

WrestleShow: WrestleShow #13

May 18, 2014 | Bell Centre - Montreal, Quebec

Wrestleshow 13

A black screen. You turn your television on and excitedly switch to High Octane Television. It's just in time as the HOTv 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 High Octane Television. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, the one, the only Tommy Ace!

The camera switches to focus on them.

Ace: Thank you Jason, it's exciting to be here. We're live in Montreal at the Bell Centre, and boy is it loud in here.

Blackfront: It sure is Tommy. The Canadian fans are pumped as the UTA returns to Canada for the first time in almost ten years!

Ace: It's been a wild tour here in the great north, but I'm looking forward to returning home.

Blackfront: It's our go-home show before Black Horizon, and everyone is pumped!

Ace: In just two weeks, live on pay-per-view... an undisputed champion is crowned once and for all.

Blackfront: More on that later tonight, but for now, we have an amazingly exciting show lines up for you tonight.

Ace: As we head into Black Horizon, the matches tonight will certainly set the tone for how the superstars go into the next show.

Blackfront: Lets get ready and kick this shindig off!

Ace: YES!

We pan to the top of the stage.

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Now, The Show Can Go On

[Perfect Gentlemen](#) by Helloween begins to play through the PA System.

Blackfront: I'm not sure what to think here. This is Perfection's music, but he isn't scheduled to be on Wrestleshow tonight.

Ace: I don't know about this guy. It's almost like he feels he should be entitled to more than he is.

Perfection steps out from the curtain dressed in a suit, obviously not in any position to have a match. The fans boo as he just looks out with disgust before starting down the ramp.

Blackfront: I'm not sure how management will react to Perfection's obvious lack of care that we have an exciting show lined up for the fans tonight.

Ace: he should really watch himself or he'll find his way to the unemployment line like Shawn FX did, or worse yet... over in Valor Championship Wrestling.

Perfection continues to ignore the boos of the Montreal fans as he reaches the ring and climbs the steps.

Blackfront: Now that's uncalled for Tommy. Valor Championship Wrestling is on par with the United Toughness Alliance and both promotions are second to none in our industry.

Ace: You're right. Well, he should watch it anyway or I'm sure Mr. Wingate will find a way to send him down to World Class Championship Wrestling.

Blackfront: Now that's just mean. There's a reason why our partnership with the alliance didn't last two weeks. Lets just move on and forget that ever happened.

Perfection, now in the ring with a microphone in hand, stands, shaking his head as the fans continue to pour in the boos.

Perfection: Cut the damn music!

Blackfront: Once again, Perfection acting like he runs things here. He should be put in his place.

The music dies down, however the fans continue to boo. Perfection chooses to ignore them, such as the rest of the world seems to do in regards to Canada.

Perfection: Now, normally I would come out here and say something along the lines of how all of you fans are subordinate idiots but nothing baffles me more than that complete removal of intelligence like here in Montreal. But! We have more pressing items to discuss than Montreal's dead brained population and the UTA...we have to talk about ME.

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The Montreal fans grow even louder with their dislike of Perfection, whom seems to enjoy it.

Perfection: In all my days of being in this industry I have never been more insulted than today! While you morons boo and hiss at me like children the UTA is stealing from you like you are blind, it's depriving you of real talent, and forcing you to watch Mexican illegals like La Flama Blanca rather than promote its prize possession that stands in this ring! Some of you...well....all of you probably didn't even look at your program line-up tonight....anything important missing?!

Blackfront: Well, we have the UTA Champion in action. Madman Szalinski is set to go against The Mastodon, Frank Dylan James in his return match. Seems like everything important is right here.

Ace: Well, it is missing an appreciation for Tommy Ace, but I can overlook that.

Perfection: Hello!? I'M NOT LISTED!!!!!!!!!!

The fans turn to cheers for this revelation, obviously telling Perfection that they are glad he is not on the main card.

Perfection: I don't think you ungrateful's quite understand what that means and for those of you watching LIVE! On HOTv should take these words very seriously....once I leave this ring there is no point in watching the rest of this show, just turn off the TV! What's the point?

Blackfront: The point is to give the fans a jam packed show full of men and women who have earned their spot to be showcased on High Octane Television.

Perfection points to a screaming fan in the first row.

Perfection: What's the point when your favorite, most decorated and prestigious athlete isn't even featured on the Main Card? What's the point of buying a ticket when Perfection isn't even booked to beat the snot out of someone unworthy of even standing on my shadow when the bell rings! The UTA has screwed you out of your money! You came here expecting to see me!

Blackfront: No Perfection, the fans came to see how the show will play out going into Black Horizon in two weeks.

Perfection: Well, I wouldn't have it any other way. I wouldn't mind beating someone right here in this very ring- RIGHT NOW! Someone real, someone who isn't a gimmick like Ron Barker claimed to be live in video blog, check it out on [WrestleUTA\(DOT\)com](http://WrestleUTA(DOT)com) its quite a gem. Or wrestle someone that isn't a coward like Elvis McDonald, or a mute like Tobias Devereux! In fact, just for you low-information simpletons here in Montreal I think it's about time I had a few words with Michael Lorenzo. It's about time we stop chatting over the phone and have a face to face meeting!"

Perfection turns towards the ramp way pointing at it as though talking to Michael Lorenzo in the back

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Perfection: Michael! I know you're back there, I know you're listening to my words. I know you're intentionally depriving me of the air-time I deserve!

Blackfront: This is just a waste of time. The head of talent relations has better things to do than entertain Perfection.

Ace: That and everyone knows that Mr. Wingate likes his crew backstage where they belong. I tell you Jason, Perfection is not doing himself any favors right now.

Perfection: Depriving these innocent yet foolish fans of what a true athlete looks like and more importantly of my match placement bonuses! So, I will give you this time to walk your ass down here and explain to me and all of these people, why! Why you seem to want to suppress greatness and promote ignorance! GET OUT HERE!

Perfection waits, but the longer Lorenzo does not come out, the more the fans cheer, driving Perfection mad.

Blackfront: Don't worry Perfection, I'm sure when you get backstage you will be dealt with properly.

Perfection: Okay. People want to do it the hard-way, that's fine I'm perfectly okay with doing things the hard way!

Perfection drops the microphone and angrily exits the ring as the fans yell at him.

Blackfront: Good, now we can get on with the show. I apologize for that interruption fans.

Ace: I'm telling you, Perfection just opened up a can of worms disrupting the show and challenging the authority.

Blackfront: Please don't call them that.

Ace: Oh, eh, yea. Either way, Michael lorenzo will not be happy, nor will the commissioner.

Blackfront: I can see Mr. Wingate fuming about right now.

Perfection storms up the ramp past the fans. Before exiting he turns to them and mouths something inaudible before turning back and going through the curtain.

A camera follows and we see Perfection walk around Elvis McDonald who is awaiting his music and past various staff before coming to a group of security guards.

Perfection: So this is how they want to respond?

Guard #1: Sir, we're going to have to ask you to exit the building for the remainder of the evening.

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Perfection: No.

Guard #2: Sir, please don't make this any harder than it has to be.

Perfection: What are you going to do? You're not cops.

Perfection moves forward but the men do as well. Perfection tries to push forward but is stopped. He gets in the face of one of the other guards who reaches to his side.

Perfection: What are you going to do? Huh big boy? Pepper spray me? Do you know who I...

The guard comes up with a can of pepper spray and begins to unleash it into the eyes of Perfection. The fans can be heard cheering as they watch on the screen in the arena.

Perfection: What the hell?!

Perfection grabs his eyes, yelling in pain as the guards move into action, grabbing his arms and dragging him away.

Ace: Well, he asked for that.

Blackfront: He sure did.

Perfection screams as he is moved further away and we fade into a commercial.

As we return from commercial, the camera sits on the stage.

? [EVERYBODY WAS KUNG FU FIGHTING!!!?](#)

The iconic disco track hits the speakers, and Elvis McDonald steps out from the back to a great applause. He wears his typical dark blue mechanics garb and wields his adjustable wrench in his right hand. Elvis literally disco dances all the way down the entrance ramp, perhaps the only time tonight he'll appear to enjoy himself at all, and the audience loves every minute of it.

Announcer: He stands at six foot tall and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds... Hailing from Atlanta, Georgia...

Blackfront: The fans love Elvis McDonald.

Ace: It's the music Jason. How can you not want to get up and party when this song hits?

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He slides into the ring, and immediately his demeanor turns cold.

Announcer: He is... ELVIS... MCDONALLLLLLDDDDDD!!!!

His music starts to dim. He enters his corner and bounces on his feet. Waiting. Patient.

Blackfront: Last Wrestleshow, Elvis partnered with the man he will be facing tonight in what should be good, friendly competition.

[Going Down](#) by Freddie King begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain.

Announcer: On his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds. He hails from Durango, Mexico... LA FLAMA BLANCA!!

He walks down the ramp and slaps the hands of the fans.

Blackfront: Some are saying that La Flama Blanca is on the right road to be huge here in the UTA and that it's only a matter of time before he breaks out. Could tonight be that starting point?

Ace: If you ask me...

Blackfront: I didn't. It was rhetorical.

Ace: ... you just can't build around someone who doesn't even show their face. Look at Madman Szalinski. He's masked and although at the top of the chain, he just can't get past that barrier.

Blackfront: I'm sure wearing a mask has nothing to do with people having the ability to lead the locker room.

When he finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the outside and hops up to the top rope and then drops into the ring.

Blackfront: After that rude interruption at the start of the show, we are finally ready for some in ring action as Elvis McDonald and La Flama Blanca kick off tonight's Wrestleshow.

Both men meet in the center of the ring as the bell sounds. A quick hand shake occurs and they move into defensive stances as they prepare for the match.

Blackfront: Good show of respect from these two men as they shake hands.

Ace: Its always nice to see guys who are out here to have a good match rather than try and just run through whomever they are facing.

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Elvis McDonald comes forward with a palm strike to the chest of La Flama Blanca. He grabs his chest and stumbles back as McDonald leaps forward, coming up with his left leg, bringing it down and shooting his right up for a direct kick to the sternum of Blanca, who continues to stumble back, this time into the ropes which catch him.

Blackfront: The martial arts training of Elvis McDonald coming in handy here as he faces La Flama Blanca.

Ace: I don't think its fair to be honest. This is a wrestling match, not the setting of Kickboxer.

Blanca, still leaning on the ropes and holding his chest looks up at Elvis who comes toward him. McDonald takes a swing at La Flama Blanca's head, but misses as Blanca ducks down and slides behind Elvis.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca using his speed to quickly getting out of harms way.

Elvis turns quickly toward Blanca. As he moves in for the attack again, La Flama Blanca side steps and jets toward the ropes. Elvis, once again finding himself needing to turn toward his opponent, does so just in time to see La Flama Blanca leap to the second rope and use it to launch himself with a quarter turn moonsault.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca caught by Elvis McDonald.

Ace: I don't think he knows a real wrestling move or how to use this situation correctly.

Blackfront: McDonald drops La Flama Blanca across his knee for a vicious back breaker.

Ace: I guess that'll work.

La Flama Blanca holds his back in pain on the mat as Elvis McDonald springs back into action, coming down with a devastating stomp.

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald in complete control. I'm unsure if La Flama Blanca will be able to withstand much more from his partner from two weeks ago.

McDonald reaches down, lifting La Flama Blanca up by his head and left arm.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca now back on his feet. Elvis McDonald follows up with a series of knife edge chops to his already glowing chest.

Ace: Those strikes are deadly accurate and extremely effective.

McDonald strikes again, this time La Flama Blanca moves slightly to the side, catching his arm and using his own momentum, to drag Elvis McDonald over. The fans cheer wildly.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca with an arm drag, getting his first real bit of offense in for this match.

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Ace: It will take a lot more than a lucky break to stop the damage already done by the Kung Fu Mechanic.

Elvis rolls over and pops up as quickly as he was taken down. He burst forward and into yet another arm drag by the waiting La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Another arm drag. La Flama Blanca now starting to build an offense. Can he turn this around?

Both men get up. Blanca quickly shoots forward with a kick of his own.

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald catches the foot of La Flama Blanca. It was a good tr... Blanca turns it into an Enziguri!

As his foot connects with the side of Elvis McDonald's head, the Kung Fu Mechanic lets go and falls to the side, hitting the mat.

Blackfront: Spot on kick by La Flama Blanca who may have changed the tides here in our opening bout.

Blanca runs, hitting the ropes. As he returns he drops down.

Blackfront: Baseball slide connecting with the head of Elvis McDonald.

Ace: Once he gets going, Blanca is quick as a lightning strike.

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald focused on La Flama Blanca's upper body, leaving his most valuable assets, his legs for speed, open. Now La Flama Blanca using that to his advantage.

The fans cheer as La Flama Blanca pops back to his feet. Slowly, Elvis McDonald turns over holding his head. He gets to a knee as La Flama Blanca backs away.

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald getting to his feet. La Flama Blanca is ready...

Blanca comes forward with a beautifully executed superkick, connecting perfectly as McDonald rises.

Blackfront: The Estupendo Kick!

Ace: Oh, that's it for Elvis McDonald. It has to be.

La Flama Blanca heads toward the turnbuckle post.

Blackfront: I haven't seen a superkick performed that well since Doctor EMO.

Blanca climbs the corner. As he reaches the top rope, he turns toward Elvis McDonald. The fans cheer and the cameras flash.

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Blackfront: La Flama Blanca going for a high risk move now.

Ace: I don't know about this Jason. It's called a high risk for a reason!

He leaps, turning into a smooth 450 Splash hitting his mark with perfection.

Blackfront: Ay Dios Mio connects! This one is over!

La Flama Blanca hooks the leg of Elvis McDonald as the referee goes into action, dropping to the mat and counting.

Blackfront: That's three! La Flama Blanca with an impressive victory tonight in Montreal over Elvis McDonald.

Ace: It goes back to what we were saying before about McDonald focusing on Blanca's upper body. If your opponent is quick on their feet like La Flama Blanca is, you take out their legs. it's wrestling one o one.

La Flama Blanca's music begins to play as he gets to his feet, sellign the effects of the splash by holding his stomach as the referee raises his hand in victory. The fans continue to cheer.

Blackfront Great opening match here as La Flama Blanca pulls off the first win of the night over Elvis McDonald.

It's Never Lupus

We move backstage where James Wingate sits at a desk inside his office for the evening. A pair of knocks is heard at the closed door. He does not look up to answer it.

Wingate: Come in.

The door opens, but nobody is seen on the other side. James looks up from his paperwork.

Wingate: Hello?

Peach: BARK!

Peach walks into the room, Wingate having to look down over his desk at her.

Peach: RUFFruffruffruff...

Peach walks into the office, sniffing around and ruffing quietly. Madman Szalinski and Ariel walk in, still

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carrying bags.

Madman: Fuzzball, quit snooping. Evening, sir. Told you we'd make it.

James leans back into his chair as Ariel scoops up Peach.

Wingate: You've had two weeks off, I would sure hope so.

Madman: Which I appreciate much, thank you.

Ariel closes the door behind Madman and Wingate.

Wingate: So what brings you to my office?

Madman: I'm just here to take the inevitable ass-chewing for what happened two weeks ago, then I'm going to defend myself the best I can, sir.

James clears his throat as Madman unfolds a steel chair to sit on across the desk from his boss.

Wingate: You're one of the top stars here in the UTA, and a lot is expected of you Madman.

Madman swallows hard, nodding.

Madman: Yessir.

Wingate: Be one hundred percent honest with me: are you going to be okay?

Madman: Yessir. I know I'm playing with matches. I'm prepared to get burned. If I couldn't do this, I wouldn't have signed a contract in the first place. I am just as healthy as anybody else in this locker room...every bit as capable.

Madman starts to stare off into the floor.

Madman: I got this.

Wingate: I hope so.

Madman: I've spent half my life in this boat. I got this.

Wingate: Why are you still on it?

Madman looks back up at James with sadness in his eyes, through his white mask.

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Madman: Because I can't swim.

After several seconds of silence, James nods at Madman.

Wingate: Go get ready for your match tonight.

Madman: Yessir.

As the couple leave the option, Peach in tow, James stares toward the door which closes after them. He waits for a moment then makes a face as if he smells something. Looking around, James stands up and sees something by a plant in the office before groaning.

Wingate: PEEEEACHHH!

As we return from commercial, we move back to the top of the stage.

Announcer: Coming to the ring.. Hailing from Mt. Washington, New Hampshire

Log unbuttons his shirts and smiles, charmingly, then casually spits on the ground and throws his shirt on top, standing only in a wife beater.

Announcer: Standing at Six Foot Two and weighing in at Two Hundred and Fifteen Pounds

Log sprints to the ring recklessly, he doesn't enter but stops suddenly on the outside.

Blackfront: After losing in his opportunity to capture the Internet Championship on the last Wrestleshow, Log seeks redemption as the the winner of this match will face Yoshii at Black Horizon for the title.

Ace: Can you imagine this guy as a champion? I just can't Jason.

Announcer: He is..... Loooooooog Habben

Log, showing stunning athleticism box jumps onto the side of the ring, then stumbles doing the simple entrance between the ropes.

Blackfront: Habben has a large obstacle in his patch tonight if he wants to have another opportunity at the Pay Per View to capture his first title here in the United Toughness Alliance.

Log lays upon the turnbuckles, in a mocking manner in the corner. After a few moments, when his theme sounds end, he jumps to the mat and gets ready for the match to begin.

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[Seek and Destroy](#) by Metallica hits the PA system as the Canadian flag appears on the main video screen. Red lights fill the arena and from the back, CBR comes into view.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Montreal, Canada... Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds...

Wearing his trademark purple and white robe, with purple tinted shades, he makes his way down to the ring, arms raised to the fans in a 'look at me' pose.

Announcer: He is... The Canadian Star... C..B..RRRRRRRRR

Blackfront: CBR getting a positive reaction from the Canadian crowd here tonight folks. His tag team partner and fellow Canadian, Max Burke from Elite, could not be here with us tonight. But I'm sure he is watching and rooting for CBR in this match up.

He flings the robe off and takes the steps to the apron, slowly getting into the ring. Once inside, CBR raises his arms, flexing to show off his physique. He takes off his shades and stretches his right arm, preparing.

Blackfront: Our second match of the night here about to get under way as the Canadian Superstar returns to his home country to go for a shot at the Internet Championship.

The bell sounds to start the match.

Blackfront: Here we go as the bell rings to kick this match off. Both men circling.

Ace: I've got a feeling this is going to be another good match. CBR is built for stardom, but Log Habben has constantly been improving with each match.

Blackfront: Quick collar to elbow tie up by the competitors. CBR using his size advantage to gain control early as he shoves Log Habben to the mat.

Habben lands on the mat, quickly rolling over and pushing up. He charges CBR.

Blackfront: CBR ducks a clothesline attempt by Log Habben.

Both men turn around, with CBR quickly wrapping his arms around the waist of Habben. He lifts and leans back.

Blackfront: Belly to belly suplex by CBR!

Ace: That was wonderfully done by CBR.

As Habben lands, he rolls over and gets up again. Once again he charges CBR.

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Blackfront: CBR catches Habben with an arm drag. Habben up again, he rushes CBR... another arm drag.

Ace: CBR is bringing it tonight Jason, but don't count Log Habben out. He really seems to be on his game here in Montreal.

Blackfront: You can't take anything away from Log Habben who is on his feet yet again!

Log Habben runs at CBR again. CBR bends down to catch him, but Habben stops in front of the Canadian Superstar, and swings his arm down and up hard, catching CBR under the chin.

Blackfront: Heavy European uppercut by Log Habben!

Ace: Log Habben has those hard as stone fist. If he catches you, you fel it.

CBR stumbles back, swinging his arms. Log Habben goes for another clothesline.

Blackfront: Habben going for a clothesline, CBR able to catch his bearings and duck.

CBR turns around and before Log Habben can turn, he slides up under him, placing his arms under Habbens and locking his fingers in behind his head.

Blackfront: CBR locks Log Habben in with a full nelson.

Ace: Nicely done by CBR, who is definitely the most polished and skilled of the two.

Blackfront: Log Habben is struggling, but CBR's strength is just too much for him to get away.

CBR lifts Habben up, and slightly moves to the right as he brings Habben down, slamming him into the mat.

Blackfront: Full nelson slam, and I think Log Habben is finally down for a bit.

Habben lays on the mat holding his head as CBR lifts Habben's left leg, holding it up.

Blackfront: CBR with a stomp to the inside thigh of Log Habben, followed by another.

Ace: This can't be good for Log.

Blackfront: Not at all.

CBR turns Habben over to his stomach, lifts his leg back up and drives his knee hard into the mat.

Blackfront: CBR working that left leg of Log Habben, trying to render his knee unusable.

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CBR bends down, grabbing Log Habben by the back of the head, lifting him up. Habben winches as he stands on his left leg.

Blackfront: Log Habben barely able to stand. However, I don't think CBR plans on keeping him up for very long.

CBR grabs the arm of Log Habben, and whips him hard into the corner post.

Blackfront: Log Habben hitting that turnbuckle with force.

CBR runs toward Habben, who throws his leg up, catching him in the face with his foot.

Blackfront: Foot to the face of CBR.

Ace: Log Habben really wants another shot at that title and he's showing it here tonight!

CBR holds his face as he steps back, turning away from Log Habben. Habben charges forward toward CBR, but his knee gives out and he drops down, grabbing it in pain.

Blackfront: The damage done to that knee of Log Habben. It may be too late for him to come back.

CBR turns back toward Log Habben, seeing him on the mat. He stomps over angrily, grabbing the hurt leg of Log Habben and using it to pull him to the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: He could hyper extend that knee, using it to pull Log Habben's entire body weight!

Ace: CBR showing a ruthlessness here tonight. This folks may be your next Internet Champion.

CBR continues to hold the leg up, looking out to the crowd. He steps in and twist around before falling back to the mat and pulling back.

Blackfront: Figure four leg lock by CBR!

As CBR applies pressure, Log Habben yells in pain while slapping the mat and trying to fight.

Blackfront: He's in the middle of the ring, there is nowhere to go.

Ace: This is the end for Log Habben I believe. He can't escape.

Finally, Log Habben begins to slap the mat and the referee quickly calls for the bell to ring.

Blackfront: Log Habben just couldn't hold on There was too much damage done to that knee.

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CBR's music begins to play as the referee holds his hand up high.

Announcer: The winner of the match via submission.... The Canadian Superstar... C.... B... RRRRR!!!!!!!!!!!!

Blackfront: Big win for CBR tonight as he has secured an Internet Championship match at Black Horizon in two weeks.

Ace: Log Habben gave it a good go, but in the end he just couldn't do it.

Habben continues to hold his hurt knee as CBR stands on the corner turnbuckle, still celebrating his win. He makes the universal symbol of wearing the title belt as we fade away.

Put Dick On your Chest

We fade into a shot of VCW's own Dick Fury in an empty ring. It is obviously a small venue as the seats are close. The camera zooms in on him.

Fury: Do you like Dick?

A giant **YES** zooms in and hits the screen before going away.

Fury: Do you want to tell the world how much you enjoy Dick?

Another **YES** swoops in from the side of screen and continues as it heads out the other side.

Fury: Then put Dick on your chest! That's right. For the low price of twenty nine ninety five you too can join the millions who have already put Dick on their chest and purchase of the two new Dick Fury t-shirts!

We get a shot of the shirts.

Fury: In both mens, and womens, from size zero to XXXL for those big and beautiful bitches who love Dick on their chest... the new officially licensed Dick Fury t-shirts.

A number comes across the screen.

Fury: So put Dick on your chest and call 1-800-GiveMeD today! Kids... don't bother asking your parents.. you too can get Dick on your chest! Just call and charge it to your parent's phone bill!

We switch to a busty blonde woman wearing a Dick Fury shirt.

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Woman: I love Dick!

She jumps up and down before we go to a very good looking man, also wearing a Dick Fury shirt.

Man: I really... REALLY.. like Dick.

We head back to Fury.

Fury: So if you like Dick, like these two like Dick.. get your own Dick Fury shirt today as supplies are limited!

A small print warning comes up. It goes back very quick, but we can only assume it says that kids should not call and charge shirts to their parent's phone bills.

Sean Jackson's Reminder

As we return ringside, the lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as bright flashes start to burst through out, acting as it were streaks of lighting. A dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

A hush falls over the arena as the crimson mist pours off the entrance ramp and into the crowd. Without warning, crimson colored lights explode throughout the arena. A video explodes on the screen as you can see the letters slowly fade in, until it forms The Mental Rapist.

Behind the letters, clips of Sean Jackson in the ring over the years comes to life on the video wall above the entrance way. Soon a theme begins, one that was very popular back in the day.

That being the opening notes of In [The Air Tonight](#) by Phil Collins.

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

As soon as the voice over ends, you hear the voice of Phil Collins start up with...

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

Through the crimson mist, a ring of fire can now be seen as the fans can see two people rising up from the floor, Sean Jackson and Vanessa. Jackson is motionless while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop. Once both have risen like a phoenix from its ashes, they step out of the ring of fire. Jackson is focused, his face adorned with a serious look while Vanessa runs her hands down the curves of her body and to her hips.

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

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A slight smile forms on Sean's face as he looks out into the sea of darkness that has enveloped the fans in the arena. He then motions to his Vietnamese darkling that it's time to head to the ring.

Sean and Vanessa begin the slow walk down to the ring as the crimson spot lights glisten off of Vanessa's dark vietnamese skin and cast a pale reflection on Jackson. Vanessa wearing a low cut blood red dress with a long slit showing off her well toned legs and cleavage while Jackson has the NWA World Heavyweight Title fastened around his waist, and the UTA World Heavyweight Title draped over his shoulder. He is also dressed in a three piece Armani suit courtesy of the fat contract he signed with the UTA.

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he is takes to the turnbuckles and slowly climbs up. As he sets foot on the middle turnbuckle, the ring is surrounded in falling pyro on all sides of the rings as he raises the title belt high, much to the approval of a clapping Vanessa. Jackson then hops down off the turnbuckle and leans against the ropes. As the pyro dies out, the lights come back on, returning the light to the arena. At that moment Sean is handed a house mic and as the buzz of boos and cheers erupt through the arena, he raises the mic to his mouth

Jackson: So this is Montreal?

Cheers from the fans. Sean shrugs.

Jackson: I've seen better.

They begin booing the UTA Champion.

Jackson: But that's because I'm from Texas, and not from this hell hole that you call Canada.

More boos.

Jackson: Oh don't boo me because you people are ashamed of where you live. I mean, this place is so bad, you've got to pay American athletes to come up here just to give you people something to cheer about.

The boos get louder.

Jackson: I mean come on. You've got professional basketball teams, professional baseball teams, and even the Canadian Football League, but with NO athletes actually from Canada.

We're going for a record here on how loud the boos are. It's almost as if the 12th man from Seattle has turned Canadian and filled the crowd.

Jackson: I mean damn, you people are so hard up for athletes, you actually opened your borders up to a guy from Saudi Arabia and Iraq.

Even louder now.

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Jackson: Come on, you people want to be Americans so bad. How about starting up a USA chant.

Sean smiles.

Jackson: Come on people, let's get a USA chant going.

Oh yes, a real heel moment brewing.

Jackson: USA

[pause]

Jackson: USA

Now the fans don't know what to do

Jackson: USA

Some boo, others don't know what to do

Jackson: Come on, I know you people are stupid. But you can't make me believe that you don't know how to spell U....S.....A

Now the boos REALLY start as if they hadn't already.

Jackson: Just as I thought. Canada is so jealous that they have to boo the United States. Wow, just as I thought. Well it isn't my fault that sports in Canada is so bad that you even consider a couple of Abdul's from the middle east over your own people.

Sean begins to pace.

Jackson: What, Wayne Gretsky wasn't available? I mean, he IS the only athlete from Canada that I can think of. But I guess beating up on an old man wouldn't be good for business.

Sean continues to pace

Jackson: Would it?

He then stops, leans on the ropes and stares directly into the camera.

Jackson: So I guess I have to beat up on yet another Abdul. Hey Ahad, what's with you guys? Are you gluttons for punishment? Do you like getting your asses handed to you on a regular basis?

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The camera pans in tight.

Jackson: Because I can promise you this much right now. Not only am I going to kick your ass Ahad, I'm going to knock your ass smooth out. I'm going to show you exactly why bin Hussain lost his nerve and ran away like a coward. I'm going to show you exactly why I'm the absolute best here in Wrestle UTA, and the rest of you are left to fight over the scraps.

Inhale.exhale

Jackson: Oh and by the way bin Hussain, you go ahead and keep lying to yourself. Keep trying to convince yourself that you have what it takes to be the champion again. Yes, yes you beat Doctor Emo, hell who hasn't? but to think that means anything to me is wishful thinking at best.

Sean raises the UTA Championship title.

Jackson: Here is the measuring stick Abdul. This is what proves that I'm better than you, and every other so called star in this company, and not some win, loss record against Doctor Emo.

Sean places the title back over his shoulder.

Jackson: But you knew that already didn't you? Hell Abdul, it sounds like you've gotten into Madman's stash. I guess the only thing left is the projectile vomiting in your match against Dan Benson tonight.

[pause]

Jackson: Or maybe you've forgotten what it's like to have your lights knocked out. And if that IS the case, then let me give you a little reminder of what it sounds like.

With that, Sean drops the mic.

PSSSSSHHHHHHTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT

As the static echo fills the arena, Sean and Vanessa exit the ring. We go to commercial.

[*Rock Me Amadeus*](#) by Falco beings to play over the main speakers. On the screen, *It's only Natural* scrolls across in gold letters on a black background.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... Hailing from Minneapolis, Minnesota...

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.

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Announcer: He stands at six foot and two inches.. weighing in tonight at two hundred and forty three pounds...

Inscribed on the back of his robe reads *World Class* 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.

Announcer: he is.... DAAANNNN.... BENSOOOOOOONNNN!!!

He removes his robe, and hands it to an attendant outside the ring.

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

Announcer: Now introducing... Standing six feet two inches tall and weighing in at two hundred forty two pounds... Hailing from Basra, Iraq he is the Butcher of Basra! Abbbbdul Bin Hussain!!!

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

Blackfront: This man is not liked... at all.

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

Slowly Rafiq walked down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He was actually shown laughing. He reached the ringside and climbed the stairs; Abdul and Nazirah entered the ring.

Blackfront: That Iraqi flag is not helping matters any.

Ace: No, it isn't.

Nazirah exits the ring as the two men prepare for the match to begin. Finally the referee calls for the bell to start the match. Dan Benson and Abdul bin Hussain circle one another around the ring as the fans begin to stomp their feet.

Ace: Well the crowd getting a tad rowdy here aren't they Jason?

Blackfront: That's for sure. Although his first match in the UTA, Dan Benson has a reputation that follows him into his debut tonight. Then you have Abdul bin Hussain, former UTA Champion, whom just seems to

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want people to hate him for who he is.

Dan Benson and Abdul bin Hussain lock up in the center of the ring. Each man struggles to gain the upper hand. Dan Benson raises Abdul's arms upward before kicking him in the knee. Hussain drops to his knees.

Blackfront: Kick by Dan Benson after the power struggle.

Dan Benson steps back and lays a swift kick up against the head of Abdul bin Hussain. Hussain goes limp and falls to the mat holding the side of his head.

Blackfront: WHAT A KICK BY Dan Benson! He nearly took his head off with that one!

Ace: That'll make your ears ring.

The crowd still buzzes from the kick as Dan Benson makes his way over to Abdul bin Hussain and bends at the waist, grabbing his head. Dan pulls Hussain to a seated position, grabbing him around the head, and draping an arm across the throat.

Ace: Rear Headlock here by Dan Benson.

Dan wrenches the hold, raising his free hand and bringing it down across the head of Abdul bin Hussain as he releases the hold. Abdul falls to the mat, grabbing his head.

Ace: That's more like it... quick punch there by Dan Benson, and from the looks of Abdul bin Hussain, a stiff one too.

Dan Benson then gets to his feet and quickly drops down with an elbow across the chest of Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: Elbow drop by Dan!

Ace: He has to stay on him if he plans on winning this match.

Dan Benson gets to his feet once more and again quickly drops down with yet another elbow across the Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: And another!

Dan Benson then scrambles over to Abdul bin Hussain and hooks his leg, going for the pin. The referee hits the mat to make the count.

Blackfront: Quick pin here... No! Kick out there by Abdul bin Hussain.

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Dan Benson gets to his feet and stomps Abdul bin Hussain several times before bringing him to his feet. Hussain rises with a punch to the face of Dan Benson, which he ignores and throws a punch of his own in response. Dan Benson then grabs Abdul bin Hussain by the arm and goes for the Irish whip.

Blackfront: Irish whip here by Dan--No! Reversal.

Dan Benson hits the ropes and as he returns he rolls forward and comes up with an stiff arm across the chest of Hussain, knocking him to the mat.

Blackfront: Rolling Lariat by Dan Benson! He had all that momentum built up into that one!

Ace: I'm impressed.

Benson walks forward towards the ropes, mouthing to the fans and pointing backwards at Abdul.

Blackfront: Dan Benson needs to focus on this match while he has the upper hand.

Meanwhile Abdul bin Hussain slowly gets to his feet and as Dan Benson turns around. Hussain charges him, hitting with several lefts and rights.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain with the offense now.

Ace: Was it worth gloating Dan?

The punches work Dan Benson into the corner, and Abdul bin Hussain switches to stomps, stomping Dan Benson in the gut, each blow causing him to bend at the waist.

Blackfront: Dan Benson caught in that corner now, Abdul bin Hussain stomping away at the gut.

Ace: Hassain using the power that Allah gave him.

Blackfront: Well... I guess. I'm not one to knock another man's religious beliefs.

Abdul bin Hussain then takes his foot and raises it up, placing it against the throat of Dan Benson. Using the top rope he pushes his foot up against the throat, cutting off the windpipe.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain choking Dan Benson now!

Ace: That big boot of his is cutting off the airflow. Benson could pass out.

The referee counts in the corner causing Abdul bin Hussain to bring his foot down. Dan Benson falls to the seated position in the corner, holding his throat and gasping for air. The referee gets up in Abdul bin Hussain's face warning him about the choke.

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Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain needs to make sure not to get disqualified here if he wants to advance.

Hussain makes his way over to the fallen Dan Benson and grabs him by an ankle, dragging him into the center of the ring. Abdul then drops to his knees, instructing the referee to hit the mat before he hooks the leg. The ref complies and goes for the count.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain trying to end this one now and head into the Black Horizon main event with momentum.

Abdul bin Hussain gets up stands over Dan Benson, who crawls to the corner on his belly. Hussain laughs and then picks up his foot, eyeing Dan's hand and bringing it down right across his fingers.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain stomping the fingers of Dan Benson now. That's a damn good way to break a finger!

Ace: It's a damn good way to establish his dominance in this match.

Dan Benson wrings out the injured hand in question, grimacing in pain. Benson tries to crawl again and again Abdul bin Hussain raises up a boot and brings it down on Dan's digits.

Blackfront: And another stomp to the fingers of Dan Benson--Abdul bin Hussain is actually enjoying Dan's punishment.

Ace: This is every day life for Abdul, torturing Americans.

Blackfront: Now Tommy, is that called for?

Abdul bin Hussain laughs once more before grabbing Dan Benson around the chin and forcing him upward to his feet. Hussain grabs him by the arm, tossing him toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Abdul bin Hussain... off goes Dan.

Benson hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and returns toward its center, where Abdul bin Hussain stands with an arm extended. Dan Benson collides with the arm, falling backward to the mat.

Blackfront: Clothesline by Abdul bin Hussain!

Ace: He has full control of this match.

Abdul then drops to the mat after the clothesline and turns Dan over onto his stomach. He straddles Dan's upper back and hooks him around the chin and pulls backward, applying pressure to the head and neck.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain locking in a mounted face lock... he's got all his weight on the back of Dan

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Benson.

Ace: I don't know how Dan is going to get out of this one.

Hussain wrenches the hold, pulling upward with his teeth gritted as the referee bends at the waist and raises a sympathetic hand in Dan's face, asking him if would like to submit. Dan Benson cries out in response and shakes his head.

Ace: Dan Benson in a bad way, but the stubborn bastard just won't submit!

Blackfront: I'll give it to him, he just wont give up.

The crowd buzzes as Abdul bin Hussain keeps the hold, leaning back so far he looks like he could snap Dan Benson in half if he really wanted to. The referee continues to check with Benson, who repeatedly shakes his head despite the cries of pain.

Ace: Dan there is no need to permanently injure yourself to prove something! This is hurting me just watching it!

Dan Benson reaches up for the ropes but he knows he can't possibly reach them, and instead reaches toward Abdul's head grabbing his hair.

Ace: AH! Dan Benson with a handful of hair! This punk is vicious... he's going to make Abdul bin Hussain uglier than he already is!

Dan Benson lets out cries of pain from the face lock, and Abdul bin Hussain cries out as Dan pulls his hair. He loses his hold as tufts of hair come out.

Ace: He's done it! And you thought only chicks pull hair...well you're wrong, only chicks and Dan Benson pull hair!

Blackfront: Well, you said in situations like this you have to do anything to win, didn't you?

Ace: Sure did, and Dan Benson just proved that point.

Abdul bin Hussain releases the hold and stands up, bringing his hands up to his head, growing angry.

Ace: And Abdul bin Hussain has realized it... and does not like it! Hey don't worry guy, you can hardly notice the bald spot!

Abdul bin Hussain stomps his way over to Dan Benson, who has once again crawled onto his belly in an effort to reach the ropes. Hussain stomps him in the small of the back and Dan Benson cries out, going limp.

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Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain letting out a little aggression on Dan Benson now! Stomping the fallen man here on the mat.

Ace: He ripped his hair out. That is more than a little bit of aggression.

Abdul bin Hussain stomps him again, and again, the rage filling him. He stomps away as Dan Benson lies there on the mat taking all of them. As Hussain tires of the stomping, he bends at the waist and grabs Dan by the head, bringing him to his feet.

Blackfront: Abdul brings Dan to his feet after that vicious flurry of stomps.

Hussain kicks Dan in the gut, causing him to bend at the waist and then hooks his head under his armpit and falls backward, bringing Dan's head to the mat.

Blackfront: DDT! DDT by Abdul bin Hussain after the kick to the gut!

Abdul bin Hussain then turns and covers Dan Benson, hooking his leg and pulling Dan into a folded position, his legs over his head. The referee slides to the mat and goes for the official count. The crowd revs up in anticipation of the pinfall.

Blackfront: Pin now by Abdul bin Hussain after that DDT! NO!

Ace: That was a close one Jason, but he still couldn't put Dan Benson away who is giving him one hell of a fight while he can.

The crowd dies down as Abdul bin Hussain turns to check with the referee, who shoves two fingers in his face. Hussain pounds the mat once and gets to his knees before getting to his feet. He looks around at the crowd in dismay as Dan Benson slowly pulls himself to the ropes in the corner of the ring.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain cannot believe it, but this match is still going on. Dan trying to get to his feet now in the corner of the ring.

Hussain makes his way over to Dan, who is now bent over, about to Tommyd up. Abdul reaches him and Dan Benson rises up with a strike to the throat.

Ace: What a palm strike by Dan Benson, right to the throat of Abdul bin Hussain. You know that'll hurt a guy, a chop to the Adam's apple like that.

Blackfront: He's repaying him for that brutal choke earlier.

Hussain reaches up and grabs his throat and bends over, trying to breath. Dan Benson makes his way out of the corner and grabs Abdul by the head, tossing him into the corner he had just occupied.

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Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain stuck in the corner now. . .

Ace: Its time for some retribution.

Dan Benson faces Abdul bin Hussain and leans back, taking an arm and moving it back and across his body. Benson then brings the hand forward, chopping it against the chest of Hussain.

Ace: Knife edge chop by Dan Benson! Did you hear that one?!

Blackfront: Hussain's chest is glowing.

Dan Benson leans back and chops Abdul bin Hussain once again, this time the sound produced even louder.

Ace: In case you didn't, there's another! What a chop by The Nature Boy.

Dan Benson chops him a third and final time. Dan Benson steps back and plants a kick up against the head of Hussain.

Blackfront: What a kick by Dan Benson! My God what a shot!

Abdul bin Hussain stumbles comically out of the corner and falls flat on his face in the center of the ring. Benson makes his way to the corner.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain is dead in the ring after that one--but what is Dan doing now?

Ace: Probably taking a risk he should know better than to do.

Benson turns his back to the corner and grabs the top rope behind him, propping himself up to the middle rope. He perches there, waiting as Hussain slowly tries to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Dan Benson not much of a high flyer, but nonetheless, here he is perched on the second rope!

Abdul bin Hussain gets up to his feet, huffing and puffing. As he turns toward the corner, Dan Benson jumps off the middle rope and catches Hussain in the abdomen with spear to the gut.

Blackfront: He pulled it off! This one could already be over folks! Dan Benson can already sense the main event

Ace: I stand corrected. Dan Benson with a hard hitting move there that may give him the win.

Hussain rolls on the mat grabbing his abdomen. Benson gets to his feet and raises his arms.

Blackfront: That paid off big for Dan Benson who makes his way over to the fallen Abdul bin Hussain and

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brings him to his feet.

Ace: Benson could be going for a move he calls The Shocker, and if that's the case this one is over ladies and gentlemen!

Blackfront: Yes, that patented cutter.

Dan Benson hooks Abdul bin Hussain by the head under the arm and then takes his arm and flips it over his head before grabbing Abdul bin Hussain by the tights and lifting him.

Blackfront: No, going for a larger suplex here instead, which may very well be even more devastating

Dan Benson lifts Abdul bin Hussain up and over into the air, but Abdul bin Hussain falls back down and lands on his feet. He then pushes Dan Benson who goes belly first into the ropes. As he comes back, Abdul bin Hussain hooks him around the waist and using his legs lifts him up and over his head, sending him to the mat behind him.

Blackfront: German suplex by Abdul bin Hussain!

Dan Benson lies on his side on the mat, grabbing his lower back. Hussain is a few feet away from him sitting up and looking dazed. The referee looks around and starts up the count.

Blackfront: Both men dazed here . . . it appears that German suplex was an act of desperation by Abdul bin Hussain. He's feeling the fatigue come upon him now

One. . . Dan Benson continues to hold his back, as Abdul bin Hussain looks around. Two. . . Hussain turns over onto his knees and crawls toward the ropes, grabbing the bottom rope. Three. . . Abdul grabs the middle rope and pulls himself up, as Dan Benson slowly gets to his feet. Four. . . Abdul bin Hussain pulls himself to his feet and turns toward Dan Benson, who is now on his feet. Dan Benson quickly kicks Abdul bin Hussain in the gut causing him to bend at the waist.

Blackfront: Dan Benson with the kick to the gut of Abdul bin Hussain after struggling to get up.

Dan Benson then turns Abdul bin Hussain around and hooks him around the chin. Benson promptly falls forward to the mat, Hussain hitting the mat with him.

Blackfront: Reverse DDT by Dan Benson! This match has been back and forth, back and forth ladies and gentlemen.

Ace: I'm on the edge of my seat. It could be anyone's match.

Dan Benson falls on top of Abdul and stays there, the referee sliding to the mat for the count.

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Blackfront: We've got a pin now by Dan... to tired too hook the leg. . . one. . . two... kick out! Abdul bin Hussain kicks out of the near pin fall.

Ace: You can really get the feel that this is an important match for both of these men. Both exchanging blows, neither letting up, now this is a match Jason... this is a match!

Dan Benson slowly gets to his feet as the fan excitement dies down. Benson looks to the crowd almost in disgust and then lowers at the waist and raises Hussain up to the seated position.

Blackfront: Dan Benson getting creative here. . . Where's he going?

Dan takes off for the ropes Abdul bin Hussain is facing and he turns as he hits, the bounce sending him back toward Hussain. Benson reaches Abdul and raises up a knee, connecting and making a sickening sound as Hussain falls backward toward the mat.

Blackfront: What a sound! What a sound ladies and gentlemen! Dan Benson just took Abdul bin Hussain out with a charged knee to the skull

Abdul bin Hussain lies on the mat, hardly moving and breathing heavily.

Ace: And Abdul bin Hussain is up the creek without a paddle! He's not moving!

Blackfront: How much longer can this go on?

Dan drops down and covers Abdul bin Hussain yet again.

Blackfront: Another pin attempt here.

Ace: There's no way Hussain can kick out after that vicious blow to the head.

As the referee counts, Abdul does in fact kick out right before three.

Blackfront: I don't know how he did it, but Abdul bin Hussain found the strength to kick out.

Ace: Amazing Jason, just amazing. I thought for sure this was over!

Dan Benson gets up and begins yelling at the referee.

Blackfront: Benson just knew he had it.

Ace: Yelling at the referee isn't going to help the situation Dan.

He pushes the referee back and turns around. His eyes grow wide as Abdul bin Hussain comes up from a

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kneeling position with an arm extended, bringing it across Dan's already bothered throat, knocking him to the mat.

Blackfront: Lariat by Abdul bin Hussain now! And Dan is down!

Ace: That was out of nowhere! How did he find the strength?!

Abdul bin Hussain then turns and covers Dan Benson, hooking the leg and pinning him to the mat. The referee drops to the mat and goes for the count.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain with the pin... we could have a winner here... kick out! Dan Benson kicks out!

Ace: Neither man can put the other out!

Abdul bin Hussain gets up on his knees and checks with the referee, who shakes his head and shows two fingers. Hussain snarls at the result and then gets to his feet, grabbing Dan Benson by the head and bringing him up as well.

Blackfront: Both me up now after yet another near pin fall.

Abdul bin Hussain keeps his left hand on Dan's head and reaches back with his right, bringing it forward, clocking Dan Benson in the jaw. The blow knocks Dan Benson back, and Dan returns with a right of his own.

Blackfront: Both men exchanging hard rights now!

Ace: This is a main event caliber match here.

Blackfront: It sure is Tommy.

Abdul bin Hussain ups the pace, throwing two left jabs and gaining the upper hand. Hussain grabs Dan Benson by the arm and Irish whips him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Dan Benson into the ropes now. Hussain off of the opposite ropes...

Dan Benson hits the ropes and returns. Abdul bin Hussain falls flat onto his belly, forcing Dan Benson to jump over him.

Blackfront: Dan Benson still into the ropes. . .

Benson hits the ropes on the other side of the ring as Abdul bin Hussain gets to his feet. Dan reaches Hussain who lifts him up, grabbing him around the rib cage and turning before slamming him downward to the mat.

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Blackfront: What a spine buster by Abdul bin Hussain.

Ace: The whole ring shook!

Abdul bin Hussain gets to his feet then turns to the fallen Dan Benson, stomping him three times, Dan Benson takes each blow to the upper chest.

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain sending a message of some sorts? Stomping the heck out of Dan Benson now, no doubt still mad about losing some hair tonight . . . Hey Abdul. . . it'll grow back!

Hussain then bends down and sticks a threatening finger in Dan Benson's face, saying something that is inaudible but full of hate. Abdul then straightens up and stomps Dan Benson one last time in the chest before bringing him to his feet.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain is showing that he is just plain mean.

Ace: Wouldn't you be if you looked like him?

Abdul bin Hussain reaches back, flattening his hand before bringing it forward across the chest of Dan Benson, the sound ringing out through the air.

Blackfront: Knife Edge Chop now by Abdul bin Hussain... giving Dan Benson a little of his own medicine!

Abdul bin Hussain chops him once more and Dan Benson stumbles up against the ropes, his chest turning a bright red. Hussain yells at the crowd before grabbing hold of Dan Benson and attempting to Irish whip him into the ropes.

Ace: Irish whip--no! Dan with the reversal!

Dan Benson turns, keeping his hold and pulling, Irish whipping Abdul bin Hussain into the ropes instead.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain into the ropes now. . .

Ace: So much back and forward!

Hussain hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and as he returns Benson turns, pulling his hips through to his leg with a kick to Hussain's head.

Blackfront: Heel kick--No! Abdul bin Hussain ducks!

Dan Benson ends the kick, landing on both feet as Abdul bin Hussain hits the ropes on the other side of the ring. Hussain returns to the center of the ring and Dan Benson goes for the hip toss, hooking the arm.

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Blackfront: Hip toss... no!

Hussain blocks it, then grabs the arm in question and spins Benson around until they are back to back. He reaches up and grabs Dan by the head and hits the mat, bringing Dan's head down across his shoulder.

Blackfront: Neck breaker by Abdul bin Hussain!

Ace: That was a nasty one too after that small exchange by both men.

Abdul bin Hussain then turns over, crawling over to the fallen Dan Benson, still hurting from the neck breaker. He reaches Dan and hooks the leg, pinning him to the mat. The referee slides to the mat, going for the count.

Blackfront: The referee is down... He counts...

The referee's hand hits the mat and the building erupts.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain does it! He does it!

Ace: Hussain heads into Black Horizon with a BIG win over Dan Benson.

Blackfront: What a match! My God, what a match!

Hussain shits up and stares into the crowd with his hands in his lap and his legs extended straight forward.

Announcer: Your winner... Abduuuullll... biiinnn..... HUUUSSSAAAIIINNN!!!!

Blackfront: Could he once again secure the UTA Championship in just two weeks?

Ace: If he goes in like he did tonight, I see no reason why not.

Abdul bin Hussain moves to his knees, holds his arms out and stares to the sky yelling praises to Allah as Dan Benson rolls out of the ring, disappointment across his face.

Blackfront: He may not have won his debut match, Dan Benson put up a hell of a fight tonight folks.

Ace: He sure did Jason, you have to give that man credit.

Blackfront: I've got a feeling we will be seeing him in the title scene soon.

Livewire

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The United Toughness Alliance logo comes across the screen overlaying a black background and in a metallic outline, before it begins to shake. An electronic charge outlines the logo before it begins to break apart. Finally, the logo explodes and the Livewire logo burst through.

It pulsates as if to signify a heart beat before fading out. We are welcomed to an outside shot of downtown Seattle, WA. Busses drive by, people cross streets.

The Space Needle stands tall over the horizon before we fade into a shot of the world famous EMP Museum followed by a trip on the water in one of the tourist filled Duck Tour boats. Finally, we are outside the 42 floor Fourth & Madison building where the UTA host it's offices and new studio.

We get different shots of the office with different superstars in inaudible situations, smiling, laughing, and spending time with the staff of the UTA. These are the people that keep things going. Finally we get a wide shot of the Livewire studio. The camera moves in to sit on Jennifer Williams and 'Rumor Man' Stan Davis, sitting at the Livewire news desk.

The two talk inaudibly as we fade into just Stan Davis sitting in front of a backdrop.

Davis: Livewire is fun, it's exciting.

We now fade to Jennifer Williams sitting.

Williams: You'll get exclusive interviews, news, and segments not seen anywhere else.

Next up is Tommy Ace.

Ace: What do I like about Livewire? Man, I like it all. You get to see the superstar talent of the UTA, raw and unfiltered.

From Tommy we fade to UTA Owner and CEO James Wingate in his office, behind his desk.

Wingate: Livewire is what the professional wrestling world is missing. Yes, Wrestleshow and other programs like it are the spotlight of our industry. But with a show like Livewire, the experience is taken one step further.

We see Wülfric standing next to Jamie Sawyers being interviewed, and then it fades into Max Burke with Jamie before coming to rest on Jason Blackfront sitting in front of a backdrop.

Blackfront: I've been in this business a long time and this is the first time I have seen a program truly made to pull the curtain back on the business. It's great stuff.

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The Livewire logo comes across the screen once more followed by the words *Every other Monday, right here on WrestleUTA.com.*

Peach's Predictions

We fade into a montage of Peach the Puppy running after blue and red bones. She barks them, and is seen even tugging on one that Ariel holds in her hand. Finally we move to just Peach, laying on a tarp and gnawing on a blue bone.

She drops the bone and barks at the camera, wagging her tail as an infographic comes up displaying *Peach's Predictions. A new original webisode on WrestleUTA.com every other week.*

We move back to the live show.

As the hi-hats count off four to start off [Dr. Wily Part One](#), Madman Szalinski jumps out from behind the curtain. Ariel Shadows calmly walks out behind him as he screams some random words out to the fans.

Grasping his hand, Ariel calms Madman down and the two make their way down the aisle. The couple slaps every single hand that reaches out over the railing.

Announcer: From The Fire Fields....

Szalinski rolls into the ring, standing up to hold the ropes for Ariel. Ariel leaps onto the ring apron, then steps through and into the ring.

Announcer: Being accompanied to the ring by Ariel Shadows, weighing in at 187 pounds...

Madman runs to the closest turnbuckle, jumping up to the middle rope. Holding his hands out, he begins to play an invisible "controller", mashing buttons briefly before dropping the "controller" and raising his fists into the air.

Announcer: MADMAN SZALINSKI!!!

Jumping down from the corner, Szalinski briefly kneels in the corner, head bowed to the turnbuckles, and falls quiet for a few seconds before hopping to his feet and turning wait for his opponent.

Doomsday Jesus by Black Label Society begins to play.

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Announcer: His opponent... From the mountains of West Virginia...

The camera pans around, but does not locate Frank Dylan James.

Blackfront: Where is he?

Announcer: Standing at six foot seven... and weighing in at three hundred and twenty pounds...

Finally, he can be seen coming from around the staging area through the curtains that separates the backstage and the front.

Announcer: He is... FRANK... DYLAN... JAAAMMMMEEESSSS!!!!

Frank Dylan James has a steel chair in hand, dragging it along with him. As he reaches the area there the floor begins, Frank turns, lifts the chair, and begins beating the top of the barrier with it. Horrified, yet excited fans, jump back and scream as the Mastodon swings.

Blackfront: This is a normal match Frank, you can't have that chair out here!

Ace: If he comes this way, I'm out of here Jason.

Blackfront: You're not leaving me alone with a crazy man on the loose.

FDJ begins toward the ring, lifting and pointing the chair toward Madman, whom in the ring, is yelling at the referee to get the chair from him.

Blackfront: There's no way this match can start as long as Frank Dylan James has that chair.

Ace: We've seen this before, and the outcome is not good.

James slides the chair into the ring, and rolls in following. However, the referee is quick to grab it and get the object safely out of harms way.

Blackfront: Quick thinking by the official, he may have just saved Madman from destruction by chair.

Ace: Unfortunately, he still has to deal with the fact Frank Dylan James is a monster of a man and now to a point of anger, I'm afraid no one is safe.

As FDJ yells at the referee, Madman screams for Ariel to get out of the ring. She does as told, knowing what is about to come is an overly dangerous situation.

Blackfront: This must be horrible for Ariel to witness after the events of the last Wrestleshow.

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James goes absolutely berserk screaming uncontrollably at the referee. Once Ariel is out of the ring, Madman waste no time.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinki on the attack, quickly running and leaping on the back of Frank Dylan James.

FDJ begins singing his arms as Madman holds onto him around his neck with his arms and locking his legs around the waist of the big man. The referee jumps out of harms way and quickly calls for the bell to officially start the match.

Blackfront: The match is officially underway as Madman continues to hold on.

Frank Dylan James stomps around, wailing his arms. Madman holds on for dear life.

Ace: Frank Dylan James might not be able to get to Madman while he is holding on, but at the same time, madman can't quite get a good grip, so he is doing nothing to wear the big man down.

James finally stops wailing around, reaching behind and grabbing the legs of Madman as they hold on to his sides. He runs backward, toward the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski slammed hard into the corner post.

As Frank Dylan James steps away, Madman falls to the mat, being held up by the turnbuckle. We get a shot of Ariel in horror outside of the ring.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James now holding onto the top ropes as he repeatedly stomps Madman Szalinski in the midsection.

Ace: I can barely watch this.

FDJ comes down non stop. Madman lets out a roar of pain with each boot as he is forced to his back on the mat, with FDJ not stopping.

Blackfront: Madman Szaslinki ensured Mr. Wingate he would be able to compete tonight, but this.. this is nothing less of a slaughter. He is in bad health and now he has the force of a almost four hundred pound man stomping away at him without mercy.

The referee finally moves in between pushing Frank Dylan James back and warning him.

Blackfront: The referee warning Frank Dylan James.

Ace: He doesn't care Jason. All he wants to do is destroy. That's this man's sole purpose.

Frank Dylan James pushes the referee out of the way and reaches down, grabbing Madman Szaslinki's limp

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body. He pulls him to his feet with force, wrapping his ape like hands around the throat of Szalinski, and choking him.

Blackfront: Madman is already unconscious. We need to just end this. I am legitimately worried about Madman Szalinski.

The referee continues to warn Frank Dylan James. Finally, he tosses the body of Madman Szalinski to the side before letting out a yell.

Blackfront: My Lord. Is he.. is he.. dead?!

Ace: He's not moving at all.

Ariel begins to scream and cry outside of the ring as FDJ grabs the leg of Madman, pulling him across the ring to the middle of the ring. Madman does not move on his own accord at all.

Blackfront: I hope he is just going to end this.

Ace: I don't think he is Jason.

FDJ *playfully* kicks Madman's body.

Blackfront: This is just sickening.

Frank Dylan James stomps around in a circle around Madman's body, still yelling. Suddenly, Ariel slides into the ring heading directly for her husband.

Blackfront: Get her out of the ring! My God, get her out of the ring!

Ace: What is she thinking?

The referee yells at Ariel to get out of the ring. Once Frank Dylan James sees that she is in the ring, he turns his attention.

Blackfront: No! Get out!

Ariel turns over and sees the monster coming her way. She turns on her butt and begins to scoot backwards in fear. Frank Dylan James smiles an evil smile as he slowly steps her way, teasing her along the way.

Blackfront: He is a hunter and she is the prey. This is just sick, he's playing with her.

FDJ swats at Ariel before giggling and swatting again. Ariel backs completely into the corner and frozen out of fear. FDL opens his mouth and begins to slowly lick his lips.

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Ace: This is terrible.

Blackfront: For the love of all that is holy, call for the bell.

Frank Dylan James reaches down, and with one of his mighty paws, grabs onto Ariel's face. With nothing short of pure, unadulterated power, he lifts his. She grabs his hand, kicking, trying to break free.

Blackfront: Please, I'm pleading. Someone do something.

FDJ continues to holds Ariel up with one hand. From behind him, we can see... Madman Szalsinki is moving. He rolls over to his stomach before looking up. It takes a moment, but he realizes Ariel is in Danger. Szalsinki reaches with one arm toward Frank Dylan James before letting out a vicious yell.

Blackfront: Madman Szalsinki is awake and witnessing this horrible situation.

Ace: There's just nothing he can do. He is outsized and badly hurt.

Madman's head falls back to the mat, but continues to try and crawl. Frank Dylan James smiles at him. FDJ then turns and pushes Ariel into the corner, pressing her hard. he lets go of her head, allowing her body to rest on the ropes. Madman tries to crawl and looks up to see FDJ moving in slowly toward Ariel, his lips open, a kiss imminent.

Blackfront: Sickening.

Madman gets to his hands and knees, looking up. He yells *No!* Szalinski pushes up, somehow, using every bit of what's left inside to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Somehow, someway.. Madman Szalsinki is on his feet!

The fans scream for their hero. There is something in his eyes. It is apparent, no longer does this man feel pain. No longer is this man human. To destroy a monster, you must become a monster. FDJ turns around. Madman screams for Ariel to move. She drops down, barely able to keep conscious, and rolls out of the ring. FDJ motions for Madman to bring it.

Ace: This just got serious!

Madman Szalsinki runs, full force. Frank Dylan James stomps forward himself. The fans are on the edge of their seat. Madman leaps up, spinning with a heel kick that catches FDJ in the face. He stumbles back but catches himself.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski has dug deep down inside. This is his last stand, for the love of his life. He is sacrificing everything right here, right now, in Montreal!

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Madman pushes to his knees again, he runs and leaps at FDJ once more, throwing his feet out with a bicycle kick that catches Frank Dylan James in the face.

Blackfront: Direct hit. Frank Dylan James stumbles back into the corner.

Ace: I don't know how he's doing, but he needs to keep doing it!

Madman breaths hard as he lies on his back. Frank Dylan James, on one knee, raises his head toward Madman who turns over and looks up. He grins at his masked opponent, blood covering his teeth. He licks them with pleasure.

Blackfront: For the first time ever, blood has been drawn from Frank Dylan James at the hands of Madman Szaslinski.

Madman pushes up to one knee himself. As Frank Dylan James gets up, madman does as well. He jets forward with full force.

Blackfront: SPEAR!

However, Frank Dylan James would grab ahold of Madman and bring a giant forearm down across his back. Madman goes to one knee again. FDJ lifts his arm up, elbow out, and bring sit down into the rising head of Madman Szalinski, sending him back first to the mat.

Blackfront: I believe Madman's second wind has now officially gone. He saved his wife, but at what cost?

Ace: I can tell you this, he will not make it to Black Horizon.

FDJ reaches down toward Madman. As he almost has him, Madman reaches up with both hand, wrapping them around the left wrist of James. He puts his foot up, and uses Frank Dyaln James' own momentum to toss him up and over, back first to the mat. The crowd goes insane.

Blackfront: Quick thinking by Madman Szalinski!

Madman turns over, his eyes meeting the eyes of Ariel, who is now using the apron to hold her self up. She mouths the words *I Love You* as does he. Frank Dylan James sits up and turns toward Madman as he stands, towering over Szalinski.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James stomping toward Madman once again. How will he stop him?

Ace: I dunno, but he has been giving more than anyone could expect in this situation.

Madman sits up. He looks up at James before beginning to stand. Frank Dylan James allows Madman to get to his feet. He just smiles as he looks down at Szalsinki.

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Blackfront: He just towers Madman.

FDJ stomps toward Szalinski, who ducks his out reached arms.

Blackfront: Swift kick to the back of the elgs of Frank Dylan James. Another. It does no good. James is just too much larger and more powerful than Madman Szalsinki.

Ace: He's also a hell of lot meaner.

Frank Dylan James turns to Madman who runs abckward, hitting the ropes. As he returns, he leaps forward toward Frank Dylan James.

Blackfront: SHOULDERBLOCK INTO FRANK DYLAN JAMES!

Ace: But it does no good.

Frank Dylan James is hit and just stumbles back as Madman falls to the mat. However, this time he quickly rolls out of the ring.

Blackfront: Smart thinking by Madman Szalsinki who desperly needs achange in plans if he insist on finsihing this match.

Ace: If I was him, I'd grab Ariel and head out now.

Frank Dylan James stomps toward the ropes. As Madman struggles to catch his breath on the outside, FDJ steps over the top rope and to the apron before leaping to the floor.

Blackfront: This is an even more dangerous situation than befo... Oh no...

Frank Dylan James stomps over, forcing the time keeper to get up and taking his chair.

Blackfront: He has a chair again.

The referee quickly goes into action, exiting the ring. He quickly begins yelling at Frank Dylan James to drop the chair. FDJ just swings it madly at the referee who jumps back and instantly begins calling for the bell.

Blackfront: Finally, the referee ending this!

Ace: But still, Frank Dylan James has a chair.

He turns his attention from the referee and stomps toward Madman who is now on his feet. Szalsinki runs and leaps up.

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Blackfront: DROPKCIK TO THE CHAIR!

It slams back, hitting FDJ in the face causing him to drop it. Madman springs into action, scooping the chair up.

Blackfront: Madman now with the chair!

Ace: TIME FOR RETRIBUTION!

He begin slamming the chair with all of his might into the head of Frank Dylan James. With every hit, James is knocked loopier. Madman is no longer the man he came into this match as. Finally, with one last swing, he cracks the skull of Frank Dylan James, laying the big man out.

Blackfront: Madman Szalsinki has done it! He has put Frank Dylan James down!

Ariel runs around the ring and to his side. Madman drops the chair and embraces her before falling to his knees, his eyes closing.

Blackfront: My God, Madman is unconcious again.

Ace: I'm suprised he made it this far.

Announcer: Your winner, due to disqualification... MADMAN... SZALINSKI!!!!!!!

Blackfront: Madman won the battle as David defeted Goliath, but at what cost? Certainly he can not go to Black Horizon after this. There is no way.

A crew runs from the back, bringing a stretcher. Ariel screams for them to hurry.

Blackfront: We've got to go to commercial break. When we return, hopefully we can update you on the situation as Madman Szalinski needs medical attention and quick.

They get the stretcher to Madman and begin to work as we fade into commercial.

Update on Madman

As we return to the show from commercial, we are backstage where Madman Szaslinki is being loaded into an ambulance, Ariel beside him.

Ariel: Please... we have to hurry!

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La Flama Blanca comes into the scene, holding Peach.

Peach: RRRRuuufff!

Ariel: Peach baby, be good.

Blanca: I've got Peach, you two just go!

They close the door and the ambulance begins to pull out, sirens blaring. We zoom in on Peach whining before going back ringside.

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as bright flashes start to burst through out, acting as it were streaks of lighting. A dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... from Dallas, Texas....

A hush falls over the arena as the crimson mist pours off the entrance ramp and into the crowd. Without warning, crimson colored lights explode throughout the arena. A video explodes on the screen as you can see the letters slowly fade in, and as it does a very well known theme begins to filter out throughout the arena...

Can you feel it coming? In the air, tonight?

As soon as the voice over ends, you hear the voice of Phil Collins start up with...

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

As the popular Phil Collins song In The Air Tonight begins to play, the letters on the big screen finish forming with a nickname now well known with this theme....

Announcer: He stands at six foot two... and weighs in at two hundred and twenty pounds....

[The Mental Rapist]

Through the crimson mist, a ring of fire can now be seen as the fans can see two people rising up from the floor. The arena erupts into boos and slight cheers as the two people are quickly recognized as Sean Jackson and the evil jezebeth Vanessa. Jackson is motionless while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop. Once both have risen like a phoenix from its ashes, they step out of the ring of fire with Sean completely focused, his face adorned with a serious look while Vanessa runs her hands down the curves of her body and to her hips.

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Announcer: The United Toughness Alliance Champion.... SEAN... JAAAACKKKSSOOONNN!!!!

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

A slight smile forms on his face. Lord only knows what's floating around in that screwed up head of his, especially with the Vietnamese darkling at his side. After soaking up the reaction for a few moments, he motions that it's finally time to make their way to the ring.

Blackfront: The UTA Champion making his way down. Both of the men who he will face at Black Horizon have won their matches tonight, can he make it a trifecta?

They begin the slow walk down to the ring as the crimson spot lights glisten off of Vanessa's dark Vietnamese skin and cast a pale reflection on Jackson. Vanessa wearing a low cut blood red dress with a long slit showing off her well toned legs and cleavage while Jackson is dressed in a white shirt with the NWA logo on the front, blood pouring from the bottom. He is also wearing black trunks with gold colored material and outlined in blood red you see "Mental" and on the opposite leg you see "Rapist".

Blackfront: If you're Abdul Ahad, what is your mind set going into a match against this man?

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he takes to the turnbuckles and slowly climbs up. As he sets foot on the middle turnbuckle, the ring is surrounded in falling pyro on all sides of the rings as he peers out at the fans at ringside. Much to the approval of a clapping Vanessa, he then hops down off the turnbuckle and leans against the ropes. As the pyro dies out, the lights come back on, returning the light to the arena.

Announcer: Her opponent... hailing from Medina, Saudia Arabia...

He makes his way down the ramp, never once looking at the fans around him; he stares straight up at the ceiling, speaking softly to himself in Arabic.

Announcer: He stands at six foot three, and weighs in at two hundred and forty five pounds... ABDUL... AHAAAADDDDD!!!!

Once at ringside, he finally looks down, scanning the arena once before he climbs into the ring. He makes his way over to his corner without fanfare, preparing for his match.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad getting ready for a huge match. A win here will catapult him to the top.

As the referee calls for the bell, Sean Jackson rushes Abdul Ahad..

Blackfront: Jackson rushes Ahad who moves out of the way as Jackson swipes at his legs.

Both men circle and lock up. Jackson puts a side knee into the gut of Abdul Ahad. He grabs the back of his

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head and directs him to the corner, throwing him back first into it.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson taking control early.

Ace: It's easy to do when you catch the other guy off guard.

Blackfront: Jackson following up with hard jabs to the gut of Ahad as he has nowhere to go from that corner.

Abdul blocks a jab from the champion and comes right up with a boot to the gut of Sean Jackson followed by another.

Blackfront: Those kicks delivered with accuracy from Abdul Ahad as he is fighting back against the champion.

Ahad steps back and comes forward with a heavy backhanded chop into the chest of Sean Jackson, who lets out a yell as he is hit. Ahad follows up with another.

Blackfront: Heavy chops from the newcomer here as he continues to work Sean Jackson.

Ahad grabs the left wrist of Sean Jackson and pushes him tight into the corner, before yanking back and whipping Jackson hard across the ring. Sean goes full force toward the other turnbuckle with Abdul following behind. As Sean hits the corner, he bounces back hard and turns in time to see Ahad leap and twist.

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick by Abdul Ahad!

Sean Jackson hits the mat hard.

Ace: Wouldn't it be something if Abdul Ahad sent The Champion into the pay per view main event with the only loss?

Sean Jackson holds his ribs as Abdul Ahad rolls over and pushes to his feet. He looks at Sean Jackson, sizing up his position before running toward the ropes. he leaps up to the top, catching himself with perfect balance. As he leaps backward into the air he screams Allah and flips, landing perfectly.

Blackfront: Moonsault! He hit his mark.

Ace: That was beautiful.

Ahad hooks the leg, but before the referee can start his count, Sean Jackson kicks out.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson kicks out. Not enough to put the mental rapist out.

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Ace: No, but it's enough to show him he has a serious competitor in the ring with him.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad is not to be taken lightly it seems.

Ahad gets to his feet, pulling Jackson with him. He pulls Sean Jackson along with him, putting him head first into the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad still in control as the fans begin to back him here in this match.

Ace: Such a different reaction than if Abdul bin Hussain was here.

Jackson turns around as Ahad grabs him by the thighs and lifts him up.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad lifts Jackson, runs forward and slams him into the turnbuckle!

As they hit, Ahad steps back, still holding Jackson. He goes to run him into the post again, but Jackson brings a fist down into his forehead causing Abdul to drop Jackson.

Blackfront: Jackson able to stop the assault, but can turn it around?

Jackson on his hands and knees looks up. Abdul shakes off the stars before coming forward with a rising knee to the face of Sean Jackson, sending him to the mat.

Ace: Still in control, Abdul Ahad is shutting Sean Jackson up here tonight.

Abdul runs over and climbs the turnbuckle. As he reaches the top he turns around. Once he has his balance, he leaps down with a double foot stomp connecting on Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad stomping Sean Jackson.

Ahad quickly covers Jackson and the referee drops.

Ace: he's got him! he's got him!

Blackfront: No! Kickout at two!

Abdul Ahad gets to his feet again. He bends down and grabs Sean Jackson, lifting him. However, Sean Jackson grabs Husain around the waist real quick, lifts and throws him backward.

Blackfront: Belly to belly by Sean Jackson!

Ahad grabs his back as he slides across the mat. Jackson breaths heavy as he lays, giving himself a moment. Abdul sits up and pushes to his knees, sitting on them and looking out tot he crowd. Behind him,

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Jackson sits up. He sees Abdul and gets to his feet. Ahad slowly starts to lift as Jackson takes off raising his knee...

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad has seen this before, he drops to the mat!

Sean Jackson's knee completely misses Abdul Ahad's head. Abdul pushes up behind Sean Jackson who turns around.

Blackfront: Jackson turns.. roundhouse kick by Abdul Ahad! He catches his mark!

Ace: Abdul Ahad might have this!

Blackfront: He goes for the cover.

The referee drops and begins to count. Sean Jackson kicks out, but not quick enough. To the trained eye of a vigilant fan, you can tell the referee's hand was not supposed to hit three so fast and that Sean was supposed to kick out. The look of apologetic shock on the referee's face tells it all.

Blackfront: Wait.. was that three?

Ace: No, it was two Jason.

Blackfront: Wait, no.. the bell is sounding. That was three. Abdul Ahad has just beat the UTA Champion!

Ace: If this was a title match, he would be our new UTA Champion!

Abdul Ahad looks up at the referee before standing. The referee holds his arm in the sky. Sean Jackson rolls out of the ring angry.

Blackfront: Jackson is unhappy.

Ace: I'd be too if..

Vanessa brings the title belt around, handing it to Sean who talks in her ear. She nods as a reply before the begin heading up the ramp.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson unhappy, but accepting of the situation.

Jackson turns around and looks at Abdul Ahad in the ring, who looks back at him. He nods toward Ahad and we can read his lips saying *It's alright, Accidents happen* before turning back and heading up the ramp, leaving Abdul Ahad to celebrate in the ring.

Blackfront: That's all the time we have tonight folks. Join us in two weeks when we bring to you... Black

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Horizon, live on pay per view! Thank you for tuning in, right here on High Octane Television!

Ace: Be sure to keep checking WrestleUTA.com for up to date updates on everything from tonight, Madman Szalinski, as well as the upcoming Black Horizon. As always it's been a pleasure!

Abdul Ahad continues his celebration in the ring as the camera zooms in on him. The copyright comes up and we fade to black.