

Black Horizon: 2014

June 1, 2014 | American Airlines Center - Dallas, Texas

2014

As we have a black screen, the United Toughness Alliance logo fades in for a few moments before we are treated to a shot of the sold out American Airlines Area in Miami, Florida. In the bottom left corner of your screen, the word *LIVE!* appear for a few seconds before disappearing.

The camera pans down and across to the top of the stage where our stage is all decked out with UTA paraphernalia.

A series of colorful pyrotechnics arranged along the edge of the stage begin to fire off, followed by a smaller series around the edge of the panels and above. To cap it off, one larger final explosion excites as it fires off from the four corners of the stage. The crowd goes absolutely bonkers.

We fade to the commentator table ringside where Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace sit, headsets on and a look of excitement on their faces. The fans in the front row behind them wave to their family and friends back home as the voices of the UTA welcome us to the first actual pay-per-view since the United Toughness Alliance has returned.

Blackfront: Welcome everybody to a HUGE show. I'm Jason Blackfront. Joining me tonight on this action packed show is my broadcast partner, Tommy Ace!

Ace: Man am I excited to be here Jason for this absolutely huge show here in the sold out American Airlines Center where we may have a new champion.

Blackfront: On the edition of Wrestleshow two weeks ago we saw as tonight's main event was set up.

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain, Madman Szalinski, and the Champion, Sean Jackson, will meet in the first ever Steel Hell match.

The camera pans up to show two large steel structures hanging over head.

Blackfront: It's going to be an absolutely terrifying main event when all three men are locked inside of that.

The camera comes back down to the two men.

Blackfront: We also may see a new internet champion as the undefeated CBR, takes on Yoshii.

Ace: I haven't been able to sleep the last week Jason, tonight is what it is all about!

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Blackfront: Well, are you ready Tommy?

Ace: I was born ready for tonight Jason!

Blackfront: Well folks, sit back.. relax and enjoy as we bring to you excitement only like the United Toughness Alliance can!

The camera slowly pans across the screaming fans.

Number 1

We fade to a plain white page. Suddenly, from the top of the screen a giant, red #1 drops down and hits the floor. A few seconds later, Peach's head pokes out from the side of the screen. She walks around the 1, sniffing it.

Peach walks away from the numbers and toward the camera, sniffing the lens before barking. She then runs off, continuing to bark. Madman Szalinski's wife, Ariel, walks into the screen and smiles.

Ariel: Now, the Number One promotion in the world as told by [Federation Rankings](#), the United Toughness Alliance.

She smiles and walks off the screen. The UTA... Peach tested... EFR Approved.

? EVERYBODY WAS KUNG FU FIGHTING!!!!

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

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

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

Announcer: He is... ELVIS... MCDONALLLLLLDDDD!!!!

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

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald getting a great reception here in Miami for his UTA pay per view debut.

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

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

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

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

Inscribed on the back of his robe reads *World Class* in gold letters. He doesn't stop at all, and when he gets into the ring he holds his arms out showing off as the crowd disapproves of Dan.

Announcer: he is.... DAAANNNN.... BENSOOOOOONNNN!!!

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

Ace: This is what everyone has been waiting for, Black Horizon is here and we have a great opening match.

Blackfront: I couldn't agree more. Dan Benson and Elvis McDonald are two men to watch out for in the coming months here in the UTA and tonight they will showcase their expertise.

As the bell sounds they move toward each other.

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald is a martial arts expert while Dan Benson is a ring technician, this should be an interesting match up.

Elvis McDonald moves into a defensive martial arts stance as Dan Benson watches on, smirking at him.

Blackfront: I'm unsure if Dan Benson can take Elvis McDonald seriously, but he probably should.

Ace: His name may be goofy, and his wardrobe nothing to call home about, but Elvis McDonald is a skilled martial artist.

Dan Benson laughs at Elvis McDonald before rushing him.

Blackfront: Dan Benson on the attack, rushing Elvis McDonald with an extended arm.

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McDonald slips past Dan Benson's clothesline attempt, rolling under his arm, reaching up and grabbing it as he ducks, using his body weight to flip Dan Benson over and down to the mat. Elvis jumps back into a defensive position as Dan Benson, on one knee, looks up at him a bit more seriously than before.

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald catching Dan Benson off guard.

Ace: I think Dan Benson realizes McDonald isn't here to play.

Dan Benson stands back up, and cracks his neck as he puts his hands up, semi-closed and moves in toward Elvis McDonald.

Blackfront: Dan Benson with a right, deflected by McDonald who swiftly clicks the side of Dan Benson's leg. Another. Now two quick strikes to the head of Dan Benson.

Elvis McDonald steps back and comes forward with a flat kick to the chest of Dan Benson causing him to stumble back and into the ropes. Still in a martial arts defense position, McDonald moves forward toward him.

Ace: Elvis does know this is professional wrestling, right? He's treating this more like mixed martial arts.

Blackfront: As long as those aren't close handed hits, I believe this is legal.

Elvis comes in with two more swift kicks into the upper leg of Dan Benson who is backed into the ropes. He spins around and gives Dan Benson's temple an elbow, before spinning back the other way and coming forward with a raised knee into the midsection of Dan Benson, pulling the back of his head toward his chest as he does.

Blackfront: The referee trying to get McDonald to back away from Dan Benson who is in the ropes.

Elvis takes one step toward Dan Benson, who moves his upper body over the middle rope but under the top, to show he is in the ropes. The referee puts his hands up, walking toward Elvis and backing him off.

Blackfront: Dan Benson now fully re-evaluating the match.

Ace: That smirk he had is gone now that he realizes Elvis McDonald is serious.

Dan Benson moves back fully into the ring as the referee continues to hold McDonald back. Dan Benson moves in and reaches around the referee, slapping him upside the head. McDonalds tries tog et around the referee who quickly asserts himself in the middle and in control.

Blackfront: Dan Benson messing with the head of Elvis McDonald, possibly attempting to get him to get himself disqualified.

McDonald takes a few steps back, takes a deep breath and moves back into a defensive position as the

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referee moves out of the way.

Blackfront: It looks like we're getting this match back on track now. Dan Benson seems to be more in tune with the style of Elvis McDonald as sizes him up.

Dan Benson moves in. Elvis takes a swing toward him with his right arm. Dan Benson ducks it. McDonald then swings with his left, with Dan Benson ducking again. Dan Benson, still ducked down, rushes forward, slamming his shoulder into the stomach of Elvis McDonald and pushing him hard back and into the ropes.

Blackfront: Dan Benson now with McDonald in the ropes. Holding the ropes for leverage, Dan Benson pulling his shoulder hard into Elvis McDonald's midsection.

He steps back and comes forward with a right hand to the side of Elvis McDonald's head followed by another. As the referee heads toward them to break it up, Dan Benson grabs the face of Elvis McDonald and rakes down across his eyes.

Blackfront: The referee warning Dan Benson after that vicious eye rake.

Ace: Martial artist or not, you have fingers attempting to gouge your eyes out, it does not feel good.

Dan Benson throws his hands up and backs away, signaling to the referee he isn't going to do it again. As the referee backs away, Dan Benson comes forward, grabs the head of Elvis McDonald and drops him down with a DDT.

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald with no time to recover, now on the receiving end of a DDT.

Ace: McDonald is a dangerous man. Dan Benson knows he has to be ultra aggressive if he plans to win this one.

Dan Benson quickly rolls Elvis over and covers him. As the referee drops to count, Dan Benson places his legs on the bottom rope for leverage causing the fans to boo loudly. The referee sees it and gets up pointing.

Blackfront: Caught by the referee, Dan Benson attempted to secure a victory by not so legal ways.

Ace: Sometimes you have to do what it takes to get the upper hand.

Blackfront: But at what cost? Things like that and eye rakes could cause Dan Benson this match.

Elvis McDonald pushes up to his elbows as Dan Benson gets to his feet. He steps over McDonald's back and squats down, sitting on it. He places his hands underneath the chin of Elvis McDonald, locking his fingers, and leaning back.

Blackfront: Chinlock by Dan Benson.

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The camera zooms in on Elvis McDonald's face, obviously in pain as Dan Benson leans back, applying more pressure.

Ace: This is exactly what you have to do with a man like McDonald. Be aggressive and applies holds that put a toll on your opponent's body.

Dan Benson pulls back hard again before releasing the hold. He waits for a few moments before sliding his arms underneath of Elvis'. He steps back and lifts, almost pulling McDonald up with him. As Elvis gets to his feet, Dan Benson tightens his hold, locking his fingers behind the head of Elvis McDonald.

Blackfront: Full Nelson applied by Dan Benson.

Ace: Classic lock there applied, well, with Dan Benson.

Dan Benson leans back and lifts up, side stepping as he slams Elvis McDonald down.

Blackfront: Full Nelson into a slam.

Dan Benson quickly steps over the chest of Elvis McDonald, yelling at him as he leans down and slaps Elvis McDonald across the face before standing back up, stepping over McDonald and raising his arms high in the sky.

Blackfront: Dan Benson gloating. How about being a professional?

The referee yells at Dan Benson again, who ignores him, stepping to the side and over, yanking Elvis McDonald up by his head.

Blackfront: McDonald back on his feet. Dan Benson directs him toward the ropes, and sends him over the top, crashingg to the outside!

Ace: Dan Benson definitely in control right now.

Dan Benson steps between the ropes to the apron, leaping to the floor.

Blackfront: The action now outside of the ring as Elvis McDonald needs to find a way to come back if he wants to take home a victory in his debut.

Dan Benson pulls McDonald back to his feet and grabs his left arm.

Blackfront: Dan Benson with a whi... no, reversed. Dan Benson whipped hard into the barrier out here as the the referee begins to count.

Elvis, sweat coming down his face, looks out to the crowd before heading over to where Dan Benson is

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propped up, back first, against the barrier.

Blackfront: Knife edge chop to the chest of Dan Benson by Elvis McDonald, another. Elvis McDonald now with multiple elbow strikes.

He steps back and comes forward with a spearhead strike to the chest of Dan Benson.

Blackfront: Spearhead strike to the solarplexes of Dan Benson.

Dan Benson drops to his knees holding his chest.

Ace: I don't think either of these guys realize the referee is counting them out. Someone needs to get back into the ring befo...

The bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: Before they are counted out like that?

Ace: Exactly.

Elvis McDonald puts his hands on his hips and looks around trying to figure out what is going on.

Announcer: Due to a double count out, this match ends in a no contest.

Elvis takes a deep breath, looking disappointed as Dan Benson stays down, holding his chest.

Blackfront: You have to a count of ten before the match ends. Tonight, these men fell to that.

Ace: Yeah, but what a competitive match showcasing both men.

Blackfront: You can't take anything away from either man, you're right. Tonight just wasn't the night for an uncontested winner to walk out.

Still disappointed, Elvis McDonald walks around the barrier and begins to head up the ramp, slapping the hands of the fans as he does. Dan Benson begins to get up, looking around and trying to figure out what has happened.

Blackfront: Not exactly how either of these men planned on their match ending here in the opening bout of Black Horizon.

Ace: Well, we still have four amazing matches to come with the main event accumulating in what will be the biggest match to date here in the United Toughness Alliance.

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Blackfront: It is called Steel Hell, and just as the name suggest, the three men who enter will be put through a hell like never before inside of an UTA ring.

Ace: I get goose bumps just looking at both structures hanging above the ring Jason.

The camera pans up showing both the steel cage and chain link cell that will engulf the ring area.

Blackfront: No one will ever be the same again after tonight, that is for sure Tommy.

What Would You Do?

Tonight's event is sponsored by Klondike. What would you do for a Klondike Bar?

Who's In and Who's Out?

Jamie Sawyers is standing outside the UTA locker room waiting to catch La Flama Blanca before his battle with former Number One Contender for the Internet Title, Log Habben. Jamie fixes his in ear monitor and adjusts his suit jacket. The camera crew is rolling.

Sawyers: Tonight is the night, Black Horizon in Miami, Florida. Will we have a new Internet Champion? Who will come out the victor in the UTA Championship Steel Hell match? Both matches still to come. After tonight, the entire landscape of the organization will change. I'm here waiting for one of the competitors in the next match, tonight La Flama Blanca takes on Log Habben. Will...

La Flama Blanca opens up the locker room door and is met by Sawyers and his camera crew. Even through his mask, his determination can clearly be seen.

Sawyers: Flama Blanca, tonight you faaa-

La Flama Blanca takes the microphone from Sawyers and the camera focuses in on the luchadore.

Blanca: I'm going to make this short and suave. Tonight is my Pay Per View debut here in the United Toughness Alliance. I've faced some of the biggest names in this company in my short time here. I came to the UTA with one goal, title contention.

Blanca clears his throat.

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Blanca: Log, you are the ultimate underdog in this company. Not much wrestling talent, but what you lack in wrestling ability you make up in grit and determination. You've went from being a top contender for the Internet title, to now being here, in a one on one match with La Flama Blanca.

The camera zooms out to capture both Flama Blanca and Jamie Sawyers in the shot.

Blanca: As quickly as you rose in the ranks, you have fallen. Losing to the champ Yoshii, then losing your Number One spot to CBR. You are reeling. I've come from the bottom and have defeated some of the best talent in the game today. None of this is news to you, me or the UTA Universe. Today, today our paths cross.

Flama Blanca points his index finger of his right hand up towards the sky.

Blanca: After tonight, one of us will continue his road to the Internet Championship and the other...

Flama Blanca points that same finger towards the ground.

Blanca: Will be at the bottom. I've trained way too hard and come too far in my career to let this opportunity just slip through my fingers. You see Log Habben, you've had your shot and squandered it. Multiple shots to regain your spot and you dropped the ball. I... I am here to pick that ball up and take it where you couldn't.

Flama Blanca cracks his neck and moves his head side to side, shrugging his shoulders up and down.

Blanca: Tonight Habben, don't let the bright lights and all the cameras distract you. Don't let the movie stars and musicians in the front row sidetrack you from what you came to Miami to do. Don't let all my chicanos making this arena rock, get into your head. When you walk to the ring and look out to see all the La Flama Blanca masks in the crowd, don't let that take you off your game. You are here for the same reason I am, to win.

Flama Blanca pauses and looks up to the heavens.

Blanca: The UTA Universe will be watching, Log. The thousands here live and the millions... and millions around the world will be watching.

La Flama Blanca points his index finger right to his face.

Blanca: Log Habben, please remember this, I'm fucking in and you...

Blanca points his finger at the camera, almost directly at Log Habben.

Blanca: You're fucking out!

La Flama Blanca hands the microphone over to Jamie Sawyers and walks towards the ring entrance area.

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Sawyers: Even on pay per view, I've got to apologize for that language as La Flama Blanca seems on a mission. Two stars going in different directions, who will come out on top? We find out tonight. One thing I know is, Log Habben better be on his game. Guys, back to you.

Log Habben steps out as *Got Up This Morning* by Sage Francis begins to play.

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Log Habben lost his chance to meet Yoshii for the Internet Championship again to CBR, and will be seeking retribution as he faces La Flama Blanca in this match.

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

Announcer: He is..... Looooooog Habben

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

Blackfront: Habben hoping to capture a win tonight and get back on his game.

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

Going Down by Freddie King begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca.

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

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

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

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

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Ace: If you ask me...

Blackfront: I didn't. It was rhetorical.

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

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

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

Blackfront: This has been a match I have been looking forward to as both of these men have their eyes set on one day being at the top here in the United Toughness Alliance.

Ace: I'll admit, this should be highly entertaining with Log Habben's brute force going against the quickness and agility of La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Habben needs to ground Blanca early on if he wants to take this one home.

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Here we go as both men meet in the middle of the ring and exchange words. We're about to kick this one off.

Ace: This could set the winner on the track to greatness with a victory here.

Blackfront: Log Habben making the first move lunging at La Flama Blanca, who ducks.

As Log turns, Blanca does as well. He shoots forward and jumps, twisting with a kick that connects, sending Habben to the mat.

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick catches Log Habben to set the ton here. Both men now getting back up.

As they both begin to stand, Habben reaches forward, grabbing La Flama Blanca's legs. He yanks back, dropping Blanca on the mat and not letting go.

Blackfront: Log Habben now turning La Flama Blanca over. Blanca is fighting it.

Log puts more power into it, finally getting La Flama Blanca over into a modified crab. He sits down and leans back, retching Blanca's legs.

Blackfront: Log Habben applying pressure early on as he keeps La Flama Blanca in the center of the ring.

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Ace: I have to admit, this is a smart move by Log Habben. Focus on the legs early on, and you keep your opponent grounded and unable to use their speed and agility against you.

La Flama Blanca continues to fight, obviously in pain as the referee ask him if he wants to submit. Log Habben continues to apply pressure.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca trying to hold out, but how long can you until you have to tap out or you pass out?

Frustrated, Log Habben lets go of La Flama Blanca's legs, getting to his feet and turning around to face Blanca. Habben begins to yell at him as Blanca holds his knees in pain.

Blackfront: Habben now lifting that left leg of La Flama Blanca... He drives it hard into the mat.

Ace: Habben still working on that knee of La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: He drives La Flama Blanca's knee yet again into the mat. Log Habben is just mean and is showing that mean streak right here tonight.

Habben lets La Flama Blanca's leg go and walks to the ropes, yelling to the crowd and putting his pointer finger in the air as if saying he is number one.

Blackfront: Log Habben wasting time.

Ace: That's one way to slow momentum after building it.

Log turns around and heads back to La Flama Blanca. He bends down and grabs him by the mask, violently pulling him up.

Blackfront: Log Habben pulling La Flama Blanca to his feet.

Blanca shows obvious pain and discomfort placing his weight on his legs. Habben raises his right arm up and brings it down, elbow first into the top of the head of La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca sent back to the mat from that elbow to the head.

Ace: Log Habben contiuing his assault. I have one word for him tonight: ruthless.

Blackfront: I agree a hundred percent. Habben showing a mean streak tonight and proving he is not a man to be taken lightly.

Log grabs the head of La Flama Blanca yet again, pulling him to his feet.

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Blackfront: La Flama Blanca pulled up again. Log Habben grabs his arm... Blanca whipped hard into the turnbuckle.

As La Flama Blanca hits the corner, Log Habben runs toward him and leaps.

Blackfront: Big splash by Log Habben.

As Habben steps back, La Flama Blanca stumbles forward, but is pushed back into the corner by Habben.

Blackfront: Log Habben now following with heavy hitting chops to the chest of la Flama Blanca.

Ace: That makes my chest hurt just watching.

Habben grabs La Flama Blanca, lifting him, and sitting him on the top rope.

Blackfront: I'm unsure what Log Habben is doing now, but La Flama Blanca has had no chance to turn this match around and I just don't see how he can. Log Habben as been, to steal a word from Tommy earlier, ruthless tonight in his assault on Blanca.

Log starts to climb the ropes, standing on the second as he wraps his arm around the neck of La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Log Habben going for a big move here... no.. La Flama Blanca with an elbow strike into the side of Habben's head.

La Flama Blanca puts another elbow into the side of Log's head, causing him to let go. Blanca follows up with a right hand to the face of Log Habben.

Ace: Well, Log made sure La Flama Blanca couldn't use his legs, but he didn't think that the usually high flying man would give him a taste of his own medicine with his fist!

La Flama Blanca grabs logs head, and using the ropes pushes off from the top, turning in mid air and planting Log Habben into the mat.

Blackfront: TORNADO DDT FROM THE TOP ROPE!

Both men lay on the mat.

Blackfront: That may be what La Flama Blanca needed to make some space and give himself a moment to recover from the earlier beating.

La Flama Blanca rolls over and begins to crawl toward the ropes. As he reaches them, he reaches up, using the ropes to slowly pull himself to his feet.

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Blackfront: La Flama Blanca trying to stand, but there may be too much damage already done to those legs.

Blanca winches as he does stand, the pain in his knees obvious.

Ace: Log Habben is still out. What La Flama Blanca needs to do is just get to him, make the cover and take home the win here at Black Horizon.

La Flama Blanca release the ropes and hobbles toward Log Habben, his knee almost giving out under him.

Blackfront: He's in a lot of pain Tommy.

Ace: I'm in pain from just watching Log Habben destroy that knee of his.

La Flama Blanca reaches Habben, bending down to begin pulling him up.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca pulling Log Habben to his feet.

Habben comes to, pushing Blanca back.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca once again thwarted. Log Habben forward with a clothesli... NO! La Flama Blanca side steps.

Blanca turns around and grabs the shoulders of Log Habben, yanking him back, off of his feet, and to the mat.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca able to get Log Habben off his feet again.

However, La Flama Blanca's knees buckle and he drops to them. Log Habben, infuriated, rolls over and pushes his way up.

Blackfront: Log Habben up and is going to use La Flama Blanca's injury to his advantage as he brings a heavy kick into the back of his opponent.

La Flama Blanca lets a yell of pain out before falling face first to the mat.

Ace: Log Habben needs to cover la Flama Blanca and call this one a day. he has completely destroyed the masked man tonight.

Log kicks Blanca in the ribs, rolling him over to his back.

Blackfront: It looks like that's exactly what log has in mind here.

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Instead of covering La Flama Blanca, Log drops to his knees and grabs the throat of Blanca, choking him.

Blackfront: Ah come on, is that really needed?

Ace: Why chance being disqualified when you have the match won?

The referee warns Log who just chokes Blanca more has La Flama Blanca kicks his legs, struggling.

Blackfront: Log Habben ignoring the official who is giving him a count of five.

At four, Log lets go and stands up. he turns to the referee and steps toward him, yelling.

Ace: Now he's wasting time yelling at the referee who was just doing his job.

Blackfront: Wasting too much time here, La Flama Blanca is trying to crawl to the ropes behind him.

Log turns and sees La Flama Blanca almost to the ropes, quickly going into action by grabbing his leg and yanking him back toward the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Habben turns Blanca over. Now reaching down to grab his other le... La Flama Blanca with a kick to the face of Log Habben!

Ace: He needs to do a lot more than kick him in the face if he wants to win this one.

La Flama Blanca is able to get to his feet as Log shakes the stars off.

Blackfront: It looks like La Flama Blanca's knee is getting better, he's moving around better.

La Flama Blanca checks his knee and when he sees he can move it alright, he rushes Log Habben. Habben sidesteps his attacker, running toward the ropes behind him. Blanca quickly turns and follows with speed.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca looks to be back, but Log Habben able to move.

Habben slides under the bottom rope, stopping on the edge of the apron and in one smooth motion turns sideways and up, grabbing the top rope. He pulls down just as La Flama Blanca arrives, using Blanca's own momentum to send him tumbling over the top and crashing hard to the floor.

Ace: Did you see that?

Blackfront: My goodness what a counter.

Log Habben steps out to the apron. As La Flama Blanca begins to stand, he turns to see Habben leap off toward him with a double axe handle. Blanca side steps and brings a big right up that catches Habben in the

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mid section.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca able to react before behind caught by Log Habben.

Ace: It appears he may be turning this around.

Blanca quickly steps forward and with one swift move, leaps to the apron, grabbing the top rope. Habben, still holding his midsection, turns and Blanca leaps backward.

Blackfront: MOONSAULT OFF OF THE APRON!

Ace: La Flama Blanca is back!

Blanca crashes through Log Habben, both men hitting the floor as the referee counts on the inside. The fans rumble at the high risk move.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca should slow the pace down a bit. You can't just start jumping around like that after having your knee put through what he has.

Ace: He wont need to slow anything down if he can get Log Habben into the ring and cover him now.

La Flama Blanca pushes himself to his feet. You can see on his face that he may have landed slightly wrong and is pushing through the pain as he bends over and lifts Log Habben to his feet.

Blackfront: Blanca now rolling Habben into the ring under the bottom rope.

La Flama Blanca walks up the steps and begins to climb the corner post from the outside.

Ace: Looks like he is going to fly again. This man doesn't care about his own safety as he looks to put Log Habben away.

Habben holds his head as he rolls over. La Flama Blanca leaps from the top turnbuckle with a huge knee drop that misses as Log rolls out of the way. The fans go crazy as Blanca grabs his knee in pain.

Blackfront: I told you, you have to slow the pace down. Taking risk is doing just that, taking risk. There is a good chance, as Blanca just found out, that it will not pay off.

Ace: That knee may never be the same again after tonight!

Habben crawls over and uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet. La Flama Blanca, nursing his knee still, begins to get up as well. Seeing this, Log Habben runs over and leaps up, bringing his right foot over and catching Blanca in the side of the head with his foot.

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Blackfront: Log Habben gaining some momentum.

Habben doesn't waste time as he quickly gets up and grabs the leg of La Flama Blanca. Lifting it, he drives that knee hard into the canvas, yet again. Blanca lets out a cry of pain as Habben holds on, lifts, and smashes it another time.

Ace: Log Habben continuing to just destroy La Flama Blanca here.

Blackfront: I really thought La Flama Blanca was about to come back, but it just looks bad for him as we continue.

Habben lets go of Blanca's leg. He instantly begins to stomp away at the injured knee, working it over as La Flama Blanca tries to scoot away.

Blackfront: Habben now lifting La Flama Blanca to his feet.

Blanca shows that his knee is hurt as he is pulled up, unable to put much pressure on it as Log Habben pulls him backward toward the corner.

Blackfont: Log Habben in full control, may be looking to go ahead and end this one now, as Blanca had tried to do a bit ago.

Ace: La Flama Blanca is hurt.

Habben climbs to the second rope backward, still holding Blanca by the head. He leaps off, twisting around in an attempt to DDT Blanca as he was earlier. However, La Flama Blanca shoves him, sending Habben flying across the ring and hitting the mat as Blanca drops down to his good knee.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca able to counter, but will that knee hold up long enough he can gain control?

Ace: Well, Habben is down and Blanca isn't, so he already technically is leading this as we speak.

Habben rolls over and gets to his knees as La Flama Blanca gets up, and with a slight limp that slows him down a bit, runs toward Habben, lifting his leg and connecting with a lariat as he crashes through Habben. Blanca instantly is back down, holding his knee as Habben is laid out.

Ace: If Blanca can push through the pain long enough to cover Log Habben, this one is over.

Blackfront: Any normal man wouldn't have been able to pull that off after someone like Log Habben did that much damage to their leg.

Ace: Blanca is showing he is no normal man Jason.

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Blanca uses the ropes to pull himself up. He looks down at Habben before stumbling forward and coming down with an elbow that connects to the forehead of Log.

Blackfront: Elbow drop as La Flama Blanca continues to punish Habben here.

Blanca gets to his knees and leans forward, bringing his arm up and delivering another elbow to the face of Habben. Log grabs his head as La Flama Blanca pushes his way to his feet, still unable to put much pressure on his knee, but more than he had been able to.

Blackfront: Blanca once again in full control, continuing his assault on Log Habben as he brings down a series of boots to Habben' head.

Blanca looks to the corner.

Ace: What is he thinking?

Blackfront: I'm not sure, but I feel it's going to be a bad idea.

La Flama Blanca limps toward the corner. As he get there he looks to the fans who are yelling for him.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca climbing the ropes. Blanca, just pin Log and end this!

Blanca gets to the top and turns to face Log Habben. It takes a bit more time than usual for him to catch his balance, his knees looking to give out again soon.

Blackfront: He isn't.. is he?

Ace: He is!

Blackfront: BLANCA LEAPS!!!

As he jumps, he turns 450 degrees.

Blackfront: Ay Dios Mio!!!!

Ace: He connected!

The crowd goes crazy as La Flama Blanca quickly lifts the leg of Log Habben and the referee drops down to count.

Blackfront: THREE! THIS ONE IS OVER!

As the referee's hand hits three the bell starts to sound.

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Announcer: The winner of this match as an account of a pin fall.... LA... FLAAAMMMAA....
BLANNCCCAA!!!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca came back after an overly aggressive Log Habben assaulted him for most of this match.

Ace: Big win tonight for La Flama Blanca, but you can't take anything away from Log Habben's performance.

Blackfront: Not at all. But congratulations La Flama Blanca, you earned this one.

La Flama Blanca limps as he celebrates in the ring, his arm lifted by the referee.

The Insanity Has Arrived

We see VCW Owner, James Ranger's, office with the green haired freak sitting in his office, Xander Hayes looks sad as James Ranger is pacing. Y is standing near the door holding Teddy and the Wildfire Championship Belt. James stops as he turns to X.

Ranger: Look Xander, I have my worries, you are a current Valor champion and if you do this, well you might become a chump. I don't know. I think it would be good but...

X cuts James off as he stands and starts to jump around the room, Y stands there shaking his head and drops Teddy as X turns and screams. X rushes to the bear and picks up Teddy and starts to console the bear while tossing evil glares at Y whom is laughing.

Hayes: Y why would you do that? I mean come on man. This is a big event for me.

Y: Dorf!

Ranger: Will the both of you focus on what is at stake.

Both men nod as X looks chastised as he sit's down. Y just shrugs.

Hayes: Jamie relax man, chill out.. I'm here for both you and Mr. Windpipes. I'm still the champ and I will fly around on both your expenses while I show the world once more all about the insanity! Think about the joy Teddy and I will spread. I mean pulling double duty with Valor and UTA will be awesome.

X falls into a trance like state while Y walks over and waves his hand in front of X. Y shakes his head and looks at Ranger.

Y: Ranger, X is correct, it's not like he won't be able to do this, we were in DwF, CwA, and RoughKut... So

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that won't be a problem, I think X needs to get some other people to infect. CBR, Yoshii, Sean, Hell even the Ahab brothers. These guys are use to the normalcy in life, the normal will be their down fall.

Ranger: But can you guaranty that Xander here whom is still off in never never land? Can you make sure that Xander won't just jump ship and go over to the big boys and forget I brought him back. And well I brought you back also.. And that stupid bear..

X perks up a bit as he looks still in a trance and not all there.

Hayes: Leave Teddy out of this. He's still my A number one guy!

X fades again as he starts to smile and starts to dance in the chair while James and Y watch with confusion.

Ranger: Look Y see what I mean, he's so.....

Y: I understand, trust me, but he'll do both, if not you and Windbag can demote him back down to the pits of hell for all I care. I understand your thoughts with this. But don't worry as you can see X is all ready there and causing some as he would say insanity.

X mutters something while both men look on.

Hayes: Yoshii want more pie hahahahaha, Oh Perfection don't you worry child, don'tcha worry.... Sean I love.... Peaches for you and Peaches for me... Max Burke, how's the great white north? I hope you'd like to go boarding with me.. Madman!!!! ahhh we are all mad here...

Y starts to laugh even more while James shakes his head.

Y: Like I said James. It's not a problem, I think X won't be stretched too thin, I think this will be the spark he needs to get better.

Ranger: I don't know, I just don't know. I'll allow it but.

X cut's in with his fantasy.

Hayes: Awe Perfection it's just perfect, how'd you know..... The white flame..... Do you even fly with your white ass flame?

X settles down again as some drool starts to fall from his mouth.. Y walks over and slaps X in the head hard as X jumps up and looks around.

Hayes: Who dat? who...

X blinks as he comes back to reality.

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Hayes: You had to ruin a perfectly good dream? Oh... OH!!!!

Ranger: Glad to have you back.. Go forth and be apart of UTA, have fun but remember you are the Wildfire Champion and I expect you to not forget your obligations here.. You have a match against Mike Harrison in which your belt is on the line.. Or do I need to remind you of that fact.

X looks from Y to Teddy to Ranger and snickers as he nods.

Hayes: Yes, Yes.. i know and I'm going to make sure UTA won't forget I'm a champion and that none of their normal people will have a chance in dealing with getting this belt away from me... Isn't that right Teddy... Yes I know Teddy, you'll get to meet Peaches, I just hope Peaches doesn't try to rip you to shreds like Bobbie's mutt princess did to you in CwA..

Jamie don't worry about a thing, I'll head to UTA to represent Valor and cause so much mischief to them, they won't know what hit them hehehe.. Plus, think about how much fun I'll get to have, oh the thoughts are running within my head..

X starts to drift away but Y slaps him again.

Y: Will you stop that....

X looks innocently at Y as he smiles.

Hayes: Fine, I won't go there till our flight.

X and Y, along with Teddy exit James office to catch a flight to Florida.. both men are smiling as X starts to sing Workin on a coal mine While Y just shakes his head. Teddy is seen waving his paw to the camera as it fades to black. And we hear a voice over.

I'm coming UTA, better lock up your children and wives for The Insanity is about to Grow!

Put Dick on Your Chest

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

Fury: Do you like Dick?

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

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

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

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

We get a shot of the shirts.

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

A number comes across the screen.

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

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

Woman: I love Dick!

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

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

We head back to Fury.

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

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

The arena quiets down as the house lights drop out and a chilling blue light filters through the crowd. The soft opening guitars of Limp Bizkit's 'Behind Blue Eyes' begin to ring out as 'Pro Wrestling's Pedigree' Max Burke steps out on to the stage.

Announcer: Coming to the ring first... He is hailing from Dorchester, New Brunswick..

Standing clad in black tights with 'BURKE' written across the back and tall black shiny boots and knee pads, he raises his arms in the air with an angry look on his face. He wears his leather jacket with a hood covering his head. He lets out a small smile as the crowd boos and then starts to slowly walk down the ramp as the

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lyrics kick in.

? No one knows what it's like

To be the bad man

To be the sad man

Behind blue eyes ?

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

The crowd continues to boo as Max slowly walks passed them. He turns to them and raises his hand in a threatening back hand manner and then chuckles to himself when a few of the fans jump back in fear.

Announcer: He is.... MAAAXXXX.... BUUURRRKKKEE!!!!

He walks up the steel steps and stops for a moment, staring straight up at the sky. He lifts his arm and points to the sky, his ode to his Uncle Ben, and then very quietly slips into the ring between the top and second rope.

? But my dreams they aren't as empty

As my conscience seems to be

I have hours, only lonely

My love is vengeance

That's never free ?

He jumps up on the top rope and squats up there for a moment, before lowering the hood off of his head. He jumps back down into the ring to a chorus of a few more boos.

Blackfront: The fans not showing much love to Burke.

Ace: A win over Abdul Ahad tonight could change all of that.

Max slips off his hooded jacket and hands that over to the referee before leaning up against the ropes and waiting for the bell.

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

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

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

Once at ringside, he finally looks down, scanning the arena once before he climbs into the ring. He makes

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his way over to his corner without fanfare, preparing for his match.

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

The bell sounds to start the match.

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

Ace: I've got goose bumps Jason!

Blackfront: Quick collar to elbow tie up by the competitors. Abdul Ahad using his size advantage to gain control early as he shoves Max Burke to the mat.

Burke lands on the mat, quickly rolling over and pushing up. He charges Abdul Ahad.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad ducks a clothesline attempt by Max Burke.

Both men turn around, with Abdul Ahad quickly wrapping his arms around the waist of Burke. He lifts and leans back.

Blackfront: Belly to belly suplex by Abdul Ahad!

Ace: That was beautiful.

As Burke lands, he rolls over and gets up again. Once again he charges Abdul Ahad.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad catches Burke with an arm drag. Burke up again, he rushes Abdul Ahad... another arm drag.

Ace: Abdul Ahad is bringing it tonight.

Blackfront: Yes, but you can't take anything away from Max Burke who is on his feet yet again!

Ace: You can't keep Burke down. I love this guy.

Max Burke runs at Abdul Ahad again. Abdul Ahad bends down to catch him, but Burke stops in front of Ahad, and swings his arm down and up hard, catching Abdul Ahad under the chin.

Blackfront: Heavy European uppercut by Max Burke!

Ace: That will make you see some stars.

Abdul Ahad stumbles back, swinging his arms. Max Burke goes for another clothesline.

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Blackfront: Burke going for a clothesline, Abdul Ahad able to catch his bearings and duck.

Abdul Ahad turns around and before Max Burke can turn, he slides up under him, placing his arms under Burkes and locking his fingers in behind his head.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad locks Max Burke in with a full nelson.

Ace: Come on Max! Get free!

Blackfront: Max Burke is struggling, but Abdul Ahad's strength is just too much for him to get away.

Abdul Ahad lifts Burke up, and slightly moves to the right as he brings Burke down, slamming him into the mat.

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

Burke lays on the mat holding his head as Abdul Ahad lifts Burke's left leg, holding it up.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad with a stomp to the inside thigh of Max Burke, followed by another.

Ace: This can't be good for Max.

Blackfront: Not at all.

Abdul Ahad turns Burke over to his stomach, lifts his leg back up and drives his knee hard into the mat.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad working that left leg of Max Burke, trying to render his knee unusable.

Ace: As much as I hate to admit it, this is a good tactic. Take Max Burke's legs out and he can't stand. It is hard to win a wrestling match if you can't stand.

Abdul Ahad bends down, grabbing Max Burke by the back of the head, lifting him up. Burke winches as he stands on his left leg.

Blackfront: Max Burke barely able to stand. However, I don't think Abdul Ahad plans on keeping him up for very long.

Abdul Ahad grabs the arm of max Burke, and whips him hard into the corner post.

Blackfront: Max Burke hitting that turnbuckle with force.

Abdul Ahad runs toward Burke, who throws his leg up, catching him in the face with his foot.

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Blackfront: Foot to the face of Abdul Ahad.

Ace: Yes!

Abdul Ahad holds his face as he steps back, turning away from Max Burke. Burke charges forward toward Abdul Ahad, but his knee gives out and he drops down, grabbing it in pain.

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

Ace: Is no one's knees safe tonight? First La Flama Blanca, now Max Burke.

Abdul Ahad turns back toward Max Burke, seeing him on the mat. He stomps over angrily, grabbing the hurt leg of Max Burke and using it to pull him to the middle of the ring.

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

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

Blackfront: Figure four leg lock by Abdul Ahad!

Ace: Don't give up Max! Don't give up!

As Abdul Ahad applies pressure, Max Burke yells in pain while slapping the mat and trying to fight.

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

Finally, Max Burke begins to slap the mat and the referee quickly calls for the bell to ring.

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

Ace: He didn't give up! he was just.. just... His hand slipped! If he could have gotten a good grip on the mat, he could have pushed up and reversed it!

Blackfront: Sure Tommy, whatever you say.

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

Announcer: The winner of the match via submission.... ABDUL... AHHHHAAAAADDDDDDDDD!!!!

Blackfront: Big win for Abdul Ahad tonight live here at Black Horizon!

Burke continues to hold his hurt knee as Abdul Ahad stands on the corner turnbuckle, still celebrating his

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win. He makes the universal symbol of wearing the title belt as we fade away.

A Perfect Decision

James Wingate is seen talking to a stage hand backstage. As the hand walks off, James looks off camera.

Wingate: What do you want?

Perfection, dressed in street clothes, comes into the scene.

Perfection: What do I want? What do I want? I'll tell you what I want!

James raises his eye brow at Perfection.

Perfection: I want to be taken seriously, like I deserve!

Wingate: What's that supposed to mean?

Perfection: You don't even have me on the pay per view! To top it off, I've been opening every Wrestleshow for weeks.

He pokes his finger into the owner's chest.

Perfection: I'm the best damn talent you have and you're jacking me around! It's going to stop!

Wingate knocks Perfection's hand away and steps forward.

Wingate: Don't ever touch me again.

Both men stand face to face.

Perfection: Or what? Matt Fury going to come out and fight?

James snarls.

Wingate: You want to showcase your talents huh?

Perfection: Yea, I do.

Wingate: You want to be the big fish in the pond?

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Perfection: I deserve it!

James steps back, pausing for a moment.

Wingate: OK.

Perfection tilts his head slightly.

Wingate: I think a few shows over in Valor will let you do just that.

Perfection: WHAT?!

Wingate: Yea. Go be the big fish in the small pond. Go showcase your talents.

Perfection: That's crap and you know it!

Wingate: No... I think.. it's a... Perfect.. decision...

James pats Perfection on the shoulder and walks off. Perfection yells as he turns around and grabs a nearby trash can, lifting it before throwing it down the hall.

Perfection: I'm going to show you Wingate! You, Lorenzo, everyone!

We move back to the ring area.

Truth? You Can't Handle the Truth

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

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

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

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

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

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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....

The Mental Rapist

Through the crimson mist, the fans can see two people appearing on the entrance ramp. The arena erupts into boos as both individuals are recognized as Sean Jackson and his attorney Marshall Owens. Jackson is motionless while Marshall Owens turns and faces his client. Marshall seems to be waiting for something, as evident by his body language and the expression on his face.

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

At that moment, the evil Jezebeth Vanessa comes walking up from behind, and she moves to the opposite side of the Mental Rapist. She stands there in a tight, low cut white dress with her jet black hair hanging down to her waist. When Vanessa puts her hand on Sean's shoulder, a slight smile forms on his face and 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 and Owens. Jackson is dressed in a black Mental Rapist logo shirt with the UTA World title slung over his shoulder and black trunks with gold colored material and outlined in blood red you see Mental and on the opposite leg you see Rapist. Marshall Owens of course is wearing a suit and tie.

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.

Jackson: (dryly) Miami, Florida.

Cheap pop.

Jackson: Rise out of your seats and welcome the true definition of Black Horizon....

As Sean speaks, he looks at Vanessa who is standing on one side of him, and Marshall Owens who is on the other. Both are standing one step behind the UTA Champion. Vanessa is standing bladed to the camera, showing off her curves while Marshall has a smile on his face, truly enjoying the moment.

Jackson: The very Black Horizon created by liars named Abdul bin Hussain and Madman Szalinski.

More boos.

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Jackson: Now Miami, Florida. I know what you're thinking. You're sitting there, watching me talk to you about liars when you have your own doubts about me. But I'm going to prove to you that the only liars in this equation are Hussain and Szalinski.

Sean begins to pace, Vanessa following him with her eyes and the smile is getting larger on the face of Marshall Owens.

Jackson: Because unlike them, I stand before you as a teller of the truth. I stand before you as the **ONLY** one who isn't trying to hide behind an agenda.

Inhale.exhale

Jackson: From the moment I arrived in Wrestle UTA, I've been nothing but honest with each and every one of you. I said that I was coming here to prove who the **REAL** world heavyweight champion was, and I've done that.

As he paces, Sean looks down at the mat, his index finger shaking up and down as he talks.

Jackson: Just like I said I would do.

Sean stops, then looks up at the camera. The fans now hanging on his every word.

Jackson: But unlike me, Abdul bin Hussain can't come out here to tell the truth. He can only do his best imitation of Baghdad Bob and hope that you're all dumb enough to believe the lies.

Sean goes back to pacing, not nearly finished with his Iraqi nemesis.

Jackson: He needs you to believe the lies because he can't wrap his own mind around the fact that I stand before you, still in possession of the UTA world heavyweight title.

Sean gets more animated as he continues with his own version of the truth.

Jackson: He ran, he hid, he ducked, he dodged. Abdul bin Hussain did everything possible in order to avoid stepping into the ring with me, especially with the world title belt on the line. From the moment I planted my knee into the back of his skull, the so called Butcher of Basra ran away like a little coward.

Sean looks to the roof, rolling his eyes as he taps the face plate of the heavyweight title.

Jackson: But yet, he wants you to believe that he's still the world heavyweight champion. He wants you to believe that this championship belt on my shoulder isn't the real deal, that I've somehow stolen it from him....

Sean starts to laugh, causing the smile to get larger on the face of Marshall Owens. However, Vanessa still stands stoic, no reaction what so ever since clapping while Sean was on the turnbuckle.

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Jackson: But use your eyes people, use your brains, for they will be the ones to point you to the truth. The truth that Hussain is nothing more than a liar, a cheat, and a thief. A man who doesn't deserve to be the face of this company, or your champion. A man who would Baghdad Bob you in a heart beat, in order to make himself look like something he isn't....

Sean stops, making it a point to stare directly into the camera.

Jackson: And that is a world champion. But you know, what is a conversation about liars, without talking about Madman Szalinski?

Marshall leans in and whispers something to Sean, causing the Mental Rapist to nod his head.

Jackson: Yes, let's discuss the biggest liar of them all.

Now Marshall is laughing, a very, VERY noticeable laugh. It's almost as if he *wants* Szalinski to know he's getting enjoyment from this.

Jackson: That being the man all of you want to root for. That being the man all of you want to aspire to be. That being the man who has lied to each and every one of you...

The fans in Miami don't appreciate the verbal run down of Madman Szalinski and start to voice their displeasure in a loud chorus of boos.

Jackson: Come on people, you know that Szalinski has lied to you. Hell, he's lied to all of us. Don't believe me? then let me drop some proof on you. On May 4th, right there in Seattle, Washington you all sat and watched as Madman made a mockery of a world title match.

More boos.

Jackson: Yes, that's right people, you have every right to boo him. He stood there in front of Jennifer Williams and swore that he would do a good job. He stood right there in front of the camera and gave his word that he would call the match down the middle....

A Szalinski chant begins, causing Marshall's smile to disappear as he attempts to get it stopped.

Jackson: But in true liars form, he did everything BUT call it down the middle. When I had Hussain beat, when I had Hussain down and out, Szalinski showed his true colors...

The boo birds come back. But they aren't booing Szalinski.

Jackson: Instead of calling it down the middle like he said he would, he faked being sick so he wouldn't have to raise my hand in victory.

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As Sean points to the big screen, it comes to life, showing the title match on WrestleShow 12. It shows Sean Jackson hitting the high knee to the back of Hussain's skull, and Hussain crashing to the mat. Then it shows Madman stumbling to the ropes before falling to his knees.

Jackson: Madman lied about being sick because he knew that I had the match won. He lied about being sick because he knew that he would have to show proof that he could actually count to three....

This brings a smile back to the face of Marshall Owens.

Jackson: When in reality, he can't. But most of all people, Szalinski lied to you because in reality, he wanted Hussain to win the title. Szalinski wanted Hussain to win because just like every other pot smoking burnout here, he hates his country and wants the world title belt around the waist of a muslim terrorist.

The boos get ridiculously loud now. Yep, Szalinski has some major fans in Miami. But this just isn't about running down Szalinski by name only, Sean wants to run down his image, his family life, everything.

Jackson: When you fans were cheering U.S.A. during the match, Szalinski was purposely trying to sabotage it in favor of Hussain. But again, don't believe me, believe your own eyes...

Again, Sean points to the big screen, the still shot showing Jackson covering Hussain, with Szalinski on his knees, holding on to the ropes.

Jackson: The proof is right there in front of you.

Some are looking on in shocked confusion, not wanting to believe what they're seeing. But hey, there's one thing that Sean Jackson understands. The bigger the lie, the better the chance of someone believing, and Sean is counting on that.

Jackson: But if you don't want to believe your eyes, then believe your ears. A few days ago, Szalinski cut a promo on yours truly. He tried to pass himself off as someone who read the bible and was named after the prophet Jeremiah. He tried to pass himself off as a man who told the truth, in order to tear down walls....

A hearty laugh is now heard from Marshall Owens as even Vanessa manages a small smirk.

Jackson: But in the same promo, brought about in the name of *truth*, wants to shoot on me. Well Szalinski, let's dissect that *truth* shall we? You talk about Hussain's islamic crusade, but then do everything you can to keep it relevant. You put on the show of shows in order to feed his crusade rants, and then cut a promo about being the one to defeat it. In the name of UTA.

Sean goes back to pacing back and forth in front of Marshall and Vanessa. Although, he keeps shaking his index finger as if he's hanging on those initials U.T.A.

Jackson: But correct me if I'm wrong there Madman, but I don't believe the prophet Jeremiah would do

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anything and NOT give credit to God....

The smirk on Vanessa's face gets larger. Anything against religion gives her the power she craves and she can feel some weak minded souls in the arena turning.

Jackson: To put a championship title ahead of him. By the way Szalinski, since we're talking about the prophet Jeremiah and truth, how would the prophet feel about you breaking a commandment set forth by God himself? you remember that commandment don't you Szalinski? I believe it goes something along the lines of bearing false witness and not putting any idols before God?

Sean comes to a stop, once again standing in front of Vanessa and Marshall Owens. He too, has a huge smile on his face.

Jackson: Yes people, the man that you cheer for. The man that you want to be like, is nothing more than a liar. He brings up the bible, he brings up the prophet Jeremiah, he talks about how he disagrees with the islamic rants of Abdul bin Hussain. But his actions shows something completely different. He makes a mockery of the very title he claims to want to win. He feeds the very islamic rant from Hussain that he claims to hate, and then in a shoot interview for The Lariat, states that *I* have crossed the line.

Sean gets a confused look on his face. But is pulling out all the stops on stopping any momentum that Szalinski may have garnered for himself.

Jackson: Let's talk about crossing the line there Szalinski. Let's talk about lying to all of these good people here, who have paid their hard earned money to come and see their hero....

The confused look is replaced by a smile.

Jackson: A hero who is nothing more than a hypocrite. A hypocrite who has lied to them from day one, and then wants to say that what he does is in the name of the UTA. Of it's title. But what you meant to say was in the name of Madman Szalinski? right?

Sean extends his hand over to Marshall Owens, who has already retrieved something from his jacket pocket. Once the object has been passed along, Sean places it between his index finger and thumb, revealing it to be a red pill.

Jackson: How is THAT for a moment of truth Szalinski?

Sean lets the pill drop from his fingers, and after bouncing a few times on the mat, it finally lands just under the ropes, but still inside of the ring.

Jackson: I'll just leave this here for later tonight. You know, just in case you need it.

With that, Sean Jackson exits the ring with Marshall and Vanessa in tow. As they clear the ring, the camera

Black Horizon: 2014

pans in tight on the red pill that is just laying there.

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 first to the ring... 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: Yoshii to take home a win tonight. Although a non-title match, a loss could hurt the big man.

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

Ace: A loss will hurt anyone, not just a current champion.

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

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: CBR's physique is amazing.

Ace: He has the body of a champion, it's only time until he has the belt to go with it.

In the ring, CBR sizes Yoshii up as the champion stands, unmoving, confident.

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Blackfront: Although CBR is a big man, Yoshii is a beast.

Ace: I've seen CBR train, he is by far one of the strongest men in the UTA today. If anyone can get Yoshii off of his feet, he can.

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Here we go.

CBR steps back and bounces off the ropes, using them to send him with momentum toward Yoshii.

Blackfront: CBR met with a huge overhand fist to the head by Yoshii.

CBR instantly goes to one knee. Yoshii reaches down, grabbing his opponent's head, and pulls him to his feet.

Blackfront: Huge backhand chop by Yoshii, followed by another.

Ace: CBR is reeling early on here as the Internet Champion did not come to play!

Yoshii grabs the left arm of CBR and whips him into the ropes. As CBR returns, Yoshii catches him in his massive arms.

Blackfront: The former sumo wrestler lifts, side belly-to-belly slam!

Ace: This one is over. CBR's streak has been ended.

Jed Dye claps on the outside as Yoshii gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Yoshii runs and jumps...

Ace: I don't want to look.

Blackfront: HUGE leg drop!

The ring shakes as he lands, the fans pop, and CBR looks dead.

Blackfront: Using the ropes to get to his feet, Yoshii looks to be wrapping this Championship match up here quick as he drags the motionless body of CBR to the nearby corner.

Yoshii holds onto the ropes as he begins climbing the turnbuckles.

Blackfront: Yoshii setting up for the Yoshii Bomb.

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Ace: CBR is going to be feeling this for the rest of his life.

Blackfront: If he is able to even compete again after this.

The cameras flash as Yoshii bounces then leaps up, releasing the ropes. At the very last moment, somehow, some way, CBR is able to roll out of the way, under the bottom rope and falling hard to the floor outside. Yoshii hits the bar mat and an overwhelming Oooooohhhh roars from within the CBR.

Ace: CBR moved! He moved!

Blackfront: Yes, but did you see how hard he hit the floor on the outside?!

The camera zooms in on CBR who rolls around on the outside, holding his lower back in obvious pain. Inside the ring a look of complete surprise comes across Yoshii's face as he holds his legs on the mat.

Blackfront: Yoshii cannot believe that CBR was able to roll out of the way.

Ace: I think we all are.

Jed Dye walks around the ring, stopping near CBR. He turns to the ring and slaps the corner of the apron, yelling for Yoshii to get up.

Ace: The issue here is that if Yoshii wants to regain momentum, he needs to get CBR back into the ring. At his size, maneuvering in and out of the ring is more difficult than a normal sized competitor.

Blackfront: I agree Tommy. However, Yoshii needs to do something soon before CBR has a chance to recover.

Ace: Hitting the floor like he did, I'd say the chances of that are slim to none.

CBR rolls over and pushes up to his hands and knees, trying to get back up. Inside the ring, Yoshii begins to get to his feet using the ropes.

Blackfront: Both men now moving.

CBR gets to his feet, but sells an injury to his back as Yoshii raises completely as well. Yoshii heads toward the ropes and begins to exit under the top.

Blackfront: Yoshii heading to the outside.

Ace: This could be a good move or bad on his part. I would personally wait for CBR to return to the ring and then make my move.

Black Horizon: 2014

With Yoshii halfway out, CBR does indeed makes his move.

Blackfront: CBR runs.

CBR runs up the steps and leaps off, both feet out, catching Yoshii square in the face.

Blackfront: Dropkick by CBR!

CBR falls back to the hard floor, his head bouncing off of a piece of un protected concrete outside of the padding as Yoshii twist violently sideways and twist in the ropes before falling over the middle, hitting hard on the corner of the apron and then plopping down to the floor. Jed Dye grabs his head with both hands and yells in shock.

Blackfront: Both men down on the outside of the ring after CBR makes a risky decision that paid off.

Ace: Yea, but did he do even more damage to himself? And if he didn't, how the hell will he get Yoshii back in the ring?

Blackfront: I'd reckon CBR needs to try and win by count out. That's if he can even get up again.

Ace: Yea, but Jason.. the belt does not change hunds by count out.

Blackfront: Good point there Tommy. I am unsure what CBR can do.

Jed Dye rushes over to check on Yoshii, trying to help him up, but obviously unable to budge the big man at all.

Blackfront: Jed Dye unable to help Yoshii to his feet.

Ace: He's going to need a forklift.

CBR uses the apron to pull himself to his feet, still holding his head, he rolls into the ring and back out to restart the referee's count.

Ace: Unsure if that was wise.

Blackfront: I don't know what he's thinking, but if CBR wants to take home the Internet Championship, he should wait for an opponent who isn't a behemoth to hold the title.

CBR heads over and pushes Jed Dye out of the way, grabbing Yoshii's head as he is getting up. Once up, CBR directs Yoshii to the apron and attempts to slam his face into it, but Yoshii is able to stop him and reverse the move.

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Blackfront: Yoshii introduces CBR to the ring corner.

CBR stumbles back holding his face. Yoshii turns and comes forward with an extended arm.

Blackfront: CBR ducks the clothesline attempt by Yoshii!

Both men turn, and CBR leaps up.

Blackfront: CBR connects with another drop kick!

Ace: He needs to use moves like this to compete with his oversized opponent.

Yoshii stumbles back and into the guard rail. CBR starts towards him, but Jed Dye gets in between them, holding his hands up. Every time CBR tries to go around him, Jed Dye moves.

Blackfront: Jed Dye running interference, trying to give Yoshii a chance to recover.

Ace: Smart move by Yoshii's manager.

The fans slap the back of Yoshii as he stands up straight.

Ace: Yoshii looks angry.

As Yoshii charges CBR, Jed Dye moves out of the way. Yoshii grabs at CBR, who moves sideways, turns and quickly slides into the ring.

Blackfront: CBR using his speed to get out of the way of danger.

Ace: He needs to stay on the move.

Yoshii slowly walks over to the steps and up, and then enters the ring.

Blackfront: Both men now back in the ring with a small breather; it could go either way at this point.

Ace: Either way? Are you kidding me? This match has been all Yoshii and will continue to be. I mean, come on! Look at his size compared to CBR.

Blackfront: CBR isn't a small man. Yoshii is just so much more massive.

CBR runs toward Yoshii and leaps up, but is caught in his massive arms.

Blackfront: Yoshii catches CBR in a bear hug.

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Ace: He's squeezing CBR with a ton of force!

CBR thrust his arms out, clinching his fist.

Blackfront: CBR trying to hold on.

Ace: Yoshii is showing no mercy.

Jed Dye slaps the apron yelling for Yoshii to finish the job.

Blackfront: CBR seems to be losing consciousness.

Ace: If he passes out this match is over. After those blows to his head, he could very well have a concussion!

The referee checks on CBR who looks to be going limp. Jed Dye slaps the apron more, getting louder. The fans begin becoming very vocal, with a mixed reaction.

Blackfront: I think the ref is about to call this one.

Ace: He needs to.

Suddenly, CBR's fist shoot back out. Yoshii's face is that of shock. CBR's fists begin shaking. The fans get louder.

Blackfront: CBR is trying to hold on, but can he?

Ace: No way.

CBR slaps his fist in, catching Yoshii in the temples. Yoshii just seems to squeeze harder. CBR brings his arms in again. This time when his fists catch the temples of Yoshii, the Japanese sumo legend drops CBR to the mat and stumbles back.

Blackfront: CBR somehow has gotten out of Yoshii's grasp!

Ace: You've really got to be kidding me. How?!

CBR rest on his hands and knees, trying to catch his breath, as Yoshii holds his head and stumbles around. Suddenly CBR leaps forward, toward the back of Yoshii's knee.

Blackfront: CBR chops Yoshii's knee! The big man goes down like a tree in the woods!

Ace: All I can say is wow.

Black Horizon: 2014

CBR rolls over and uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet again. He runs and slides.

Blackfront: Baseball slide by CBR!

Ace: Building momentum, but can he finish Yoshii off?!

Yoshi gets angry and begins to get up.

Blackfront: The Canadian Superstar striking now with a series of rights. Yoshii taken back a bit, comes forward with a heavy chop across the chest of CBR.

CBR grabs his chest and stumbles back turning away from Yoshii.

Blackfront: Yoshii now with that huge forearm across the back of CBR.

CBR falls to one knee, but stands right back.

Blackfront: Another forearm to the back of CBR.

Yoshii turns him around and grabs his arm, using it to whip CBR across the ring.

Blackfront: CBR on the return, Yoshii waiting... NO! CBR catches him.. SWINGING NECKBREAKER TO THE INTERNET CHAMPION!

Ace: That shook the whole ring! I think I felt the aftershocks out here!

Blackfront: That is what I am talking about there Tommy. CBR may be the man who can go toe to toe with Yoshii here.

CBR rolls over and gets up, letting out a loud yell of power.

Blackfront: CBR now stomping away at the chest of Yoshii, working around him.

Ace: Those are heavy stomps there Jason.

Jed Dye watches from outside of the ring, slapping the edge while yelling for Yoshii to get up.

Blackfront: CBR now pulling Yoshii up by his head.

Ace: That alone is a big order.

As Yoshii gets up, he is dazed.

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Blackfront: Boot to the midsection of Yoshii by CBR!

He moves in and grabs Yoshii in a scoop, lifting.

Blackfront: CBR once again, trying to bodyslam Yoshii... a feat he has yet to accomplish.

Ace: There's no way Jason, just no way any human being can do that.

CBR struggles as Yoshii moves up a bit.

Blackfront: It just can't be...

CBR lets out a roar as he puts everything he can into it, finally getting Yoshii up and slamming him down. The entire arena explodes.

Blackfront: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! CBR HAS BODY SLAMMED YOSHII! No other man has ever been able to do what we just witnessed! CBR has done the impossible!

The camera zooms in on Jed Dye's face as his look is one not to be missed, a look of complete shock and amazement.

Ace: I never would have thought!

CBR drops to his knees and rest.

Blackfront: CBR has just made history slamming Yoshii, but can he capitalize?

CBR looks out to the crowd before pushing to his feet. He throws his arms out and screams. Suddenly, Weak by Seether begins to play.

Blackfront: What's this?

Ace: That's.. that's.. Ian Michaels Hate's music!

Blackfront: Yes, but he's been missing from action for almost two months!

CBR's eyes grow and he looks around. From the back, a man steps out. Although we expect IM Hate, we are welcomed by a masked man...

Blackfront: That looks like IM Hate but... he's wearing a mask.

Ace: That's the mask of his father... the mask of Travis Williams... of.. Anti-Hero!

Black Horizon: 2014

Hate begins to head down the ramp as CBR screams for him to *bring it*.

Blackfront: IM Hate is back, now doning the mask of his father, Anti-Hero.

Hate stops outside of the ring. CBR approaches the ropes and begins to yell at him. Behind CBR, Yoshii begins to get up.

Blackfront: CBR distracted by IM Hate as Yoshii is using this time to get to his feet.

Ace: You can't take your eye off of your opponent for a moment, no matter what.

Yoshii screams *Bonzai!* and runs toward CBR.

Blackfront: CBR moves just in time! Yoshii hits the ropes. As he returns, CBR runs behind him and leaps...
BULLDOG!

Yoshii is sent, head first into the mat.

Ace: Is this one over?!

Blackfront: It could be!

CBR quickly begins to try and roll Yoshii over, putting his shoulders into it and all over his weight.

Blackfront: Can he get him over? HE DOES!

Ace: CBR is nothing but pure power and strength tonight!

CBR covers Yoshii and the referee drops down for the count. the fans count along with him as his hand hits the mat.

Blackfront: THREE! CBR HAS DONE IT! HE'S DONE IT! HE IS THE NEW INTERNET CHAMPION!

The bell begins to sounds.

Announcer: Your winner as a result of a pin fall... and... NEW... UTA Internet Champion...
C...B...RRRRRR!!!!!!!

CBR's music hits but his celebration is cut short as IM Hate slides into the ring. CBR quickly jumps up to meet Hate.

Blackfront: IM Hate with a dropkick, catching the new Internet Champion!

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CBR falls back, hitting the mat. IM Hate gets up and runs to the ropes, leaping up and using them to bounce off with momentum.

Blackfront: MOONSAULT TO CBR!

Ace: Why now Hate? Why choose this match to return? Why choose CBR to attack?

Blackfront: He is letting everyone know that he is back and has his eye on the Internet Championship.

IM Hate gets up, and rips the Championship belt from the referee's hands. He holds it high before leaning over and putting the title in CBR's face, screaming at him to enjoy it while it last.

Blackfront: IM Hate is back and he is gunning for the Internet Championship.

Hate drops the belt across the new champion's chest before his music takes over.

The Road to Hell

FLASHBACK

Blackfront: Doctor EMO is retaining his championship right now. All we need is the referee to turn around.

EMO lets Hussain go and gets up, turning to see what the issue is. He quickly runs over and begins yelling for the referee to pay attention. Rafiq puts his finger in EMO's face, interrupting him. The champion cocks back and hits Hussain's manager, sending him crashing to the outside. The fans pop.

Blackfront: Now get back and end this champ!

Stan: The damage is done, he just needs to make the pin.

Dr. EMO turns and heads back over to Hussain who is laying on his stomach. As the champion stands over Hussain, he reaches down. However, Abdul quickly crawls on his elbows behind the champion.

Blackfront: Hussain moves.

As Dr. EMO turns around, Abdul bin Hussain gets to his knees and reaches back. he pushes up, grabbing the head of Dr. EMO, and twisting and falling.

Blackfront: Neckbreaker from Hussain!

Stan: Where was he able to pull that out from?!

Black Horizon: 2014

Abdul leans back on his knees, throws his arms out and looks up to the heavens of Allah. The fans can't stand it and they verbally show their frustration.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain praising Allah as the entire arena continues to yell.

Hussain drops down and crawls backwards, rolling to the outside of the ring. He checks on Rafiq, who is now back on his feet.

Stan: If he wants to win, he should be inside of the ring, not outside.

Blackfront: Hussain taking a breather, but I agree. he should be taking advantage of the situation.

Abdul is seen testing his leg strength, making sure permanent damage wasn't done by the sharpshooter before turning back and heading toward the ring where Dr. EMO is starting to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Taking that time outside of the ring, may have just cost Abdul bin Hussain this match.

Stan: I'm not complaining.

Hussain walks up the steps and stands on the edge of the apron watching Dr. EMO as he heads toward the ropes. EMO leans over the ropes, yelling for Hussain to get in the ring.

Blackfront: The champion wanting Hussain to bring himself back into the ring and fight.

Hussain gets a wild look in his eye before running across the apron. He leaps high into the sky, with his legs out, catching Dr. EMO's head and coming down with a FameAsser.

Blackfront: PRAY TO ALLAH FROM THE RING APRON! MY GOD!

EMO comes down, his throat across the top rope, as Abdul bin Hussain lets go, hits the side of the ring, before falling to the ground himself. Dr. EMO pops up, his feet leaving the mat, as he flies backward and crashes down to the mat from force of the rope.

Stan: I have never seen anything so insane attempted!

Blackfront: My Lord, me either.

Rafiq quickly runs over to check on Hussain, helping him up. Abdul rest for a moment on the corner of the ring before rolling in.

Blackfront: All he has to do is cover Doctor EMO and he becomes the champion, right here, right now!

Black Horizon: 2014

Stan: The fans, listen to the fans!

The heat is insane as Abdul bin Hussain crawls toward Dr. EMO.

Blackfront: I think he's going for it...

Stan: We may have a new champion...

Hussain drapes his arm over the chest of Dr. EMO and the referee drops down. the fans booing somehow gets even louder as the referee counts. Dr. EMO does not kick out as the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time.

It's over.

Blackfront: WE HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!

Stan: Abdul bin Hussain is the new champion! I did not expect to see this!

Blackfront: I don't think anyone did Stan!

The fans continue to lose it as Abdul his helped up by Rafiq and handed the title.

Announcer: The winner of the match, and NEEEEWWWWW... UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE CHAMPION.... ABDUAAALLLL BIN HUSSAAAAAAIINN!!!

Blackfront: These are dark days in the UTA.

Stan: Indeed they are.

CHANGE

The fans are on their feet. Dr. EMO can't believe that Madman Szalinski kicked out again. Ariel is in disbelief outside of the ring as well.

Blackfront: This match certainly.... wait!

As Dr. EMO begins to get up, Madman Szalinski sits up, wrapping hi arm around EMO's head, and pulling back, locking his legs around the waist of The Doctor.

Blackfront: Guillotine choke!

Ace: Doctor EMO has to tap!

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Blackfront: He's got the Deathtrap locked in!

Madman Szalinski laughs manically as he pulls tighter. Ariel is jumping up and down on the outside as the referee watches closely.

Blackfront: EMO has to tap! he has to!

Ace: No regular man can withstand that!

Dr. EMO tries to get away, but he just allows Madman to get a tighter hold.

Blackfront: Come on EMO, tap!

Dr. EMO refuses to tap, still trying to escape. However, shortly his body goes limp.

Blackfront: He's out, my God he's out.

The referee calls for the bell.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski wins!

Ace: Doctor EMO didn't give up, I'll give him that.

Blackfront: Yes, but having the blood flow to your brain cut off for that long can do a lot of long term damage.

Ace: Oh it can, but his toughness factor just went up ten fold.

Announcer: The winner of the match as a result of a knockout... at eleven minutes and thirty two seconds....
MADMAN... SZAAAALLLLINNNSSSKKKIIII!!!

Ariel gets in the ring to celebrate with her husband as the referee checks on Dr. EMO who begins to somewhat come around. Madman heads over to check on him as well, soon after assisting the referee in helping the former champion to his feet. Groggy, Dr. EMO stands.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski showing good sportsmanship here after winning a high octane, fast paced match with a good competitor.

Ace: A debut win over a former champion is no easy feat.

Once EMO has his bearings he stand swith his hands on his hips, a glossy look in his eyes before reaching out to offer his hand. madman takes it and the two shake.

Black Horizon: 2014

Blackfront: That is what i like to see.

Ace: Great sign of respect between these two.

UNFORSEEN

Hussain quickly covers Jackson and the referee drops.

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

Blackfront: No! Kickout at two!

Abdul hits the mat then yells at the referee to count quicker.

Ace: That was a slow count!

Blackfront: if anything, the count was fast Tommy.

Ace: Who's side are you on Jason?

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

Blackfront: Belly to belly by Sean Jackson!

Ace: No!

Hussain grabs his back as he slides across the mat. Jackson breaths heavy as he lays, giving himself a moment. Abdul sits up and pushes to his knees, sitting on them and looking out tot he crowd. Behind him, Jackson sits up. He sees Abdul and gets to his feet. Hussain slowly starts to lift as Jackson takes off raising his knee and catching Hussain in the back of the head.

Ace: NO! NO! NO!

Blackfront: That running knee to the back of the head! Sean Jackson calls that Game Called Due to Darkness!

Ace: it can't be over! It can't!

Sean Jackson, breathing heavy, tuns Hussain over and covers him. The referee drops and begins his count.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson gets the three!

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Ace: How?! Abdual was in full control! This is absurd.

In the Air Tonight begins to play as Sean Jackson sits on his knees, resting, still breathing heavy.

Announcer: Your winner... in Six minutes and two seconds.... SEAN... JACKSSSOONN!!!!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson pulling off a victory over the UTA Champion in his debut match.

Ace: I just can't believe this.

A LUCKY BREAK

Blackfront: Log Habben has done it! He has eliminated Ian Michaels Hate!

Lucius Jones and Sean Jackson look at each other. Jackson signals for Jones to go ahead if he wants.

Blackfront: Jones in the ring again. Hate isn't even out yet and he rushes Log. Habben ducks the clothesline attempt by Lucius Jones!

Log leaps forward to tag Sean Jackson, but Sean just hopes to the floor on the outside. Log's face tells the story as he is shocked and appalled.

Ace: Sean Jackson playing it smart. You can't lose if you aren't in the ring.

Blackfront: That's those mind games the self proclaimed Mental Rapist is known for.

Log turns around in time to side step a big boot attempt by Lucius Jones. Jones' leg goes through the ropes.

Blackfront: Jones stuck in the ropes.

As he finally is able to get free and step back, log quickly comes up from behind him.

Blackfront: Log Habben with a quick school boy roll up!

The referee drops and begins to count. Habben puts his feet up on the ropes for leverage and gets the three.

Blackfront: Log Habben able to steal a pin!

Ace: Yea, but now he faces Sean Jackson!

Lucius Jones hits the mat before getting up and walking to the ropes to leave. Sean Jackson slides into the ring.

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Blackfront: Log Habben has just secured himself a number one contender spot! He has a chance to become a champion!

Ace: The winner of the match moves on to challenge for the UTA Championship while the loser, gets a shot at the Internet Championship. What a way to go out. No one really is a loser in this situation.

Blackfront: I do not envy Log Habben right now Tommy. Sean Jackson has a victory over both the current UTA Champion and the former UTA Champion.

Log holds his hands up and backs away from Jackson.

Blackfront: Log realizes the seriousness of the situation, trying to talk to Sean Jackson.

Ace: Sean Jackson doesn't want to talk. He just wants to concur and so far, he has.

Blackfront: Log Habben is feeling froggy as he rushes forward and begins slamming right hands into the side of Sean Jackson's head!

Ace: My God. Could he do what both Abdul bin Hussain and Doctor EMO couldn't?

Log pushes Sean into the ropes.

Blackfront: Habben with an Irish whip, using the ropes to help with momentum. NO! Sean Jackson reverses! Log Habben is sent across the ring! Wait..

Habben grabs the top rope as he hits, quickly dropping down and rolling out of the ring.

Blackfront: Log Habben smartly finding a way to derail Sean Jackson's offense.

Ace: Jackson doesn't look too pleased to be outsmarted by someone like Log Habben.

Log and Sean stare at each other. Habben throws his hands up and nods at Jackson before turning and beginning up the ramp.

Blackfront: What the.. Log Habben is.. leaving?

Ace: Ha! He knows he already has a guaranteed Internet title shot if he leaves now, and that's exactly what he is doing!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson can't believe it. What kind of mind games must this be to the master of them?

Jackson looks out at Vanessa who just shrugs at him.

Black Horizon: 2014

Blackfront: Sean Jackson is allowing Log Habben to walk out. He is guaranteeing that he will face the winner of tonight's main event!

Ace: I have never seen something like this play out like this before Jason.

The referee calls for the bell.

Announcer: Your winner, as a result of a count out... the NEW... number one contender for the UTA Championship... SEAN... JACKSOOOOONNNN!!!!

Vanessa walks up the steps and enters the ring to celebrate with Sean.

Announcer: The new number one contender for the Internet Championship... LOG... HABBBEEEEENNNN!!!!

Blackfront: Well, Sean Jackson secured his title shot without really needing to do anything.

STEEL IS INTRODUCED

Madman blocks a punch by Hussain and comes forward with another of his own. Abdul, barely able to hold himself up is dazed. Szalinski tosses his leg over the top and begins to climb down. Ariel leaps up and down from the other side and the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: MADMAN IS ESCAPING! MADMAN IS ESCAPING!

Ace: We have a new champion!

Abdul is able to gather himself and throws his leg over, climbing down as well but noticeably above Madman Szalinski.

Blackfront: the first man to touch the floor wins!

Szalinski leaps down, hitting the floor and the crowd all get to their feet. It is defining. Shortly after Hussain drops down.

Blackfront: Wait, where is the bell?

Ace: the referee is still down Jason! He didn't see Madman touch the floor!

Blackfront: WHAT?!

Seeing that the referee is still down, Madman quickly runs over trying to get him to come to. Outside of the ring, Abdul bin Hussain grabs madman from behind, turning him around.

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Blackfront: Knee to the midsection of Szalinski. Hussain now sends him crashing into the side of the cage!

Madman hits the cage and flies down hard to the floor. Behind Abdul, Sean Jackson is now in a three point stance. Hussain turns around and Jackson runs. he grabs Abdul bin Hussan and slams him back first into the cage.

Blackfront: Madman has won this but there is no referee. Now Sean Jackson is destroying the champion.

The referee begins to move as Sean Jackson walks backward away from the scene. He just smiles before turning and heading up the ramp.

Blackfront: The referee is back up, but the damage is done!

The referee looks at the two men down and begins to call for the bell.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski is getting screwed out of the title!

Ace: Maybe not Jason. Maybe the referee saw him land.

Blackfront: He was out cold!

The referee confers with the announcer.

Announcer: Due to unforeseen circumstances.... this match has ended in a draw. Still, the United Toughness Alliance champion... ABDULLLL.... BIN... HUSSSAAAIIINNNNN!!!!

Blackfront: This is baloney!

The fans go apeshit. They begin throwing trash at Hussain who is being helped up by his sister. Ariel rushes to her husband's side, checking on him.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson has a guaranteed title shot against Abdul bin Hussain, but I can tell you this now.. it is not over between Madman Szalinski and either of those two men.

Abdul and his sister help Rafiq to his feet. The three raise their hands and begin to head up the ramp quickly as the fans are getting more violent. Ariel begins helping Madman to his feet.

Blackfront: This is not what I expected to see folks. Sean Jackson has caused what was a good and competitive match, into something disgraceful.

Ariel holds Madman who realizes what has happened finally. He looks down, disappointed before looking out to the crowd and yelling that he is sorry.

Black Horizon: 2014

Blackfront: It's not your fault Madman. You gave one hell of a performance.

As they begin to head to the back, Madman stops by a kid with one of his mask on and moves in hugging him, saying something more than likely inspirational before they continue back up. Once they reach the top of the stage, Madman raises an arm up and the camera zooms in. The fans cheer for their champion.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski was screwed tonight. But I feel that in two weeks on the next Wrestleshow the fall out will be huge.

Ace: It sure will Jason.

A TRIANGLE OF HELL IS BORN

Blackfront: Madman jumps and connects.. drop kick!

The fans pop loudly.

Ace: Did you see the air he got!

Abdul walks up the steps and across the apron as Madman Szalinski gets to his feet.

Blackfront: The champion on the apron.

Madman heads over and exchanges words with the champion as the referee checks on Jackson. Abdul nods at Szalinski and turns away from him, facing the steps.

Blackfront: it seems Abdul bin Hussain will not get involved.

Just then, Hussain drops the title from his shoulder to his hand and turns around forcing it up and into the face of Madman Szalinski who flies backward and hits the mat as the fans begin to boo loudly.

Blackfront: Oh come on!

Ace: The referee didn't see it!

The referee turns back to madman as Jackson begins to get up. Hussain quickly slides between the middle and top rope, dropping the title and running toward Jackson. he leaps up and brings a leg down across the back of the neck of Jackson whom is half way up.

Blackfront: PRAY TO ALLAH ON SEAN JACKSON!

The referee immediately begins to call for the bell.

Black Horizon: 2014

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain making his mark here in this main event!

Hussain picks his title up and holds it up, looking down at both Madman Szalinski and Sean Jackson, yelling at them.

Announcer: Your winner as a result of a disqualification.... SEAN... JAAACCCKKKSSSOONN!!!!

Blackfront: Jackson may have picked up the win tonight, but not in the way he planned on.

Ace: Madman Szalinski continues being screwed. And Abdul says they are out to get HIM!

Hussain climbs the corner turnbuckle and holds the title high as the fans boo. Both of the other men are out in the ring.

AFTER A TITLE IS VACATED

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

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

Ace: He needs to be paying attention to Madman Szalinski. What is he doing?

Blackfront: A worn out and batted Madman Szalinski climbing the turnbuckle.

Sean pushes the referee away and takes a step forward and Madman leaps.

Blackfront: MADMAN SZALINSKI FROM THE TOP ROPE! HE HAS IT! HE WILL BE OUR NEW CHAMPION!

Sean Jackson reaches up, grabbing Madman in his arms. He lifts and turns, slamming Madman hard to the canvas as Ariel watches in horror on the outside.

Blackfront: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

Sean Jackson rolls his back onto the chest of Madman Szalinski, using an arm to lift Madman's leg. th referee drops and begins to count.

Blackfront: THREE! THREE! THREE! SEAN JACKSON IS THE NEW UTA CHAMPION!

Ace: HISTORY HAS BEEN MADE!

The referee immediately begins to call for the bell.

Black Horizon: 2014

Blackfront: We don't have a title belt for Sean Jackson to hold tonight, but he IS the new UTA Champion.

A BODY CAN ONLY TAKE SO MUCH

Hawk and Payne try to grab Madman, who pulls away and yells at them, before turning and continuing back. In the ring, Sean Jackson bends down to grab Abdul bin Hussain's head.

Blackfront: Jackson pulling Hussain to his feet.

As he comes up, Abdul brings a foot forward, booting Jackson in stomach. Madman rolls into the ring as Abdul steps back, runs forward and leaps, coming up with a leg across the back of Jackson's neck.

Blackfront: PRAY TO ALLAH! PRAY TO ALLAH! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

Ace: How did he pull that off?

Abdul rolls Jackson over and covers him. Madman gets to his knees and comes forward, his arm extended. It hits the mat. He slowly raises it again, bringing it down once more.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain is once again UTA Champion!!!!

Madman raises his arm again, but this time rolls over and just goes completely unconscious on his back.

Blackfront: Madman is bad off folks.

Ace: This match will never end!

Abdul bin Hussain looks over and sees Madman down again. He yells.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain upset, and rightfully so.

Ace: look! Doctor EMO is coming to!

EMO crawls over and raises his arm. Before it can come down, Sean Jackson kicks out. The fans go crazy. Hawk and Payne make their way back to the ring.

Blackfront: Kevin Hawk coming around here.

Ace: What does he want?

Hawk grabs a microphone and yells at the time keeper who begins ringing the bell.

Blackfront: What is he doing?

Black Horizon: 2014

Ace: He's calling this match about ten minutes too late.

Hawk: I'm sorry... this just can't be allowed to continue.

The fans begin to boo as Seth Payne checks on Madman Szalinski. Kevin Hawk rolls back into the ring. Abdul bin Hussain just rolls over and toward the ropes, using them to prop himself up on. Sean Jackson holds his head as he sits up.

Blackfront: This was the right call by the commissioner.

Seth checks on Dr. EMO as well as Kevin Hawk looks to the fans.

Hawk: Boo all you want, but the condition of our superstars is most important here in the UTA. This is real life and I am sorry.

He drops the microphone and goes back to checking on Madman as from the back a medical crew heads down. Vanessa runs to the apron, UT Championship in hand. She hands it to Jackson from the outside, who holds the belt close to his chest as he watches Madman being checked on. Seth Payne helps Dr. EMO out of the ring and they head up the ramp as Madman is being looked after.

IT WILL END TONIGHT

The camera comes back to the live arena where Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace are preparing for the main event.

Blackfront: What an introspective leading up to this, the final showdown between Sean Jackson, Madman Szalinski, and Abdul bin Hussain.

The camera shows the steel structures beginning to lower down from above the ring, the fans go berserk.

Ace: All three men will be in the ring, a steel cage will be placed onto the ring. Around that structure a padlocked steel cell. The only way to win is by pinfall or submission, nothing else.

Blackfront: The cage is to keep all three men in, and give them the tool they need to make sure there is only one winner... The cell that surrounds the ring will keep anyone with a bright idea of interfering out. It certainly will be... hell.

The structure hits the ground. The cage sitting perfectly on the ring, the cell around both. The referee opens the cell door and walks inside. He then opens the cage door and stands beside it, awaiting the task at hand.

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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.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski coming first out here, will he be psyched out by the cell in front of him?

Ace: This is going to be great.

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

Announcer: From The Fire Fields....

They stop before the cell, looking at how enormous it is. Ariel hugs her husband. He kisses her before heading inside.

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

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

Announcer: MADMAN SZALINSKI!!!

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

Announcer: Introducing now... he is the former UTA Champion... Standing six feet two inches tall and weighing in at two hundred forty two pounds... Hailing from Basra, Iraq he is the Butcher of Basra! Abbbbbdul Bin Hussain!!!

"USA! USA! USA!"

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

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain looking to become the champion again, looking to extract revenge on Sean Jackson and destroy the poster boy of the USA, Madman Szalinski.

Standing there was Abdul Bin Hussain, dressed in traditional Arab clothes. He stands between his manager Rafiq and his sister Nazirah. Nazirah is dressed in the traditional Burqa. Rafiq carries the Iraqi flag on a pole.

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They look about themselves at the crowds who are booing really loudly.

Slowly Rafiq walk down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He is shown laughing.

They get to the cell, Abdul halts. He grabs the fence and shakes the cell. Telling Rafiq and Nazirah to stay outside he enters the cell.

Abdul walks up the steps and enters the cage, moving to an opposite corner of Madman. He kneels down and sings the praises of Allah as he awaits.

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 now... from Dallas, Texas....

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

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

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

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

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

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

[The Mental Rapist]

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

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

Black Horizon: 2014

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 get to the cell, Sean nods to Vanessa and enters. The referee closes the door behind him, letting it be padlocked from behind. Sean walks up the steps and enters the ring, the referee behind him. The referee locks the cell door with a padlock from inside. 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 on the outside, 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.

Blackfront: This match is the highlight of the evening, maybe even of the year. You will never see another like it again in the UT...

The lights completely go out.

Blackfront: What's this?

A video comes up on the video screen.

Blackfront: WHAT?!

The fans go nuts. One single purple light illuminates the top of the stage as Depeche Mode's *Memphesto* begins to play. Inside the ring Sean Jackson is freaking out. Both Abdul bin Hussain and Madman Szalinski are shocked.

Hall of Fame member, The Spectre steps out into the light.

He wears the same shorts from his video, followed by a purple shirt and a skull covered bandana covering his purple hair. The light follows The Spectre down the ramp, a dense fog following.

Blackfront: The Spectre will be a special enforcer tonight, making sure that this match goes on without any issues.

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Ace: Whatever. His history with Sean Jackson means he is here for one thing and one thing only... Cost Sean Jackson the UTA Championship!

Blackfront: His payment for being here tonight? A Klondike bar? This really is one Sadistic Nut as always!

The Spectre gets to the cell and stops. The lights come up and the fans continue to scream. The most well known name in the United Toughness Alliance is home... and all it cost was an ice cream.

He checks the cell door, making sure it is locked and that it does not open. Sean Jackson yells at him from inside, but Spectre ignores him, just looking around outside. The harem of managers all back away in different directions, not even Vanessa wanting to be near the hall of fame member.

Blackfront: The Spectre may very well be the wild card no one expected. I for one am amazed to see him back, but terrified all the same.

Almost as if The Spectre heard him, he shoots Jason Blackfront a cold stare from beside the cell.

Ace: Wow... This guy is.. I'm just going to shut up and get ready for this match.

Sean Jackson continues to yell at the Spectre who now just stares at him.

Blackfront: Jackson is freaking out. He doesn't know what to think with his arch nemesis out here.

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: This match is under way!

Madman and Abdul bin Hussain look at each other then at Sean Jackson who is still focusing on the match enforcer who is outside of the cell.

Blackfront: Madman and Abdul now temporarily joining forces as they both rush the UTA Champion!

Ace: You can't take your eyes off of what's at stake, I don't know how many times I can say that Jason.

Abdul grabs Jackson, twisting him around, following up with a right. Sean turns toward Madman with the force of the blow and right into another closed fist. Both men grab his arms, push him into the ropes, and together whip Sean Jackson across the ring.

Blackfront: Jackson off of ropes. Madman and Hussain run..

Jackson ducks a double clothesline and all three men turn.

Blackfront: Jackson follows up with his own double clothesline taking both Madman and Hussain down!

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Ace: They caught the champion off guard only momentarily. Jackson got his head back into the game real quick.

Sean Jackson stomps Abdul bin Hussain before turning and stomping Madman Szalinski.

Blackfront: After the last couple of Wrestleshows, you have to wonder what state Madman is in tonight health wise.

Ace: Until he was on the mat eating boot, I'd say he never looked better!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson continuing to stomp both men.

Ace: Keep them both down, the champion can go home early tonight.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson choosing his victim, the smaller of the two, as he lifts Madman Szalinski to his feet.

Ace: Szalinski is too frail for a match like this. He should be outside of the cell eating Klondike bars with that purple haired freak.

The camera zooms in on Spectre just watching from outside of the ring, his arms crossed, before moving back inside.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson with a knee the midsection of Madman Szalinski.

He grabs Szalinski, who is hunched over, by he head and drags him near the ropes.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson raking the eyes of Szalinski across that top rope.

Jackson lets Szalinski go, who then grabs his eyes, stumbling around. He finds himself in front of Jackson who follows up with an eye rake.

Blackfront: Jackson trying to blind Madman it seems.

Ace: He'll do anything to retain.

Abdul bin Hussain, who is now up, runs toward the two. Jackson turns just in time for Hussain to leap with a Superman punch, catching the champion directly in the face.

Blackfront: Jackson hits the mat hard.

Ace: Hussain with that closed fist, may have just turned things around.

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Madman looks around, finally able to see Unfortunately, it's just in time to see Abdul bin Hussain come forward with a knee to his midsection, much like the one from Sean Jackson.

Hussain pulls Madman in, raising his knee to the midsection of Szalinski.

Blackfront: Madman once again getting a knee into his stomach.

Ace: I tell you, that can't be good for Madman Szalinski's insides. i mean just recently he was vomiting all over these two men. Something is not right inside of that guy.

Blackfront: Hussain now lifting the head of Madman Szalinski up. He comes forward with a thunderous chop across the chest of his opponent.

Madman grabs his chest and stumbles around, facing away from Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: Hussain back and off the ropes, bull dog! He plants Madman Szalinski into the mat, face first.

The fans begin to boo even louder as Absul bin Hussain gets to his feet. Madman Szalinski rolls around holding his head.

Blackfront: Hussain back to his feet. He now stomps away at the head of Madman.

Ace: Szalinski is in a bad place early on, being the focus of not only Sean Jackson but Abdul bin Hussain.

Abdul bin Hussain continues to stomp before dropping to his knees above Madman. He grabs his head and picks him up, wrapping his arms around the neck of Szalinski.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain now applying a sleeper hold to Szalinski. If he can render him unconscious while Sean Jackson is incapacitated, he can walk out of Black Horizon as the first two time champion since the UTA's return.

Madman flails his arms, trying to break free, but just allows Hussain to get a better grip. Outside of the cell, The Spectre continues to watch, observing Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain has a good size advantage over Szalinski. He is using that brute strength to try and put him out.

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

Blackfront: Madman trying to get away.

Abdul shakes it off and headbutts Madman in the back of the head. Instead of re-applying the sleeper hold, Abdul holds Madman with one arm and uses his free one to rip at the strings on his mask.

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Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain ripping away at that mask, trying to pull it off of Szalinski.

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain trying to get that mask off as he did the last time these two met.

Szalinski begins to kick, still throwing his arms about. Finally he pulls away from Abdul and crawls forward, his mask untied but still on.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski able to get away from Hussain, but he needs a lot more to get into this thing. Hussain pushes to his feet and stomps over, bringing a foot down to the back of the head of Madman Szalinski. Ariel continues to watch from the outside, horrified.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain lifting Szalinski to his feet.

He turns Madman around and grabs his arm.

Blackfront: Hussain whips Szalinski into the ropes.

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

Blackfront: Szalinski trying to make a quick escape.

Ace: I think he's forgotten that escaping the cage will not give him the win here tonight.

Blackfront: If anything, once you are out of the cage, you have to get back in if you want to win.

Abdul runs over grabs Madman's legs, yanking him from the cage and to the mat. Madman flies from the side of the cage backwards, and slams hard into the mat.

Blackfront: Hussain quickly back to his feet, goes back to work, stomping away at Madman's side.

Madman turns over to his stomach, reach out as if trying to reach for Ariel who is on the outside of the cell. Hussain just smiles as he walks above him.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain now stomping the outstretched fingers of Madman Szalinski!

From behind Abdul bin Hussain, Sean Jackson comes up with a low blow.

Blackfront: Low blow by Sean Jackson who is now back in this thing. Jackson really is using any means necessary tonight.

He grabs the back of his head and directs him to the corner, throwing Abdul bin Hussain back first into it.

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Blackfront: Sean Jackson resuming control.

Ace: It's easy to do when you catch the other guys off guard with things like low blows.

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

Hussain reaches up putting his thumbs into the eyes of Sean Jackson, forcing him backward. As the referee warns him, Hussain tightens his hold and tosses Jackson around and into the corner himself.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain giving Sean Jackson a taste of his own medicine.

Abdul lets go of his grasp and comes right up with a boot to the gut of Sean Jackson followed by another.

Blackfront: Those kicks delivered with accuracy from Hussain.

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

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

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

Blackfront: SPEAR!

Sean Jackson hits the mat hard.

Ace: There we go. That is our could once again be our UTA Champion folks.

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

Blackfront: Moonsault! He hit his mark.

Ace: That was beautiful.

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

Blackfront: Kickout by Jackson, who saves his title at least for now.

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Abdul bin Hussain hits the mat and stands up. As he does, he turns just in time to get a spinning elbow from Madman Szalinski.

Blackfront: Madman catches Abdul bin Hussain with that elbow, bringing himself back into this match.

Ace: These men are keeping each other on their toes.

Hussain, who has stumbled toward the ropes, turns back toward madman who runs toward him.

Blackfront: Szalinski leaps...

Abdul bin Hussain side steps in time for Madman to miss, and hit the ropes. he bounces back, turning. Hussain grabs him with momentum, and spins him around, throwing Madman up over the top rope and face first into the side of cage.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski taste metal.

Ace: That cage is unforgiving.

The fans continue to get louder with their jeers as Abdul lifts Madman back to his feet.

Blackfront: Szalinski whipped hard into the corner by Abdul bin Hussain.

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

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain choking Madman Szalinski. This is perfectly legal in this type of match.

Ace: Perfectly legal, and perfectly brutal.

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

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain still dishing out the punishment to Madman Szalinski.

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

Abdul bin Hussain grabs the middle ropes and uses them to add force as he slams his shoulder into Madman's stomach, following with a second. As he steps back, Szalinski falls forward and to the mat, holding his mid section.

Blackfront: I'm not sure if Madman Szalinski is going to be able to get back to his feet after the assault from

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Abdul bin Hussain.

Abdul taps Madman with his foot. Once he sees that he is down, Hussain turns his attention back to Sean Jackson who uses the ropes and cage to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Hussain runs.. he leaps... PRAY TO ALLA... NO!

As Abdul bin Hussain leaps up with his leg out to land on Jackson who is bent over, Sean comes up, catching him. Jackson lifts Hussain up, turning and throws Abdul bin Hussain over the topes and into the cage. Hussain crashes down.

Blackfront: Such devastation!

Abdul bin Hussain holds the side of his leg. Jackson looks at Madman then at Hussain before turning his head to The Spectre who is outside of the ring, eating a Klondike bar.

Blackfront: Where did he even get that? Did you give it to him Tommy?

Ace: Wasn't me.

Spectre raises the ice cream bar up toward Jackson and just smiles, chocolate in his teeth.

Blackfront: Jackson is as creeped out as we are folks as this match continues.

Madman Szalinski begins to push his way up as Sean Jackson turns back to him.

Blackfront: Jackson runs...

He goes to kick Madman in the head, but Madman thrust his head back causing Jackson to miss, his foot going through the ropes and hitting the cage.

Blackfront: Jackson misses.

Ace: Yea, but his foot didn't as it goes right into that metal.

Blackfront: Madman to his feet.. He dashes toward the corner...

Szalinski leaps up, grabbing the cage as his feet land on the top rope. He pushes off, turning in the air and kicking Sean Jackson in the face. The fans pop.

Blackfront: Szalinski using that cage to his advantage!

Ace: He looks to be doing it again as he is now climbing the cage for the second time in this match.

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Blackfront: Once again, the only way to win this match is by pin fall or submission. Escaping the cage does not do it.

Madman reaches the top, throwing his leg over the edge. He looks down at Sean Jackson and Abdul bin Hussain, both starting to get to their feet.

Blackfront: There is barely room to sit. No way he will be able to stand and leaps from the top if that is his plan.

Noticing this himself, Madman puts his leg back over, into the ring area, sitting on top. As both of his opponents get to their feet, he leaps.

Blackfront: MADMAN SZALINSKI FROM THE TOP OF THAT CAGE!

He crashes down... hard.. taking out Sean Jackson, Abdul bin Hussain, and the referee while hitting the mat hard himself. All four men are laid out in the ring.

Blackfront: High risk move took everyone out.

Ace: Even the referee.

Outside of the ring, Ariel watches in horror. The Spectre perks up, looking at the carnage.

Blackfront: The Spectre lives for destruction like this.

Ace: He seems to be showing legitimate concern though for the men in the ring.

The Spectre calls over the secondary referee outside of the cell. He can be heard trying to tell the referee he needs to get in and check on the men in the ring. The referee refuses.

Blackfront: The Spectre trying to gain entrance into that structure.

Ace: If he gets in there, that will compromise the entire reasoning for this match!

The Spectre continues to try and reason with the referee, pointing out his fellow "zebra" is down. The referee gives in, pulling keys from his pocket and handing them over.

Blackfront: The enforcer jumping into action.

Ace: This will not be good.

The Spectre fumbles with the keys, trying one after another. He mumbles about the *stupid keys* before finding the correct one and unlocking the cell door.

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Blackfront: The first layer of protection is broken and The Spectre now trying to find the key to the cage.

Ace: With everyone out in the ring, it's going to be a field day for him!

Finally, The Spectre finds the right key and unlocks the cage, opening the door.

Blackfront: That's it, this match is comprimised.

The Spectre goes up the steps and enters the ring. He looks at the carnage. Walking to the bodies, he steps over Sean Jackson, ignoring Hussain and Szalinski.

Blackfront: Well.. that's... unforeseen. The Spectre is showing legitimate concernf or the referee in this match. He's doing his job.

Ace: I can't believe it.

The referee comes to, sitting up and holding his head. The Spectre can be seen nodding and talking to him before helping him to his feet.

Blackfront: The Spectre has restored order it seems.

The Spectre taks to the referee again and nods as he turns and steps over the participants again, heading for the door.

Blackfront: I'm shocked. I've never seen The Spectre be so... concerned for another human being.

Ace: This is historic as is it is.. The Spectre being a.. good guy.

He leaps to the floor and heads toward the cell door.

Blackfront: The Spectre will now be resuming his duties outside of the cell.

He steps through the door. As The Spectre starts to shut it, he stops. The camera pans around to catch his face, smiling. He begins to let out a cackling laugh as he steps back inside the cell, closing the door after him.

Blackfront: I knew it was too good to be true! the Spectre is now locking himself inside of that cell!!!!

He locks the cell door and begins laughing before letting the padlock go. Turning toward the ring, the referee rushes to the cage door, trying to close it before he can get there.

Blackfront: The referee trying to keep The Spectre out of the ring.

He grabs the door and glares at the referee, wagging his finger *No* before ripping it open and going up the

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steps.

Blackfront: The Spectre is back in the ring and there is nothing the referee can do!

Ace: It's all legal.

The referee backs off as The Spectre looks down at Sean Jackson, tilting his head and grinning. He reaches into his shorts and pulls out a... half melted Klondike bar.

Blackfront: Oh.. wow.. that's where he got the other one...

Ace: Sick.

The Spectre tightens his lips as he looks at the ice cream and tosses it to the side, reaching back into his shorts, pulling an item out.

Blackfront: The Spectre has... handcuffs!

Ace: he is going to cost Sean Jackson the title!!!!

The Spectre begins to laugh maniacally as he reaches down grabbing Sean Jackson's arm. He clicks one end of the cuffs around his wrist then the other to the rope. Jackson's eyes open just as The Spectre clicks the hand cuffs close. His eyes grow wide in shock. His jaw drops as The Spectre just smiles and backs away as Sean Jackson tries to kick him.

Blackfront: Spectre out of the way, and Jackson has nowhere to go! He will not be leaving this match UTA Champion.

Ace: I.. I.. I can't believe this!

The Spectre laughs at Jackson who is just out of reach, unable to get his enemy. Behind him, Abdul bin Hussain pushes himself up.

Blackfront: Hussain is on his feet! I think he is going to take advantage of this and once again become the UTA Champion!

Ace: Another Era of Hussain?!

The Spectre turns around and looks at Abdul bin Hussain. Hussain raises his hand toward The Spectre, asking *What is this? Who is this infidel?* The Spectre looks at Abdul and begins to mock him.

Blackfront: I don't think Abdul bin Hussain appreciates The Spectre mocking him.

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Ace: When has The Spectre ever cared what anyone else has thought?

Abdul bin Hussain runs at The Spectre, yelling Allah as he does. The Spectre comes up with a big boot to his stomach, catching Hussain with force.

Blackfront: The Spectre jams Abdul bin Hussain between his legs... He lifts him up...

Abdul goes over the top of The Spectre's head, his back to Spectre's while his legs go back around his waist. He steps forward and jumps up, coming down flat on his bottom with his legs out.

Blackfront: SWEET DREAMS BY THE SPECTRE! THE FIRST SWEET DREAMS IN THE UTA SINCE TWO THOUSAND AND FIVE!

The fans go crazy. Abdul bin Hussain is out cold as The Spectre just looks forward, staring at Madman Szalinski who is on his hands and knees, staring up at The Sadistic Nut.

Blackfront: Szalinski has just witnessed the brutality of the Spectre and is the last man able to end this match... if The Spectre lets him.

Ace: How can he?

Blackfront: Well, if you think about it... The Spectre locked Jackson up, because. well, they are enemies with unfinished business. Any chance to screw him, he will take.

Ace: What about Abdul?

Blackfront: He rushed The Spectre and got what was coming to him. Depending on how Madman Szalinski handles this situation.

Ariel runs inside of the cell and heads toward the cage door. madman quickly throws his hand up to stop her.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski keeping his wife from harms way as he never takes his eyes off of The Spectre.

Szalinski crawls backward, away from the Spectre before beginning to get to his feet. The Spectre starts to stand as well. He turns his head back to Sean Jackson who is still yelling and kicking toward him, but unable to get free from the ropes. Turning back to Madman he steps forward.

Blackfront: Madman doesn't budge, neither does he provoke The Spectre.

Ace: His eyes are locked onto The Spectre. Is he playing his own mind games with him?

The Spectre raises his hand slowly, pointing his pointer finger and middle finger at his own eyes then over

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toward Madman before giving a crazy laugh and waving him off.

Blackfront: The Spectre leaving the cage! he's giving Madman a pass!

The Spectre heads toward the cell door, unlocking it. Madman watches him exit the ring. The Spectre blows a kiss at Ariel as he passes. The camera zooms in on his face.

Spectre: I know what I would do for a Klondike bar.

He bust out into more laughter as we head back to the ring.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski examining the situation, still telling Ariel to stay outside as he looks at Sean Jackson who is begging for him to help.

Madman looks legitimately sorry that he can not let Sean Jackson free. Abdul bin Hussain isn't in his own head at all as he uses the corner to get up. He slides back down to the second rope, out of it completely.

Blackfront: Madman now looking at Hussain who doesn't know where he is.

Madman: READY!

He jumps Back.

Madman: SET!

Szalinski gets into a three point stance.

Madman: HUT HUT HUT!

He charges Abdul Hussain in the corner with rapid fire elbows.

Blackfront: TECMO ELBOWS BY MADMAN SZALINSKI!

He backs away and Abdul falls forward. Madman drops to the mat himself, throwing his leg up. Abdul's head drops and Madman wraps his arm around his neck while putting his legs around Hussain's waist.

Blackfront: DEATH TRAP! DEATH TRAP!

The referee checks on Adbul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: He raises Hussain's arm... drops it... a second time.. I think Hussain may be out...

The referee checks Abdul bin Hussain one more time... as his arm falls for a third time, the look of

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bewilderment on Sean Jackson's face tells it all.

He has just lost his title, and it is all The Spectre's fault.

Blackfront: MADMAN HAS DONE IT! MADMAN HAS DONE IT! Abdul bin Hussain is out!

The bell starts to ring.

Announcer: The winner of this match as a result of a knock out and NEWWWWW... UTA CHAMPIONNNN... MADMAN... SZALINSKI!!!!!!!!!!!!

The steel structure begins to raise. Ariel is handed the UTA Championship as it does. Once it's up enough, she ducks down and runs toward the ring.

Blackfront: Ariel joining her husband in the ring.

As she does, her and Madman run to each other's arms. Tears of joy come down her face. The referee raises madman's arm, his wife moving to his side raising his other.

Ace: After everything he has been through, hats off to Madman Szalinski.. he is the new UTA Champion.

Blackfront: What a night, my God.

Ariel hands him the belt and he just stares at it. Madman runs to the corner away from Jackson who is still trying to pull out of the handcuffs. he climbs the turnbuckle and for the first time in his UTA career... raises the belt to the fans. The roof explodes with cheers.

Blackfront: For years, people will remember where they were when Madman Szalinski became UTA Champion.

He holds the title high....

and then drops it.

Blackfront: Wait.. what?

Ace: Something's wrong Jason.

Ariel runs to the corner as Madman hunches over, holding his chest.

Blackfront: Oh my God.. get help. Anyone listening in the back, get help now!

Madman hunches more, tilting over and falling from the top of the turnbuckle, falling violently to the outside

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of the ring, his head bouncing off of the floor. Ariel begins to scream as she drops and gets out of the ring as quick as possible. The camera moves over and onto Madman. His pupils dilated, his hand clutching his chest as he shakes. Ariel continues to scream. The entire back of the locker room begins to empty.

Even the commentators leave the booth and run to his aide. Inside the ring, Sean Jackson is no longer kicking, he is trying to get free in order to find out what's going on. Medical personal are quick to run from the back, followed by James Wingate, Kevin Hawk, and Michael Lorenzo.

A referee pushes the camera man back, telling him that what he is recording isn't appropriate. The screen goes black. We can see nothing else as the copyright come sup and the show abruptly comes to an end.