Yakuza kick, knocking her into the front row! The fans move back at the guidance of security, but the Second Coming is barely moving.

Blackfront: Fears with an eye gouge! She rolls Farthington up! ONE... TWO... THKICKOUT! Cecilworth rolls out of - Fears fish hooks him and digs a finger into his eye!

Ace: Ouch! What the crap is that?

Fears slowly - but steadily - leverages Farthington to the mat. The referee is unable to threaten disqualification, though he checks Farthington for a possible submission that he does not get. Blackfront: Fears has Cecilworth's shoulders down! ONE... TWO... He gets one up!

Ace: Now they're both up! John Sektor to the rescue!

Blackfront: Sektor reenters the ring and grabs Zhalia Fears from behind, and drops her with a T- Bone suplex! Cover, ONE... TWO... T-KICKOUT!

Cecilworth clears out his eyes, and he motions for Sektor to hold her up! The fans boo like crazy as he

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throws a right hand at her face, and another at her gut! DDT by Farthington!

ONE... TWO... THR-KICKOUT!

The Machine scoops Fears, and they drop her with a double chokeslam! The fans start to cheer. Louder and louder.

Blackfront: Sektor with a cover, ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT! Fears is still alive!

Ace: For how long?

Blackfront: Another scoop, and Farthington instructs Sektor to hold Fears up for... CHAIR TO THE FACE!

The split screen replay shows the Second Coming pulling herself out of the front row with blood streaming down her face from the split in her forehead that happened on the steps. She took a folding chair with her, and the second Cecilworth was at the ropes, she dented said chair against his face.

Farthington stops short, and collapses like a falling tree. John Sektor, Zhalia Fears, and the referee all watch Farthington fall to the mat.

Blackfront: SEKTOR WITH THE C-SEKTION! THE SECOND COMING IS IN THE RING!

Ace: Don't pin her, her partner is in the ring!

Blackfront: I think he knows!

The Second Coming and John Sektor trade right hands over and around the ring, and the fans are solidly behind the Second Coming and the fact that she's holding her own with an opponent nearly a hundred pounds heavier.

Blackfront: Sektor has the Second Coming in the corner, and a punch to the face! Another!

Ace: Eew, she just sprayed blood on me.

Blackfront: The Second Coming takes another shot, and Sektor grabs her and throws her over the top - She held on with a head scissors, and they both tumble to the outside!

CUE UP: Board up the House by Genghis Tron.

Blackfront: This SOB is back! He already sent his own wife to the hospital earlier tonight!

Ace: You actually didn't think he would wait to extract his vengeance, did you?

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John Sektor is to his feet on the floor first, and he grabs the Second Coming by the hair - She low blows him, and DDTs him to on the floor! All the while, Crimson Lord slowly walks to the ring!

Blackfront: John Sektor is out! Inside of the ring now, Zhalia Fears pulling Cecilworth up. He shoves her back as he rises, shooting forward with his arm stretched out.

Blackfront: COUNTER INTO A CLOTHESLINE!

Cecilworth quickly rolls over behind Zhalia, lifting her to her knees. He holds her by her head, swinging his right arm out and bringing it in connecting with her head as he throws his left arm away.

Blackfront: MALICE IN WONDERLAND BY CECILWORTH FARTHINGTON!

Ace: YES!

Blackfront: Farthington covers... the referee counts... one.. two..

Outside of the ring, Crimson Lord hammers the Second Coming in the face, and the back, and shoves her face first into the ring post. As he does, the referee who had seen it from a counting position, leaps up and rushes the ropes. Leaning over, he begins to call for the bell.

Announcer: The winners of this match via interference.... ZHALIA FEARS... THE SECOND COMING... TOO BAD ASS FOR A NAAAMMEE!!!

Cecilworth immediately gets up, rushing over and pulling the referee around arguing that he had the pin.

Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington unhappy.

Ace: It's a street fight Jason! That rule that there could be no interference set by Mr. Wingate was utter nonsense!

Blackfront: Here we go again, fans... Crimson just slammed The Second Coming into the steps! John Sektor backs off at Crimson's glare, and he slides into the ring to pull Cecilworth off of the referee.

Blackfront: Sektor attempting to calm his partner now.

Crimson Lord, on the other hand, pulls two pairs of handcuffs out of his back pocket.

Ace: What can this monster be thinking here?

Crimson Lord lifts the Second Coming onto the apron and begins to use the handcuffs to literally hang her

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arms from the top rope facing the announce table in a crucifix position.

Blackfront: He has The Second Coming tied up! I don't like this!

He then grabs her hair on the top of her head and shouts in her face.

Crimson: You want a war I'll give you a war.....Here is your first casualty!

Zhalia is slowly trying to get up as Crimson enters the ring. Sektor and Farthington drop down and roll out as he does, both pacing the outside of the ring, hands on their hips. Cecilworth reaches into the front row and yanks a Zhalia Fears sign from a fan, ripping it in half.

Blackfront: Cecilworth still upset.

Ace: Do you blame him?

Blackfront: You know, not really Tommy. Not in this case.

Crimson stares a hole in The Machine, not breaking away as he scoops Zhalia Fears, who seems to have nothing left in the tank.

Blackfront: Oh no! What is this monster planning to do? He has the Second Coming tied to the ropes!

Ace: And Zhalia Fears eats floor!

Zhalia slams into the floor in front of the Second Coming, as she tries her best to pull out of her cuffs. Crimson Lord laughs at this, and backhands the Second Coming.

Crimson: What's wrong, hero?

Blackfront: He's tough when he's got her tied up!

Crimson: Now you'll see what happens when you try to be a hero!

Crimson picks up Zhalia and violently tosses her into the steel steps, knocking the top steps off.

2C: Stop it!

Crimson stares with a sick smile down at Zhalia, barely moving on the ground. Soon after, he looks toward 2C, struggling to get free. Sektor and Farthington both head toward him from each side.

Blackfront: It appears The Machine may interject themselves.

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They look down at 2B4AN and then at each other before looking at Crimson Lord who snarls.

Crimson: Just a casualty of war!

Crimson laughs sadistically, and then suddenly stops looking at the announce table in front of 2c. Sektor and Farthington wave their hands off toward Fears and Coming, walking past Crimson Lord and starting up the ramp. The fans boo them not helping the heroes.

Ace: I don't think Crimson is done here.

Blackfront: Somebody get out here and stop this maniac! Ace: You wait for that, while we go somewhere else forever. Crimson begins to rip the monitors from the announce table. Blackfront: Enough Crimson...you have done enou...

Before he can finish his sentence Crimson slaps the headset off Blackfront who quickly gets out of the way. He quickly looks at Ace, who also drops his headset and moves out of the way.

Crimson walks over to Zhalia who is now trying to climb herself up from Crimson's jeans.

2C: This is between us, Frankenstein... leave Fears alone!

Crimson drags Zhalia in front of 2C, grabs the back of her hair and forces her to look up at her. Crimson: This is your fault, child - and now you will see the price for crossing paths with me! Crimson locks in a chokeslam! He lifts Zhalia up as the Second Coming looks on in horror trying frantically to free herself. Crimson chokeslams Zhalia into the announce table, destroying it on impact. He looks down at Zhalia's broken body, breathing heavy with a sick smile on his face.

He looks out into the fans as they continually boo him. He looks at the Second Coming who is still trying frantically to free herself. Crimson reaches into his jacket and pulls out.....a switchblade!

Blackfront is screaming at Crimson off the headset to stop, while Tommy Ace looks on in shock. Crimson walks over to the Second Coming, who is trying to kick her feet. Crimson with a vicious punch into her gut. He opens the blade and grabs the Second Coming by the throat and starts to slowly move the blade toward her eye, as she stares, wide - eyed, in horror.

Blackfront tries to intervene but Crimson quickly stares at him and his stare is enough to back the announcer away. He slowly looks back at the Second Coming, licking his lips as he slowly begins to move the blade to her eye once more.

Behind him, Zhalia has started to crawl over to the ring announcer. She is motioning for a microphone. Franklin quickly gives it to her.

Fears: Crim...

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She tries to catch her breath, trying her best to speak.

Fears: ...son...St.... op.

Zhalia pushes herself off the ground, propping her head with her wrist.

Fears: Le.....ave MJ... a...lone.

Her face reads the agony she is feeling as Crimson Lord ignores her plea.

Fears: Please.... please Crimson... I.. I-

Fears breath escapes her as she slumps forward back to the ground. Once more struggles to prop herself up, but fails. Eyes open she drags the microphone across the floor to her lips.

Fears: I will take her place. So please.. Crimson. Stop. I will be the red-shirt.

She glances past Lord's massive frame and catches 2C shaking her head and telling her no.

Fears: ...I will face off with you, and I will defeat you just like MJ did a week ago.

Crimson's attention is taken from the Second Coming as he looks at Zhalia and starts to laugh, slowly nodding. He closes the blade and walks over to her prone body. He looks back at 2C, who is shaking her head. Crimson quickly sucker punches her with enough force to knock her out.

Crimson Lord's theme hits as he looks down at Zhalia who has passed out. Crimson starts to laugh once more as the copyright logo goes up...

FADE.