

Seasons Beatings: 2014

December 28, 2014 | Giant Center - Hershey, Pennsylvania

Season's Beatings 2014

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 Seasons Beatings, live on Pay per View. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, the one, the only Tommy Ace!

The camera switches to focus on them. We notice that Tommy Ace's nose is still taped up.

Ace: Thank you Jason, it's exciting to be here. We're live in Hershey, Pennsylvania in the Giants Center.

Blackfront: What a show we have for you tonight as Seasons Beatings is here!

Ace: That's right! Tonight The Spectre FRYS!

Blackfront: Perfection goes for the UTA Championship... La Flama Blanca and Madman Szalinski have a chance to finally get their hands on each other, and more!

Ace: There's just so much action ahead, why are we waiting?

Blackfront: Folks... welcome to... SEASONS BEATINGS!

Doozer emerges from the entranceway as bold voice blares through the arena as a remixed version of Eminem's [We Made You](#) plays through the sound system. The pop from the crowd quickly swamps the words of the song as Doozer stops at the top of the ramp. Above him, the words "The Man" flash across the mega-screen as the fans scream, "The Man!". Then, even louder, they bellow, "The Myth!" right as the screen reads so. Lastly, "The Legend" echoes through the arena when those pair replace the last on screen.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first. Hailing from Boston, Massachusetts... He stands at six foot three and weighs in at two hundred and seventy eight pounds.... DOOOOOZZZEEERRR!!!!

Doozer, smiling at his fans all around the arena, nods his head under that trademark, official Boston cap he

Seasons Beatings: 2014

always wears backwards. Elbows at each side, he bends his arms up so his hands come up on both sides of the Superman logo on his t-shirt. Looking like a basketball star after scoring a clutch basket, he pinches his Superman t-shirt and pulls it out from his body, showing off the logo. As he emphatically lets go of the shirt red, blue and gold fireworks blast off the ramp to his sides. The fans start,

DOO-ZER. DOO-ZER.DOO-ZER

The wrestling star struts down to the ring, swerving between both sides of the ramp to catch the hands of his fans.

Blackfront: The DREAM Hall of Fame legend is here! Tonight he makes his UTA debut and the fans are hot!

Ace: DREAM was a great promotion Jason, but the key word is was. Doozer needs to show the UTA Universe what he is about and tonight he has that opportunity.

He encircles the entire ring, connecting with as many hands as he can. Doozer then rolls into the ring and is quickly up to his feet. He climbs one of the turnbuckles. He pinches his shirts again, showing the Superman logo to his fans who pop back with a huge cheer. He jumps off and walks to the turnbuckle diagonal to him. He does the same to another large pop from the crowd.

Blackfront: Doozer is ready for this match, and so are these fans.

The drums of [You Only Live Once](#) by Suicide Silence erupt through darkness as spotlights highlight one of the most unhinged men in professional wrestling - Turk.

Announcer: Hailing from Chicago, Illinois...

Back to the crowd, his leg begins pounding time into the stage with the growing drum line of the music, until the quick crescendo as he leaps into the air turning the face the jeers that follow him everywhere.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three... and weighing in at two hundred and sixty five pounds...

Turk begins down the ramp toward the ring.

Announcer: The Psycho.... TURRRRRKKKKKK!!!!!!

Turk reaches the ring. In one fluid motion, he leaps to the apron, grabbing the ropes as his feet plant on the edge of the ring. A series of pyrotechnics shoot from all four corners of the ring, catching Doozer by surprise.

Blackfront: This match is a grudge match to say the least! Turk has been terrorizing the women of the UTA for weeks, and Doozer has had enough.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ace: It will not be for the weak of heart, Ill tell you that!

Blackfront: What a way to open Seasons beatings after that amazing pre-show on Pure Sports Entertainment!

Ace: Wrestleshow was great, but this Jason. This will be epic.

Blackfront: Almost as epic as your in ring debut on Victory, wouldn't you say?

Ace: Lets not talk about that.

As the music begins to fade out, Turk stomps around the ring.

Blackfront: Doozer can not wait to get his hands on Turk, you can see it in his eyes.

Doozer steps up, his stare never leaving Turk, who finally walks over. The two stand nose to nose in the center of the ring as the bell sounds. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: These two men are ready to go.

Ace: It's going to be explosive!

They begin yelling at each other, aggression filling the atmosphere as they move in even closer, literally standing face to face. Finally, Turk pulls his fist back and brings a hard shot to the side of Doozer's head.

Blackfront: And we're off! Doozer rocked by that shot, now returning with his own. Another hard right from Turk. Doozer replies with a jarring fist of his own.

Ace: Out of the gate these two are bringing it!

The fans go crazy as they slam their fist into each other's head's back and forward.

Blackfront: Doozer grabs Turk's arm. He whi- No! Turk reverses. Doozer sent running. off of the ropes. Doozer ducks a clothesline attempt by the maniac Turk. Off of the ropes again. Doozer on the return, he leaps...

Doozer thrust everything he has with a flying shoulder block.

Blackfront: And Doozer takes Turk off his feet with that shoulder!

The fans cheer. Doozer quickly rolls over and pushes up as does Turk.

Blackfront: Both men back on their feet quickly. Turk charges Doozer. Doozer ducks another clothesline.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

They both swing around to face each other.

Blackfront: Turk now with a boot to the gut of the Hall of Fame legend.

Turk grabs Doozer's head and yanks it backward, sending him to the canvas.

Ace: Doozer started out with momentum, but once Turk gets turned on, there's no stopping him.

Blackfront: Turk now stomping away at Doozer with pure aggression. This is what he is known for folks, unadulterated hate.

Turk stomps Doozer, making his way around him as he stomps different parts of his body.

Blackfront: Turk now lifting Doozer to his feet.

Turk slides in behind Doozer, placing him in a modified Nelson, grabbing Doozer's face and pulling backward.

Blackfront: Doozer trying to get free, but the power of Turk may be too much.

Ace: I hate to say it Jason, but I think Doozer picked off more than he could chew when he challenged Turk to this match.

Blackfront: You may be right Tommy. Doozer trying to fight free.

Doozer is finally able to wiggle free as he stomps Turk's foot. Doozer rolls around behind Turk, slaps him in his own full nelson lock as the fans cheer.

Blackfront: Doozer able to free and now has Turk locked in. He lifts up... FULL NELSON SLAM BY DOOZER!

The fans cheer as Turk hits the canvas.

Ace: Doozer able to change things up, but he's got to be weak. He needs to end this one soon.

Blackfront: Doozer is indeed not one hundred percent right now, but he is still in this, as he lifts Turk up to his feet by his arm.

Turk swings his fist up as he rises, catching Doozer off guard and causing him to stumble backward.

Blackfront: Turk charges... Doozer ducks the clothesline.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Both men turn to each other.

Blackfront: Doozer with a boot to Turk's gut! He grabs the arm... Turk whipped hard into the ropes. Doozer follows...

As Turk hits, Doozer throws his arm out and catches him, sending him over the top rope and crashing to the floor.

Blackfront: Turk hits the ground with force!

Ace: I don't care who you are Jason, that floor does not feel good.

Blackfront: Turk didn't get the scars on his body by being in safe matches.

Doozer steps through the ropes and to the apron as Turk rolls over and begins to push up.

Blackfront: Doozer heading outside of the ring now. He grabs the head of Turk, lifting hi- Turk with a shot to the midsection. Another. Turk is up... Doozer sent hard into the barrier!

The fans slap the back of Doozer as he is propped up on the barrier. Turk runs at him.

Blackfront: CLOTHESLINE BY TURK! DOOZER IS IN THE FANS!

Doozer goes over the top of the barrier and crashes into the front row. Turk lets out a loud warrior-like yell before heading to the ring. He rolls in and then back out to reset the count.

Blackfront: Turk searching under the ring for something.

Ace: Oh this can't be good Jason.

Blackfront: It looks as if he is pulling out a table.

Turk slides the table out, lifting it as he stand sup. He begins pulling the legs down as Doozer uses the barrier to begin pulling himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Turk has that table set up outside. This is not good at all.

Ace: Maybe you should just call it a day Dooze.

Turk heads over and slams a forearm into the back of Doozer before grabbing his head and yanking him over the top of the barrier. He continues to hold his head, grabbing the shorts of Doozer before lifting him up

Seasons Beatings: 2014

and dropping him backwards through the table.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! DOOZER THROUGH THE TABLE!

Ace: He may be dead Jason!

The fans are on their feet with excitement chanting *HOLT SHIT! HOLY SHIT!* Turk rolls over and stands up

Blackfront: Turk admiring his handy work as Doozer is not moving.

Ace: How could he?

Turk grabs Doozer by the head and lifts him up enough to roll him into the ring.

Blackfront: Turk looking to put the legend away now and quite frankly I'm glad. No man's body should have to go through that.

Turk grabs the ropes and pulls himself to the apron before entering the ring. He looks down at Doozer and licks his lips before stomping away at the DREAM Hall of Famer.

Blackfront: Come on Turk. He's hurt! Just end this already!

Ace: He wants to send a message to anyone in the back who thinks they should step up and play hero like Doozer has!

Turk begins to lift Doozer up. Suddenly the fans explode into cheers as the camera moves to the stage. From the back we see a motorized cart dart out of the back being driven by none other than Bobby Dean. Also in the cart, Mikey Unlikely and Will Haynes.

Ace: What the f-

Blackfront: I have no idea Tommy, but it looks like they are on their way down here to save Doozer!

Bobby slams the cart into the side of the ring, causing it to move. Turk yells at them to bring it as the three pile out of the cart. As he has turned his back on Doozer, the Hall of Famer leans against the ropes.

Blackfront: It appears they are out here for emotional support and not to interrupt.

Ace: Yet.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Turk turns back to Doozer and grabs his arm.

Blackfront: Turk looking to continue where he left off now,

Turk sends Doozer into the ropes with an irish-whip. Doozer rebounds and is met with a kick to the gut doubling the Hall of Famer over. Turk clasps his knees to either side of his head and butterflies his arms behind him, then sends him crashing to the canvas with a perfectly executed Split.

Blackfront: Doozer is down...

Turk rolls Doozer over and covers...

Ace: Stay down Doozer!

Blackfront: KICK OUT AT TWO!

Turk looks at the ref and mouths; *Faster, damnit!* slapping his hands in a one-two-three.

Blackfront: Turk blaming the referee for a slow count, but I think it was right on the money.

Ace: He's growing impatient and has no idea how Doozer is able to continue.

Turk gathers his feet under him and stands - unsteadily. The wear working on him. He makes it to the corner, Doozer still lies motionless in the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: Turk looks to be taking to the sky.

Ace: have you ever seen him fly Jason?!

The crowd nearly gasps in unison as he begins to ascend the turnbuckles.

Blackfront: It's not really his forte Tommy.

The cameras catch Haynes and Unlikely shaking their heads knowing Doozer is in a really bad spot.

Blackfront: All Doozer's friends can do is watch from the outside.

Turk reaches the top, smirks at Doozer's allies gathered at ringside - and jumps.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! TURK FROM THE TOP ROPE!

The moment was slowed, it seems like forever - Turk crashes to the mat his left knee bending awkwardly - Doozer moved.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Blackfront: DOOZER MOVED! DOOZER MOVED!

Ace: I think Turk may have hurt himself Jason!

Turk flops to the mat and clutches his knee and yells in pain.

Blackfront: I believe you are right Tommy. Turk is hurt folks.

Doozer watches the obviously painful scene, and the referee sliding in quickly to check on Turk. Instantly the ref looks up the ramp and gives the X with his crossed forearms.

Blackfront: Turk landed awkwardly on his knee, and seems to have damaged it in some way.

Doozer begins to get up as we have medical staff starting from the back.

Blackfront: I don't think this one will continue folks as-

Doozer pounces and kicks Turk in the back of the head. The ref is shocked and tries to talk to Doozer, but he's ignored. Doozer turns his attention to the knee as medics stream from the back down the ramp. Doozer drops elbows on the knee, over and over and over.

Blackfront: Doozer has lost it! Turk is injured and Doozer attacking him! This is retribution for everything Turk has done in the last two months! Doozer not caring that he is hurt as he shows him the same respect Turk has given the women of the UTA!

The referee is nearly touching Doozer's ear trying to talk him back down. He looks to the timekeeper's table with a confused look. All the while Doozer continues his assault on the injured knee of Turk.

Blackfront: The referee trying to get Doozer to give Turk space, but folks, this match is still going on.

Ace: His animal instincts have come into play. That's what happens after weeks of meetings as these two have had.

Fans at ringside, including Doozer's own friends, are shocked at this side of the Hall of Famer. He's broken loose. He's relentlessly trying to injure Turk further - clear anger and hate boiling over in an effort to cripple the Psycho.

Blackfront: Doozer now the one sending the message. Sending the message to Turk that you can not come into the UTA and treat women, or anyone for that matter, how he has!

The entire time Turk is wailing in pain with each blow - but ...he's smirking?

Blackfront: Is Turk.. Smirking as Doozer continues to work the knee?!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ace: What a sick bastard.

Finally satisfied to make the cover, Doozer drops and purposefully grabs the injured leg and wrenches it upward for leverage...

Blackfront: Doozer going for the cover... Medical staff is waiting ringside as the referee drops... We have a count... THREE! DOOZER DOES IT!

The bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: OK Doozer... You can stop now!

Doozer has won, but his attack isn't finished as Turk says something to him, Doozer snaps further, dropping perfectly placed elbows into Turk's nose, causing blood to flow almost immediately.

Ace: This is the most aggressive I have ever seen Doozer!

Blackfront: Turk is laughing. Turk has been all but thoroughly destroyed, and he's laughing, almost giggling. I can not believe this.

Bobby Dean, Will Haynes, and Mikey Unlikely rush the ring and pull Doozer away from Turk.

Blackfront: Thank God! Get him away! He's proved his point!

The medics finally reach Turk, while Doozer is being physically restrained by his friends.

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

Blackfront: Doozer picking up the win tonight, but folks, Turk is hurt.

Ace: To what extent?

Blackfront: It looks to be bad Tommy.

Bill Daley is now at Turk's side, as Turk is laid on the gurney near the ring area. Blood has been stopped from his nose, packed with gauze, his left leg in an inflatable cast, he motions for a mic from the timetable as he rolls by.

Turk: Who won, Dooze? Someone got the pin - but who really won? Everyone in this arena has seen your darkness...you're welcome.

Turk tossed the mic aside, as Doozer tried to go after him again and broke away from Dean, Haynes, and Unlikely - he reaches Turk on the gurney and punches him again and turns the cart over. Turk laughing the

Seasons Beatings: 2014

whole time.

Blackfront: Oh my Lord! Doozer! No!

The crowd is in a state of shock.

Ace: Turk told him! He's opened up and shown his true colors!

Bobby reaches Dooze first and pulls him away, as the medics go back to Turk.

Blackfront: Please. Get him away from Turk! I don't like Turk at all, but he is seriously hurt!

Unlikely and Haynes push Doozer away as he's screaming at Turk all the way to the other side of the ring as they reload Turk.

Ace: What a match.

Turk rolls away - never losing his smile.

This is going to be history

The camera fades in on the four members of Dynasty slated for action on tonight's Pay Per View. La Flama Blanca, Perfection, Claude Baptiste Ranier and Sean Jackson stand in a circle.

The fans inside the arena are seeing what is going on in the back and the Dynasty know how they feel.

Blanca's voice cuts through the immense sound of boos coming from the Hershey crowd.

La Flama Blanca: Tonight... Tonight we continue to show the world why we are the best.

Perfection: Seasons Beatings... we continue our domination of this stink hole.

The men all nod at each other. Sean Jackson pats La Flama Blanca on the shoulder.

La Flama Blanca: Tonight, we retain the Internet title, we win back the UTA title, we end the careers of The Spectre and Madman Szalinski... this is going to be history.

Sean Jackson: As far as Spectre goes, I end that purple headed freak tonight, once and for all. Matter of fact, the best part of it all is the fact that it's a match that he cooked up in that head of his. Oh yes, I'm going

Seasons Beatings: 2014

to enjoy tonight. Every moment of it.

CBR: Hopper is out of his depth. I'm going to show him why he should stick to tag matches with Mikey Unlikely and Nigma.

La Flama Blanca: Let's show all these beat nuts who runs the UTA...

All four men put their right hands into the circle with the camera above them. After a few seconds they pull them away. The cameras fade.

New King vs the Old King

We cut to a video segment from the Season's Beatings broadcast. The screen goes dark and moves from a view of the titantron to fullscreen video on your television set. The darkness is accompanied by the dramatic opening of *O Fortuna* by Carl Orff.

O FORTUNA; VELUT LUNA;

An image of the golden UTA Internet Title starts to fade into view, taking over the whole screen.

STATU VARIABILIS;

Drums move to crescendo and symbols crash as images of first Frank Dylan James holding the title up at Wrestleshaw 7 are followed by those of Yoshii, the current UTA Champion, holding the belt at iPPV 02. The loud opening comes to an end, as the quieter, faster verse punches in.

Semper crescis; aut decrescis;

The video jumps to CBR facing Yoshii at Black Horizon, eventually slamming the big man down onto the mat.

Vita detestabilis;

CBR holding the title aloft at that PPV in June, followed by various images of him holding the title up in the ring since.

Nunc obdurat; et tunc curat;

The video jumps to images of Chris Hopper making his debut against La Flama Blanca in June.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ludo mentis aciem

Views of Hopper holding his arms up after that win and other victories since.

Egestatem, potestatem

A highlight reel of CBR executing his finishing manoeuvre, the 'Crab Drop' to UTA superstars.

Dissolvit ut glaciem

Hopper delivering Ice Breakers to a number of others.

Sors immanis; et inanis;

A silent video of the first time CBR and Hopper really had confrontation, at Wrestleshow 25 on 2nd November, following an interaction between CBR, KVT and Bobby Dean, Hopper standing in front of the Canadian Star backstage.

Rota tu volubilis;

CBR barges Hopper's shoulder, who then throws him back against a wall.

Status malus; vana salus;

We cut to Victory XIII, where CBR and KVT's 'indecent' pictures are revealed on the titantron, and CBR confronts the production crew backstage, only for Hopper to intervene.

Semper disolubilis;

The image of the post-confrontation scene with Hopper's arms folded and a smile across his face.

Obumbrata; et velata;

Hopper coming out at Wrestleshow 26 following CBR's in-ring segment and taking the mic from him.

Michi quoque niteris;

The two squaring up, CBR holding the Internet Title as the larger Chris Hopper looks down on him.

Nunc per ludum; dorsum nudum;

Various images of the two in the same area, facing one another, but not coming to blows.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Fero tui sceleris

Pause...Fade to Black...before suddenly the dramatic drums hit in the entire choir slams in with the chorus to an explosion of light and images.

SORS SALUTIS; ET VIRTUTIS;

Hopper exploding out of the celebration cake at Victory XVIII.

MICHI NUNC CONTRARIA;

CBR slamming the steel chair down onto Hopper at Wrestleshow 26.

EST AFFECTUS; ET DEFECTUS;

Then images of the Canadian Star slamming the sledgehammer over Hopper's windpipe.

SEMPER IN ANGARIA;

The King of Cool driving CBR's face down with a second Icebreaker at Victory into the caked mess.

HAC IN HORA; SINE MORA;

Claude delivering the low blow to Hopper.

CORDE PULSUM TANGITE;

The video returns to the scene of CBR holding up his Internet Title in front of Chris Hopper.

QUOD PER SORTEM; STERNIT FORTEM;

Then to the scene of Chris Hopper holding up the Internet Title over CBR's prone body.

MECUM OMNES PLANGITE;

And finally to a tense, slow motion scene of the two face to face, intense, Hopper slightly taller, but both refusing to back down almost chest to chest, holding position. The scene pauses on the moment, a few seconds more, before fading to large red and black letters...

THE NEW KING...THE OLD KING

Seasons Beatings: 2014

A loud voice booms over the PA system.

Voice Over: MAKE WAY FOR THE KING OF COOL!

The lights go out suddenly as the beginning strums of [TNT](#) by AC/DC start to blare over the loudspeakers. The crowd erupts with a huge face pop as the screen lights up with images of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper. The music plays for a bit and then burst into the chorus.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper, tonight is going into his greatest battle in his time here in the UTA...

Tommy cuts Jason off.

Ace: This might be his greatest test in his career. He's facing CBR, the Internet Champ.

Blackfront: You're right, Tommy. Hopper has been around the world and has been in this spot before. Let's see if he has one more in him.

Ace: This is going to be a good one.

Hopper then enters the arena and the attention is off the big screen. The music continues through the chorus as Hopper struts down to the ring. Hopper is wearing a T-shirt that says "Nose Bleed Pie!" on the front and "Too Cool" and Chris Hopper on the back.

Ace: Here comes, The King Of Cool.

Blackfront: Listen to these fans Tommy!

He reaches the ring as the chorus ends and another instrumental has begun.

Ace: They love Hopper! Does the old man beat the Champ? I'm not sure.

Blackfront: This is going to be great, can't say it enough!

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

The unmistakable opening riff of [Seek and Destroy](#) by Metallica begins to play, the crowd erupting into a crescendo of boos, peppered with faint cheers of a growing fan base for the Internet Champion of the UTA.

After two or three repetitions of the riff, out from the back steps the man himself, Claude Baptiste Ranier, the titantron glowing with images of suplexes and submission holds by the Canadian Star, each separated with brief images of the Canadian flag.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Wearing a pair of purple and white ring trunks, purple knee pads and elbow pads and white boots, and adorned in his trademark Purple and white "Subjugation" robe, Ranier stands atop the stage, looking over the see or disapproving fans, the smile etched on his face.

Announcer: Now coming to the ring... The UTA Internet Champion, Claude Baptiste Ranier.

Ace: One of the top candidates for the UTA Superstar of the Year. Can Hopper the end of the streak?

Blackfront: We will see, right here on Pay Per View!

Around his waist, beneath the robe, CBR wears the Internet Title, as one hand runs across the gold, a pair of purple tinted sunglasses over his face. Ranier has his blonde mane of hair falling by his shoulders and starts to make his way down the ramp, the music hitting into its starting lyrics. CBR edges forward towards the ring slowly, ignoring outstretched hands of fans, focused on the squared circle.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Canada

Ranier is distracted by one Ryan's abuse, his smile turning to a serious look, straight into the eyes of an overweight fan in the front row shouting and pointing at the Canadian Star. Claude unstraps the Internet Title, raising it above his head in front of the fan, holding it there patronisingly, focused on the fan, pausing for a few moments. He then drops the title over his shoulder and turns back towards the ring.

Blackfront: Again, this is our Main Event of the evening, folks. Internet Title match, the champion, CBR taking on the challenger, Chris Hopper.

Announcer: Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds...

"Searching....seek and destroy!

Searching...seek and destroy!

Searching...seek and destroy!

Searching...seek and destroy!"

CBR walks up to the ring steps looking over the fans again momentarily as the chorus plays out. 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 places his Internet Title over the top rope and takes off his robe and sunglasses, placing them into the corner. Taking his title once more, he climbs the turnbuckle, raising it for everyone to see as the second chorus starts.

Announcer: The current UTA Internet Champion...the Canadian Star...CBR!!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Holding the belt aloft, Ranier takes in the boos, closing his eyes and savouring the moment. He lingers for a few more moments before coming down and handing his title to the referee, stretching his right arm.

Ace: The Champion fresh off his title defense against Gentleman Jack, defends his crown once again.

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

Ace: These two men just don't like each other Jason.

Blackfront: The mindgames start already.

Ace: Epic staredown.

The bell sounds.

Both men step towards each other and meet in the center of the ring, toe to toe. CBR slightly looks up at look into the eyes of the slightly taller Chris Hopper. The two men stands inches apart, locked in position. Neither man makes a move, even blinks.

Blackfront: The fans are getting loud.

Ace: You can cut the tension with a knife. Who's going to make the first move?

Hopper puts a smile across his face and begins to chuckle. CBR slaps the taste out of Chris Hopper's mouth.

Blackfront: Wooooooah!

Ace: CBR must be crazy!

Hopper puts his hand to his face, wiping a small amount of spit from the side of his mouth. Hopper comes back with a slap of his own. The fans burst as the two combatants go blow for blow. The two men wrestle into the corner, Hopper holding a handful of Ranier's hair pushes CBR against the turnbuckles. CBR grabs onto the top rope and yells for the ref to get Hopper away from him. The referee gets in between the two men.

Blackfront: Hopper backs away from the Champ.

Hopper steps back with his arms up in the air. CBR yells at the ref as he pulls his hair to recreate Hopper.

Ace: Hopper should be disqualified!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Blackfront: Calm down, Tommy!

Ace: You want to go Jason? Put your dukes up!

Blackfront: Don't make me get Rex out here.

Ace: Stop!

CBR steps out from the corner and circles around Hopper. The King of Cool turns out as the men stand in the center of the ring once again. They lock up in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up. Hopper gets the upper hand and sends CBR down to a knee. CBR bursts up and turns the hold now into his favor. Hopper gets back to a vertical base and is pushed back into the ring ropes.

Blackfront: Referee O'Connor separates Hopper and CBR again.

CBR backs away from his opponent and lands a Chop to Hopper's chest.

Fans: Wooooo!

CBR grabs Hopper by the wrist and attempts an Irish Whip. Hopper holds onto the top rope stopping CBR. Hopper uses all his strength to bring CBR towards him landing a Short Arm Lariat sending CBR to the mat. Hopper maintains his hold on CBR's wrist, locking CBR's arm up at the shoulder.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper in control of this match in the early going.

Ace: Hopper is an old schooler. He knows what he's doing. CBR can't throw Hopper around with one bum wing.

CBR grabs at his shoulder as Hopper adjusts his grip putting more strain on CBR's arm. Hopper bangs his head up and down. Referee O'Connor asks CBR if he wants to continue and CBR screams at him.

Ace: No quit in the Internet Champion!

CBR tries to bring himself up to his feet. He sits on one knee, upon getting to a vertical position he is able to turn Hopper's wrist over for a Wristlock. Hopper slaps at his shoulder feeling the pain. CBR lands an elbow down hard on Hopper's arm. Hopper falls down to his knees as CBR lands another elbow.

Blackfront: CBR giving Hopper a taste of his own medicine.

CBR holds Hopper's right arm out and kicks at Chris' tricep area. Hopper pulls his arm back from Ranier and grabs at it. He rolls on the mat writhing in pain.

Ace: CBR can smell blood!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

CBR pauses and waits for Hopper to turn himself towards him. CBR lands a stiff kick to the hurting arm of the challenger. The fans boo the action of the Internet Champion. He blows a kiss into the crowd gaining more heat. CBR stalks his prey as he kicks Hopper in that ailing arm. CBR grabs Hopper by the head and gets him to his feet.

Ace: CBR trying to pull that arm from the socket.

CBR holding Hopper at the wrist throws Hopper's arm up and slams it down. CBR attempts a third but is met with a knee to his gut by Chris Hopper. Hopper acts quick and grabs CBR by the back of the head and sends him through the ropes and to the outside.

Blackfront: Hopper getting distance from Ranier.

Ace: Smart move, take a breather and stop CBR's momentum.

CBR gets right back to his feet and gets to the apron within seconds. Chris Hopper meets CBR by the ropes, exchanging hard rights back and forth. CBR lands an European Uppercut sends Hopper back a few steps. Hopper throws a wide right which gets blocked by the Champ. CBR grabs Hopper by the back of the head and pulls his weight down to the floor as Hopper's throat slams across the ropes.

Ace: Great move by the Champ!

Blackfront: Hopper is down!

CBR slides into the ring and goes for the cover.

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

Blackfront: Chris Hopper isn't out of this one yet!

The fans go wild as CBR goes back to the drawing board. CBR cinches in a Headlock on Hopper as they lay on the mat.

Ace: CBR is relentless!

Blackfront: Hopper is being broken down methodically!

Ace: CBR is taking it to the old man!

Hopper tries to pull CBR's arm to try to catch his breath. CBR maintains his grip as Hopper continues to struggle.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ace: CBR is going to retain!

Blackfront: Hopper doesn't look good!

Hopper uses what strength and fortitude he has left to inch closer and closer to the ring ropes. CBR grows tired and lets the Headlock go and gets to his feet and lands furious Boot Stomps on his opponent. CBR grabs onto the top rope with both hands and places his size Twelve boot on Chris Hopper's throat.

Referee: One! Two! Three! Four! Come on Claude!

Blackfront: CBR being warned by the referee.

Claude starts kicking Hopper in the ribs which sends Hopper to the arena floor. CBR stands on the bottom rope and yells at Chris Hopper getting a round of boos from the Pennsylvania crowd.

Ace: CBR is dominating this match.

Referee: One!

CBR steps through the top and middle rope and stands on the ring apron. He positions himself close to the turnbuckle, Hopper moves over slightly towards the center of the mat by ringside. CBR takes a second and runs down the apron and jumps off.

Blackfront: Big Elbow Drop from the Internet Champion.

Ace: CBR putting his body on the line to keep his title!

Both men are down but CBR is at a knee.

Referee: Four!

Blackfront: CBR doing anything and everything to keep his Internet Title.

Ace: CBR rolls in and out of the ring. Smart move forcing the ref to restart his Ten Count.

Blackfront: CBR continuing his assault on The King of Cool.

CBR helps Chris Hopper to a vertical stance and attempts an Irish Whip that is reversed. CBR is sent crashing into the steel stairs at ringside. CBR slams into them sending them flying apart from each other.

Blackfront: Both men are down again!

Fans: This is awesome! This is awesome!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ace: Oh man! The referee continues to count both men out!

Blackfront: The ref is now at five!

Chris Hopper stands leaning against the side of the ring. He rolls into the ring, takes a breath and rolls back out to the ringside area. The referee restarts his count. CBR slowly walks up the entrance ramp, grabbing at his arm. Chris Hopper walks around the corner and up towards CBR who still has his back to the ring.

Ace: Watch out CBR! Ahhh!

Chris Hopper spins CBR around and lands a stiff right that sends CBR crashing to the entrance ramp steel. Hopper stands and takes a blow and hears the cheer from the fans.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper hearing it from the fans.

Chris Hopper pulls CBR by the hair and stands him up. He sends CBR crashing into the ring apron.

Ace: Chris Hopper rushes CBR and ooooh! Big Boot!

CBR throws his left boot up catch Chris Hopper in the teeth.

Referee: Six!

Blackfront: These men better get back in the ring!

Ace: CBR can lose by count out and not lose the belt! It's all on Hopper!

CBR grabs at Hopper and tries to smash Hopper head first into the edge of the ring.

Blackfront: Hopper blocks it. Ooooh! CBR face first.

Hopper rolls CBR into the ring and slides in before the referee gets to Ten.

Referee: Nine!

Ace: That was close!

Hopper stands over CBR as the Champion crawls back towards the center of the ring as he faces Hopper. He holds his arm and claims he is injured.

Blackfront: CBR might be injured here.

Ace: End this match, CBR needs to avoid any further injury.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Referee Mickey O'Connor goes to CBR to check out his arm. Hopper puts his hands on his hips and takes deep breaths.

Blackfront: Hopper himself suffered possible damage on his shoulder tonight.

Hopper: Get up! Baby!

Hopper moves in on CBR but is cut off by Referee O'Connor.

The fans boo.

Blackfront: The fans not happy about this.

Ace: They need to shut up! We're talking about the health and well being of the UTA Internet Champion!

O'Connor and Hopper argue about CBR's possible injury as CBR gets to his feet. He rushes both men lands a Forearm Smash to Chris Hopper. The two men sandwich the referee sending him down to the mat.

Ace: O'Connor is out!

Blackfront: The ref is down!

CBR continues his attack on Chris Hopper. The fans in the arena now on the edge of their seats. They know now anything can happen.

Blackfront: CBR going for an Irish Whip... Hopper stops... ICE BREAKER!!

Ace: There's no ref!

Chris Hopper covers CBR as the fans count.

Fans: One! Two! Three!

Hopper slams his hand down on the mat. He rises to rest on his knees, turning his head to look down the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: Hopper is looking for another referee.

Chris Hopper stands up and walks strained towards the ring ropes. He motions for someone to come down to the ring. He walks over to Referee O'Connor to try to wake him up.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Blackfront: Hopper stands above the carnage.

Ace: The ring is a warzone!

Behind him, CBR rolls out of the ring, holding his jaw.

Blackfront: The Internet Champion trying to shake it off. Can he recoup?

CBR drops to a knee outside of the ring as Chris Hopper turns and notices he has left.

Blackfront: Hopper on the hunt for CBR now as we still do not have a referee.

Ace: Come on CBR! Get him!

Chris steps closer to the ropes as CBR slides a chair out from under the ring and quickly slides back into it.

Blackfront: He has a chair!

Ace: Yes!

Blackfront: We need a referee!

Ace: We have one!

Blackfront: He's knocked out!

CBR gets up and runs toward Chris with the chair. He swings and Chris ducks. Hopper runs forward and hits the ropes, as he returns he leaps with a huge shoulder. However, CBR side steps and swings the chair, catching him right in the face.

Blackfront: Chair shot to the face of Chris Hopper! My lord!

CBR drops down and rolls Chris over. We see the referee coming to. He quickly slides the chair out of the ring and covers Chris. The referee crawls over and raises his hand.

Blackfront: We have a cover! We have a cover!

The referee counts. As it is slow, CBR yells to hurry. Finally his hand hits a third time and the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match and STILL... UTA INTERNET CHAMPION....

Ace: YES!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Announcer: C....B....RRRRRRR!!!!

Blackfront: CBR may have won, but not without the aid of that chair. Also, Chris Hopper did pin him for three. The referee was just out.

Ace: It doesn't count! Dynasty's sweep begins! I love it!

Blackfront: I don't know about a sweep, but CBR is indeed still the Internet Champion.

Ace: The longest reigning champion in UTA history Jason!

Blackfront: I think it is far from over between these two. Way far from over.

CBR is given the title and rolls out of the ring, dropping to his knees and holding it close, knowing it was almost a different story.

It All Ends Tonight

The camera is focused on a white table where several S&M items are being placed- leather spike mask, cat-o-nine tails, gag ball, leather spike chaps, and the like. As the camera pans back, surprisingly, it is none other than The Spectre who has been placing those items on the table. He continues to reach into a duffel bag and placing the items on the table. He has a rather sinister grin on his face. Jennifer Williams walks up to Spectre and is a bit perplexed at what Spectre is doing.

Williams: Well, umm, Spectre. I... I was wondering about how you were feeling about your match tonight against Sean Jackson, and how after nearly eighteen months you are FINALLY getting the dream match you've been asking for. But, uh...

Spectre looks up at Jennifer.

Spectre: How do I feel? How do I feel?!? Jennifer, I asked for this match repeatedly over the years at the wrestling organization I used to work for, and not ONCE did I ever was my request approved. I was thrown into another type of match that was deemed a "Spectre specialty" match. A Triple Tier Circus of Fun Match?!? Yeah, it had its brutality, but nothing like the Shock Therapy Match. I suppose not choosing MY match was making sure that place maintained some sort of "intellectual property rights" or some crap like that.

But now, NOW that I am back home, back in the UTA, back in THE place where the Shock Therapy Match was conceived, born, and made into a reality, I could not be happier. Those fans who were around back then,

Seasons Beatings: 2014

know how brutal the Shock Therapy Match is, and how it can change lives- FOREVER! For those who haven't seen it before? Well, they are in for a bit of a treat! A real "old school" feel of a treat!

People are going on and on about how La Flama Blanca and Madman Szalinski are going to have this knock-down, drag out grudge match, and how it's going to be the match of the night, or even match of the year?

Hehehehehehehehe.... Those two can have their little...ahem... squabble. But that's no grudge match, Jennifer. A grudge match is the type of match Sean Jackson and I are in. Two guys that have absolutely despised each other for nearly two years, and who want to wipe each other off the face of the Earth! And with two guys that can't stand each other, there is only one solution to put a fitting ending to this feud we've been having! That end is the Shock Therapy Match, where not only is the cage a weapon, filled with electricity, but other weapons are thrown in as part of the match to REALLY do some serious bodily harm! And I have been making preparations for this match ever since it was greenlit.

Jennifer: But Spectre, if I may ask... what do these items on the table have to do with the Shock Therapy Match? None of these items are even going to be inside the cage.

Spectre: It's quite simple, Jennifer. After the Shock Therapy Match is over, Sean Jackson is going to be my bitch!

Crowd: Ohhhhhhhhhhh!!!

Spectre: After tonight, Sean Jackson will finally realize just exactly WHO he's been dealing with all this time!

The year 2014 was just a sneak peak at The Sadistic Nut, or the twisted nature of my existence. I somewhat sat back, because I was a Hall of Famer who had already established himself in the greatest wrestling organization ever! But the more I looked around, the more I was getting sick and tired of certain individuals who had an excessive amount of a sense of entitlement! In 2015, that will change! Ever since I returned to the UTA, there is someone I have been dying to shove my fist down their throat! And TONIGHT, I will do just that!

Kharma is a bitch, and she's ready to seek vengeance on the head of the snake which has bitten so many people this past year!

As for Sean Jackson, after tonight he can quietly move to the back of the Dynasty chain of command and simply become a prop and an afterthought for whatever is left of Dynasty! That is, is there is anything left of that group or they are dismantled in one... fail...swoop!

Hehehehehehehehe....

Seasons Beatings: 2014

It's Looking A Lot Like Chr...Bloodshed

The scene opens with Sean Jackson standing in the backstage area wearing slacks and a dress shirt. As the camera begins to pan in close, Sean cracks a smile.

Jackson: It won't be long now Spectre. In just about an hour or so, that no contact clause from James Wingate will be over and then, there won't be anything left to protect you.

As he tilts his head back, the eyes close momentarily. He slowly takes in a breath before equally letting it out, slowly.

Jackson: As that cage slowly lowers down, with all of it's little goodies inside, it's going to feel a lot like Christmas...

A smile begins to form as his head lowers to normal and his eyes re-open.

Jackson: For me anyway, but not quite so much for you. As you can tell Spectre, things have changed now that 2014 has drawn to a close. Back in June, you got to stroll in here with the good graces of James Wingate, to do pretty much what you damn well pleased.

The smile disappears, and is replaced with a much more appropriate serious look. It seems that he is now playing the part of the after Christmas scrooge.

Jackson: But all of that changes tonight. It changes because once that cage lowers around us, there won't be any cardboard cutouts there to save you. No, at my discretion, I can grab any one of those taser devices to smoke you in places where they just weren't meant to go....

He tilts his head just a tad, and delivers a well times wink in the direction of the camera.

Jackson: And the great thing about it is, there isn't a damned thing that Wingate can do to stop me. With the cameras rolling, I can make due on every promise I've made in regards to this match, including the part where I threatened to jab a taser into your eyes and hit the switch...

Sean takes a step back, bringing his hand up to rub his chin with the thumb and index finger. Yes, damn straight he said it.

Jackson: Just so I can see the whites of your eyes turn charcoal black, right before they turn to liquid and drain from your eye sockets. Yes Spectre, this little war you chose just got personal, and I'll be damned if you get to walk away unscathed. You cost me the UTA championship, as well as a UTA tag team title...and now it's time for you to lose something.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

He starts to turn, as if the little segment is over. But he stops dead in his tracks, and looks over his shoulder towards the camera.

Jackson: Just remember Spectre, later on tonight when you're laying there in a river of your own blood, you asked for it. No, you pretty much demanded it. So I did what any member of Dynasty would do. I gave it to you.

He once again cracks a smile.

Jackson: So Merry Christmas bitch. I hope you enjoy the beating that I'm about to give you.

As he finishes, Sean walks out of the view of the camera and the scene fades.

The big screen fades in to show a giant red sleigh being pulled by eight reindeer pull out behind the black curtain that separates the backstage area from the center of the arena. [Here Comes Santa Claus](#) by Bing Crosby overtakes the sound system. The air conditioning kicks on in the arena, and soon, all of the fans are plunged into a cold, chilly atmosphere.

Ace: Did it just get colder in here?

Blackfront: That and the music signals one thing Tommy, here comes Santa Claus!

A light snow begins to fall from the rafters (blatantly shaved pieces of ice). Sitting inside the sleigh is the impressively huge mass of Santa Claus and his beautiful, young, hot wife Mrs. Claus, who smiles warmly at Santa as he drops the reigns and stands up in the sleigh.

Ace: Oh man, I hope Mrs. Santa punishes those on the naughty list personally this year, because I've been a bad, bad boy!

He looks around and smiles as he now hops down quite spryly for an "old" man. His false beard whips around in the wind.. giving quite a strange and bizarre look to a man wearing a Christmas outfit.

Announcer: Coming out first... from the North Pole... Standing at six feet tall and weighing in at an alleged six hundred pounds....

Santa holds up his hand and helps his wife step down from the sleigh. Santa now reaches inside his sleigh and grabs one red and one black Christmas sack made out of crushed red and black velvet material, respectively. Santa chuckles to himself as he slings the sack around himself and catching it on the side of his back around his shoulder.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Announcer: SANTAAA... CLLUAAAASSSSS!!!

He now hums a merry little Christmas tune as his face tics up into a friendly, yet mischievous smile. Mrs. Claus comes to a standing position next to her husband as he now climbs into the ring. He opens the crushed red velvet Christmas sack and begins to toss red and green wrapped Christmas gifts out into the fans. They rabidly stomp, shove and trample over one another just to get one of the gifts. Santa just chuckles inside the ring.

Blackfront: You've got to wonder is anything inside his sack will come into play anytime Santa brings it to the ring.

The black Christmas sack, however, remains closed and is currently resting in Santa's corner. He now pulls on the ropes and bellows out a mighty *HO..... HO..... HO!* at the top of his voice.. with the fans all chiming in right along with him. He now leans over in his corner as the big breasted Mrs. Claus kisses him on the cheek before taking her place outside of the ring.

The snappy drum solo from [Clap Your Hands](#) by They Might Be Giants starts playing. Robot Pete dances onto the stage, his whimsical little robo-hands clapping along with the beat for a few bars. Then as the bass line kicks in, we hear:

CLAP YOUR HANDS!

Uncle Rocky leaps out from behind the curtain! Colorful pyros go off in the ceiling and rain rainbow confetti onto the entrance ramp. Uncle Rocky does a few doofy dance moves while the crowd BOOs the Bombastic Brawler.

Blackfront: Come on Tommy! Clap your hands!

Ace: No.

Rocky & Pete start stepping rhythmically towards the squared circle. As the duo approach the ring, clapping their hands to the beat, Rocky dances and smiles at the booing crowd, pausing to wag a shameful finger at an especially belligerent member of the audience.

Announcer: Hailing from Eugene, Oregon...

Once they reach ringside, Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete give each other high fives and a BIG hug, before Rocky rolls into the ring and jumps to his feet.

Announcer: Standing at six feet one inch, and weighing in at 240 pounds...

Uncle Rocky crouches down, waiting to hear his name...

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Announcer: UNNNCCLLLLEE.... ROOCCCKKKYYYYY!!!!

Uncle Rocky LEAPS into the air, arms outstretched, to a chorus of BOOs. Rocky cups his hand to his ear, pretending that the crowd is actually cheering for him, which only seems to make them boo louder.

Blackfront: It's always a nerve racking situation when Robot Pete is ringside. Could he play a part in this match?

As Uncle Rocky's music fades, he dances over to his corner and waits for the match to begin.

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

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

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

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

Ace: Look at this fat idiot.

Blackfront: Why are everyone idiots to you?

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

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

Ace: What a disgrace.

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

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

Dean grabs the bottom of his way too small shirt, and begins pulling it off.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ace: Thank God.

Every light in the arena suddenly shuts off while handheld phones and devices illuminate the darkness. They are joined by a lone dark orange light that shines down upon the ring as [White Rabbit](#) by Jefferson Airplane starts up.

Before the lyrics can get started a slow puffing of smoke on either-side of the entrance way requests attention.

A LOUD screech interrupts the music just before the lyrics kick in once more. The curtains burst open as Zhalia Fears steps out. She gives a single arc wave to the fans.

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

She crooks her head at the ring and then she makes a dash toward the ring.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds...

Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes and spots the two kids from earlier, pointing over at them and they both hoist up a hand clutching a donut back toward her. With a smile she slides across the ring and to the closest corner and leans forward onto it.

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

Zhalia heard her name but gave no heed to it choosing instead to rest her head down upon the top turnbuckle. Tilting slightly to view the entrance aisle as the final words of the lyrics played out.

Blackfront: This is a Christmas gift match. Each opponent will be given a gift to open to use how they see fit.

Announcer: Now, making his way to the ring... tonight's special gift giver.... LOG...
HAAABBBEEENNNNNN!!!!!!

The fans go crazy as log's music starts up.

Blackfront: Log Habben is back! He's back in the UTA!

Log comes out on the stage with a giant sack in tow. He takes in the cheers before he begins down the ramp.

Blackfront: log has never looked so good.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ace: That's what rehab will do for you.

Blackfront: He had some personal demons and he fought them head on. We are proud of you Log.

Log makes his way to the ring and slides the bag into it before following.

Blackfront: Log Habben will be handing out tonight's gifts.

Log gets to his feet and raises an arm as the fans cheer. he bends down and grabs the bag, dumping five gifts on the canvas.

Ace: Hey you idiot, there are only four people in this match!

Log picks one up and hands it to Santa, who snarls at someone else doing his job.

Blackfront: Santa not used to being given gifts it seems.

He gives one to Zhalia and one to Uncle Rocky. Log grabs the two remaining gifts and hands one to Bobby Dean.

Blackfront: What is he going to do with the final gift?

Log ask for a microphone. Once he is given one he raises it up.

Habben: I have one more gift that will go to the winner of the match tonight.

Ace: Nice! Someone gets TWO gifts!

He fumbles with the box before opening it. The camera tries to see inside, but Log is blocking it. Finally, he drops the box and pulls out a championship title. The crowd goes crazy.

Habben: The winner of this match will be come the NEW Prodigy Champion!

Blackfront: A new title Tommy! It's a new title!

Ace: What a gift!

Log throws the belt over his shoulder and makes his way out of the ring as the bell sounds.

Blackfront: The four competitors now frantically opening their presents, knowing that one of them will now walk out of here the UTA Prodigy Champion.

Ace: What a snazzy belt.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Uncle Rocky opens his gift first and pulls out Log Habben t-shirt. He looks at it disgustingly.

Ace: What a tough break for Uncle Rocky.

Bobby Dean reaches into his gift and pulls out a... Log Habben t-shirt. The fans laugh.

Blackfront: Is that an extra small?

Bobby looks down sad. Zhalia opens hers expecting to find a Log Habben shirt... and is even more disappointed when she pulls out a fruit cake.

Ace: A fruit cake Jason! A fruit cake!

Blackfront: Did Log pick these gifts before he left?

Santa finally opens his box up and out from it, a lump of coal comes. The fans all go crazy with laughter.

Blackfront: Well, nothing really that is useful, so I guess this will be almost a normal match as we get started.

Quickly, Bobby Dean tosses his shirt and grabs Zhalia Fears from behind in a big bear hug causing her to drop her fruit cake. He begins making disgusting motions behind her as she looks terrified.

Blackfront: Oh come on Bobby!

Santa Claus rushes over and tries to pull a frantic Zhalia Fears from Bobby Dean's massive grasp.

Blackfront: Santa trying to save Zhalia.

Ace: She must be on the nice list!

He can't get her away, so he rolls around behind Bobby, pulling his coal up and bringing it around into Bobby's eyes. Dean starts to scream bloody murder and lets Zhalia go, who drops to the canvas and rolls out of the way.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean temporarily blinded!

Uncle Rocky climbs the turnbuckle as Santa checks on Zhalia. As Bobby stumbles around, he leaps from the top.

Blackfront: FLYING DROP KICK FROM THE TOP ROPE CONNECTS!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Blackfront: Bobby Dean is down! Uncle Rocky with a quick cover!

Santa quickly turns and runs over, stomping Uncle Rocky to break the count at two.

Blackfront: Santa Claus stopping this match from ending quickly.

Zhalia, who has rolled out of the ring gets to her feet. Robot Pete startles her as he opens his chest door and pulls out an apple.

Blackfront: Zhalia being offered a healthy snack it seems.

She smiles and declines before reaching up and kissing Robot Pete on the monitor for being sweet. Fears slides back into the ring.

Blackfront: Is Robot Pete blushing?

Ace: His RGB color does look a little tinted.

Zhalia picks her fruit cake up and heads over to Santa. She taps him on the shoulder and he turns around quickly, shoving her back. Zhalia looks shocked as does Santa who realizes who he had pushed.

Ace: That wasn't very nice!

Blackfront: Not at all!

Zhalia comes forward and slams the fruit cake across the head of Santa Claus. It breaks in half almost like a cinder block as he hits the canvas with a thud.

Ace: How old was that damn fruitcake?!

Blackfront: It's the gift that keeps getting regifted! Zhalia with the pin! We could be looking at our first ever Prodigy champion...

Uncle Rocky quickly grabs her leg and yanks her off of Santa, leaping on top of him himself.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky going for the cover now!

Zhalia Fears gets to her feet. She runs to the ropes as the referee counts. As she returns, Fears leaps down and with both feet out, connects with Uncle Rocky.

Blackfront: Double leg drop kick by Zhalia Fears! Fears covering Santa again!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ace: Look, bobby Dean is up!

Uncle Rocky shake sit off and grabs the ropes pulling himself to his feet as Bobby Dean jogs toward them. Dean stumbles, falling forward and right before uncle Rocky can break the count, Bobby falls into him. Uncle Rocky is sent through the ropes and to the floor where Robot Pete quickly goes to check on his good friend.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky is out of the ring! Bobby Dean is down... the referee... hits three! THIS ONE IS OVER!

The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: Your winner and NEW... PRODIGY CHAMPION.... ZHAAALLIIIAAA... FEEEAARRRSSS!!!!

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears has done it! She's done it!

Ace: Is Santa still knocked out? Really, how hard WAS that fruitcake?

Log rolls into the ring and presents Zhalia with it. She greets him with a great big hug as she takes the title.

Zhalia has tears in her eyes as she drops to a knee and just looks down at the new belt.

Blackfront: That is one happy lady tonight folks. She has earned it.

Ace: I agree. Maybe not in this mess of a match, but she deserves to be champion.

Blackfront: Congratulations Zhalia Fears.

Zhalia gets up, holding the title high. Outside of the ring, Uncle Rocky rubs his hand through his hair, frustrated as he looks up at Bobby Dean who is caught in the ropes still.

Blackfront: I think Bobby Dean may have just made an enemy tonight folks.

Ace: It was an accident! Accidents happen!

Blackfront: Yes, but I don't think uncle Rocky sees it that way.

The camera zooms in on Zhalia still celebrating as in the background, we can see Uncle Rocky point to Bobby Dean as he tells Robot Pete something angrily. The camera switches to the two. Robot Pete picks up one of the Log Habben shirts and offers it to Uncle Rocky who snatches it away. He looks as if he is going to toss it away before he turns and climbs to the apron, wrapping it around Bobby's exposed neck and pulling hard.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Blackfront: A frustrated uncle Rocky choking Bobby Dean with that shirt!

Ace: I guess those were good gifts to give.

Finally he lets go and drops back down before motioning for Robot Pete to come on. Bobby Dean is left laying on the canvas choking as Zhalia goes to check on him out of good sportsmanship.

He is the UTA

Again we find ourselves in the locker room of Dynasty. Just La Flama Blanca and Perfection. The former UTA Champion bounces around on his feet as La Flama Blanca hypes him up.

La Flama Blanca: Tonight, you're going to go out there and take BACK what is rightfully yours!

Perfection: Damn right!

Perfection's nostrils flare as he starts to feel it.

La Flama Blanca: Yoshii... He doesn't deserve that belt. I forgot we even had a UTA Title until you reminded me. That's not how a champ acts. A champion is there, EVERYDAY.

Perfection's adrenaline begins to really flow.

La Flama Blanca: Is that who you want to be the face of the UTA? OR do you want the number one player in the game? The man who is on the cameras, he's on every show. He does everything around the UTA. This man right in front of me... He is the UTA.

Perfection stops and looks right at La Flama Blanca.

Perfection: I am the UTA!

La Flama Blanca: You go out there and take the belt back from the big fat phony.

The two men shake hands as Perfection heads off to the ring entrance. Blanca stays behind and smiles. The camera fades to black.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

It's Cupid Stupid

Blackfront: So this has been an interesting show so far.

Ace: Yeah, we can agree on that.

The big screen flashes to static as the arena drops into darkness.

Blackfront: What the hell is going on now?

Ace: Oh God! More?!

The Big Screen comes to life with just static. The static seems to zoom back, revealing a television. A small blonde haired girl, Heather O'Rourke, sits looking at the television. She seems mesmerized by the static on her television. Craig T. Nelson and Jo Beth Williams are standing behind her. She slowly raises her hands and places them on the screen of the television.

Craig T. Nelson: Carol Anne, what is it, honey?

Jo Beth Williams: Baby, are you ok?

The girl slowly turns her head back to them.

Heather O'Rourke (Carol Anne): They're here...

Deep shadow covers the screen.

Parts of the screen slowly lighten up to reveal what appears to be a silhouette.

In darkness, a blood curdling cacophony: the squeal of uncoiled winches, the rasp of hooks and razors being sharpened; and worse, and the howl of tormented souls. Above this din one particular victim yells for mercy with a mixture of tears and roars of rage.

Now the Screen is awash in people, crawling, scabbling, and shambling masses, some of them moving in reverse. A sound like moaning accompanies them. The picture switches again. A figure stands upon a shore, its face shrouded. It points accusingly, not towards the screen, but at something unseen off to one side. The insect-like screeching sounds louder.

On the screen is a close up of an eye. Inside that eye is the sentence reflected in reverse: "Your Worst Nightmare Is Here." The eye blinks once, twice. The word remains. Suddenly the lights go out. Suddenly the screen seems to clear, what looks like the moon appears on it. Chanting begins from what seems nowhere.

It's not the moon at all, they realize. The shape is round like a full moon, but it seems to be made up of thin

Seasons Beatings: 2014

ribbons of cloud streaking against a night sky. And there's a face, we see, a face hidden in shadows, looking down from above. The picture has a grainy look to it as it changes. The scene is of a young girl sitting in a chair in a straight-jacket behind her stood to her left is a Doctor. The nerve-wracking grating as if of some giant metallic insect sounds in the background, but the young girl doesn't seem to notice. The Doctor stood to the left of the girl suddenly changes position from the left part of the picture, to the right. Almost instantly the Doctor returns to its original position, but in that one moment in its changed location we see a huge man with a shadow covering his face. The young girl turns towards where that figure stood, and smiles.

The screen next becomes a twitching, undulating impenetrable sea of the kanji characters used in the Japanese language. The viewers can pick out only a few things recognizable in English:

"Run whilst you still can."

Now the screen is awash in people, crawling, scrabbling, and shambling masses, some of them moving in reverse. A sound like moaning accompanies them. The picture switches again. A figure stands upon a shore, its face shrouded. It points accusingly, not towards the screen, but at something unseen off to one side. The insect-like screeching sounds louder.

On the big screen is a close up on inhuman, alien-looking eye. Inside that eye a single word is reflected in reverse: Pain. The eye blinks once, twice. The word remains. It changes and we see a long shot of an outdoor, swimming pool, the man with the shadows for a face is swimming in it and the straight jacket young girl sits by it.

The stadium drops into darkness as this weird movie is playing out on the big screen. Suddenly pyros explode in front of the big screen, as the fans literally jump from the shock. The roving arm of the overhead camera picks out people in the crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Orange strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The whole top of the entrance way bursts into a circle of flames.

Ace: What is this?

Blackfront: I do not know.

Slowly rising directly through the flames in a huge throne; the throne seems to be made of title belts all fused together with heat forming the chair itself. Sitting atop the throne is an innocent looking woman.

The throne rises fully onto the ramp way. It is none other than the Queen of Xtreme, Emily Koresh. She then raises her arms above her head in an age-old gesture of defiance and supremacy as phosphorus flames blast in twin columns to the heavens behind the throne. Flames surround the throne.

She sits motionless, emotionless. Then on some unseen signal she launches herself forward into the flames without a seconds thought, her dark eyes glaze over. She stands with her arms outstretched like a crucifixion; Flames lick around her head and engulfs her clothing, yet she emerges from the other side unscathed. "Freak

Seasons Beatings: 2014

like me" by Halestorm starts blaring out.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD!

Ace: She can't be here!

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, it seems like we've got one of the infamous Koresh clan is in the house!

Ace: At least it's Emily Koresh and not her brother Nocturnal.

Blackfront: Emily is the twisted one though.

Laughing sadistically as she slowly walks towards the ring ignoring the mix of boos and cheers from the crowd. Emily is dressed in a "Menagerie" T-shirt over her wrestling attire. As she passes a camera she stops and looks directly into the lens. She cocks her head to the side and puts out her tongue.

Ace: She is twisted.....

Emily climbs between the ropes and strides to the far side of the ring. Climbing the turnbuckle she lifts her arms up high to the cheers of the crowd. Flash bulbs blink from all around the arena catching this moment in history.

Ace: But what is she doing here tonight?

Blackfront: I've got no idea.

She gets down and stomps to the middle of the ring. She nods his head and stands in the middle of the ring as pyros explode behind her.

Ace: If this night hadn't been strange enough we have Emily Koresh here to.

Blackfront: Well it seems as if we're about to find out.

Ace: I'm listening.

The smoke clears in the ring. She leans over the ropes and grabs a microphone off of one of the ring crew. She returns to the centre of the ring tapping the microphone making sure it is working; she looks around the arena awaiting the people to be quiet so she can talk.

Blackfront: Let's see what she's got to say.

A chant of "Emily" goes around the arena.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Emily sadistically smiles as she walks around the ring.

Emily: Darkness has come to this world and people are afraid to act upon it. Corruption is rife in it from the lowest of the low all the way up to the Commander in Chief. People need salvation from the depravity that it's so called elite brings to the game. So called reality television has poisoned the minds of the youths of America.

She moves slowly around the ring.

Emily: God has left the building. He has left this place for the crows to peck upon. For this place is forsaken and only someone of my stature can bring it back from the brink. You see its people that inhabit the UTA locker room that have brought the sickness here.

She walks around the ring.

Emily: Let me introduce myself to you. I am the quintessential Xtreme femme, Emily Koresh. Some of you may have heard of me through the dastardly antics of my multi-time World Champion, brother known by the moniker of Nocturnal.

She smirks but she still looks flustered. Emily sadistically smiles as she walks around the ring.

A cheer goes up.

Emily: So how's it feel? Does it hurt that your little promotion is now that it has one of the Koresh clan here? Does it niggle at you? Does it gnaw you to the very core? Oh come on someone grow a set. You was just kidding yourself or living in cloud cuckoo fraking land if you believe that you could not gain the notice of us.

Emily smirks.

Emily: In a man orientated industry things need to change. I'm not one of those chicks that need to leave lipstick on the locker room's dipsticks. I am my own woman. I am not like some of those sluts back in the UTA locker room. Some of them just need to put dynamite between their legs to get the bang they want.

She nods as she continues around the ring.

Emily: I don't play by those rules. The menagerie doesn't have to listen to you mooks silly. It's Cupid stupid. Come on don't you realise that yet? You can cheer for your heroes and boo your villains but it accounts for nothing really.

Smirking she removes her t-shirt revealing her sexy attire beneath.

Emily: You need to slay your demons baby otherwise they come and bite you on the butt. Oh I saw Dynasty back stage. Throw in some tinsel and you've got yourselves your very own sitcom. How cute they are

Seasons Beatings: 2014

together. Here's my holidays pressie for you.

The fans go crazy as Emily approaches the camera and sends a middle-finger across the world.

A laugh goes up around the arena as Emily shrugs.

Emily: People know by now that I don't have any qualms about taking it to the biggest dogs in the yard as I am Emily Koresh.

She looks into the camera and smiles.

Emily: Come on get real. I've been sat at home whilst I've been watching people in the UTA mumbling to any one that would listen that you are better than them but people, you've got a Koresh in your presence now. You are an outdated fossil with visions of grandeur. The Menagerie's gonna get you.

She walks around the ring.

Emily: Where ever I have been they held me back, held me back and played me because of my brother, but I had, had the last laugh; a Sadistic and twisted laugh. I was like their very own personal marionette. I have now cut those strings that held me aloft and I am free to let my monstrous plan unfold before your very eyes.

Emily smirks.

Emily: I cut those strings and gone is my brother. I am my own monster now and this puppet can work without the strings of a conscience that have held me back for way too long.....

She pauses trying to remember something. She pulls something from her pocket and turns it over it her hands. It is an old school pair of 3D glasses.

Emily: I looked around this locker room. This roster is full of pathetic wastes of space that are stealing air from Emily's lungs. Which incidentally why I am here.....

The crowd cheer.

Emily: I am now a part of the UTA. If you want to be as good as me you should go out and buy some Emily Koresh merchandise; which incidentally the new "Menagerie" t-shirt is now available at WrestleUTA.com.

She turns to the camera and sticks her tongue out again.

Emily: But is anyone mentally prepared for what is to come? I have decided that I am not going to wait for someone trying and claim the bounty on a Koresh. I am going to go on the offensive. So locker room, you better sort yourself out and start lining yourselves up for an ass whooping. So stick that deep into that grey matter of yours and make sure it sticks. Any other thoughts of screwing me over are going to get you cold

Seasons Beatings: 2014

slabbed, toe tagged and mailed home to your mommas in a plastic bag.....Are we crystal?

She throws the microphone to the mat, puts the 3D glasses on and rolls out of the ring. As she walks up the ramp way she seems to be surprised that she's getting a few chants of "Emily"

Blackfront: Ladies, gentlemen and those that have yet to decide, mark this time, remember where you were when you switch on your laptops, get onto your face book, twitter or whatever social network you are on and say that you saw when Emily Koresh came to the UTA.

Ace: I know; I wonder how the locker room will take this?

Blackfront: I know right. Will Emily be scolded for this or will they fold to her will?

Ace: Her family does have a long history of anger management problems.

Blackfront: Well anyway, let's get back to you show.

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The sound system begins to play the opening riffs of [Perfect Gentleman](#) by Helloween.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first, the challenger... Hailing from Los Angeles, California...

The crowd immediately responds with jeers and boos. The one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain raising his arms accepting the crowds reaction to his wonderfulness.

Announcer: Standing at six feet tall and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds.... He is the former United Toughness Alliance Champion..... PERFECTIOOONNNNN!!!

*? There is no doubt about it
I'm one of kind, baby
I am le d'Artagnan de coeur
As you may see, candy?*

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Perfection makes his way towards the ring taking his time to jaw-jack with fans near the rails. He walks up the stairs to enter the ring. He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites. Perfection enters the ring.

? Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman

Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman

Yes I am, I am, yes I am

(perfect)?

Now he mounts the turnbuckle to yell at the fans some more before giving one last pose and jumping down from the turnbuckle to await the start of the match.

Blackfront: Perfection hoping to reclaim the UTA Championship tonight!

Ace: It's a shame that this isn't the main event! The only thing that makes it OK is that La Flama Blanca is.

The lights dim just a bit and a tint of red light fulfills the entry ramp right as Japanese *Bushido* plays over the sound system.

Out steps Jed Dye on to the stage. He stops and straightens his tie then turns around and hosts both hands toward the entrance to introduce the monster sumo mammoth from Japan, Yoshii.

Announcer: Coming to the ring now... from Tokyo, Japan and being accompanied by Jed Dye....

Out steps Yoshii as he walks and stands next to Jed Dye, focused on the ring. Jed rubs Yoshii's shoulders to prep him for the battle that's ahead. They both start walking towards the ring as Jed ignores the 'loser' fans who hold their hands out, while Yoshii high fives all of them while never losing his focus on the ring.

Blackfront: The UTA Champion looking to hold onto the title tonight as we go into the new year. Could Yoshii defeat Perfection for a second time?

Announcer: He stands at six foot four and weighs in at five hundred and thirty nine pounds.... The current... UTA... CHAMPION..... YOOOSSHHHHIIIIII!!!!

Ace: There's no way Jason. Perfection is the uncrowned champion, and after this match the title will be back where it belongs!

Blackfront: I beg to differ. In fact, many people are pulling for Yoshii to dethrone the Dynasty leader again tonight.

Ace: No way. Dynasty will sweep the next three matches!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

As Yoshii prepares in the ring his music fades. The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Here we go folks. One of these men will walk out the UTA Champion. What a night this has been so far and we still have two matches to go after this one!

Perfection circles around as Yoshii follows before the champion steps forward.

Blackfront: Lock up by the champion and challenger.

Yoshii pushes forward, sending Perfection back and to the canvas.

Blackfront: Perfection sent down, but back to his feet quickly.

The champion adjust his tights before stepping forward yet again.

Blackfront: They lock up again. Perfection quickly putting the championr into a side headlock.

Yoshii pushes Perfection off, sending him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Perfection off of the ropes, on the return. Yoshii comes forward, shoulder block sends the challenger to the canvas yet again.

Ace: Only a temporary set back.

Perfection sits up before rolling to his feet and begins backing into the corner as Yoshii stands firmly in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Perfection sizing his opponent up, trying to re-evaluate the situation at hand.

Ace: The situation is simple, he just needs to get that big man child off of his feet and cover him then go home.

Perfection walks along the ropes and steps forward back toward Yoshii.

Blackfront: The champion and challenger locking up for a third time in this championship match.

Perfection pushes forward with all of his might, pushing Yoshii back a couple of steps before Yoshii turns him around and pushes the champion back and into the ropes where he holds him.

Blackfront: Yoshii holding the challenger against the ropes.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

The referee warns Yoshii as Perfection releases him and puts his hands up.

Ace: He's trying to get disqualified so he keeps the title!

Yoshii lets go as Perfection leans against the ropes. Suddenly he shoves the champion.

Blackfront: Yoshii shoving Perfection in the chest.

Ace: Why is he getting away with that?

Yoshii steps back and perfection comes forward shoving him hard in the chest.

Blackfront: Yoshii shoved, now follows up with a huge right hand to the head of the challenger.

Yoshii grabs the arm of Perfection quickly, and sends him across the ring with a whip.

Blackfront: Perfection of the return. Ducks a clothesline attempt by the champion.

Yoshii turns around right as Perfection is on the return.

Blackfront: Perfection slides under the legs of Yoshii.

Yoshii turns around again as Perfection quickly gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Perfection with a multitude of rights to the side of Yoshii's head.

Ace: I told you! Perfection just had to find his groove!

Perfection quickly runs back as Yoshii is reeling. He hits the ropes and comes forward.

Blackfront: Perfection off of the ropes with a big right hand that doesn't take the champion off of his feet.

Yoshii rocks forward and back, his arms flopping as Perfection watches.

Blackfront: Perfection comes forward, another right!

Yoshii still doesn't go down, but his balance is definitely off.

Blackfront: Perfection amazed that the big man has yet to be knocked off of his feet.

Ace: Me too quit frankly! Those big right hands by Perfection are nothing to mess with!

Perfection runs back and hits the ropes yet again. As he comes forward he hands some theatrics in his

Seasons Beatings: 2014

footing before bringing yet another big right hand down and into the head of Yoshii.

Blackfront: Another right from Perfection.

Yoshii's balance is off even more as his upper body bends forward and he swings his arms. Finally he falls back and down to the canvas in a sitting position. Perfection looks almost amazed he got him down.

Blackfront: The nearly 600 pound Yoshii off of his feet.

Perfection steps forward but the referee gets in between, forcing him to give Yoshii room as Yoshii turns over and reaches out to grab the ropes and use them to help him to a knee.

Blackfront: Yoshii holding himself on his knee using only the ropes to sustain his weight.

Ace: Perfection knocked what little intelligence he had out of him. Stay down you big idiot and let the real champion pin you. Why suffer any more embarrassment?

Yoshii finally gets to his feet and begins to head toward Perfection.

Blackfront: Perfection meets Yoshii halfway, and grabs the champion's head.

He drags Yoshii over and slams his head into the near by top turnbuckle. Yoshii stumbles out of the corner.

Blackfront: Perfection follows Yoshii. Grabs his head... big head butt to the champion!

Yoshii takes a step back but comes forward, grabs Perfection's head and brings his in for his own head butt, sending him hard to the canvas as the crowd goes crazy.

Blackfront: The sheer power of this man is amazing!

Ace: Oh come on. Perfection was still feeling the effects of his head butt to Yoshii and caught off guard!

Blackfront: Yoshii steps in and grabs the arm of Perfection, pulling him hard to his feet.

He begins pushing Perfection back, but with his free hand Perfection comes forward with a big fist that connects. Yoshii lets go and stumbles backward before falling to the canvas in a sitting position.

Blackfront: Yoshii off of his feet yet again.

Ace: Where he belongs!

Perfection quickly heads to the ropes, and exits through the middle dropping to the floor outside.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Blackfront: Perfection raises that apron and is digging under the ring. Come on now, you do not need a weapon to win this one.

Ace: Let him use one Jason! If he gets disqualified he's still champion!

Yoshii pushes over and up as Jed Dye yells at him from outside of the ring. He stomps over toward the ropes as Perfection pulls a chair out from under the ring.

Blackfront: Yoshii reaching through ropes, had the head of Perfection!

The fans scream as Perfection drops the chair and is yanked to the edge of the ring and back through the ropes.

Blackfront: Yoshii stopping what could have been a bad situation, and now has Perfection back into the ring.

He pushes the champion into the corner and then yanking his arm hard, sends him across the ring toward the adjacent corner. Perfection is sent with such force, that as he arrives at the corner, his body flips upside down on top of the corner, his arms out and his hands holding onto the top ropes which helps him to flip his body back. As Perfection's feet come back down to the canvas, he turns around and stumbles forward and into the waiting arms of Yoshii who quickly lifts him up and turns, slamming Perfection to the canvas.

Blackfront: Yoshii with that huge slam!

The fans cheer.

Yoshii stands up and backs toward the turnbuckle, breathing heavy. As he comes forward he leaps up and comes down.

Blackfront: Yoshii with a splash... PERFECTION MOVES!

Perfection quickly gets to his feet as Yoshii's face is filled with pain. He begins to get up as well.

Blackfront: Perfection runs past Yoshii. Off of the ropes. On the return past Yoshii yet again. Off of the ropes... he leaps! SHOULDER BLOCK TAKES YOSHII OFF OF HIS FEET!

The fans boo as Yoshii's body flies down to the canvas. Perfection lays beside him, resting.

Blackfront: Perfection needs to end this now while he can, or risk walking out without the title.

Ace: There is no way that will happen. Perfection will make sure of it!

Perfection draws both legs to his chest, rolls back onto his shoulders, and places hands on the canvas near

Seasons Beatings: 2014

the ears. He then thrusts both legs away from the canvas while pushing off from the canvas with his shoulders and hands.

Blackfront: Perfection back to his feet.

He quickly heads forward toward the corner, exits to the apron and climbs the turnbuckle from outside of the ring.

Blackfront: Perfection going up top.

Ace: He's going to fly like a majestic eagle!

Perfection stands up on top of the turnbuckle, his arms out. He then leaps.

Blackfront: Perfection flies through the air! HUGE TOP ROPE SPLASH HITS HIS MARK!

The referee quickly slides into place and begins to count.

Blackfront: This one is over! This one is over!

Ace: I told you!

As the referee raises his hand a third time, Yoshii pushes up, sending Perfection up and off of him.

Blackfront: The power of Yoshii!

As Perfection flies up, he is able to maneuver into a standing position.

Blackfront: Perfection lands on his feet.

He heads over to the ropes and holding onto them with one hand he uses the other to motion for Yoshii to get up.

Blackfront: Perfection looking to add a final nail into this coffin and take this one home!

Yoshii pushes over and begins to get up. Perfection waits, wanting to make his move at the exact right time.

Blackfront: Yoshii on his feet. he turns toward the champion.. Perfection comes forward...

Perfection throws his leg up, his foot heading toward Yoshii.

Blackfront: YOSHII GRABS PERFECTION'S FOOT!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Perfection's eyes grow large as Yoshii drops his foot and spins him around. As he turns, Yoshii bends down and lifts Perfection up on his shoulders, before leaping up and back.

Blackfront: SAMOAN DROP! SAMOAN DROP!

Ace: NO!

Perfection is out as Yoshii rolls over and pushes up to one knee. Jed Dye slams the edge of the apron as the fans continue to go crazy. Yoshii uses his free arm to signal that it's over before pushing completely up, using the ropes to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Yoshii to his feet. Heads toward the corner.

He moves backwards into the corner, breathing heavy and looking out to the fans before running forward and leaping up, his leg extended.

Blackfront: BIG LEG DROP!

Ace: NO! NO! NO! Dynasty! Get out here NOW!

Jed Dye is hitting the apron with joy, yelling for Yoshii to pin him.

Blackfront: Yoshii to his feet... pulling Perfection to the corner. This could be it! Yoshii is about to retain!

Suddenly, CBR, Kathryn Vermont Thomas, and Sean Jackson burst from the back.

Blackfront: Oh great.

Ace: Yes!

Blackfront: This is not fair.

Jed Dye tries to cut them off but KVT grabs him as the other two continue toward the ring.

Blackfront: Why can these guys not have a fair match?!

Ace: look at the size of Yoshii! This fair!

Blackfront: It sure as hell is not.

Yoshii leaps down and turns toward them, seeing Jed Dye be held by KVT up the ramp. Sean Jackson leaps

Seasons Beatings: 2014

on the apron and the referee runs over to stop him. As he does, CBR sneaks around the ring, grabs the UTA Championship off of the time keeper's table and slides into the ring behind Yoshii.

Blackfront: Turn around Yoshii!

Ace: He's too focused on getting to Jed Dye!

Yoshii turns right as CBR comes forward, slamming the title into his face. He throws the belt under the ropes and helps Perfection to cover Yoshii. As CBR slides out of the ring, Jackson puts his hands up and leaps to the floor. The fans are booing as the referee turns and drops.

Blackfront: He's counting.. This one could.. IT IS! THIS ONE IS OVER!

As his hand hits for a third time, the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match, and NEEEEWWW UTA CHAAAAMMMPPIIIONNN....
PEERRFECCTTTIIIIONNN!!!!

Blackfront: It took Dynasty's help, but Perfection has recaptured the title.

Leaving jed Dye laying, KVT goes to meet up with her fellow stablemates. Suddenly, the lights go out and [Memphisto](#) by Depeche Mode begins to play. An eerie purple glow shines down on the top of the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: Uh oh! Business is about to pick up!

Ace: What is Spectre doing here? He needs to go to the back, hide out in the boiler room, or wherever he likes to meditate and prepare, and stay out of Perfection's business.

Blackfront: Yeah, Perfection looks none too pleased. He sees Spectre, and is livid and looks like he's telling Spectre to leave as well.

The music dies down, and Spectre pulls out a microphone from his pocket, and begins to speak.

Spectre: You know, Perfection, for the past six months, ever since I came back to the UTA, I've had to listen to your BULLCRAP over and over again. You've got such a high and mighty opinion of yourself and walk around with a spoon shoved up your ass. I promised myself that if I got the chance, I would beat the living hell out of you! And up until less than twenty-four hours ago, I thought my opportunity was going to run out, or so everyone thought! You and everyone else thought I had no contract and was gone from UTA regardless!

crowd boos

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Spectre: But that...I'm sorry to say, Perfection, was a lie! Yeah, a lie! I signed an extension several weeks ago. Hehehehehehe....

Ace: He won't be gone? Damn!

Spectre: But the thing is, I'm not going to be naïve enough to do it on my own. I've had people like Yoshi and Second Coming come to me offering to help me, but I turned them down. Why? Because I felt they could never dig down into their bag of dirty tricks and actually use them. And to be quite honest, I could NEVER trust anyone on the current UTA roster.

Spectre pauses, allowing Perfection to jaw jack at Spectre some more, before Spectre continued.

Spectre: That's why, I went out, and called up

Spectre cracks a sly grin and steps to the side. He extends his arm outward, motioning towards the entrance curtain.

Spectre: ... an old friend.

Ace: An old friend? Who the hell is Spectre talking about? I hear he got rid of Dante, LITERALLY!

The arena lights dim and the crowd is momentarily silenced. Suddenly the sound of "Thunder Underground" by Ozzy Osbourne blares out. There's a slight delay as the crowd recognizes the music before erupting loudly.

Blackfront: What? I remember that music..but, it can't be? Could it? Is it???

As the lights come back on, a figure walks out on to the stage.

Blackfront: It is!! Its MR. FANTASTIC!! Former Heavyweight Champion...2005 Hall of Fame inductee...and long time associate of The Spectre!

Mr. Fantastic pauses to survey the crowd. His once long, ponytailed black hair is now a short, messy cut with a few grey streaks near the temple. A few streaks of grey appear in his tightly groomed beard. He emerges in his traditional wrestling attire - wrestling singlet, black kneepads and boots. He's wearing a white T-shirt which read "Fantastic Fight Academy" in black lettering across the chest. His upper body looks pumped through the T-shirt and he appears as lean and sculpted as he did a decade ago.

Fantastic thrusts his arms into a V while flashing a confident smirk to the crowd. He beats his chest while acknowledging those who recognize him. Spectre hands Fantastic the microphone.

Mr. Fantastic: I believe the word that you are looking for to describe this moment would be....FANTASTIC! Of course, I'd prefer to go with three words that are occasionally tossed around in our business. "Never say

Seasons Beatings: 2014

never".

(glancing over to The Spectre)

Fantastic: It's been a long time, my friend. Now, you told me that if I got myself out to Hershey, PA...

Crowd: Yeaaaaahh!!!

Fantastic:... that you would show me a good time. Well, partner - lead the way. I think it's time to remind the Giant Center, the UTA Universe and anyone whose forgotten or bothered to learn.....THERE'S NOTHING BETTER THAN BEING FANTASTIC!!

Spectre: ...or being part of...THE SPAWN!!! Perfection, it's time for you and Dynasty, to pay the piper!

Crowd: YEEEEAAHHH!!!

Blackfront: Oh, my God! The Spawn, one of the most dominant stables in UTA history, has just been reunited and reformed with TWO of its original members!

Fantastic drops the microphone and makes a beeline down to the ring, with Spectre following right behind.

Ace: They are ruining Perfection's celebration!

Yoshii has rolled to the edge of the ring as they slide in. Mr. Fantastic and Sean Jackson begin exchanging punches as The Spectre and CBR go at it.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson and The Spectre are up next, but until then they can not touch each other! What a brawl!

Kathryn Vermont Thomas runs and leaps up, drop kicking the back of The Spectre's legs, causing him to do to a knee. Marshall Owens slides in and begins to help Sean Jackson punch Mr. Fantastic.

Blackfront: It's still three, no, four one two!

Ace: What idiots!

The lights flicker, and Dynasty looks around, getting in a defensive position. Something is going on with each of the ring posts.

Ace: What in God's name is happening to the ring posts, Jason?!

Blackfront: It- It looks like...they're bleeding, Tommy!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ace: I'm outta here, Jason!

Perfection is the first to notice the ring posts look like their bleeding. Then the big screen comes on and everyone in the arena look up toward it at two figures not facing the screen.

???: Well, hallowed, look what we have here.....

The figure on the right turns around and slowly pulls the hood covering its face. Revealing a female in wet dark and blue streak hair shoulder length, her makeup is half red on the top of her eye lids moving to the back of her hair. With green on the bottom of her eye also moving each way to her hair. With green lipstick; her cold red eyes staring a hole right through the ring.

Blackfront: I- I think I know who that is, Tommy. I-.... Tommy, come out from under the announcer's table!

Ace: Hell, no! I haven't seen her face, don't WANT to see her face. She sounds scary! She'll probably turn me into stone!

???: Fresh meat!

The other figure slowly turns about 180 degrees and looks over its shoulder. Its hood slowly drops backward. Some in the arena seem to recognize the two, but most are clueless except Blackfront.

Blackfront: It can't be! It's not possible!

The other figure has long black hair with white and red streaks toward the bottom. Eerie red eyes as well, behind some very dark black shadow.

???: Well, then beloved, perhaps I should FEAST!

The big screen feed cuts off and Dynasty is clueless now. Fantastic wants to get back in the ring but you can clearly see Spectre stopping him, while they watch from the outside of the ring.

Genghis Tron "Board up the House [Renholder Remix] plays. Out steps the one figure and Blackfront has finally put it together.

Blackfront: Gaze!? Then that means....

Ace: Who?

The infamous Lady Gaze walks to the top of the ramp way, dressed in torn blue jeans and a red and black corset top, with black strap boots on. Sean can hear Spectre behind him laughing so loud that even he can hear him through the reaction, as another familiar face finally steps from behind the curtain.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Blackfront: My God! It's Crimson Lord! After all these years, the Black Heart of the UTA has come back!

Crimson Lord has no shirt on and is more massive since he last appeared in the UTA. He is very vascular now, his hair blends from black to white with red streaks. He wears black jeans with black strap boots. His head still lowered, Gaze looks toward him and points to the ring. He slowly turns his head to her then back and slowly walks to the ring.

Dynasty waits ready, he slowly reaches the ring and stares up toward Dynasty. Suddenly blood pours from his mouth as he stares up at the lights and slowly lowers his head to a dead stare at them with a very sick grin on his face. He grabs the top rope and pulls himself up and quickly steps over the rope and stares at the entire Dynasty, almost begging them to make the first move. Finally, Dynasty jump at Crimson knocking Crimson out of the ring, but he lands on his feet now laughing at them. He once again gets in the ring, only this time, Spectre and Fantastic join in the fray.

Crimson Lord, Mr. Fantastic, and the Spectre attack Dynasty. However, they quickly escape their grasp and exit the ring.

Blackfront: Dynasty quickly heading up the ramp and out of the ring!

Ace: Do you blame them?!

Blackfront: They brought this on themselves!

Finally, Spectre, Fantastic, and Crimson Lord are able to overpower Dynasty and send them scurrying from the ring. Spectre and Fantastic are at the ring ropes yelling and screaming at Dynasty to keep bringing the fight. Crimson Lord stares down at Dynasty, not saying a word, while Lady Gaze enters the ring and stands at his side.

"The Wolf" by Hi-Finesse (The Spawn's new theme song) starts to kick in and play over the loud speakers.

Blackfront: Wow! What a shocking turn of events we've just witnessed here tonight! Not only have Spectre and Mister Fantastic reunited to reform The Spawn, Spectre may have also pulled the ultimate rabbit out of his hat by forming an alliance with Crimson Lord, who was once one of Spectre's fiercest competitors and enemies in the UTA! I NEVER, EVER expected to see this mutual alliance occur, especially between Spectre and Crimson Lord! But if these three can get on the same page, and work together?? My God, Dynasty better be afraid. VERY afraid! The Spawn may FINALLY be the group to shut Dynasty up once and for all!

Ace: This is absurd!

We fade away.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Regaining Control

We are taken to the back where James Wingate is staring at the monitor watching The Spawn stand in the middle of the ring. He rubs his temples.

Wingate: When he said he would only resign if he could bring a couple of friends with him...

He sighs.

Wingate: I figured it'd be those cult idiots from a few months ago.

James lets out another sigh.

Wingate: As your first order of business as the new UTA Commissioner...

The fans go crazy in the background.

Wingate: I want you to make it known... The Spawn... Dynasty... all of them are banned from the arena for the last two matches except for the people involved in the matches!

The crowd cheers again.

Wingate: If one member of Dynasty interferes in the next two matches, or The Spawn... the entire group is fired! You got that?

Voice: Yes sir.

Wingate: I am going to regain control of my damn show right now.

He pauses for a moment.

Wingate: What are you waiting for? Go! After that, track down Yoshii and Jed Dye, make sure they are OK.

Voice: Will do boss.

Seth Payne turns to face the camera and walks out of the scene.

Blackfront: The new commissioner is Kevin Hawk's brother! it's Seth Payne!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ace: I hope he is pro dynasty too!

Blackfront: If he is, I have a feeling his reign will be shorter than Kevin's.

Robotic Assistance

After a hard-fought match on *WrestleShow* with The Good Reverend, Gentleman Jack is currently relaxing in his locker room, a bevy of thoughts on his mind. A knocking on his door awakes him from his pondering, and though not especially open to visitors at the moment, he rises to open the door to greet whomever it might be. His eyes widen in surprise when he sees just who that someone is.

Robot Pete: HELLO FRIEND!

Baffled, Jack takes a step back. Of course, he had seen Robot Pete around in the past, but this is the first time they had come face-to-face. It was a bizarre meeting, to be sure, but Jack tries his best to maintain his composure

Gentleman Jack: Ah... you're that mechanical chap, yes? Robot Peter or something?

Pete: Robotrick Stuart Peterson The Three-Point-Oh'th, Esquire! Known in dozens of circles as The Positronic Pal and The Super-Duper Cybernetic Sidekick That's Fun At Birthday Parties... But you can call me ROBOT PETE! Tee-hee!

As he looked the larger... robot up and down, he found himself more curious than anything now. He had thought the name was just for show, but as far as he could see, Robot Pete was true to his name. Still, he was also curious just what he wanted with him.

Jack: Interesting... Well, not that I do not welcome the company of all that venture forth into my Locker Room of Mystery, I must ask... what is your purpose for being here? Don't you usually hang around that odd fellow in the orange? Rocko?

That didn't sound right, but Jack wasn't one to focus on people other than himself who weren't his opponent for the night.

Pete: Hmmm... Nope! I sure don't associate with odd people - that's because my bestest friend Uncle Rocky says not to talk to strangers! But if that weirdo wore orange, then BOY HOWDY have THEY got some fashion sense! Anyways, I came here to inquire about the job opening!

Jack: Ah, the position to be my manservant? Yes, that is open, but... er.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

When he had considered the potential applicants for that historic position, a robot was not in mind. What made Pete desire this position, Jack could hardly hope to guess. And the fact that he wasn't in the mood for looking over applicants at this point in time made him all the more doubtful.

Jack: Why, pray tell, would you be interested in offering your robotic assistance to me? Not that it wouldn't be a honor, of course, to serve at my noble side, but I would think someone like you would be occupied with other roboty things

Pete: You are correct - I process HUNDREDS of roboty things every nanosecond! However I am quite positive that my advanced robot organizational skills could easily work in whatever insignificant pampering your doughy human body could require!

At that, his eyes narrowed, and his brow furrowed. He really didn't have time for this. While he's prepared to shut the door now, Pete soon barges his way in.

Pete: Wait! Please! I NEED this job! I have spent all my moneys on Christmas gifts for Uncle Rocky, and I need to get a head start on raising some more moneys to get him gifts for NEXT Christmas! PLEEEEEEEASE give me a chance!

Jack: ...Very well. Despite my better judgment, my unbridled compassion gives me cause to provide you with an abridged interview.

He was getting the feeling it was likely going to be easier just to humor Robot Pete for a while than trying to protest any further, so he thinks of a few basic questions, if only to try and learn more about his current guest.

Jack: First question. How are you, Sir Robot, qualified for the position of my manservant? Have you tended to gentleman like myself in your past?

Pete: Well, not exactly like you, but I could adapt! How much difference could a mustache make anyways, amirite?!

Jack: You'd be surprised. A manly mustache can make or break a man! But I digress, what skills does a fellow like yourself possess that would lend itself to this very prestigious duty?

Pete: I can do all the things that a robot can! I have amazing robot might, amazing robot brains, AND amazing robot coordination! OH! And my chest compartment can brew DELICIOUS TEA!

Jack: You don't say... That's surprising, but promising!

A part of him is somewhat intrigued to hear he had prior experience. Perhaps it wouldn't hurt to consider him seriously. Thoughtfully, he looks around his locker room to try and see if there was something that he could do to test Robot Pete's skills first-hand. His eyes light up as he spots a spare suit jacket of his. He walks over to it, and gets it, admiring the fine fabric.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Jack: Let's see you put your skills to the test. Quickly, yet comfortably don my form with this jacket. Do be careful now. I spared no small expense on that jacket.

He handed it to him before letting his arms fall to his side. He was admittedly curious to see what Pete could do in this regard. While it would be unconventional to have a Robot as his manservant, or someone who thought himself one, Jack wasn't sure, it could be worth it.

Pete: Ah! Your JACKET, sir!

Pete holds the jacket up gingerly. As Gentleman Jack stands and turns around, Pete immediately drapes the jacket over a nearby table. Jack has his arms out and his back turned, still waiting for his jacket to be put on. Pete opens up his tummy compartment and pulls out a tea cup, a saucer, and a tea pot, and sets them on the jacket. Jack, curious about what's taking so long, turns around just as Pete has finished pouring a cup of tea and setting a small biscuit on the saucer.

Jack: Er...

Pete: TEA EARL GREY HOT!!!

Jack: Gah! I told you to be careful with that! And certainly not to make tea on it! What are you thinking, you mechanical muttonhead!

He turns back around, anger clear on his expression.

Pete: You do not pay me to think! By the way, how much does this job pay?

Jack sighs, rubbing his temples. This was already getting off to a bad start.

Pete: Perhaps you should ingest this fine beverage before it becomes Tea Earl Grey Lukewarm!

Jack: I suppose you do have a point... A spot of tea never hurt anything.

And it could only help with the headache that was beginning to build. A bit uneasy, he nonetheless picks up the small cup, looking it over for a moment.

Jack: This isn't going to kill me, is it?

It would only be fitting if his enemies did him in by sending a robot spy to tempt him with his preferred hot beverage. He pauses in thought, before reflecting that that would actually be quite possibly the most ridiculous way for him to be done in. What sort of nonsensical thoughts was he letting invade his thoughtspace? Perhaps absurdity is contagious, he dryly thinks to himself.

Pete: The chemical composition of the Tea Earl Grey Swiftly Becoming Tepid is well below toxic levels,

Seasons Beatings: 2014

although I urge you to practice caution when eating the biscuit, as it is a choking hazard!

Jack: ...That's hardly comforting, but ah well. You only live once, is that not what they say?

Deciding to throw caution to the wind, he takes a careful sip from the tea, and he closes his eyes, deep in thought as he tries to analyze all the distinct flavors and aromas swirling in his mouth.

Pete: Go on! Tell me in your most honest of opinions how sublime my tea formula is!

Jack: Horrendous. Quite horrendous.

It just went to show that robotic artificiality could not hold a candle to organically made excellence. With all the cruel bite of an experienced critic, he raises a hand as he begins to rant.

Jack: It tasted like nothing more than bitter leaf water! Your circuitry clearly needs an upgrade if THAT's the best you can do. I could make a finer brew with my eyes closed...

This continues on for some time.

Jack: ...My grandfather was a tea magnate, so believe me when I say that I know good tea...

And for a while longer.

Jack: ...You see, good tea comes from the soul, not from buttons and machinery! Yes, from the soul! I could teach you all about this, but I don't want to ramble. ...Then again...

Until eventually.

Jack: So you see, Sir Robot, that tea was not very good. Why, now I feel motivated to take you under my noble wing if only to show you the proper way to prepare all hot beverages. After all, you never know when you might need to prepare a steaming cup of espresso for Sir Rocky. He certainly seems like he needs mandatory caffeine refills...

Still full of thoughts he wants to express, he turns his back to Pete, holding his hands behind him as he chooses his next words carefully.

Jack: I suppose I am just too kind for my own good, but when I see a poor, unfortunate soul like yourself whose tea tastes like dirty sock drippings... I can't help but want to show them the light. So, perhaps I will consider you for the position. You can be my next project! How does that sound, Sir Robot?

No response gives him pause.

Jack: Sir Robot?

Seasons Beatings: 2014

He turns back around only to find Robot Pete had vanished. He couldn't begin to guess what made him leave so soon.

Jack: Perhaps he needed a healthy snack break... I have heard him go on about those.

Shrugging his shoulders, he decides to return to his solitude, though he first grabs his jacket, and tries his best to buff out the creases.

Jack: Robots... peh. They're more trouble than they're worth.

I Have Goosebumps, Jason!

Split screen coverage of La Flama Blanca and Madman Szalinski appear on your screen. The fans in the arena are a mix of cheers for Szalinski and boos for La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: The combatants in tonight's Main Event... Madman Szalinski and La Flama Blanca.

Ace: I have goosebumps, Jason! Match of the year caliber, tonight.

Dynasty takes up space on the left side of the screen. Blanca sits in the Dynasty locker room sitting in a steel chair as Kathryn Vermont Thomas is working on taping her stable mate's left hand. Blanca shakes his head up and down, possibly agreeing with something KVT has said. She uses both hands to even the tape and make it tight.

Madman is on the right... doing squats while holding Peach. He mouths out after each rep. Madman inhales with his nose and exhales with his mouth. He sits on a chair for a split second and powers up. He continues the exercise.

Ace: Nice to see one of them is taking this seriously.

Blackfront: Madman is ready for tonight. Szalinski will get his hands on Blanca.

Ace: He better be ready. Blanca has been white hot recently.

Blanca's hand is finished and he holds it up and makes a fist.

Szalinski puts down Peach and hands her a dog bone.

Blackfront: Coming up next... The Shock Therapy Match between Sean Jackson and UTA Hall of Famer,

Seasons Beatings: 2014

The Spectre.

Ace: Another chapter in this heated rivalry. I'm sure this match will be shocking.

Ace laughs as the cameras fade on La Flama Blanca and Madman Szalinski.

As we return ringside, we get a shot of the ring. The cell has been lowered in order for the match items to be attached to it. We can see two stun guns hanging above turnbuckles while the other two have electric prods hanging. One on side of he ring, a defibrillator is tied. On the canvas sits two electrical boxes with extension cords coming out of them. The end of the cords ripped apart with wires exposed.

Blackfront: What a hellish structure that two men are about to enter. Notice there is no door. The only way to win is by pin fall or knockout.

Ace: I think the big thing to remember here is that the referees have deemed this match too dangerous to officiate! Wingate has had to find a scrub referee tonight. If it's anyone but Kevin Hawk, we should riot!

Blackfront: I highly doubt there would be any rioting going on if Kevin Hawk didn't come out.

The cell begins to raise as we prepare for the opponents to come out.

Blackfront: We're about to find out in just a few moments. This match may be the most dangerous match we have ever seen. If you have young children, I suggest sending them out of the room now!

The bell rings one time to signal we are getting ready for the entrances. The fans are on their feet.

Blackfront: On top of the items in the ring that Spectre and Sean Jackson can use against each other, the cell itself is will be electrified. It will start out as a small shock, but each time the cage is hit the electricity will increase.

Ace: I hope Sean Jackson makes Kentucky Fried Spectre tonight!

The cell hangs up above the ring as the camera pans around before flying to the entrance stage.

Announcer: Introducing tonight's special guest referee.

The lights dim slightly. The video screen begins to show dessert sand coming in as an old familiar voice of

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Cisco from Dru Hill hums and the talented voice of Will Smith begins to start going into [Wild Wild West](#). The fans get on their feet.

Blackfront: It can't be.. can it?!

Ace: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

Blackfront: IT IS!

From the back he arrives. Wearing his famous cowboy hat and a referee shirt, the Hall of Fame legend steps out.

Announcer: Ladies and gentleman. Please welcome... UTA Hall of Famer and FORMER.... UTA Champion.... THE SOUTHERN REBEL.... RON.... HALLLLLLLL!!!!

Blackfront: Ron Hall is here! He is here!

Ron takes in the crowd's love as he makes his way down the ramp.

Blackfront: I can not believe it! Mr. Fantastic and Crimson Lord a little bit ago. Now, we have another Hall of Famer in the house! Ron Hall is back in the UTA!

Ace: I think I'm going to be sick!

Blackfront: If there's one person who can be fair and unbiased while not afraid of the dangers of refereeing this match it is Ron Hall. Although his feud with The Spectre is a story of the ages, not one person has the integrity and dignity this man right here has!

Ace: Whatever! I bet it was The Spectre who put him up to this! He knows there is no way to beat Sean Jackson any other way!

Ron Hall gets into the ring, throws his arms out and spins around as the fans chant *Southern Rebel* for him.

The lights go out and an eerie purple glow fills the arena and lights the walkway down the entrance ramp to the ring. An ominous fog also lines the entire ramp down to the ringside area.

Memphisto by Depeche Mode blares over the speakers, and out steps UTA Hall of Famer, The Sadistic Nut, The Purple Haired Freak.... SPECTRE! Accompanying him to the ring is his pet hyena Johnny.

Spectre is wearing black pants and boots, a chain link belt, and purple fingerless gloves and black elbow pads with a hole on the interior elbow portion. He wears a purple U-neck tank top shirt with the words

Seasons Beatings: 2014

"TOTAL DEVASTATION" written in neon green on the front. On the back are the words "I'M WATCHING YOU" on the back with two large yellow-glowing eyes.

Announcer: Introducing first, from the Deepest Corners Of Your Mind.

Spectre has short, spiked hair, and a wild deranged look in his eyes as he slowly makes his way to the ring and the echoes of Spectre's laughter accompany the music piped into the arena.

Announcer: Weighing in at 299 pounds, UTA Hall Of Famer...THEEE.... SPPPPEEECCCTTTTRREEEEEE!

Spectre leaves Johnny near the base of the ramp, acting as a guard dog, while Spectre approaches the ring apron, grabs the top rope and steps up on to the apron. He then steps over the top rope and enters the ring. Spectre slowly cracks his neck without using his hands and then pops his knuckles, all the while maintaining focus, and ready for the match to begin.

Blackfront: He looks ready for this match!

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 next... 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

Seasons Beatings: 2014

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.

Announcer: The former 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.

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".

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.

The cell begins to lower.

Blackfront: What an amazing night of returns! The Spawn is here... Ron Hall is here! I never would have imagined!

The Spectre just stares at Ron Hall who nods to him before looking at Sean Jackson and nodding to him as well. The cell finishes lowering. An outside referee walks to the generator, flips a few switches and turns the handle. A loud electrical cracking is heard. The lights flicker.

Blackfront: The cage is electrified! This match is about to get started!

The bell sounds to begin the match.

Blackfront: Remember folks, both The Spawn and Dynasty are banned from ringside. These two have been at each other's throats for years in a feud that has crossed two different promotions. it all ends tonight!

Ace: Sean Jackson is going to end that purple haired idiot!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Both men charge each other. The Spectre grabs the throat of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Spectre using his size and power to take control early. Spectre pushing Jackson back into the ropes.

He pushes Jackson as hard as he can.

Blackfront: Spectre with an elbow to the face of Jackson. Another.

He holds his elbow in the side of Sean Jackson's face and pushes it back until his head finally touches the cage. An electrical zap is heard as Jackson's head touches the metal. The shock is low, but is enough to travel through and shock Spectre as well.

Blackfront: Jackson feeling that electricity early.

Ace: Spectre is an idiot! he shocked himself too!

Blackfront: The voltage will now increase!

Spectre and Sean shake off the shock before Spectre runs at Jackson.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson moves!

Spectre grabs the top rope and stops himself from going over and into the cage. As he turns, Sean comes forward with a boot to his gut.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now in control.

Ace: Of course he is!

Sean grabs the head of The Spectre and brings knee up and into his face as Ron Hall watches on.

Blackfront: Knee smash to the face of The Spectre.

Suddenly Sean comes forward with a big right hand.

Blackfront: Right hand by Jackson. Spectre with his own. Both men now exchanging fist. All of the hate, all of history.. it cumulates tonight.

Sean Jackson takes off to the left and bounces off the ropes, charging Spectre, hitting him with his shoulder as he passes, but Spectre keeps his ground. Sean Jackson looks at Spectre, who cackles.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Blackfront: My God its like running into a brick wall! The hall of famer has always been one of the biggest men in the UTA.

Ace: Sean is no midget Jason. He'll get him down.

Determined Sean Jackson bounces off the ropes again this time hitting Spectre with a dropkick to the knee. The sadistic freak stumbles, but does not fall, the dropkick seeming to only anger Spectre.

Blackfront: Well a dropkick right to the knee and The Spectre is still standing!

Ace: That's what he's got to do Jason. He's got to try and incapacitate Spectre. Use his speed and smarts to overcome Spectre's brawn.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson off the ropes once more!

Sean Jackson bounces off the ropes and as Spectre tries to grab him he evades it by side stepping. Sean quickly rolls behind him, and before Spectre has a chance to turn around Sean Jackson tackles his knee, finally taking the monster down.

Ace: Fee Fi Fo Fum, Spectre just fell on his big fat bum!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson has got him down!

Immediately Sean Jackson starts stomping Spectre's knee, each stomp bringing a grimace to the face of Spectre.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson heading to the corner....

He begins to carefully climb the ropes, making sure not to touch the cell. He reaches up and grabs an electric prod hanging, yanking it down.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson is the first to grab a weapon!

Ace: YES! ELECTROCUTE HIM! YES!

Sean heads over to the Spectre who is starting to get up. He grabs his arm and laughs.

Jackson moves the prod toward The Spectre's face.

Ace: YES! HE TOLD HIM HE WOULD MELT HIS FACE! DO IT!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Jackson shoves the prod toward Spectre, who uses his free hand to grab Sean's wrist. He pushes back with all of his might.

Blackfront: The Spectre trying to keep Jackson from getting him with that electric prod!

Sean moves around in front of him and boots The Spectre in the face. Spectre jolts up to his knees. Sean comes forward with a yell, jamming the electric prod into the chest of the Spectre who lets out a loud yelp as he shocks him.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson shocking The Spectre!

Ace: FRY HIM!

The Spectre falls to the canvas. Sean brings the prod down and slams it into his side. The Spectre convulses on the canvas.

Blackfront: The pure brutality of this match!

Ace: He asked for it!

Sean gets to a knee and pushes the electric prod hard into The Spectre, continuing to zap him.

Blackfront: I can't watch this.

Ace: Then leave! I don't need you.

Sean Jackson stands up and walks away, holding the electric prod high in the air, celebrating. Suddenly, something catches his eyes.

Blackfront: Oh no... please... don't do it Sean!

Jackson tosses the electric prod to the canvas and heads to the cage. He shakes his hands, preparing for a shock before reaching up and grabbing the defibrillator attached to the catch. As he yanks it off, he takes a shock from the cell that causes him to drop the defibrillator.

Blackfront: Jackson paying the price for trying to introduce that defibrillator into the match. The voltage is now raising again.

As Sean Jackson gathers his bearings, The Spectre pushes to his feet.

Blackfront: The Spectre still feeling the effects from that assault, but is on his feet.

Jackson shakes off the shock and heads to pick the defibrillator back up. however, the Spectre grabs him,

Seasons Beatings: 2014

turning him around.

Blackfront: The Spectre has Jackson!

His face is that of a crazy man as he lifts Sean Jackson up and throws him over the top rope and into the cell.

Blackfront: MY GOD!

Sean crumbles down, stuck between the ropes and cell. He screams in pain as the voltage continues to go through his body, steadily getting higher.

Blackfront: Jackson is stuck! My God! Someone! DO SOMETHING!

Ron Hall runs his hand through his hair, not sure what to do. The Spectre has a sadistic look on his face as he watches Sean fry. Sean's body shakes. The buzzing of the cell getting louder. The lights flicker.

Blackfront: He is going to DIE!

Ace: That sick freak is laughing!

Ron runs over and begs Spectre to let him call the match. Spectre refuses heading over and picking up the defibrillator. He turns it on, lifting the pads.

Blackfront: What is he going to do?!

Sean is finally able to roll under the ropes and back into the ring, laying on his back. His body twitching. Spectre brings the pads down and slams them into Sean's chest sending electricity through his body.

Blackfront: MY LORD! I am being told that the voltage of the cell is now two times what it was expected to be by the end of the match!

Spectre yells Clear! before slamming the pads into Sean's chest again and laughing like a maniac.

Blackfront: This has went too far Spectre!

Spectre shoves the pads down again, but nothing happens.

Ace: Thank God! They quit working!

Angrily he lifts the defibrillator up and throws it down, smashing it onto Sean's head. Blood pours from

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Sean's head. Spectre lifts one of the free wires on the canvas up and smiles as he walks over to Jackson who is in pain on the canvas.

Blackfront: Spectre with those exposed wires!

As he reaches down with them toward Sean, Jackson lifts his feet and kicks The Spectre who drops the wire and stumbles back and into the ropes. He reaches back to catch his balance, grabbing the cell. Suddenly, electricity is sent through his body as he is unable to let go of the cell.

Blackfront: Every muscle in Spectre's body tightening up as the current flows through him!

Ace: HOW DOES IT FEEL?!

Jackson crawls over, still twitching as he grabs the wire The Spectre once had. Finally, The Spectre is able to let go and stumbles forward, leaning down. Sean comes up with the cord, wrapping it around The Spectre's throat before jamming the exposed wires into his skin. The current travels through both of them as Sean holds on.

Blackfront: MY LORD! PLEASE! RON! STOP THIS MATCH!!!!

Both men fall to the mat, Jackson still holding onto Spectre and the cord, keeping it jammed into The Spectre.

Blackfront: They are willing to end both of their lives! That is how much hate flows through these men.

Ace: Hate is not the only thing flowing... what about that electricity!

The electrical box begins to smoke as both men try to hold on as the electricity flows. Suddenly.. it explodes.

Blackfront: HOLY HELL!

The power box lights up in flames. The electricity no longer flowing, but a fire begins to consume some of the apron. Ron hall runs over and begins stomping at it, but is unable to stop the flames. Spectre and Jackson both lay out, not moving as Ron screams for help.

Blackfront: We have a fire in the ring folks!

The outside referee rushes over with a fire extinguisher and begins spraying the fire from outside of the cell. It starts to go out.

Blackfront: The fire being contained, but I am unsure if we can continue!

Ron rushes over and checks the pulse of both men. Neither one moves other than a small twitch. He quickly

Seasons Beatings: 2014

gets up and begins calling for the bell.

Blackfront: Ron Hall doing the right thing and calling this!

He yells for the cell to raise. However, the outside referee can not get the generator to turn off.

Blackfront: My lord! The generator will not turn off!

Both The Spectre and Sean Jackson finally begin to move. They both turn over, still twitching as Ron is preoccupied with the generator situation.

Blackfront: Both The Spectre and Sean Jackson using the ropes to pull themselves up. What a match.

They look at each other. Hate fills them, blood pours from both. Suddenly they both take off toward each other.

Blackfront: THEY AREN'T DONE!

Ace: NOT UNTIL ONE OF THEM DIES!

They tackle each other. The Spectre overpowers Sean and pushes forward. His momentum sends them both toward the ropes. As they hit, the force sends them both over the top rope and into the cell which begins to pop visual electricity. In one moment the section of the cell rips away from the post and both men tumble through the cell and to the floor outside. The section of the cell that ripped away falls on both of them. Enough metal is still attached to the main cell that voltage continues to run through it. Ron Hall can not believe what's going on.

Blackfront: PLEASE! DO SOMETHING!

They both shake violently under the cell. Finally the outside referee gets the generator to shut off. Medical staff rush from the back. Ron Hall climbs through the ropes and leaps down, not caring for his own safety as he pulls the metal off of them.

Blackfront: These two men are hurt folks. I am scared that they will never be the same again.

Ron moves from the exposed metal as the cell begins to raise. Medical staff circles both men and begin working as we get a visual of an obviously upset Ron Hall concerned for both men.

Blackfront: These two put their bodies on the line and paid for it. I am unsure if they will ever be able to wrestle again much less walk!

More medical staff run down.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Blackfront: Neither man has moved Tommy. What a horrific scene.

Ace: I've got to tell you Jason, I never thought it'd actually come to this.

Blackfront: Me either. Neither of these men will ever be the same again.

We get one more visual of both mne, not moving, as we fade.

Jack in the Box

The camera turns to Jack from Jack In The Box walking down the street wearing a nice business suit.

Jack: One of my competitors says you can "Have It Your Way". Really? Good luck ordering Breakfast after 11 AM! Let's talk about my way!

A random paper boy passes by.

Paper Boy: Yeah!!!

Jack: My way means you can order anything on the menu any time of day, whether it's a burger for breakfast or french toast sticks at midnight! Other places won't let you do that!

Jack stops and turns to the camera standing in front of a Burger King.

Jack: And hey! If I'm saying something that's not true...

Jack suddenly rips the sleeves off to his suit revealing his muscular arms.

Jack: Do something about it!

Suddenly David Hightower runs into the picture and nails Jack right in the head with a right hook so hard his huge plastic head goes flying off. The camera turns to show a car has run over Jack's head!

Hightower: And that's what you get fer screwin up Ben Halkum's order! Do it right next time or you'll really pay the price!

The paper boy comes into the picture.

Paper Boy: Oh my god you killed him!!!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Hightower: I did not! He's fine!

Hightower grabs Jack's arm lifting it up and it flops back down.

Hightower: Meh... I'd rather go to Burger King anyway!

David looks at the camera and clears his throat.

Hightower: Has your order been messed up too many times? Call 1 900 WHOOPASS! I'll be more than happy to kick the crap outta Ronald McDonald, The Burger King, Or even that good fe rnothin slut Wendy! That's 1 900 W O O P A S S!

Whiskey comes trotting into the picture carrying Jack's head which now has a tire mark on it.

Hightower: C'mon Whiskey! Let's go get a Whopper!

Word

A brief cut to the back shows a rushed Jennifer Williams getting her microphone ready. She looks back as a door down the hallway opens and closes.

Williams: We're about to see if we can get a...

Peach: BARK!

Ariel, Peach, and Madman Szalinski are walking down the hallway. Madman is staring into the floor, while Ariel looks straight on and Peach sniffs around as she keeps pace. Madman is singing quietly to himself off-tempo.

Madman: ...room at the top they're telling me still, but first I must learn how to smile as I kill...

Williams: Here he is, let's see if we can get a word with him...

Madman: ...if I wanna be like all them folks on the hill...

Jennifer tries to approach, but none of the trio acknowledges her.

Williams: Do you have anything to say before this big match with LFB, Madman?

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Madman, along with his wife and dog, continue walking past the stationary camera without looking at either it or Jennifer. Madman's words, however, are clear.

Madman: No, not really.

The camera watches on as the three continue going down, towards the curtain. Madman continues singing quietly to himself, he and Ariel joining hands as Peach stops sniffing around and gets in line next to him. The song he sings starts to correct tempo and the last line is a little bit louder.

Madman: A working man's hero is something to be...

The three disappear, turning off to one side and leaving an empty shot.

Update

We head to the back where two ambulances sit in the garage. Suddenly through the hall way a commotion can be seen as Sean Jackson and The Spectre are being wheeled quickly toward them.

EMT: Hurry up! We've got to get these guys to the hospital!

Blackfront: A horrific sight just moments ago Tommy. Both Sean Jackson and The Spectre unresponsive, being taken to the local hospital. Our prayers are with them.

Ace: The violence was more extreme than anyone would have ever imagined. I hope la Flama Blanca wont let this effect him!

Blackfront: Godo work Tommy. Always showing how heartless you really are. These two men could DIE!

Ace: I am worried about Sean! But we still have La Flama Blanca up next!

Blackfront: You sicken me Tommy.

They load them into the ambulances. We watch on for a few moments as they get them in, shut the doors and the ambulances take off, sirens blaring. Perfection, KVT, and CBR rush into the scene.

Perfection: Are they gone?

Official: Just left!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

CBR: I'll get the car!

Blackfront: Dynasty worried about Sean and appear to be following them to the hospital.

Ace: But what about Blanca! What if he needs your help!

Blackfront: you are a terrible person Tommy.

Whatever Jason.

Dynasty run through the garage as we move back ringside.

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: La Flama Blanca has been on a bit of a losing streak as of recent, but tonight he has a chance to really turn things around with a win over the UTA Champion.

Ace: How does it turn anything around Jason? It's not like if he wins he'll be the champion.

Blackfront: No, but to be the man to beat the champion? That would do wonders for him.

Ace: And if he loses?

Blackfront: I honestly think even if he loses the match tonight will be great and for the fans, there is no loser.

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. 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.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

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 one hundred and eighty-seven 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: The Former United Toughness Alliance Champion.... MADMAN SZAAAAALINSKKKKKIIIIII!!!

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 to remove the title from around his waist and hand it to the referee.

Blackfront: The UTA Champion has never looked better.

Ace: One hundred and eighty seven pounds is a joke right Jason? Looks like ol' Madman has been increasing his... juice intake... since waking up.

Madman, grinning ear to ear, steps out from the corner with his hands out, reaching one far enough to tap fists with LFB, who isn't smiling as much but is a little bit relaxed. They step back from one another, and the bell rings.

Blackfront: The entire world has been waiting for this.

Ace: Blanca looks focused. He has to be in order to keep his mind off of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Folks, watch WrestleUTA.com for details as they become available in regards to Sean Jackson and The Spectre who have been rushed to the local hospital.

Both men circle in the ring. Madman tests Blanca a bit, reaching for him, but not grabbing. They continue to circle. Finally, they lock up.

Blackfront: We're on!

La Flama Blanca quickly moves around behind Madman.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca in control behind Madman Szalinski. He lifts him up, and drops him to the canvas sideways.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

La Flama Blanca quickly slides over grabbing Madman's head from above while both are on the canvas. He holds Madman's neck as he pushes down, keeping him from moving.

Blackfront: The fans have completely turned on La Flama Blanca since the kick heard around the world. once loved by all and best friend to Madman Szalinski, La Flama Blanca showed his true colors, which have led us to tonight.

Madman kicks his feet, trying to get free. He begins to roll up on his side as Blanca holds on.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski trying to get free. La Flama Blanca losing his grip a bit as Madman struggles.

Madman is able to roll over and get free enough to shove La Flama Blanca's face into the canvas while pulling his arm behind his back. Blanca kicks his feet around to get into a sitting position.

Blackfront: Mat wrestling here by Madman Szalinski and La Flama Blanca.

Blanca reaches back, grabbing the head of Madman, and pushes up, taking both of them to their feet. He rolls under Madman's arm, taking control as he pulls the arm out into a bar.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca in control, directing Madman by his arm.

Ace: There's no way La Flama Blanca doesn't out wrestle this ungrateful tonight!

Madman grabs at Blanca's hand trying to get him to let go. Blanca twist his arm up more, causing Madman to hunch down.

Blackfront: Szalinski has to figure out a way to get free and get into control of this match if he expects to win.

Madman raises his free arm up, placing his elbow into the shoulder of La Flama Blanca, before bringing it down between both of their arms, breaking the hold enough to roll under and pull La Flama Blanca's arm up.

Blackfront: Reversal by Madman. These two former friends did everything together. They shared cars. They shared hotel rooms, locker rooms. La Flama Blanca watched peach for Szalinski. All just to betray him.

Blanca gets to one knee as Madman uses both hands to hold onto his wrist. La Flama Blanca tries to pull his arm free but can't as he begins to get to his feet.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca trying to get free here.

As he gets up, he spins under Madman's arm. As he twist up, La Flama Blanca leaps up with his right leg, which Madman ducks under. Blanca lands on the mat and turns as Madman grabs his head and yanks sideways and over, tossing him to the mat.

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Blackfront: Side headlock toss by Madman..

Blanca hits the canvas and quickly throws his leg up over Madman's neck. Madman rolls out of it and both men quickly get back to their feet.

Blackfront: Fast paced match here as they are back to their feet. La Flama Blanca grabbing the head of Madman, takes him over with his own headlock take over.

Ace: Get him!

Madman throws his leg over La Flama Blanca's neck now, whi pushes it up immediately and then kip ups to a standing position as Madman rolls over and and gets to his knees. Blanca walks over and stares down at the former champion who stands up, pushing him away as he does. Madman moves back to the ropes, leaning on them for a moment.

Blackfront: These two know each other better than anyone else does, and it is showing with this back and forward action.

Madman moves over to the corner turnbuckle and looks at La Flama Blanca who motions for him to bring it already. The fans are chanting for Madman. They continue to stare down before Madman leaves the corner and they start to circle again.

Blackfront: Two of the best athletes in all of professional wrestling going one on one in tonight's main event on the last show of the year.

As they circle madman offers his left hand up. La Flama Blanca cautiously takes it before they both raise their free hand.

Blackfront: Test of strength here by the two masked men. Madman takes control... La Flama Blanca breaks and moves back.. Now into a collar to elbow lock up.

Madman once again controls the momentum, throwing La Flama Blanca's arm under his as to where la Flama Blanca is behind him, arm stretched and being held by Madman.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca unable to get free as madman turns around, still holding the arm, and forces him to one knee.

Madman grabs La Flama Blanca's head as he lifts. Madman forces La Flama Blanca forward, tossing him by his head over to the canvas still holding his arm.

Blackfront: Madman lets go, and goes for a headlock. La Flama Blanca rolls under, and places Madman's

Seasons Beatings: 2014

arm into a hammer lock.

Ace: No one is better than La Flama Blanca technically.

Blackfront: Except maybe Madman Szalinski. Blanca uses his free arm to wrap from behind madman under his chin.

He pushes Madman face first to the canvas, pinning him down while still keeping his arm in a lock. Madman begins to try and get free, sitting out and grabbing La Flama Blanca's head behind him as he lifts up into an arching position.

Blackfront: Madman rolls behind Blanca, reversing the hammer lock. Blanca rolls out himself back into control with a wrist lock.

Madman almost buckles as La Flama Blanca bends his wrist and pushes forward. Madman quickly rolls forward and turns as he leaps up, however it only allows La Flama Blanca to get a better grasp.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca applying pressure to that arm as he pulls back. Madman with nowhere to go.

Ace: TAP! TAP! TAP!

Blackfront: Madman trying to get up. He looks to be getting free, rolls under the arm of la Flama Blanca. Blanca rolls, grabs madman... quick suplex by La Flama Blanca!

Ace: He's the best!

Blackfront: Six months ago it was a very different story from you.

Ace: I have no idea what you are talking about.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca keeping madman down, still working that arm and elbow. Placing his knee on Madman's face for added pressure.

The fans chant for Madman who spins around and gets up. La Flama Blanca twist his arm up and around. madman drops forward with another barrel roll, before rolling back and spinning up with La Flama Blanca's arm in his control.

Blackfront: Madman using Blanca's arm to send him up and tossed to the canvas.

However, Blanca flips, lands on his hands, and does two more hand flips, landing in a standing position. the fans get on their feet.

Blackfront: WHAT WAS THAT?!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ace: That was the almighty La Flama Blanca!

He turns around and waves a finger in the face of an amazed Madman Szalinski. They stare at each other, Madman smiling as La Flama Blanca motions for him to bring it on again.

Blackfront: Another hard lock up. Blanca takes control yet again with another arm bar, keeping Madman to one knee. He applies pressure.

Madman is able to push to his feet. He grabs the back of La Flama Blanca's head and yanks back, sending him toward the corner.

Blackfront: Madman follows. Blanca leaps up as he reaches the corner, landing behind madman who is barely able to stop before hitting. La Flama Blanca takes off toward the other corner...Madman charges...

La Flama Blanca throws his legs up and over the top rope, landing on the apron outside as Madman Szalinski gets to him. He bends down and comes through the ropes to catch Madman in the midsection.

Blackfront: Madman hunched over.. La Flama Blanca using the ropes to launch himself back into the ring. Slides behind Szalinski. La Flama Blanca takes off across the ring and off of the ropes.

Ace: Look at that speed!

Blackfront: On the return... Madman Szalinski catches him.. tilt awhirl back breaker!

The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca rolling out of the ring in pain. What a move!

The fans are on their feet.

Ace: Smart move by Blanca rolling out.

Madman heads to the ropes and exits to the apron. La Flama Blanca quickly rushes to him.

Blackfront: Madman with a kick to the face of La Flama Blanca... Hold on.. What's Madman thinking?

He uses the ropes to launch himself up, coming down legs first on the top rope, and bouncing backward into a flip as he crashes down on top of La Flama Blanca outside of the rings. The fans can not contain themselves.

Blackfront: WHOA! What a moonsault.

Madman, on his feet, throws an arm out and yells in victory as the fans cheer him on. He runs to the rin, rolls

Seasons Beatings: 2014

in under the bottom rope and rolls up to a kneeling position with his arms out as the fans cheer him on and clap.

Blackfront: This is the Madman Szalinski we have not seen in some time!

The referee counts as La Flama Blanca pushes to a knee and looks at Madman, bewildered. Madman now does what La Flama Blanca has done several times and motions for him to bring it.

Blackfront: The tides have changed!

La Flama Blanca gets to his feet and heads over, pulling himself up to the apron, never taking his eyes off of Madman.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca now getting back into the ring. He charges Madman who ducks. Blanca off of the ropes, Madman leaps with a spinning heel kick to the face of la Flama Blanca! Cover.. Kick out by Blanca.

La Flama Blanca starts to crawl away as Madman Szalinski gets back up.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca sitting in the corner now.. What's Madman doing? he runs.. KNEE TO THE FACE OF LA FLAMA BLANCA!

Blackfront: Madman not done as he pulls Blanca up by the head, directing him across the ring. Blanca's head meets the turnbuckle!

Ace: No! Come on!

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski grabs the waist of La Flama Blanca... leans back.. Roll up by Madman... Blanca rolls through, Madman's shoulder's down.. KICK OUT AT ONE!

They both rolls over and quickly get to their feet. As they do, Madman charges La Flama Blanca. That's when it hits him... the foot of his former friend.

Blackfront: The Estupendo Kick!!!

Ace: It's over!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca with the cover.... One.. Two... KICK OUT! MADMAN SZALINSKI KICKED OUT!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ace: HOW?!

Not one fan is in their seat. La Flama Blanca hits the canvas in anger and gets to his feet, reading himself. madman begins to push up.

Blackfront: Watch out Madman!

Groggily, he turns around and La Flama Blanca comes forward with another superkick.

Blackfront: Madman ducks!

He rolls behind La Flama Blanca. Blanca turns around and Madman leaps up, throwing his legs around his neck.

Blackfront: STANDING HURRICARRANA BY MADMAN SZALINSKI!

Ace: Oh come on!

Blackfront: Szalinski up... he is heading to the corner.

Madman begins to climb the turnbuckle. He turns toward la Flama Blanca who is starting to get up himself. From outside of the ring, Ariel looks stressed as he husband raises one finger up and the cameras flash.

Blackfront: MADMAN LEAPS!

Ace: La Flama Blanca catches him!

Blackfront: MADMAN ROLLS IT INTO ANOTHER HURRICARRANA!

La Flama Blanca quickly rolls over, holding his neck. Madman Szalinski rolls over.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca charges Madman... Madman reaches up and grabs his head... he pulls down... wraps the legs... DEATHTRAP! DEATHTRAP! DEATHTRAP!

Ace: OH MY GOD! NO! NO!

La Flama Blanca struggles, but Madman just laughs as he hooks it in tighter.

Blackfront: Blanca unable to get free. Madman has him... HE'S TAPPING! LA FLAMA BLANCA IS TAPPING!

Seasons Beatings: 2014

Ace: WHY IS DYNASTY NOT HERE?! NO!

The bell starts to sound and Madman lets go as Ariel rushes the ring, peach in hand.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski has done it! After months... and months of damage at the hands of Dynasty.. tonight he gets his redemption!

Ariel and Madman embrace. Peach barks at him from his feet. he lets go of Ariel and bends down, lifting Peach up. The fans are on their feet. La Flama Blanca is on his knees, his hands on his hips. Disappointed.

Blackfront: I can not believe it! Madman Szalinski has done it all this year!

Ace: This is a nightmare!

La Flama Blanca rolls out of the ring, hands on his hips still has he gets to the floor.

Blackfront: This is not the end that La Flama Blanca imagined.

Ace: This isn't the end I imagined!

Blackfront: Madman continues to celebrate with peach and Ariel. We are out of time tonight. We want to thank you for spending your evening with us and please, continue to watch the website for updates on Turk, Sean Jackson, and The Spectre. Good night everyone!

Ace: This is terrible.

They celebrate as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.