

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #18

July 27, 2014 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

WrestleShow

A black screen. You turn your television on and excitedly switch to High Octane Television. It's just in time as the HOTv logo appears on your television. As it fades away, the United Toughness Alliance logo cues up before exploding to reveal a shot of a screaming audience.

The word "Live" now comes across the bottom of the screen.

As the camera pans across the fans in the sold out WesBanco Arena in Wheeling, WV, our faithful commentators begin to talk.

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Wrestleshow, live on High Octane Television. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, the one, the only Tommy Ace!

The camera switches to focus on them.

Ace: Thank you Jason, it's exciting to be here. We're live in Wheeling, West Virginia at the WesBanco Arena, and boy is it loud in here.

Blackfront: It sure is Tommy. Tonight will be HUGE. Madman Szalinski, the UTA champion is set to return as we find out the fate of the UTA Championship.

Ace: Also on tap, don't forget, we will have matches to find out who will grab the last spot in the main event tonight!

Blackfront: Yes, hanging above the ring, that gigantic steel chamber hangs, ready for six men to enter and only one to leave.

We get a shot of the chamber hanging above the ring. It's size is nothing short of amazing. Blackfront: We will also see a Fatal Four-Way in which the winner will be the Ring King finalist and meet the man who walks out of the chamber as the winner in two weeks right here on Wrestleshow.

Ace: What a night!

Blackfront: It sure is, and it begins right... NOW!

We pans across the fans still screaming to the top of the stage.

Announcer: Coming to the ring first, hailing from Charlotte, North Carolina .

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The lights lower as a white glow fills the entrance area. Soft music starts to pour from the sound system, as the big screen flashes 'HATE' across it rapidly as Seether's Weak plays.

'No more love to purchase I've invested in myself

You know nothing about me Keep opinions to yourself No more complications Everything's just swell

No more obligations There's nothing more to tell Oooo-oooo-ooo

I just want to be alone'

As the music instantly slams as a hard hitting tune the bald headed kid of hatred walks out with a sleeveless pleather white trench coat on and a pair of shades on.

Announcer: Standing at six foot five, and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds.... IAN... MICHAELS... HAAAATEEEEE

Ian pays no mind to any fans in the arena as he walks down the middle of the isle and leaps onto the apron on his knee and stands to his feet. He wipes off his wrestling shoes on the apron, as he leaps over the top rope and lands into the ring.

Blackfront: IM Hate looking to secure a victory here and make his way to the chamber later tonight.

Ace: Out of everyone on the roster, IM Hate may be the ebst fit for a match like the chamber. He tosses off the shades and removes his trench coat handing off at ringside as the music fades and the lights resume.

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca has been on a bit of a losing streak as of recent, can you imagine if he somehow got past IM Hate and then won the chamber tonight?

Ace: There's no way. I don't even see him getting past Hate, much less getting into the chamber and winning.

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.

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Blackfront: As the bell sounds, we kick the match off with an exchanging of words from both sides. IM Hate charges La Flama Blanca. Blanca under his arm. Both men off the ropes.... leap frog by La Flama Blanca. Fact pace action here in this opening bout.

Ace: Yea Blanca, that's right, waste your energy so if you do make it to the next match, you wont get through to the chamber.

Blackfront: Off the ropes again, La Flama Blanca slides under the legs of IM Hate.

Hate turns around as La Flama Blanca springs to his feet. He runs at IM Hate who bends down in preparation for a backdrop, then leaps over Hate grabbing his waste in the process.

Blackfront: Sunset flip by La Flama Blanca into a pinning position! The referee drops to begin the count.

Blackfront: Kickout at one. La Flama Blanca unable to keep IM Hate down.

Ace: From what I hear, he's also unable to pay his debts as well.

Blackfront: Is all you do is gossip? Both men push up.

Blackfront: IM Hate rushes La Flama Blanca. Blanca on his game tonight, takes Hate down with an arm drag. Both men up. Hate rushes Blanca again and once again another arm drag takes IM Hate down!

They quickly roll over and get up yet again. This time IM Hate runs and leaps.

Blackfront: Drop kick by IM Hate catches La Flama Blanca as he was getting back to his feet.

Ace: That'll stop that Mexican jumping bean.

IM Hate gets up and heads over, grabbing La Flama Blanca by the mask, pulling him to his feet. Blackfront: Blanca now scooped up by IM Hate... scoop slam to the mat. IM Hate taking the match slow, saving as much energy as possible as he knows the winner of this match could potentially go on to two more matches tonight.

Ace: He's just smarter, that's all.

IM Hate lifts the left leg of La Flama Blanca and begins to stomp his inner knee. Blackfront: Vicious stomps to the inner knee of La Flama Blanca by IM Hate. He wants to ground the luchadore before going for a pin.

Ace: This is just showing the brilliance that is Ian Michaels Hate right here. Take his legs out, and he can't flip around.

Blackfront: These two met early in the Ring King tournament, now once again going at it to try and secure that final spot. Every man in the UTA right now wants to have a chance to dethrone Madman Szalinski as the

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champion.

IM Hate drops La Flama Blanca's leg, and reaches down, wrapping both hands around his throat.

Hate lifts Blanca up from the mat and then off of his feet. La Flama Blanca's feet kick as IM Hate holds him in the air.

Blackfront: The referee warning Ian Michaels to release Blanca.

As the referee counts, Hate drops La Flama Blanca at four. The referee gets in his face, but IM Hate just ignores him, pushing him aside and heading over to La Flama Blanca who is on the mat, gasping for air.

Blackfront: This man is filled with the same thing his last name shares, hate, and it shows. Ace: Strategy Jason. He lets go at four, he knew what he was doing. Unlike La Flama Blanca who even after being warned, still attacked a defenseless Yoshii in that blindfold match a few weeks ago.

Blackfront: Defenseless... Are you kidding me Tommy?

Blanca tries to crawl away as IM Hate just stands over him and tilts his head to the side, watching La Flama Blanca squirm.

Blackfront: IM Hate now lifting La Flama Blanca back to his feet.

He grabs the back of Blanca's head and guides him to the corner, slamming his head into the turnbuckle before doing it again.

Blackfront: IM Hate introducing the face of La Flama Blanca to that turnbuckle.

Ace: Why are these fans booing? Shouldn't they be counting each time that masked idiot's head hits the corner?

Hate turns Blanca around and shoves him into the corner back first.

Blackfront: Hard shots to the stomach of La Flama Blanca who had started this match strong and now is fighting just to survive.

IM Hate grabs Blanca's throat again and squeezes as he presses him hard into the corner.

Blackfront: The referee warning IM hate who is being ruthless here.

Ace: Good. End La Flama Blanca for good! Blackfront: Why do you not like the guy? Ace: What's there to like?

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Blackfront: Well the fans sure like him.

Hate lets go of Blanca as the referee gets to four again. He turns and begins raise his hand threatening the referee. Behind him, La Flama Blanca climbs backwards up the corner, perching on the second rope. As IM Hate turns back around, La Flama Blanca leaps forward, legs out, catching him around the neck and twisting as he falls down.

Blackfront: HURRICARRANNA FROM THE TURNBUCKLE!

Ace: Oh Come on!

The fans go crazy as IM Hate hits the mat. La Flama Blanca quickly flops over and leaps forward, covering him. The referee drops down and begins to count.

Blackfront: This one could be over!

Ace: No!

Blackfront: YES! La Flama Blanca gets it!

IM hate kicks out, but it's too late as the bell begins to ring.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca moves on and will face the winner of the next match for the final chamber spot!

Ace: This is pure crap Jason! IM Hate dominated him! He cheated!

Blackfront: How did he cheat?

Announcer: The winner of the match... LA FLAMAAAAA..... BLANNNNCCCAAAAAA!!!!

La Flama Blanca quickly rolls out of the ring to escape as IM Hate gets to his feet and looks to be on the verge of freaking out. Blanca holds his arms in the sky outside of the ring as IM Hate looks down at him angrily.

Blackfront: Could La Flama Blanca earn his way to a title shot tonight? This could be what turns things around for him.

Blanca looks up to the sky where the chamber hangs over the ring and points at it as if saying tonight he will be in it.

Ace: How can we have a chamber match and no IM Hate? This is ridiculous. We go into commercial break

We pan to the top of the stage and the fans continue to go crazy. Suddenly, It's On by Tech Nine begins to

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play. Conrad Teller steps out from the back and raises his arms.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first, from Riverhead, New York...

As Conrad begins down the ramp, he pulls off his white t-shirt and tosses it into the crowd. Announcer: Standing at five foot ten and weighing in at two hundred and forty-eight pounds... CONRAD... TELLLEEEERRRRR...

Conrad continues to the ring.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller, the VCW Wildfire Champion, hoping to make it through Chance Von Crank tonight and move forward. Could he make it to the chamber?

Ace: Well Jason, there are rumblings that Crank is not even here tonight. I'm unsure if we'll even have a match.

Conrad enters the ring, walking to his corner and saying a silent prayer to himself.

Blackfront: If that's right, and Conrad ends up not having a match before meeting La Flama Blanca, you have to wonder how well La Flama Blanca can actually do after already being in one match tonight!

Huge cocking noise is heard followed by a shotgun blast booms over the arena....

Shock N Rolla... Here 2 Show Ya...

Cocked Back... And.. Loaded! Chance Von Crank

The fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: Well, there is his music, but where is Chance Von Crank?

Ace: I told you, a few days ago, he took his ball and went home for the second time since being in the UTA. He isn't hear tonight and I don't think we'll ever see Chance Von Crank again.

Conrad Teller watches all around him, making sure that Crank can't surprise him from any angle. After a few moments the referee talks to Conrad in the ring.

Blackfront: I think you may be right Tommy. I guess there's a first time for everything.

Ace: If you ask me, this is just a waste of everyone's time. Bring out Blanca and lets get going. Conrad stands, hands on his hips, waiting. He is obviously frustrated at the lack of his opponent. The fans are chanting Crank Sucks at the top of their lungs.

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Blackfront: I hope Chance Von Crank is watching from wherever he is and realizes that sometimes ego needs to be set aside. He has just jaded what fans he may have had.

The referee drops down to the floor and heads over to the announcers as Conrad Teller just shakes his head.

Ace: The guy is overrated anyways. He was in Death Row Wrestling where I used to work, and he was overrated there as well. Good riddance I say.

Crank's music fades out as the announcer stands up after speaking with the referee.

Announcer: On account of a forfeit... the winner of this match... CONRAD.... TELLERRRRRRR!!!!

The fans cheer and Conrad just looks disappointed.

Blackfront: Teller rightfully upset at this turn of events, but he is also fresh as we'll be heading almost directly into the next match.

Convoy

We are taken outside of the WesBanco arena, with a graphic in the lower right corner reading

EARLIER TONIGHT. The loading bay of the arena is seen, close to the parking lot. Several horns are heard in the distance, along with a familiar barking noise.

Peach: BARK! BARK!

A 1989 Lincoln Towncar pulls in, with Madman Szalinski's trademark blue-and-red mask on the front license plate. Several different cars are following him, as he pulls into the loading bay.

Peach is seen with her head out the front window, barking while sitting in Ariel's lap. With a pair of Aviator sunglasses on over his mask, Madman puts the car in park dead square in front of the loading bay, hopping out. Ariel and Peach also exit, with the large convoy of cars parking wherever they can.

Peach: BARK!

Peach's barks can barely be heard over the roaring of several loud truck engines and the sound systems of several other vehicles. Jennifer Williams, microphone in hand, tries to approach Madman but has to cover her ears after one older and rust-covered truck roars its engine.

Peach: RUFF!

Madman looks back, bags in hand, after shutting his trunk lid and starts rapping along with the song booming

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from the primer-laden car behind it.

Madman: SLAM! DUN DUNN DUNNN! DUNN DUNNNN DUNNN! DUNN DUNNN! LOOK OUT!

Noticing the camera and Jennifer, Madman stops as people begin filing out of the cars in the distance, with some cars still pulling into spots.

Jennifer: Madman! It's kind of hard to hear...

Ariel comes up, with Peach not visible in the shot but audible by the jingle of her dog tags. Madman adjusts the UTA Championship belt attached to his bag's strap as Jennifer attempts to interview him.

Jennifer: What is all this?

Madman: Just on my way to work...

A truck in the background honks its horn, which is the melody to "Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory (Of The Coming Of Our Lord)".

Peach: BARK!

Madman turns his head, throwing up a backwards peace sign. He looks back towards Jennifer with a smile on his face.

Madman: I was hoping he'd make it. You have any idea how far of a drive it is from Lincoln County to Wheeling?

Jennifer: Who are all these people?

Madman: They were all heading to Wrestleshow too, so I figured we'd all just ride down together...

People begin to file in through the loading bay doors, side entrances, and anywhere else they can enter the arena. Dozens of people stream in from the convoy behind Szalinski, including an entire family of seven who are seen climbing out of a Geo Metro.

Jennifer: I hope these people bought tickets...

Madman: I bought them all, actually, and I have to say with experience, UTA's offers for group discounts on event tickets are spec-tac-ular!

Jennifer: You bought all of these people's tickets?

Madman: Well, some of them pre-ordered months ago before I even won the title...but yeah, I got a handful. I

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wanted my friends to share in this moment with me, and here they are!

A man with grey hair, a long beard, a straw hat, and flannel shirt walks right into the camera's scene, in front of Ariel, Madman, and Jennifer. He takes a drink from a bottle of Thunderbird wine. Peach: RUFF!

The man disappears as quick as he appears. The interview continues nonchalantly. Jennifer: I know this is a big night, but are you prepared to meet with James Wingate in the middle of that ring tonight to discuss whether or not you'll be able to defend your title?

Madman pats the championship with an even bigger smile.

Madman: There's not going to be much of a discussion. I'm going to change into my gear, step into that ring, and it'll be business as usual - like I never went away. So I think the question is, Jennifer...

Madman leans towards her slightly, taking a step towards walking away.

Madman: Is the UTA ready for me to come back and defend this title?

Madman walks away, along with Ariel and Peach.

Peach: BARK!

Jennifer: There you have it, Madman Szalinski is here, and he's ready...but we'll see what James has to say.

The scene ends.

Going for Broke

La Flama Blanca stands in the backstage area. The crowd in the arena is thunderous. For just under eight thousand people, it sounds like a football game with seventy thousand strong.

La Flama Blanca: One down and two more to go.

Flama Blanca is feeling the effects of his first match against I.M. Hate. He is trying to keep his body loose for this upcoming contest.

La Flama Blanca: I've been looking forward to this for two weeks. Tonight is going to be history. The cruiserweight checks the tape around his hands. He looks down at his boot laces to make sure everything is perfect.

La Flama Blanca: Win this and I'm in the Chamber. This is going to blow Black Horizon out of the water.

Blanca puts his head down, he knows that soon his music will start. A second opponent stands before him.

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The winner takes a place along side six other men inside the Chamber.

La Flama Blanca: I didn't sleep much last night. This moment, was playing through my mind the whole time. I'd have to have the best night of my career to get into the Main Event.

Blanca cracks his neck and begins to jog in place.

La Flama Blanca: This why you get into the business. Big matches and... for that out there. Tonight, I'm going for broke. I'm putting it all on the line. I have to. I wouldn't have it any other way.

He takes a deep breath. He exhales it, almost calming himself completely. No fear of the moment.

La Flama Blanca: Esto es para ti papa. Desame suerte. Flama Blanca makes his way to the entrance ramp.

As we head back ringside, Conrad teller is still in the middle of the ring, resting on the ropes and waiting.

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, he hails from Durango, Mexico. He is... LA FLAMA BLANCA!!

He gets a nice pop as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp.

He walks down the ramp and slaps the hands of the fans. 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: Here we go, one of these two men will take the final chamber spot once held by Drew Stevenson.

Ace: Speaking of guys who will never be seen in the UTA again.

Blackfront: This should be a good match, both La Flama Blanca and Conrad teller have a lot of fans backing them. Nothing but respect can be felt in the air tonight as we get ready to fill the chamber spot.

Both men look up at the chamber then back at each other. A nod of respect as the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Here we go. Conrad Teller quickly moves in to grab La Flama Blanca. Blanca ducks under his arms.

La Flama Blanca takes off in a sprint behind Conrad, hitting the ropes and returning as Teller turns.

Blackfront: Blanca on the return, baseball slide underneath the legs of Conrad Teller.

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Ace: He sure likes going between people's legs, doesn't he?

Blackfront: Blanca to his feet behind Conrad, quick standing drop kick to the back of Teller! Conrad Teller is sent stumbling forward, dropping to his knees and landing in a way in which his arms and neck fall over the middle rope. La Flama Blanca runs and leads up, grabbing the ropes and swinging his feet around, through the middle and top rope, catching Conrad in the face.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca hits his target and Conrad Teller is down.

Ace: Isn't this guy tired from his last match? Come on Conrad, why don't you just shank him like he is one of the loudmouths from the yard?

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca quickly continuing his assault. He leaps to the middle rope as Conrad Teller is getting to his feet. You can't even tell he's already been in action tonight, that's the kind of competitor that La Flama Blanca is!

Teller wobbles as he gets up, not seeing La Flama Blanca jumping.

Blackfront: Moonsault to a cross body block by the masked man!

As they hit the mat, La Flama Blanca is sent sliding away from Conrad but quickly leaps up and across to cover Conrad.

Blackfront: Quick pin attempt by La Flama Blanca. Kickout at one.

La Flama Blanca doesn't dwell as he quickly gets back up. He runs to the corner turnbuckle as Conrad Teller begins to get up himself.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca climbing the turnbuckle.

Ace: I hope he falls and breaks his neck.

Blackfront: You are just too negative Tommy.

Conrad is up and stumbles toward the corner as La Flama Blanca stands on top, turning to face him.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca leaps, he catches Conrad by the neck with his legs... hurricarrana! That's the move that put IM Hate away in the first match!

The crowd goes crazy.

Ace: Good work being original there Blanca.

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Blackfront: Have you ever been in the ring Tommy? What's wrong with using a move that is proven?

Conrad rolls to the side of the ring and slides to the floor. He holds himself up by the edge of the mat while holding his neck.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller taking a breather outside of the ring, trying to reevaluate the situation. Ace: That's what you have to do. This may be his only chance to slow down La Flama Blanca.... or not.

La Flama Blanca runs toward the ropes and leaps into another baseball slide, this time under the bottom rope in Conrad' direction.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller moves.

Conrad catches the legs of La Flama Blanca and yanks him hard under the bottom rope, letting go and sending Blanca back first into the floor on the outside.

Blackfront: Quick thinking by Conrad Teller. This may be what he needs.

Ace: This is now Conrad Teller's match. He has La Flama Blanca outside of the ring and is a brawling specialist.

Teller shakes off the stars he had been seeing, and bends down pulling La Flama Blanca up by his head.

Blackfront: Hard whip by Conrad Teller, sending La Flama Blanca into the steel steps.

Blanca lays on the floor near the steps holding his shoulder as Conrad Teller walks over, bends down and pulls Blanca to his feet.

Blackfront: Heavy rights to the side of La Flama Blanca's head. He has to be feeling the effects of those steel steps on top of already competing tonight..

Teller grabs him by the back of the head and with force, yanks him forward and toward the barricade, sending Blanca into and over the top into the fans who leap out of the way.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller rolling back into the ring and out to restart the count.

Ace: YES! KEEP PUNCHING HIM! YES!

Conrad Teller heads over to the barrier, and crawls over to the other side, lifting La Flama Blanca to his feet and throwing him back first into the barricade.

Blackfront: The brawler of Conrad Teller coming out as they fight into the fans here. Boot to the gut of La Flama Blanca.

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Blanca crumbles to his knees. Conrad Teller steps back a few feet then runs, raising his knee and catching him in the face, sending La Flama Blanca to his back inside of the barricade next to the fans.

Ace: This guy has been in prison and you want to have a fight with him? I don't think anyone in the chamber match has the experience that Conrad Teller does with being locked up.

Conrad lifts La Flama Blanca up, picking him up enough he tosses Blanca causing him to hit the top of the barricade stomach first. Blanca's body slides back over the barricade to ring side, with Conrad Teller stepping over and following.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller picking La Flama Blanca up again, takking him over to and rolling him into the ring.

Ace: Just like Blanca, having to have help to get into the ring. Worthless.

Blackfront: You need help Tommy.

Ace: yea, help getting enough signatures ona petition to get rid of people like La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: People like La Flama Blanca? What's that supposed to mean?

Ace: Nevermind.

As Teller gets to his feet after following into the ring, he picks La Flama Blanca up once again. Blackfront: I'm not sure if La Flama Blanca can come back from the damage done already. Ace: Good.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca sent toward the turnbuckle, Teller follows closely...

Blanca grabs the top ropes as he reaches the corner and pushes up, allowing Conrad Teller to crash hard into the turnbuckle with his shoulder as Blanca lands on his feet.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca somehow is able to muster the strength to move! Conrad Teller may be hurt now!

Ace: NO!

Teller holds his shoulder as he backs out of corner and turns around. Blanca runs to the side, leaps to the second rope and leaps across with a foot to the face of Conrad Teller. The crowd goes crazy as Tell goes to a knee.

Blackfront: It's like he's gotten a second wind! La Flama Blanca building momentum once again! He gets up in front of the kneeling Conrad Teller, leaps and spins.

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick to the face of Conrad Teller!

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Teller is sent up and back, hitting the turnbuckle then falling to a sitting position. La Flama Blanca points to the chamber hanging high and the crowd pops.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca running to the opposite corner... He sets up... runs... Blanca leaps and throws both feet out, catching Conrad teller in the face.

Blackfront: He connected fully!

Ace: Seriously, what does it take to put this guy out?

La Flanca Blanca rolls over and pushes up to his feet. He grabs Conrad's feet and yanks him away from the corner.

Blackfront: Blanca pulling Teller from the corner, I think he may be going to end this one now! From the crowd we hear a rumbling. La Flama Blanca begins to climb the turnbuckle, looking to put an end to the match. The camera catches someone leaping over the barricade.

Blackfront: That... that's Perfection! What's he doing out here? He's supposed to be getting ready for the chamber tonight!

Blanca, standing on the top of the ropes, prepares for his 450 Splash entitled the Ay Dios Mio. Perfection, quickly, runs up the steps to the apron. La Flama Blanca looks over, seeing him and almost loses his balance.

Blackfront: Perfection is out here to distract La Flama Blanca. But why?

Ace: Maybe he wants Blanca out of the chamber since Conrad obviously isn't as tough as he looks and I thought he was. He can't even put down a masked idiot like Blanca.

The referee runs over and begins to yell at Perfection on the apron. perfection throws his hands up as to say he's not out to cause trouble. La Flama Blanca turns his attention back to the