

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 48

November 2, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

WrestleShow

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 "Pre-Recorded" 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, here on Pure Sports Entertainment. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, the one, the only Tommy Ace!

Ace: We're live here from Ausstrailia! The camera switches to focus on them.

Blackfront: That's right folks, the International Affair tour continues as we march toward the Tokyo Dome show on November 15th.

Ace: We're going to bring the UTA to all parts of the world. It's going to be great!

Blackfront: And it continues.... NOW!

We pan around the screaming crowd. In front of the barricade is someone dressed in a kangaroo suit.

Ace: Look at that stupid kangaroo.

Blackfront: Everyone is enjoying the mascot here tonight as we kick off Wrestleshow here on Pure Sports Entertainment!

Enough

The scene fades in as we see Cecilworth Farthington, the Supreme Leader of Wrestleshow, sitting behind his desk, his feet resting on the table with Uncle Barty standing to his side behind his chair, polishing what looks like a brand new desk plaque. Placing it down at the front of Cecilworth's desk we can see that it reads

Cecilworth Farthington

Supreme Leader of UTAH and ALL of the Lands

As Uncle Barty returns to his place standing behind his nephew, Cecil picks the plaque up before his eyes and inspects it;

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Cecilworth: That's some good polishing there, I can see my beautiful face reflecting between the factual words of my rule of the show of wrestle.

Placing the plaque down in front of him he looks out before him. The Camera pans, bringing Kendrix into shot. Seated on the opposite side of the desk, dressed casually in the latest

#FreeMikeyUnlikely t-shirt, with a less than impressed look on his face, his eyebrows rise; Kendrix: Listen, yeah?! JFK's a busy man. Gotta teach that bellend, Sean Jackson, a lesson in the main event later tonight innit?! JFK knows why you've asked him here today, so let's get down to business...

Placing an official looking file on the desk in front of Cecilworth, he slides it across to him. Opening the file up and upon his first glance at the documents inside, Cecil lowers the file, revealing an annoyed expression on his face as he narrows his eyes at Kendrix;

Kendrix: Looking good huh...right there is over five hundred signatures...all in the name of the hashtag free Mikey Unlikely movement! So, when are you getting in touch with Lorenzo over at Victory bruv?!

Cecil scrunches his nose up in disgust at both the rough English slang coming out of Kendrix's mouth as well as the idiotic file he holds before him. Before he can once more dismiss the

#FreeMikeyUnlikely petition, his attention is thankfully grabbed by a couple of knocks on his office door;

Cecilworth: Yes, Yes, come in.

As the camera pans over to the door we see Chris Hopper enter the room. Upon catching each other's eyes Kendrix quickly leaps up from his chair as Hopper begins toward him. However, before either can lay a finger on each other Cecil, now up from his seated position of authority, throws the file away over his shoulder and leans over, holding his arm out in front of Kendrix, the palm of his hand on the other is held up in Hopper's direction;

Cecilworth: HALT, BOTH OF YOU! IF EITHER OF YOU TWO BUFFOONS LAY A FINGER ON EACH OTHER I WILL HAVE YOU BOTH FIRED ON THE SPOT!

Stopped in their tracks, Kendrix and Hopper stare each other down intently, struggling to refrain themselves from lashing out at one another. Meanwhile, Cecil gets in between the two and pushes them away, looking at them both;

Cecilworth: I'm sick of you two ruining not only the reputation of the great Utah show of wrestle, but, more importantly, the good Farthington name. So as of now...NO MORE CUFFUFLES!

Kendrix breaks the stare down between Hopper and himself as he turns to face Cecil while pointing his finger out at Hopper;

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Kendrix: But that bellend started it!

Hopper simply rolls his eyes and shakes his head as he calmly laughs off Kendrix's accusation. Meanwhile, Cecil slaps Kendrix's arm back down;

Cecilworth: I don't care who started it...ENOUGH! If either of you so much as TOUCH EACH OTHER...before your match at International Affair...I will take great pleasure in FIRING. YOU BOTH...and deporting you from the great show of wrestle, banishing you from the UTAH forever! Kendrix jerks his head down and away in clear disappointment while Hopper coolly nods his head, piercing his lips together as he takes this in;

Cecilworth: So save it for International affair...ISN'T IT?!

Cecil looks back proudly at Uncle Barty as they laugh together at Cecils' wit and attempted imitation of one of Kendrix's common uses of English slang;

Kendrix looks back up at Hopper; Kendrix: That's just fine with JFK. Kendrix turns to face Cecil;

Kendrix: JFK knows you're just trying to protect the old man anyway.

Hopper just chuckles to himself, keeping his composure as they stare each other down once more. Kendrix turns to leave the room but before he can, Cecil puts his arm across his chest, stopping him momentarily;

Cecilworth: Oh and one final thing young man. At International Affair, If any member of my roster gets involved in your match, including those in Dynasty...then they'll also be fired on the spot!

Kendrix brings his hands to his head, pulling his hair back in frustration;

Kendrix: YOU WHAT BRUV???!!

Cecil simply grins and pats both men on the back before returning to his desk as Kendrix and Hopper face each other. Kendrix shakes his head, puffing his cheeks out in anger, turning slightly red. Hopper meanwhile has a huge smile on his face as he moves in closer, rubbing his hands together in anticipation;

Hopper: That is all anyone could ask for, bossman. Now the best man can win it all on his own.

You up for that? I guess we'll see, won't we....bruv?

Hopper strokes his goatee with a smile and rubs his hands together before leaving the room. The cameraman focuses on Kendrix who is left biting his lip with his hands through his hair looking as if he's bitten off more than he can chew.

The match opens up with OG Thumper already in the ring.

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Announcer: In the ring, from Long Beach, California, by way of Easter Island - standing at six feet four inches tall, weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds, ladies and gentlemen, OGGGGGG THUMMMMMPPPPERRRRR.

Thumper takes a step forward, throwing a hand into the air.

Blackfront: And your guess is as good as mine here.

Ace: I'm clueless as to Thumper but his opponent, Ashley, is someone who could have some promise here in the UTA.

The drums of JDZmedia's Harry Shotta begins over the PA system as the Hardcore Gangster himself, Ashley, steps through the crowd as JD begins to rap, hard, over the sound system. Announcer: Making his way to the ring from Maidstone, England, weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds, standing at six feet, he is the Hardcore Gangster...ASHHHHHHHHLEYYYYYYY. Ashley taunts the crowd a bit, running a finger across his neck, before pointing towards Thumper who is standing in the ring.

Ace: And the Hardcore Gangster is looking to impress here tonight, Jason.

Blackfront: I don't know how impressive he'll prove to be but this one should be entertaining. Ashley slides into the ring on his stomach and pops to his feet, throwing his hands in the air out of excitement. He turns his attention towards Thumper, pointing at him and once again drawing the finger across his neck.

Ace: Lot of fight in this kid.

Blackfront: The bell has sounded and this one is under way.

Ace: Probably one of the more interesting matchups we've seen on Wrestleshow, Jason.

Blackfront: I would have to say so.

Thumper and Ashley circle one another in the middle of the ring. They surge forward, meeting and tying up for a brief second before Ashley is able to gain the advantage, taking Thumper's arm and twisting it, moving the bigger man forward.

Blackfront: A lot of chatter about Ashley, Tommy. Let's see what he's got here tonight. Ashley continues twisting the arm of Thumper, wrenching it.

Ace: I would assume Thumper is in pain but I can't see his face to find out!

Blackfront: And Ashley maybe wanting to prove he can wrestle a bit here.

Suddenly Thumper gains the upper hand with a reversal, rolling his hips and tossing Ashley to the mat.

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Ashley rolls through and to one knee. Ashley backs up as Thumper bends down, keeping his arms loose.

Blackfront: And Thumper seems to be ready for anything here, Tommy.

Both men feel each other out for a second and tie up again. This time Thumper slips to the backside with a full nelson which he brings up into a face lock, he works quickly bringing Ashley over the top with a simple Snapmare.

Blackfront: Strong sequence from Thumper. Gotta wonder just who might be under there.

Ace: Some looneytoon I'm assuming.

Thumper drops the leg on the chest of Ashley, and pulls the Gangsta's arm back into an arm bar. Ashley trying to bridge his legs to escape the pressure.

Ace: You know I thought this might get a little out of hand but there's been plenty of wrestling in this one so far.

Blackfront: Indeed, Ace. Indeed.

Ashley is able to drive his legs and get himself by the ropes, reaching out and grabbing them. The

official having Thumper break his hold. Blackfront: Heads up move by Ashley there. Ace: Yeah it was. Some good awareness.

Thumper backs off as Ashley rolls to his feet. Ashley shakes the cobwebs loose and they tie up again.

Blackfront: Ashley with a waistlock, quickly reversed by Thumper.

Ace: Fast action here, Jason.

Thumper rolls through from his waistlock, bringing Ashley's leg with him in a rolling Dragon Screw. And slaps on a sleeper hold.

Blackfront: Thumper trying to wear Ashley down right here.

Ace: And what Thumper doesn't want is to let Ashley get in his element. You let this guy outside the ring, give him a weapon, and it's lights out.

Ashley fights towards the ropes and is able to grab them. Quickly Thumper rolls to his feet, charging in on Ashley.

Blackfront: Thumper looking for something here!

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Ace: Ashley dips down!

Blackfront: Thumper is dumped out of the ring, sprawled out on the floor. What a counter. Ashley takes a second to collect his breath, he steps through the middle rope and out onto the ring mat.

Blackfront: And Thumper is dazed.

Ashley leaps off the mat connecting with a dropkick into the chest of Thumper.

Ace: Ashley went flying there. Thumper knocked right into the security barrier.

Ashley spends a second on the floor collecting his breath. He rolls to a knee. Thumper stands and swings wildly with a fist, Ashley sides steps it and connects with one of his own as the ref counts the two men out.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Neither man is giving ground. Thumper throws a hard right. Ashley gives in a bit. Ashley with a hard left that Thumper has well scouted and blocks.

Ace: Ashley in trouble here.

Ashley reacts quickly though and drives his head into Thumper's stunning OG for a quick second.

Ace: Using his noggin there, good boy.

Ashley charges in and drops Thumper with a simple but effective DDT onto the arena floor. Ashley pops to his feet and slides himself half into the ring to reset the count.

Blackfront: Ashley dumping Thumper onto the ring floor. And this is what he's going to have to do here in the UTA in there non Hardcore Contests. He's going to have to use his surroundings to help him wear his opponents down.

Ace: I don't know about all of that Jason. He's shown some wrestling skill here in this one I'd like to think.

Ashley picks Thumper up, driving an elbow into his neck.

Ace: Ashley taking control of this one, as he hammers away at Thumper here.

Blackfront: This one has been a bit different, I'd say.

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Ace: Yeah but it almost works.

Ashley takes Thumper pulls him hard and launches him into the ring post. Thumper takes it right on the shoulder and falls to the ring floor bringing his hands up to it, trying to locate the pain.

Blackfront: And Ashley continuing this assault. Might be time to just get Thumper into the ring and call it a match. I don't know how much more of this you need.

Ace: I mean Ashley is one of the new guys here in the UTA. He's trying to send a message, Jason. This is what he can do. He wants to put people on notice.

Ashley picks Thumper up and delivers a chop across the chest. Ashley steps back and smirks towards the crowd, taunting them a bit.

Ace: There's the attitude I like to see, Jason. Someone confident in their abilities.

Blackfront: I see a showboat.

Ashley goes to jab at Thumper. Thumper is able to duck down and steps past the Hardcore

Gangster. Ashley turns Thumper with a punch, Ashley blocks, and counters with his own, driving Thumper back towards the ring.

Blackfront: Ashley with a counter there, driving Thumper back on his feet.

Ace: The Hardcore Gangster throwing hands as hard as he can here. The former gang leader showing what he's made of.

Ashley takes Thumper and throws him back into the ring.

Blackfront: Here we go, Ashley returning this one to the ring and it could be it for Thumper.

Ace: The Hardcore Gangster has shown something in this one, for sure Jason.

Ashley uses the ropes and drives himself forward, he connects with a shoulder block that knocks Thumper to the ground. Thumper rolls through to his knee. Ashley drives in, swings wildly at a clothesline, Thumper steps behind him, grabs Ashley's kneck looking for a Reverse DDT. Blackfront: Thumper with a chance here.

Ace: No, wait!

Ashley brings his shoulder up, breaking Thumper's hold. Ashley spins Thumper around quickly, gripping him and bringing him up and dropping him with a spinning Side Slam.

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Ace: GANG END! The Hardcore Gangster is going to take this one here. Ashley forces down on Thumper for a pin.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Blackfront: And this one is over. The bell starts to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall..... THE HARDCORE GANGSTER....
ASSSHHLLLLLEEEYYYY!!!!

Ashley celebrates.

We Git a Room?

The sound of Banjos can be heard playing in the background.

The scene opens to the backstage area of Wrestleshow. We are In a long hallway, looking at a closed door.

The door opens and through it walks the UTA's newest tag team. The Dibbins Brousin.

The pair wearing the same clothing we see them in every week. Both sport cut off jeans, Duke doesn't wear a shirt, but wears a trucker hat with his name across the front. Luke has on the same attire, save for the plaid cut off shirt he wears.

Duke: Lukey! Dey sed we has a room up her! He points the same way they march.

Luke: Watkunda room?

The smaller brother shakes his head, as they keep walking.

Duke: HELL Lukey wat I look like to yu? A Psychiatrix? I caant tell no futures!

The two march on, arms flailing at their sides. Finally they find it. A door at the opposite end of the corridor reads:

"The Dibbins: Dressing Room"

The pair of Brousin stare at the sign before Luke finally says something.

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Luke: A Drassin Room?

He gives his brother the ol' up an down, before giving himself the once over.

Luke: 'Eil Dukey! We's already dressed! Duke nods

Duke: No Kitin! Whou dees peepke tink weare`? Some Budists? The larger Dibbins brother gets confused.

Luke: Why Budist need a drassin room?

Duke slaps his brother across the back of the head, sending the trucker hat flying.

Duke: Ya Stupit Lukey! Ya gota be kitin me! Budists walk 'round nekkid all da times! On Da Beaches, da parks, 'ven in the grossery store!

Luke picks up his hat, and brushes what little hair he has over his bald spot before replacing it.

Luke: I tink those NUDE-ix not budists.

Duke: Ah Whateverthehell! Et's Go Dukey! We got Returd Belts to find! Foget da drassin room! The two pass the room, and move on down the corridor looking for their next adventure.

Brought to You By

About Time

We then cut to the next segment of the show. We see Jennifer Williams in front of the Wrestle UTA backdrop wearing a pink blouse with her hair in a bun. She smiles to the camera and opens her mouth.

Williams: Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome my guest, Sabrina Baker.

Sabrina walks up with a smirk on her face as she waves at Jennifer. Jennifer turns to her. Williams: Sabrina, congratulations on your first win. I'm sure that you're very happy to receive your first win.

Sabrina's eyes open with a smile.

Baker: Happy? You can say more about my first win. You know what the actual word I'm thinking in my head is?

She looks at Jennifer, smile still glowing on her face.

Baker: About time! About time I've got the first win in this promotion and finally can move onto bigger and better things.

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She flips her hair.

Baker: I, however, have to give credit where credit is due. Abdul was good in our match, but not good enough to defeat me. I was the better one that night and I wish him luck in whatever he does next, but it's time to move onto the next chapter.

Jennifer nods and smirks.

Williams: Speaking of next chapters, you do have a match against El Trebol Jr. on episode six of Proving Grounds in a couple of days. What are your thoughts facing against him?

Sabrina folds her arms.

Baker: First, I have to say to El Trebol Jr., welcome to the UTA! Second, I look forward to our match this week on Proving Ground.

She moves her hair back.

Baker: Proving Ground's seems to be a good place to start for a debut, but I hope he's ready to find out the harsh reality of having his first match on this show is like.

Jennifer seems to be confused.

Williams: What do you mean by "harsh reality?" She looks at Sabrina.

Baker: You'll see, Jennifer....You'll see....

Sabrina walks away, leaving Jennifer still confused to end the scene.

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

The opening riff of Hail to the King by Avenge Sevenfold begins to play, the crowd erupting into a crescendo of boos.

After four repetitions of the riff the symbol joins in, and out from the back steps Claude Baptiste Ranier, the big screen 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.

Ace: CBR IS HERE! MY NIGHT IS COMPLETE!

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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.

Blackfront: A warm up match here tonight before he heads to International Affair to face John Sektor.

Ace: Before he heads to International Affair to become Legacy Champion, get it right Jason. CBR edges forward towards the ring slowly, ignoring outstretched hands of fans, focused on the squared circle.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Canada... 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: He represents Dynasty... the Canadian Star...C.B.RRRRRRRRRRR!!

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

Blackfront: The longest reigning Legacy Champion looking to reclaim that title at the pay per view.

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

The big screen shows a group of fighter jets soaring in the air as an American flag comes up. Highway to the Danger Zone by Kenny Loggins begins to play. Through the curtains steps Tommy 'Maverick' Gunner. He stands, hands on his hips looking out to the crowd before raising his arm, and grabbing his sun glasses off.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now, from Fallon, Nevada..

Tommy begins down the ramp.

Announcer: He stands at five foot ten and weighs in at one hundred and ninety five pounds... Tommy stops to give his Aviators to a kid near the barrier before continuing toward the ring.

Announcer: TOMMY... GUNNNEEERRR!!!!

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Blackfront: Tommy Gunner making his television debut here tonight on Pure Sports Entertainment.

Ace: Hopefully his first and last appearance.

Gunner walks up the steps and across the apron before entering into the ring.

Blackfront: This young man has a bright future ahead of him if he can beat CBR here tonight. As the bell sounds CBR rushes Tommy Gunner.

Blackfront: Tommy Gunner ducks the clothesline out of the gate.

Both men turn, and Gunner instantly begins to slam rights into the jaw of CBR.

Blackfront: Gunner rocking CBR with those rights. Now a left.

He does a little shimmy before one more big right that takes CBR off of his feet.

Blackfront: And the newcomer strikes first!

Ace: Beginner's luck.

Blackfront: Known as Maverick in the US Air Force, Tommy Gunner is trained in hand to hand combat Tommy.

Ace: It's the Air Force for Christ sake, they ride bicycle machines and call it PT.

CBR rolls over. As he starts to get up, he reaches forward and grabs the leg of Tommy. Standing, he pulls back, taking Gunner off of his feet and to the canvas.

Blackfront: CBR back up, able to take Gunner down on his way.

Ace: See, amatuar hour in the ring with greatness.

Still holding Tommy Gunner's leg up, CBR pushes it out and drops an elbow to his inner thigh before letting go and getting to his feet.

Blackfront: The potential next Legacy Champion does not look too pleased that Tommy Gunner was able to get those first few punches off.

Ace: Would you be pleased? CBR is royalty here while this guy is the equivalent of a peasant!

Blackfront: CBR now with several stomps to the rib cage of Gunner.

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He places his hands on his hips and looks out to the booing crowd before yelling This is the type of crap you send me?!

Blackfront: CBR displeased with his opponent here tonight.

Ace: of course he is. He is just a few weeks away from starting his next great streak as Legacy Champion, Jason. he should be facing people like Eric Dane, Sean Jackson, and others. Not people who only got a contract because we have an idiot drunk with power leading the show. Blackfront: CBR lifting Gunner back to his feet again here.

As he does, CBR throws his arm around Tommy's head and grabs the side of his hip. He lifts him up vertically.

Blackfront: CBR looking to end this one quick as Gunner is up.

Tommy begins to kick his feet. As he does, he is able to slide his body down behind CBR, bending the former Legacy Champion backwards before dropping.

Blackfront: NO! Reversal into an inverted DDT by Tommy Gunner! Ace: he just slipped and came down. Complete accident. That's all. Blackfront: I'm sure it was Tommy.

Ace: If he's going to have the same first name as me, I need to change mine. Or better yet, he needs to change his!

Blackfront: Gunner with the quick cover. Could he put CBR away and make a huge impact here early in his UTA career?!

The referee slides into place. he throws his arm up, bringing it down to strike the canvas one time before CBR kicks out.

Blackfront: Not so quick. CBR able to break the count at one.

Ace: Did you ever think otherwise?

Gunner quickly gets to his feet, grabbing CBR by the head and pulling him up with him. However, CBR pushes with all of his might, sending Gunner back first hard into the nearby corner.

Blackfront: CBR has Gunner pinned in the corner. Hard body shots now to the newcomer. He grabs Tommy's head, turning him around and slamming his face into the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: CBR introduces Gunner's face into that turnbuckle there.

Ace: Yes! Destroy that handsome face of his!

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Blackfront: Wait... you think Tommy Gunner is handsome?

Ace: Just call the damn match Jason.

Gunner grabs his face and stumbles out of the corner. As he does, CBR runs, hitting the ropes. He charges Gunner from behind, leaping up and grabbing his head as he does.

Blackfront: Bulldog by CBR!

CBR rolls over and gets up. He throws his hands out and takes in the boos from the Australian crowd. Finally, he walks over and wraps Tommy's legs around his right leg before arching back and grabbing Gunner's jaw from behind, pulling it.

Blackfront: Canadian Cradle by CBR! Tommy Gunner has to tap! Tommy starts tapping quickly as the referee calls for the bell.

Ace: HA! I told you Jason. There is no man who is any match for CBR!

Releasing Gunner, CBR roles over and gets to a knee in a majestic stance as they call his name.

Announcer: The winner of this match via submission.... C...B...RRRRRR!!!!

Blackfront: Quick win for CBR here tonight on Wrestleshow, but you have to give it to Tommy Gunner who tried.

Instead of CBR's music, Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC hits and the fans go nuts.

Blackfront: It's John Sektor! JOHN SEKTOR IS HERE!

The Legacy Champion steps out onto the stage, title in his hand as CBR looks up and begins yelling as he stands.

Blackfront: In just two weeks these two men will go at it for the title that Sektor has right there in his hand!

Sektor holds the title up mouthing something as CBR motions for him to come to the ring.

Blackfront: CBR yelling for Sektor to bring it.

Ace: He doesn't want any piece of CBR. I can guarantee you that.

Blackfront: At International Affair he'll get more than a piece, I know that much.

We get a close up on Sektor as he scream This is my belt! CBR stomps in the ring as the camera pans out.

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Finally, he charges the ropes, quickly heading through them. After leaping to the ground, CBR takes off up toward the stage.

Blackfront: And there goes CBR!

Sektor prepares himself as CBR comes in. He grabs the title with both hands and lunges forward with it toward CBR's head.

Blackfront: CBR ducks!

He rolls behind Sektor, grabbing him around the waist as he does causing him to drop the championship.

Blackfront: Oh no. CBR has ahold of Sektor.

Ace: He's going to destroy him before the pay per view!

Blackfront: No! Elbow shots by Sektor. CBR has to let go now.

He grabs his face as Sektor spins around. Sektor leaps up, grabs CBR's arms and comes down full force with a sit out face buster.

Blackfront: C-SEKTION! C-SEKTION ON THE STAGE!

The fans go crazy.

Ace: No!

John Sektor rolls over, grabbing the belt as he does and stands holding it in the air as he stands over CBR.

Blackfront: John Sektor sending a message to CBR here tonight folks. Will he be able to carry this momentum as we head into International Affair?!

Dirty Deeds begins again as the fans sing along with the song.

The Meeting Of Past And Present

Walking backstage, Mr. Ace In The Hole is wearing a custom made white Bianco Brioni Italian linen suit with white flat front dress pants. In his right hand is the Ace in the hole briefcase flanked by Marshall Owens who is also on his right hand side. Marshall is wearing his typical black in color single breasted suit and it appears they are deep in conversation.

Continuing down the hallway, the camera stays with them.

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Jackson: Paris was a blast. I took great pleasure in reminding Blanca and Dane that they weren't the only show in town.

Bringing the briefcase up, the former Dynasty member adds extra emphasis by tapping it with his free hand.

Jackson: But when Dane sent him through that table...

A sense of euphoria sweeps over him, that million dollar smirk now plastered on the face of the Mental Rapist.

Jackson: It was everything I could do to stand there on that stage and not cash in on Lucha Linda.

Lucha Linda, the new nickname given to La Flama Blanca. As funny as it was to Sean Jackson, it was equally not funny to Marshall Owens. Even though Marshall was unceremoniously fired by Eduardo Sanchez, he still held on to that glimmer of hope that the rift could be mended.

Owens: Lucha Linda? did you really just call him Lucha Linda?

Rounding the corner, the two men almost run into Dynasty member Kendrix. But since he is dressed in a tailor made suit, Mr. Ace In The Hole takes a step back and with his free hand, brushes off fake debris. Still sporting the smirk, the Mental Rapist gives him an acknowledging nod.

Jackson: Jesse.

Kendrix, still dressed casually in jeans and a #FreeMikeyUnlikely t-shirt, is slightly caught off guard at coming face to face for the first time with the man who walked out on Dynasty at Wrestleshow 44. He looks over at Marshall Owens prior to squaring up in front of Jackson with a smug look on his face;

Kendrix: Well, well, well...what do you know, Marshall Owens is still getting work. Tell JFK, Sean...why do you keep employing a man who, lets face it, probably dressed you today in that god awful suit, but also...ill-advised you to walk out on your brothers?

Jackson: Still quoting the company line I see. First of all Jesse, I walked out on Eduardo, not the rest of you. But from the look of things, you are going to see it however your king tells you to see it.

Kendrix: Whatever, bruv. Either way, you're gonna wish you never walked out on us when The Future of this industry, EMBARRASES YOU...in the main event in front of all those Aussie convicts sitting in the stands as well as the millions of bellends watching at home!

Crowd is heard erupting in booing as Kendrix nods his head and throws his trademark smirk across his face in front of Jackson and then Marshall. As Kendrix turns to walk away, Sean sticks his arm out across his chest, halting him in his tracks;

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Jackson: Do yourself a favor Jesse, don't even bother stepping into that ring tonight. I have tolerated your crap because I like you, I like what you bring to the table. Hell, you could just step into that ring and join me so I can show you how Dynasty is supposed to be.

Sean extends his arm out, and a serious nod follows. The air is let out of the building as Mr. Ace In The Hole has given JFK something to ponder, something that could rip at the very fibers holding Dynasty together. Kendrix stares down for a moment at Sean's extended arm, stroking his beard in thought. Looking Sean dead in the eyes he smiles;

Kendrix: No chance bruv! You actually think you can get inside JFK's head, just like that? Clicking his fingers up by his head Kendrix narrows his eyes and holds two fingers rudely up at his former mentor;

Kendrix: See, JFK knows two things...a) you're shitting your pants at the thought of taking on the hottest property in the UTA right now.

Tapping the palms of his hands on his chest he looks over at Sean's briefcase, pointing at it as he faces Sean once more;

Kendrix: And b) The only reason you want JFK to join you is because you know full well that he's going to be one of the guys in line to stop you from cashing that ugly looking thing in on the

greatest UTA Champion of aaallll tiiiiimmmmeeee!

The Mental Rapist retracts his arm. It is painfully obvious that JFK isn't going to accept his offer, which doesn't go very well with the former world champion.

Jackson: You know Jesse, you are absolutely correct. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out who the future is going to be.

Sean looks Kendrix up and down, using his free hand as added emphasis.

Jackson: You have made great strides in this business, and are truly a remarkable athlete. But I've got to tell you, all that ability doesn't mean squat when you are lacking between the ears.

Not known for holding his tongue, Mr. Ace In The Hole has an uncanny ability to tell it like it is. Jackson: And if you continue on with this dangerous path, of choosing Blanca over me. Then I'm going to show you exactly why I'm the most dangerous man in this business. But don't take my word for it Jesse, my actions will definitely do all the talking when the last thing you remember is the internal lights going out.

He raises the briefcase up to eye level for Kendrix to really see it.

Jackson: Just like my actions spoke for me at Ring King when I won this thing in the first place. But if you think for one moment of your life that you will prevent me from cashing in, then you've got another thought

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coming because that championship will be mine.

Looking away from the briefcase he returns his focus on Sean whilst pointing up at the briefcase; Kendrix: Jesus Sean, if JFK were you I'd keep that thing as far away from Dynasty as much as you can. In fact, rather than wait for JFK to kick your arse in the main event, how about JFK does it right now and helps himself to your precious briefcase while he's at it...bruv?!

Mr. Ace In The Hole can see the intensity in JFK's eyes. He tried his mind game and not being able to get into the young man's head, it immediately prompts Marshall to back him off, making sure he also puts distance between them and Kendrix.

Owens: No thanks kid, my client doesn't do anything for free.

Tapping the briefcase, the Mental Rapist continues to back away with Marshall, not daring to turn his back on JFK. As the camera focuses in on Kendrix, the young man brandishes a cocky smile. Fade.

You Do What it Takes

The scene cuts to the Etihad Stadium crowd. Fans are hooting and hollering, screaming and cheering, and going wild on camera as it's quite evident they are enjoying themselves at Wrestleshow #48.

Blackfront: This international tour has been nothing short of phenomenal as we continue this night in Melbourne, Victoria. That's right if you're JUST joining us, we're here LIVE in Australia for Wrestleshow forty-eight while on the road to International Affair.

We pan to the left scrolling past fans and center in on the kangaroo mascot who has its hands up cheering along with the mob of fans surrounding it. We notice the kangaroo starting to be bumped and jostled a bit as everyone is trying to over-excitedly get into camera view.

Blackfront: What a magnificent night so far and it'd be a lie if I said this wasn't a night full of great action. Things are really spicing up and brewing as it's bound to be a war on November fifteenth in Tokyo, Japan.

The kangaroo seems to have enough and with one arm shoves a fan to his right to have him back up away from it. Another small shove from the back to the kangaroo sends it forward a bit. The kangaroo turns towards the mob and shoves. Shoves again. Throws its hands out and to its side as if saying You want some of me? The next thing we see is a fan coming out towards the kangaroo, who in which turns the opposite way and cowardly begins to run away.

The kangaroo clumsily trips over camera cords and falls to the ground. Its head falls off but all we can see is that back of the persons head. We also see items fall from the kangaroos pouch and scatter on the floor in front of it. A notebook is flipped open with tons of notes on it, a pen, and a

cell phone.

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The man in the outfit jerks his head towards the camera in shock. It's Jed Dye.

Ace: Hey! That isn't a kangaroo, it's Jed Dye!

Jed quickly and frantically is swiping up his items and trashes them in his kangaroo pouch. He's trying to go for the kangaroo head but the fans are tossing it around the crowd as if it were a beach ball.

Ace: He's not supposed to be in here but he obviously found a way in! How embarrassing for Jed Dye.

The kangaroo head finally comes back within reach for Jed as he jumps in the air and snatches it back as the camera comes in close on him.

Jed Dye: You didn't see anything!!! Don't quit your day job twerps! Good day mate! He quickly puts the head back on and immediately bounces away.

Blackfront: Well, that's not something you'll see every day.

Update

The sound of a seagull cawing is heard as it flies into view as the image opens up to a clear, blue sky with the sun shining brightly. As the image pans over we see palm trees swaying in the wind as the soothing and calming sounds of the ocean wash upon the white, sandy beaches of Cancun, Mexico.

As the image pans down, we see Scott Stevens relaxing as he is sun bathing, and a smile forms across his face as the camera zooms in on him.

Stevens: Welcome to beautiful Cancun, Mexico Wrestle UTA. Stevens waves to the camera as he sits up in his chair.

Stevens: Yes, the rumors are true. I am in negotiations to star in the direct to dvd remake of Vacation. I had to beat Mikey McFly to the punch before he stole it from me. No one can do Vacation better than your truly.

Stevens says with a chuckle.

Stevens: I'm here to tell you what has been going on with me since the last time I was in a UTA ring I was being escorted from the building by about thirty armed men in black, and not seen or heard from in weeks. Well, I was locked away on Alcatraz for HOW's Rumble at the Rock pay- per-view.....

Stevens reaches over to grab his Jack and coke as a shiny, championship lays next to it.

Stevens: where I walked away victorious. Stevens takes a sip of his drink before continuing.

Stevens: I was ready to fly back and continue where I left off, but the Supreme Leader of UTAH, Cecilworth

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Farthington, thought it would be best for business to hold me off television for a few weeks to allow me to heal up from the brutal match I endured at Rumble at the Rock so his investment is in tip top shape before allowing him to step back into a UTA ring.

Stevens informs the listening audience as he simply shrugs at Farthington's orders.

Stevens: So in the meantime to pass the time until I compete at International Affair against Steven Greer, Zhalia Fears, and Quinlan in a four way elimination match, I'll be filming Vacation, defending my championship, and watching my opponents very closely leading up towards the pay-per-view because if anyone will be facing Eric Dane or La Flama Blanca it's going to be me! Stevens says confidently as he points to himself.

Stevens: Don't worry though, I'll grace you with my presence before then. When and where you will have to tune in each week and see if Scott Stevens is back from his vacation. Until then, adios from Cancun, Mexico.

Stevens goes to sip his drink, but says one last thing.

Stevens: Oh, and I hope everyone who bought a Steven Greer mask to wear one for Halloween gets a full refund because my friend's friend sixteen year old son got arrested for looking like a

pedophile as he was walking up and down the streets trick or treating with his siblings. Stevens shakes his head.

Stevens: Just say no to Steven Greer and his pedophile masks. Stevens says before finishing his drink and the image fades to black.

Brought to You By

Every section of light in the arena suddenly shuts off with a loud sounding 'click'. Handheld phones and devices start to illuminate the arena in the darkness as two purple spotlights shine down over the ring as Pretty Little Psycho by Porcelain Black starts playing.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears is guaranteed a championship shot at one of the four main titles after her match at International Affair.

Ace: I guess everyone gets participation ribbons now, huh? We just awarding everyone for nothing? Sickening.

The purple spotlights trail down the entrance ramp up to the stage where smoke is puffing out. A LOUD screech interrupts the music for a moment just before the lyrics kick in once more but that is all the fans need to hear as the curtains burst open and Zhalia Fears shoots through the smoke to the center of the stage wearing one of her Zhalia Fears UTA shirts. With a grin she gives a single arc wave to her fans.

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Announcer: Currently on leave from the Broadmoor Hospital in Crowthorne, UK!

She crooks her head at the ring and then makes a dash toward it while yanking her shirt up over her head. Stopping near the corner of the barricades she hands it off to a cheery young fan before walking back to the ring.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds... Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes looking out at the fans for a few moments. Catching sight of the camera nearest she smirks at it and says 'Keep watching Zhaliphires!'. With a smile she then slides across the ring to the closest corner, leaning backward onto it bobbing along with the tempo.

Announcer: She is... 'KIMERA'... ZHALIA FEARS!

Zhalia continues to bob back and forth as the lyrics draw near the end and start to fade on out.

Blackfront: This should be an interesting match.

Sexy And I Know it by LMFAO erupts through the arenas sound system, and the fans in attendance do too. Their cheers and admiration for 'The Dirty Dangler' gets louder as Sexton Hardon wiggle, wiggle wiggles his way onto the stage.

Blackfront: Sexton Hardon is here in the UTA ladies and gentlemen.

Ace: I've heard so much about him, I can't believe I finally get to see him in action!

Announcer: Hailing from Toronto, Ontario...

Hardon struts his way down the ramp, as the ringside female fans go insane for the rock hard sex icon. Loving the attention, he does what any self respected lady lover would do, and lets them all have a turn stroking their hands up and down his washboard abs.

Announcer: Standing at 6'1" and weighing in at 240 lbs...

Hardon rolls into the ring, pointing out into the audience as he spins around in a circle, acknowledging the legion of Hardons. Letting his shoulders hang back, he gyrates his body, letting his silk purple robe slide down his arms to the canvas.

Announcer: SEXTON... HAAARRDDDOONNN!!!!

Blackfront: Intergender action here next.

Hardon takes the white shades off his face, and tosses them out into the crowd, creating a mini riot over the

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luxurious specs. He takes his corner, relaxing in it as he awaits the timekeepers bell ringing to signify that he can entertain the people. Hardon begins talking smack to his opponent. Ace: I already love this guy. This is going to be great!

The bell sounds and both competitors walks in a circle around the ring.

Blackfront: Quick lock up. Hardon overpowering Zhalia Fears as he shoves her back and into the corner.

Sexton holds her there for a few moments as the referee tells him to break the hold.

Ace: Look at how much stronger he is! Finally, someone to put Zhalia in her place.

Sexton steps back allowing Zhalia Fears to come out of the corner. They circle again before locking up for a second time.

Blackfront: Hardon overpowering Zhalia Fears yet again, putting her back in the corner.

Ace: Stop playing with her and lets finally get rid of this psycho.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears is hardly a psycho Tommy.

Ace: Tell that to the doctor's.

Sexton holds her there for a moment before letting go. He smiles at Zhalia Fears before patting her on the head.

Blackfront: Absolutely no respect from Sexton tonight.

Ace: She doesn't deserve any!

Blackfront: She most certainly does.

Suddenly, Zhalia Fears comes forward with several forearm shots to Sexton's face, pushing him back as she brings them in even harder.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears fighting out of the corner now.

Ace: Come on, stop her.

She pushes him all the way across the ring and into the corner, not letting up. Sexton grabs the ropes, placing his body between them as the referee tells Zhalia to back away.

Blackfront: Sexton showing us what kind of a man he really is. Hardon takes off toward Zhalia Fears.

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Blackfront: Zhalia Fears catches Hardon... Hip toss!

Hardon pops up to his feet and hits the top rope with his hands in anger before turning and running again.

Blackfront: Another hip toss by Zhalia Fears.

Ace: Your hips are made for carrying babies, not tossing Sexton around!

She holds onto Sexton's arm and locks it into a hold. Sexton slaps the canvas in pain as she applies pressure.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears working that arm, hoping for Sexton to tap out.

Sexton gets to a sitting position as Zhalia Fears gets to one knee behind him, holding onto his shoulder with one hand as she twist his arm with the other.

Blackfront: The referee asking Sexton if he gives up, but Sexton refuses.

Hardon begins to push up. As he raises to his feet, he begins to turn the arm of Zhalia Fears, reversing the lock into one of his own, bending the wrist of Zhalia Fears back.

Blackfront: Hardon now in control yet again, reversing that hold into a wrist lock. She tries to fight back.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears in pain as she tries to fight back.

Ace: Just give up!

She is able to start getting a little power behind her, using her legs to press up and forward, slowly turning Sexton around and reversing the wrist lock into her own. Sexton lets out a scream

of pain as he goes down to one knee and Zhalia applies pressure.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears reverses! Sexton now feeling the pain shooting from his wrist.

Ace: Let him go! he has important things he uses that wrist for!

Blackfront: You're sick.

She twist Sexton's wrist harder, his arm going over further and him letting out another scream as the referee ask him if he gives up.

Blackfront: Sexton Hardon in pain but still refusing to give up.

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Ace: It's because he is a real man Jason!

Blackfront: A real man in real pain, Tommy.

Sexton is able to get to his feet. He grabs Zhalia Fears's wrist with his other hand and she just twist his wrist harder, sending him back to his knees.

Blackfront: Hardon trying to fight back.

Sexton pushes up yet again. He fights back, releasing her wrist with his free hand, and swinging his arm down as he turns, lowering his body and rotating his arm. As he comes back up he now has Zhalia Fears's arm locked again and takes control.

Blackfront: Hardon able to counter and now in control again. I would have never guessed we would have a technical showdown as we are having.

Ace: Sexton has so many styles in his box Jason, he can face anyone with any style!

He bends his knee a bit and pushes up, rotating Zhalia Fears's arm again. She grabs her shoulder as she lets out a yelp. Sexton holds her wrist up and bends it back as he screams derogatory things at Zhalia.

Blackfront: Hardon talking smack as he bends that wrist of Zhalia Fears who may have underestimated him Fears into this match.

Ace: How could she? This is the guy that held both the GCW Television and Hardcore Championships at one time. He's a legend.

Blackfront: Global Championship Wrestling, a now defunct promotion, at one time one of the largest in the world.

Zhalia Fears tries to pull Sexton's fingers from her wrist with her free hand, he just applies more pressure to the wrist before yanking her arm and putting it behind her.

Blackfront: Hardon wearing the arm of Zhalia Fears down. If he continues it wont be long until he is able to attack that arm and possibly make her tap.

Zhalia Fears holds her shoulder in pain as the referee ask her if she gives up.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears refusing to give up, but at what cost?

She tries to get free but can't. Looking around, Zhalia Fears spins her body around, breaking free and sliding into a headlock that puts Sexton Hardon to a knee.

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Blackfront: Impressive counter by Zhalia Fears who now has Hardon in a side headlock.

She applies pressure as Sexton pushes his way to his feet. Zhalia Fears retches again, putting Sexton back down to one knee before applying even more pressure.

Blackfront: That side headlock is hooked on tight, keeping Sexton Hardon under control. Sexton throws his arms around her waist and begins to push Zhalia Fears, who refuses to let go, toward the ropes. She lifts her legs up, catching the rope, and pushes off, using them to turn and fall to the canvas ever releasing the headlock as she brings Sexton Hardon down with her. The fans begin to clap at the impressive move.

Blackfront: Very impressive counter there by Zhalia Fears who still has Sexton Hardon in that side headlock now on the canvas in the center of the ring.

Sexton reaches through her arms and places his hands on Zhalia Fears's chin, pushing up.

Blackfront: Hardon trying to fight back.

Ace: You got this Sexton!

She applies pressure again, causing him to lower his arms as he is in pain. Hardon tries to raises up now. Zhalia moving with him, refusing to let go. As they twist around, he throws a finger up, catching her in the eye and causing her to break the headlock. Zhalia Fears grabs her eye and stumbles back as Hardon stands up and smiles.

Blackfront: That's nothing to be proud of Sexton!

Ace: It did what it was supposed to, didn't it?

Hardon moves forward, pushing Zhalia Fears into the ropes.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears sent across the ring. off of the ropes and on the return. She ducks the clothesline attempt. off of the ropes again.

Hardon reaches to lift her up sideways, however Zhalia Fears swings her body around, her legs wrapping around his neck. However, her legs slip and com down to the canvas. She continues to hold him around his arm and neck, placing a leg between his and lifts back, taking Hardon down to the canvas.

Blackfront: COUNTERED INTO A SIDE RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP!

Sexton rolls over to his knees throwing his hands up and scooting back on both knees, yelling for a Time Out.

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Blackfront: There are no time outs Sexton!

Ace: The man needs a break! Give him one!

Zhalia Fears just looks at Hardon begging for a time out in amazement. She looks out to the crowd as if seeing if they see this too. Sexton pushes up to his feet and runs forward. Zhalia Fears turns her attention back to him just in time for Hardon to throw his hand up, grab her face and push her back and down to the canvas with all of his might. The fans boo.

Blackfront: Hardon with no regards that he his facing a female.

Ace: Who cares? She steps into the ring with a man, expect to get treated like one. Why is this a conversation that has to be had every week?

Sexton stops running once he gets to the ropes. He grabs the top rope and leans out to the crowd, yelling at them for their boos as Zhalia Fears rolls on the canvas in pain.

Blackfront: Hardon not too happy with the crowd's justifiable reaction to how he is treating Zhalia Fears.

Ace: What do they know? They don't even speak English!

Blackfront: Yes they do Tommy!

Ace: Whatever.

As she begins to get up, Hardon turns to her and runs, lifting a knee that catches Zhalia Fears right in the face. The fans boo harder.

Blackfront: Running knee smash to the face of Zhalia Fears, putting her back on the canvas.

Ace: Right in the face, just like she likes it!

Sexton yells to the booing fans some more as Zhalia Fears rolls in pain on the canvas.

Blackfront: Hardon leading this match now.

She tries to get up and Hardon heads over, kicking her in the fce again, sending her to the canvas on her back again.

Ace: That's a better position for her. Blackfront: That is uncalled for Tommy! Sexton stomps Zhalia in the chest.

Blackfront: That can't feel good.

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Zhalia Fears rolls over to her chest, trying to protect it. Hardon steps over her back and thrust above her before reaching down. He wraps his hands below her and lifts.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears being pulled to her feet.

Hardon holds Zhalia Fears's breast. He lifts back and up, throwing her up and over.

Ace: BOOBPLEX BOOBPLEX! DICK FURY WOULD BE PROUD!

Blackfront: A modified suplex by Hardon! WAIT! Zhalia Fears lands on her feet! She lands on her feet! Swift kicks to the back of Sexton's legs no!

He drops to a knee as Zhalia runs toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Fears off of the ropes and on the return now...

As she returns, she jumps into a left roundhouse kick into a spinning right hook kick catching Sexton.

Blackfront: ODE TO KUSH! ODE TO KUSH! Zhalia quickly covering him!

Ace: No! Get up!

The referee slides into position and begins to count. As his hand hits the canvas a third time, the bell starts to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... ZHALIA.... FEEARRRRSSS!!! Blackfront: Big win for Zhalia giving her momentum as she heads into International Affair! Ace: She cheated!

Blackfront: How so?

Ace: I don't know, but she had to have!

Zhalia gets to her feet, celebrating her win.

Yeehaw! We Got Er Shot

The sound of Banjos can be heard playing in the background.

The scene opens up to a brown door. A fist comes from offscreen and pounds on the door. After three or four raps, some scuffling is heard on the other side. As the camera zooms out, away from the door, we see the Dibbins Brounsins standing and waiting for an answer.

Luke: Eyyyyyyyyyy!!!!!! LetMeInDisHereDoor!

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The larger brother continues to pound with the bottom of his fist.

The door slides slowly about a quarter of the way open, and a smiling face pops out. It's the face of The Supreme Leader of UTAH! None other than Cecilworth Farthington! His smile fades as he sees the pair of men who stand before them, his face twists, as the smell catches up with his sight.

Duke: Sum One tolled us, Use the mane to see! Dey said yous was da boss! Well we da Dibbins! We hurr to do one think! Win dos damn returd Tag Titles! You no what dey said? Does who seek, will fined!

Duke holds out his hands and shrugs as he delivers his interpretation of the phrase. Cecilworth's eyes shift from one man to the other, his eyebrows arch.

Cecilworth: I, uhh... Why hello. I think?

Luke: We ben hurr fore whore weeks allready, an dominated dem Duck Dynasty boys. Left em lyin in da ring! Now we wan are tag title shot! we dont care how returd dey are!

Farthington shakes his head, he cannot believe the backwoods banter coming from the duo.

Cecilworth: I believe, you mean the retired Tag team Titles?

Luke: Yea! the returd titles! Cecilworth scratches his head.

Cecilworth: Well, I.. umm... Hey! You two know that in one week you are apart of the fatale four way for the Hardcore Championship!

The two look at each other.

Cecilworth: Why, Umm.. yes! I, the greatest of all Farthingtons and the one who oversees all that is the land of Utah, believe in you!

Duke: You dew?!

Luke: I toldz you Duke!

Cecilworth: Yes! That's why instead of going for those pesky non existent titles, I'm letting you go for the Hardcore Championship!

Duke: Well Howddddddddd! Tank Ya Mista! He turns to Luke!

Duke: Ya herd daT? We got a shot at dem tag team herdcore titles!

Cecilworth catches the tag team in there, and raises a finger to correct him. Luke cuts him off.

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Luke: ALLRight! Returd Tag Herdcure Titles! Dibbins goin fer Gold! Cecilworth holds out his hand once again to stop them.

Duke high fives him and walks off with Luke.

Duke: We gon be daBestdamn Returd Tag Chimps of allll Term!

Luke: Yea! Dese otter teams tink dey can beat us? Duke drops his signature line!

Duke: Ya gota be kittin me!

The two laugh and walk off together as Farthington just shakes his head in exhaustion.

Brought to You By

International Affair Continues

As the show plows onwards the Tron lights up to the UTA logo and fades into the greeting face of the UTA's Hall of Famer Dr. Emo. Behind him the same logo spreads the width of the room courtesy of the circular screen.

Dr. Emo: Evening all to another edition of the show of shows, Wrestleshow, as we continue on our International tour and head to Japan for International Affair. Before we get there though, we still have a few stops to make. Including this past week for Victory where we kicked off with the announcement of all announcements. Dick Fury is moving on from commentating and will need a replacement.

Smiling, Dr. Emo stretches his arms out and points at himself.

Dr. Emo: In case you are looking folks, if you need someone to fill his shoes, you know where to find me! Hastag EmoForCommentator!

Behind him the screen lights up and focuses in on one Mikey Unlikely and Will Haynes, replaying Haynes attack at the start of the show.

Dr. Emo: On a night dubbed Contract Night, Haynes finally got some ground regained with Unlikely and much needed retribution. This very brawl that would start in the back would continue throughout the night. Meanwhile-

Again the screen switches up to Cayle Murray and Colton Thorpe's very own.

Dr. Emo: On another side of the fence we have Cayle Murray and Colton Thorpe's contract signing to make their match at International Affair for the Wildfire Championship official. And while both men indeed did sign, Murray would receive quite the beating but come out of it as the better man proving that his one, against

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Thorpe and Dane's two, trumps all.

We cut forward to half hour or so later where Thorpe has Murray at his mercy now.

Dr. Emo: The Wildfire champion is truly the man at the top on Victory, no matter what others may say. Eric Dane can claim to run the show, while Michael Lorenzo is the one with the power, but the champion is indeed Thorpe and he has proven time and time again that he will defend his title, and he will do it alone - mostly. Of course you also have riled up a viper for two weeks from now.

Switching gears the screen loads up on a replay shot of Dane putting Blanca through the table. Dr. Emo: Our other contract signing, the one for the UTA World Championship, would see Blanca and Dane both sign and then in what must be the true matter of the pen is mightier than the sword, Dane gets a pen tossed to the chest and explodes in pain and anger at Blanca, laying him out through the very table they signed on.

'Paris... can you feel it?'

Dr. Emo: Hear that? The fans in the arena and watching at home did. The number one

contender, Eric Dane, did in that ring, and although laying in a heap of wood, the Champion, La Flama Blanca, sure did as well. Sean Jackson made it a point to remind the two men that the Ace in the Hole briefcase was still his and could very well be cashed in. Lucky for them though, Sean chose to let them look upwards in awe rather than make that move. This time.

As the shot of Sean Jackson, briefcase in air, slips off to the side, the wrestleuta.com website comes into view behind Dr. Emo. The Proving Grounds logo making it's return.

Dr. Emo: Next week aboard the Sapphire Princess in Princess Cruise Lines, we have one final stop before International Affair in Japan. Except in this case we will be having Proving Grounds aboard our cruise ship doing what very few promotions have attempted in the past. On that special event we currently have scheduled:

Perfection vs Yeshua Pandemonium El Trebol Jr vs Sabrina Baker

Kudo Dragon vs Jarvis Valentine Santa Claus vs Chance Von Crank

Skylar Montgomery vs Jack Hunter vs Duke Dibbins vs Luke Dibbins in a Hardcore match for the returning Hardcore Championship.

Dr. Emo: And of course likely some face time with several of your favorite UTA superstars. I mean come on folks, it isn't like they are banned from the cruise ship! Until then however enjoy the rest of the show; this is Dr. Emo and I will see you all again soon -- and hopefully from behind the announcers desk. So remember, hash tag it out on social media - EmoForCommentator!

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With a sly wink at the camera, the lights drop and the Tron fades back out to the UTA logo as the show moves on.

Back in Black by AC/DC begins to play over the main speakers. On the screen, "It's only Natural" scrolls across in gold letters on a black background.

Blackfront: Dan Benson making his long awaited return to the UTA here tonight.

Ace: Long awaited? By who? Also, I just realized, we license WAY too many AC/DC songs for theme music.

Dan makes his way to the entrance and pauses for a moment looking amongst the disapproving crowd. His blue sequins robe sparkles when the light hits it just right he makes his way down to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from Minneapolis, Minnesota.. he stands at six foot two and weighs in at two hundred and forty three pounds... DAN... BEEENNNSSSOOONNN!!!

Inscribed on the back of his robe reads "SHOCK THE WORLD!" in gold letters. He doesn't stop at all, and when he gets into the ring he holds his arms out showing off as the crowd disapproves of Dan. He bends through the ropes, asking for a microphone.

Blackfront: It looks like Dan Benson has something to say. He raises the microphone up.

Benson: People of the UTA, I have returned. Cheers.

Benson: Eleven months out of the ring is a hell of a long time, and I am back to kick some ass! He pauses for a moment.

Benson: Some of you may remember well over a year ago I issued a special challenge while I was in the WWA. This challenge was one that rocked the wrestling world and was the talk on Twitter.

Blackfront: Benson referring to the World Wrestling Alliance which the UTA was apart of for a short time.

Ace: A blink of an eye.

Benson: Yeah I am talking about when I, the greatest talent that has ever graced the southwest region challenged the knockoff southwest champion Jason Cashe. He accepted the challenge

and came to compete in the late great Steven Pagano Memorial Cup Tournament. God rest his soul.

Blackfront: Dan Benson giving a little bit of history involving he, Jason Cache, and Sean Jackson here tonight.

Benson: Anyways he cheated his way past me, made his way through the tournament, and damn good for

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nothing Sean Jackson disgraced the WWA by laying his worthless ass down and allowing that punk to take the highest prize in this great sport.

Blackfront: Wow, I never seen Benson vent out this much anger before.

Ace: Wake me when it's over.

Benson: So now we have this punk from some two-bit organization running around with the prize in the game. Jackson couldn't get it back, hell it took a whole gang of thugs for him to pull one off over me, however the WWA realized I was the man who could possibly save the day and signed the match Benson vs Cashe for the WWA World Heavyweight championship.

He shakes his head.

Benson: However, UTA pulls out of the WWA because their star player Sean Jackson looked like a damn joke, and on the 11th hour of my impending match of glory Cashe gets cold feet, drops the championship and runs out the door like a coward. I manage to win the gold, however by that time it is so damn tarnished when I bring it to the UTA I am viewed as joke and never taken seriously.

Ace: And nothing's changed Dan!

Benson: However, now I will get the respect that I have earned. International Affair has just turned into a WWA reunion.

He waves himself off.

Benson: Whew it is starting to get warm in here.

Dan lays his mic down, and starts to undo his robe, reviling a black and white ref shirt. Dan grabs his mic and looks back at the camera with a smile.

Benson: Yeah, that is right. At International Affair I have been appointed the special guest ref for Sean Jackson vs Jason Cashe!

The crowd erupts with cheers after the announcement. Dan looks on with a cocky grin. Blackfront: Benson is going to officiate that match? That is insane he obviously dislikes both of them.

Ace: Finally, a reason for me to be interested in the match!

Benson: Don't worry, I won't take sides, and I plan to treat you both as equals. And I am sure that match will be one hell of a 'Shocker!'

He smirks.

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Benson: One more thing, Chris Hopper, are you ready for this match? It is a dream of your to face me? You can't wait? Well, I am back in the flesh, and I will 'Shock' your world!

Blackfront: Strong words from Dan Benson.

The crowd goes nuts as the loud voice of Brian Johnson cut through the crowd noise as he screams, beginning the hard-rocking riffs of AC/DC's TNT.

As the pyro explodes, the figure of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper steps out from behind the curtain. Hopper is wearing his blue wrestling tights, black boots, complete with sunglasses and the crowd gives him a loud reception.

Blackfront: There he is, the living legend himself!

Ace: Don't you mean the most delusional arrogant wrestler ever?

He walks down to the ring, reaching out to slap hands with the fans on each side of the barricade. Chris even stops and allows one lucky female fan to take a selfie with him.

Announcer: Hailing from Paoli, Indiana

He reaches the ringside area and slides under the bottom rope and enters the ring. Announcer: Standing at six feet-eight inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred, eighty-eight pounds...

Hopper bends down and flexes for the crowd as they cheer him yet again. He jumps back to his feet and begins climbing up the first corner and raising his arms to the crowd. He works every side of the arena and the fans are really rewarding his showmanship.

Announcer: Here is the King of Cool, the Count of Monte Fisto...."TOO COOL" CHRIS HOPPER!!!

Hopper just continues nodding at his fans, who are already chanting his name over and over. Blackfront: You may have your opinion about him, but there is no denying the fans love the "King of Cool."

Hopper grabs the top rope and bends down and stretches as the music fades out. Now he is standing in the corner and ready for the opening bell.

Ace: That may be true, but people can be really dumb sometimes.

Blackfront: Hopper is ready for this one to begin! The bell sounds.

Blackfront: And here we go. Right off the bat a collar and elbow tie up.

The two men circle around the ring. Hopper gets the upper hand. Turning the hold into a side headlock.

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Blackfront: Hopper being pushed into the ropes as Dan Benson showing some power. Dan Benson tries to push Hopper, but The King of Cool still holds onto the headlock.

Blackfront: Benson to a knee now as Chris Hopper continues to hold that grip.

Dan Benson struggles as he pushes back up to his feet. Finally, he is able to push Chris Hopper off of him.

Blackfront: Dan Benson gets free. Hopper turns... Benson comes forward.. European uppercut that send Hopper into the corner. Benson now connects with a series of elbows.

Ace: I think Dan Benson is overrated.. but I hate Chris Hopper. I'm so confused on who I want to win here. Ummm... GO DAN!

Blackfront: Benson a little slow to come to the offense early on here, but making up for it now as he continues to rock Chris Hopper with those elbows.

Chris Hopper covers up as Dan continues to bring a flurry of shots. Finally, he reaches forward and grabs Benson, spinning him around and throwing him into the corner.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper regains control. Benson in the corner. That is a place you do not want to be stuck when facing a man like Chris Hopper.

Ace: Cover up Dan!

Chris Hopper begins to send his huge closed fist into the mid section of Dan Benson. Blackfront: Chris Hopper now giving Benson a taste of his own medicine as The Natrual Boy tries to protect himself.

Ace: I'm trying to root for Benson, but that is a stupid name.

Blackfront: What is.

Ace: Natural Boy. Who does he think he is Pinocchio? Jeez. Chris Hopper grabs Dan and pulls him out of the corner.

Blackfront: Hopper now grabs the arm of Dan Benson.... Irish whip into the ropes. Benson on the return.

Hopper puts his head down to try and catch Dan, but Benson stops and drops to a knee throwing a fist up that catches Chris Hopper in the jaw.

Blackfront: Uppercut catches Hopper.

Ace: Yes!

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Chris stumbles back holding his jaw as Dan quickly gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Benson charges forward, chop to the back of Chris Hopper's knee, taking the big man down!

The fans start to boo.

Blackfront: Dan Benson with several boots down across the back of Chris Hopper's head. He quickly leaps around, standing over top of Hopper.

Blackfront: Benson looking to continue his offense here.

Ace: Take him out!

Dan Benson drops down, putting his knee in Chris Hopper's lower back. He pulls back Hopper's arms and digs in.

Blackfront: Dan Benson looking to make Chris Hopper submit! If he can pull this off, it may be his biggest victory yet!

Ace: Yes! I love it! Make that idiot tap!

The referee gets right in the action, asking Hopper if he gives up.

Blackfront: Dan Benson wrenches back the arms of Hopper. The King of Cool trying to fight the pain.

Dan continues to pull back as hard as he can.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper could be close to throwing in the towel.

Ace: Just give up you big dummy!

The fans begin to scream for Chris Hopper. As they do, he starts to fight back harder.

Blackfront: Hopper looks like he's trying to get to his feet. Listen to these fans!

Ace: Idiots! Every last one of them!

Blackfront: Hopper continues to fight. Dan Benson looks to be losing his grip.

Ace: No! Don't let him go.

Blackfront: Hopper able to break free!

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The fans go crazy as Dan loses his balance and falls to the side. Chris begins to crawl forward, throwing his arm up over the middle rope and using them to start to pull himself up. Benson begins to get up himself.

Blackfront: Hopper to his feet, using the ropes to hold himself up. Benson now coming forward with a series of fist to his mid section.

Dan grabs Chris' arm, yanking back with all of his might.

Blackfront: Hopper off of the ropes now...

He runs right into a leaping Dan Benson, who wraps his arms around his head and throws his legs around him.

Blackfront: Benson able to lock on a sleeper hold. Chris Hopper is in the middle of the ring!

Ace: Nowhere to go! I love it!

Benson moves Hopper from side to side. Yelling for him to submit.

Blackfront: This might be it for Chris Hopper.

Ace: Christmas is coming early!

Chris reaches back with one arm, grabbing the head of Dan Benson, fighting through the hold. He uses his other hand to pull Benson's feet from around his waist. As Dan's legs fly back, Chris runs forward and leaps up, throwing his legs out, dropping down.

The fans explode.

Blackfront: ICE BREAKER OUT OF A SLEEPER HOLD! ICE BREAKER! ICE BREAKER!

Ace: How?! No! This can't be happening!

Hopper quickly turns Benson over, covering him as the referee drops and begins to count. His hand hits the canvas for three and the bell rings.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... CHRIS HOPPPPEEERR!!!

Blackfront: Dan Benson brought one hell of a fight to the much bigger Chris Hopper, but the experience of The King of Cool was too much. One more down in a line of people who have fell victim to the devastating Ice Breaker.

Ace: It's official, I am going to be sick. This guy can't keep winning.

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Chris gets up slowly, holding his neck as the referee raises his arm. The fans cheer for their hero, Chris Hopper.

Brought to You By

Coming, In One Week

Once again Dr. Emo appears on screen from within his studio.

Dr. Emo: Evening again fans! I was so deeply involved in last weeks Victory I forgot to announce to you all a special show I will be doing in just a weeks time.

Behind him the International Affair logo comes into view as several headshots of the UTA's superstars fill the screen around it.

Dr. Emo: Join me here again next week, only on the UTA Network, Live, for a special preview of our upcoming pay per view, the International Affair from Japan! We will break down the matches, and maybe have a guest or two in the studio!

Grinning, Emo could picture the fans cheering for the added media heading into the PPV.

Dr. Emo: Maybe, the UTA World Heavyweight Champion. Or the Wildfire champion. Who knows, folks. Stay tuned, and for now enjoy the rest of Wrestleshow!

The screen fades out once more as the show continues forward.

The lights go out in the arena as the opening lead up to Let 'em come by Scroobius Pip blares out over the PA System. Lights flash black and white as the camera pans the centre of the stage by the ramp, we immediately see Kendrix appear at the top center of the stage, his back facing the ring. Wearing the latest Dynasty t-shirt with 'JFK' and '#Bruv' emblazoned in red on it and his trademark JFK black and green ring tights with green boots. As the track's marching style drumming picks up pace and the line "no one likes us but we don't care hits", he rotates his neck twice to stretch it before slicking his hair back with both hands. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting a smug smirk on his face.

Blackfront: That union Jack means Kendrix has hit the scene!

Ace: This young man is one of my favorites because he doesn't care about anything except being the best and he has the tools to make it happen in that ring.

As the shot returns to the center of the stage, zoomed back out fixed on Kendrix, Red colored pyro, the colors of the English National Flag, explodes from the ramp as the chorus kicks in; "If the bad times are coming, let 'em come!"

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JFK puts his weight on his left foot as he spins around quickly to face the stage and begins to make his way down the ramp slowly towards the ring, looking at the fans with a disgusted look on his face.

Announcer: Hailing from London, England

Kendrix stops in front of one young fan holding a pen and paper in front of him and takes the pen. He then takes from another young fan, a large poster they've brought from home of one of there UTA heroes and rips it to pieces. He signs one of the pieces and gives it back to the original fan with a genuine smile on his face. He gets to the ring, walks up the steps, looks back at the crowd shaking his head looking disgusted again before stepping through the middle rope into the ring. Announcer: Standing at 6 feet, 2 inches tall and weighing in at 218lbs

He climbs up onto the 2nd turnbuckle in the corner closest to the entrance ramp. Looking around at all the fans shaking his head with a disapproving look on his face he looks down at the English Crest on the left side of his shirt.

Announcer: JFK...KENDRIX!

"If the bad times are coming, let 'em come!"

Kendrix raises his head up proudly he beats his right fist on the crest twice before opening his arms out wide while shouting out words that can't be repeated on TV while making a "wanker" sign with his fist and pointing at the fans with the other hand.

Blackfront: I still cannot believe he gets away with that gesture on television.

He takes his shirt and scarf off and looks like he is ready to chuck them into the crowd. Instead he chuckles to himself and just leaves them in the corner of the ring. He jumps down, turning round in one motion and walks to the center of the ring, rotating and stretching his neck. Arriving dead in the center of the ring he hops from toe to toe, ready to face his opponent.

Blackfront: For one so young, Kendrix is already an astute ring general but his attitude to others, especially that last gesture, is a disgrace.

Ace: I think he's just a misunderstood young man, you've got it all wrong, Jason. He's just shaking the dice because every match in UTA is a gamble. That's what that gesture means over in England!

v/o: Melbourne, Can you feel it coming in the air tonight?

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

As the mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp, a video explodes on the screen as you can see

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letters slowly fade in, forming Mr. Ace In The Hole and Dynasty.

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

Blackfront: Mr. Ace in the Hole is here!

Ace: Mr. Traitor is more like it.

Blackfront: I sure love how you back Sean Jackson until he and Dynasty lock horns. You're spineless.

As In The Air Tonight begins to play, Sean Jackson, Marshall Owens and Vanessa step out onto the stage with two scantily dressed women holding baskets. Sean has the Ace in the hole briefcase in his hand while Marshall has a smile on his face and Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson waiting for the perfect time to case that briefcase in for a chance to become UTA World Champion.

Ace: He's too preoccupied with that bearded idiot Jason Cashe to be a threat to La Flama Blanca's title.

Can you feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord, oh lord.

As he stands there with a stoic look on his face, soaking in the remaining chorus of boos, Sean taps the briefcase before motioning towards the ring.

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

Vanessa is dressed in a white skin tight dress with a long slit while Jackson is dressed in a white shirt with the words *Mr. Ace In The Hole* embroidered on the front with an arrow pointing up, while on the back of the shirt is a large Ace of Spades playing card. He is also wearing black wrestling trunks, with red elbow and knee pads. His black boots have the initials MR on one and SJ on the other.

As they begin to make their way towards the ringside area, the two women begin dropping one hundred dollar bills on the floor for Sean Jackson to step on.

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

Before entering the cage, Sean passes off the briefcase to Marshall Owens before finally stepping in. Once he does, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he takes to one of the turnbuckles and immediately begins to pull his shirt outward, reminding everyone he is Mr. Ace In The Hole.

Blackfront: You sure are Sean.

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After a few moments, the lights return to the arena and Sean hops down from the turnbuckle, preparing for his match to begin.

Announcer: He is Mr. Ace In The Hole. The former UTA World Champion "The Mental Rapist" Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Things are about to get hot here in this main event!

The two men move in and begin to circle as the bell sounds to start the match.

Blackfront: Kendrix has a huge obstacle in his way tonight as he and Sean Jackson lock up. Ace: Huge obstacle? Jackson is a washed up has been, just like Chris Hopper who Kendrix will also take care of soon.

Blackfront: Jackson taking control early, he whips Kendrix into the ropes. As Kendrix returns, he slides underneath the legs of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Kendrix slides.

He gets up as Jackson turns around.

Blackfont: Kendrix leaps, grabbing the head of Sean Jackson.

Kendrix attempts to fall back for a DDT, but Jackson just shoves him off and down to the canvas.

Blackfront: DDT attempt doesn't pay off.

Ace: He may not have hit it, but who else have you seen attack Sean Jackson out of the gate like that? Kendrix has no fear!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now stomping away at Kendrix.

He bends down and grabs Kendrix, pulling violently to his feet. Vanessa watches on from the outside in approval.

Blackfront: Jackson directing Kendrix to the corner. He sends his head into that top turnbuckle with force.

As Kendrix's head bounces off of the top turnbuckle, Jackson turns him around, propping him up in the corner.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now holding onto the top ropes while placing his foot into the throat of Kendrix.

The referee starts counting.

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Ace: Disqualify him! He's cheating!

Blackfront: Jackson releases at the count of four. He reels back... hard knife edge chop to the chest of Kendrix.

Ace: He should have already been disqualified!

Blackfront: Jackson now using that foot across the throat of Kendrix to choke him again.

Ace: Do your damn job you zebra.

Blackfront: Jackson releases the choke again. Another huge knife edge chop. Tommy, how is it cheating when you know damn well Kendrix would be doing the same?

Ace: It just is.

Blackfront: Well that's the most sound argument I've ever heard.

Sean Jackson grabs the left arm of Kendrix and pushes him hard into the corner before yanking back.

Blackfront: Irish whip across the ring, Jackson follows Kendrix.

Kendrix leaps at the last moment, lands on the ropes, and pushes back, twisting in the air.

Blackfront: Kendrix with a kick into the face of Sean Jackson!

Both men fall and hit the canvas, Jackson holding his face while Kendrix rolls over on his back, breathing hard.

Blackfront: That may not be enough to give Kendrix the advantage he needs to come back. Ace: Yes it is. He is wisely resting, conserving his energy so that when he's ready, he can end this.

Jackson shakes off the kick as he gets to his feet. Kendrix uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Jackson rushes Kendrix now.

He bends down and lifts Sean Jackson up and over. However, Jackson lands on his feet.

Blackfront: Jackson landed on his feet.

Ace: Turn around kendrix!

Kendrix smirks as he turns to see Jackson standing behind him. His eyes grow large right before Sean grabs

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his arm and pulls him into a short arm clothesline.

Blackfront: Jackson taking Kendrix down with power.

Kendrix just stares upwards, breathing heavy as Sean Jackson rolls over covering him. The referee slides into place.

Ace: No!

Blackfront: This one could be over now.

The referee gets his hand down a second time right as Kendrix is able to get his shoulder up.

Blackfront: Kendrix able to somehow kick out at two.

Ace: That had my heart racing Jason.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson getting up, Kendrix in hand.

Ace: Why wont someone do something? Jackson shouldn't be allowed to do this to JFK! Blackfront: Sean Jackson whips Kendrix into the corner again. He runs... leaps.. KENDRIX MOVES! KENDRIX MOVES!

Sean Jackson crashes shoulder first, hard into the corner post. As he steps back, holding his shoulder in pain, Kendrix holds onto the tope rope, using it to keep himself up as he walks to the corner.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson could be hurt, the referee checking on him.

Ace: This is your time JFK! GET HIM!

Blackfront: A worn out and batted Kendrix climbing the turnbuckle.

Ace: Watch this Jason.

Sean stumbles around toward Kendrix who jumps.

Blackfront: Kendrix jumps and connects.. drop kick from the top rope!

Ace: Did you se the air he got!

Kendrix quickly gets up and runs over to Jackson.

Blackfront: Kendrix wants to capitalize now and he may be able to do it!

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He quickly grabs Sean's head and yanks him up halfway. He reaches up and grabs his head as he throws his knees up.

Blackfront: He's going to go for the Bell End! Kendrix IS ABOUT TO BEAT THE FORMER UTA WORLD CHAMPION!

Ace: This is going to make him right here tonight!

Jackson just shoves kendrix away, blocking him and using his own momentum against him. Kendrix hits the canvas.

Blackfortn: Did you see that reversal?!

Kendrix is bounced into a sitting position. He reaches around and grabs his back as his face tells the story of pain. Sean Jackson looks behind him and runs.

Blackfront: Jackson off fo the ropes.. here it comes... GAME CALLED DUE TO DARKNESS! Jackson lifts his leg, and puts his knee hard into the back of Kendrix' head. Kendrix' body flops over and he is out. Jackson quickly turns him over and covers. Vanessa yells from the outside as the referee drops and makes the count.

Blackfront: HE'S GOT HIM PINNED! JACKSON IS ABOUT TO END THIS ONE!

Suddenly there is a lot of noise from the crowd.

Blackfront: Here comes Dynasty Tommy

As La Flama Blanca, CBR and Mikey come racing down the ramp, the fans are sending out mixed reactions.

Ace: This is great, they are coming down to take out the trash. Take it out Blanca, take it out. The reaction from the fans is enough to capture the attention of Mr. Ace In The Hole. He leaps off of Kendrix and moves forward as he tries to intercept the first person through the ropes.

Blackfront: Dynasty charging the ring now.

Mikey Unlikely leaps to the apron on the left side of Sean. As the referee runs over to tell him to get off, La Flama Blanca leaps to the apron in front of Jackson.

Blackfront: Jackson and Blanca are going at it on opposite sides of the ropes Tommy. Mikey unlikely has the referee distracted.

But instead of going through the ropes, La Flama Blanca stays on the outside, trading blows with the former Dynasty member. CBR runs around the ring, heading for the time keeper's table.

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Ace: But he doesn't notice CBR going for the briefcase and here comes Kendrix.

With a clubbing forearm to the back of Sean's head, the former world champion collapses on the ropes before tumbling to the canvas

Blackfront: Dynasty finally getting revenge for the incident in Mexico City and Mr. Jackson could be in a world of trouble.

Ace: Could be? Mr. (bleep) hole IS in a world of trouble. Get him Blanca, get him. Jackson begins to get up as LFB quickly enters the ring and waits.

Ace: He's gonna do it! He's gonna do it!

Jackson stands, as he does, LFB shoots forward.

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO KICK!

The World Champion drops down and rolls out of the ring right as Mikey leaps off of the apron, allowing the referee to turn around. He sees Kendrix crawling on his elbows, and draping an arm

over Jackson.

Blackfront: Well this is grade A horse manure!

The referee slides into position and begins to count. As his hand hits the canvas for a third time, he calls for the bell. At the same time, the members of Dynasty slide into the ring.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall..... KEEENNNDDDRRIIXXX!!! The fans boo loudly.

Blackfront: This isn't how any match should end.

Ace: This is a perfect ending!

Mikey and CBR enjoy the fray, with punches and kicks raining down on the former Dynasty member.

Blackfront: We need to get some help out here before Sean Jackson is seriously injured.

Ace: Mind your own business Jason, this has nothing to do with you.

Now standing over the fallen Sean Jackson, La Flama Blanca is handed the briefcase. He then lowers it into his former brother's face.

Blanca: You will never cash this in, you understand me?

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LFB unloads a vicious slap into the face, the sound of flesh striking flesh echoes through the building.

Blanca: DO YOU HEAR ME?

Another slap in the face, followed by another, and another.

Ace: That's how you do it Blanca, show him who the greatest wrestler in the world is.

As Jason Blackfront shakes his head in disgust, Dynasty is finally satisfied with the beating and slowly exits the ring. The Mental Rapist, trying to gather his senses, has no clue the briefcase is now being carried up the ramp.

Ace: Now let's see him try to cash in on the champ.

With the Dynasty members celebrating the beat down, Marshall comes around and helps his client slowly roll out of the ring. Barely able to keep his feet, Sean motions for Vanessa to come over to help.

Blackfront: Tommy, he is still the rightful owner of the briefcase. I don't think Dy...

Ace: Jason, the briefcase and contract is now in the possession of La Flama Blanca. The rule clearly states that whoever has the contract...

Jason Blackfront begins to shake his head as the former Dynasty member continues to receive help to the back.

Ace: Can cash it in anytime, anywhere. Which means the greatest World Champion in history has an automatic insurance policy for Tokyo. This is great!!

The camera stays on a beaten Sean Jackson for a few moments longer as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.