

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #29

December 28, 2014 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

WrestleShow

A black screen. You turn your television on and excitedly switch to Pure Sports Entertainment. It's just in time as the PSE logo appears on your television. As it fades away, the United Toughness Alliance logo cues up before exploding to reveal a shot of a screaming audience. The word "Live" appears at the bottom of your screen.

As the camera pans across the fans, our faithful commentators begin to talk.

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

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

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

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

Ace: That's right! Directly after Wrestleshow, only on PPV, catch Seasons Beatings. If you have ordered, you need to right now! Trust me, you do not want to miss one moment.

Blackfront: We will have three exciting matches here on Wrestleshow before tonight Seasons beatings takes over. Tonight's main event will be a huge ten person over the top rope battle royal for the UTA Wildfire Championship!

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

Blackfront: Folks... welcome to... WRESTLESHOOOOOWWWW!!!!!!

Take No Prisoners Blackfront: We need to get some closure.

Ace: What.....

The arena goes black.

Cameras pan around the sea of anxious people who are cheering loudly at the showing of respect towards the USA. Suddenly, the cheering ceases as the loudspeakers crackle, all attention devoted to these very special proceedings. A large American Flag unfolds from the rafters and hangs majestically over the ring area, each ear expecting to hear the immortal "Star Spangled Banner"

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Blackfront: What's he doing here now?

The big screen started to show all sorts of American iconic sites. Children playing in the streets, baseball matches, troops in the Middle East. Those images dissolve into footage of various terrorist attacks from around the world including 9-11 until, finally, the Iraqi flag with two scimitars underneath filled the screen. This soon gives way to a hooded figure. The scene pulls back to fill

the whole screen with this figure having sprawled at his feet American soldiers.

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

Ace: He's got a match later but why's he out here now?

Blackfront: He will be unhappy later.

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

Slowly Rafiq walks down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He is actually shown laughing. He reaches the ringside and climbs the stairs; Abdul and Nazirah enters the ring.

Blackfront: This asshole needs to get out of here.

Ace: He'll be lynched if it is him; being one of the most hated men not only in America but this industry too.

He stands in the middle of the ring, and raises the flag before passing it to Nazirah.

Ace: What a surprise? The people booing Abdul Bin Hussain?

Blackfront: I notice the hint of sarcasm in your voice, but other than him being from Iraq they've got nothing against him, because he is a great athlete.....Except he's a disrespectful asshole.

Nazirah leans over the ropes and grabs a microphone off of one of the ring crew. She returns to the centre of the ring tapping the microphone making sure it is working. She passes it to Rafiq.

He looks around the ring awaiting the people to be quiet so he can talk. He looks at ring announcer who has

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a look of disdain on his shocked face.

The boos slowly quiet down after a while. Abdul can't believe the reaction that he is getting. Rafiq brings the microphone up.

Rafiq: We should have expected this reception from you.....

The boos erupt again.

Laughing Abdul walks around the ring, soaking up the response from the crowd.

Rafiq: Why is it that you disrespect us?

The boos are louder than ever.

Rafiq: Oh how original of you. You sit there on your obese asses booing the greatest prospect this company.....NO!!! This Country has ever seen. You disrespect him? You disrespect the Iraqi people? You disrespect the Arab nation? What is it with you people? Are you so scared of people

that are different from yourselves?

Rafiq is smiling. He looks around and motions to Abdul who is just standing still in one of the corners menacingly.

Rafiq: This man is the whole package. And that is why he is here in the UTA. He laughs as he walks around the ring.

Rafiq: Why would Abdul come out at this show? Why would he come back to the UTA after people from the Arab Nations like him were accused of an act of terrorism? You forget one thing, he is from Basra, and he has had to survive in a war zone. Things in Pakistan and Sydney have advanced his plans but he will not be stopped.

The crowd boos even louder.

Rafiq: You should be disgusted with yourselves. Why do people like you think you are better than anyone from the Arab Nations.

The crowds cheer.

Rafiq: Why do you cheer? Are you so naive? Are you so stupid? Look at this guy.

He points at a man in the crowd. He is your typical American, football jersey, baseball cap, beer belly and all the rest of it.

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Rafiq: He sits there thinking that Abdul bin Hussain will lose his flag match tonight.

He looks directly down the camera lens.

Rafiq: He will not lose!

Rafiq passes the microphone to Abdul. Abdul walks to the centre of the ring tapping the microphone making sure it is working; He looks around the arena awaiting the people to be quiet so he can talk.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain is not one to hold back.

Ace: Yeah, I hate his guts.

Abdul: How can anyone take William Haynes serious? He is your saviour. Does anyone think he can raise your rag of a flag?

A chant of "Abdul Sucks" goes around the arena.

Abdul sadistically smiles as he walks around the ring for a few seconds before smiling.

Abdul: He got a bit shirty for what he calls an unjust attack on him when I returned.

Abdul smirks.

Abdul: Oh do you hear that?

He holds his left hand up to his left ear.

Abdul: Can you hear it? It's you trying to justify your existence here in UTA. You jump on the

American patriotic band wagon thinking that will get you over with the crowds. A sly smile crosses his face for a second as the boos try to drown him out.

Abdul: But even that will not resurrect your career.

He shakes his head and scratches his beard. He touches the scars on his upper torso.

Abdul: I know that I will win my match tonight. Why? I know I will win that if I do not I will not want to wrestle for this company ever again.

He cocks his head to the side, and then tilts it backwards before looking at the camera.

Abdul: Do you want that?

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He looks angrily into the camera.

Abdul: I am a former Champion of this promotion.

He walks over to his sister and nods.

Abdul: UTA is at its lowest ebb and in need of someone to save it.

He looks into the camera and smiles.

Abdul: Haynes was but a mere way to get myself back into the limelight that you American's crave. Look at your disgusting addiction to reality television. What is next fad for you pathetic excuses for human beings?

He walks around the ring.

Abdul: You think that places like Iraq and the other Arab Nations that we are barbaric for our actions don't you? Well we are, but we are upfront about it.....

He pauses trying to remember something.

Abdul: Unlike you. You used that ploy when you accused my people of flying planes into your twin towers. A lie put together by your CIA and government; using that as an excuse to invade my homeland. We will show you soon what happens to those that shame us. You will.

He smiles as he looks out at the crowd.

Abdul: You see destruction is always required before rebirth and now that I am free in the UTA I can do what I do best. It is not just William Haynes that has to worry about Abdul's wrath. This roster is full of pathetic infidels that are stealing air from my lungs.

He smiles into the camera.

Abdul: For there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his messenger. And I am Mohammed's messenger to you.

His mouth curls up.

Abdul: I will put on a showcase performance that will convert the audience.

He turns and looks deep in the camera.

Abdul: Allah Akbar!

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He throws the microphone to the mat and rolls out of the ring. As he walks up the ramp way he seems to be surprised that he's getting a few chants of "Abdul"

2C: Nervous?

It's Nothing Personal

The Second Coming and Kush sit in the back of a cab.

Kush: Am I, ah... Am I supposed to be?

2C: Naaah, we're the appetizer. We might be headlining Wrestleshow, but these fans're here for the big event. Except...

Kush: What?

She followed up with the question again.

Kush: What?

2C: Except for the fact that this time we're live.

Kush: Yeeeeeah, I'm used to that. From, ah... from playing football. People really pay attention when you're, ah... When you're the only girl.

The taxi slowed at the lip of the delivery entrance.

Driver: Twenny six dollas.

2C: Whatever happened to door to door service.

Driver: Twenny six dollas. Too tough to turn around back there.

2C: Fine.

She pulled a twenty and a ten out of her pocket and handed them to the driver, who counted it, clicked his tongue, and popped the trunk.

His attitude had earned him his four dollar tip, and it was evidently not enough for him to help the ladies get their bags out of the car.

Fans: WE LOVE YOU, KUSH!

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Other Fans: SE-COND-COME-ING!" and a bunch of claps.

This was the part that Kush wasn't quite as used to: fans were lined up all around the entryway to cheer for the wrestlers as they entered.

She subtly maneuvered herself behind MJ for some slight relief, as she prepared herself for this new, more intense form of attention. The taxi sped off with a screech.

2C: Wave to the people.

Two ladies walked from their taxi down the ramp toward the loading dock. Becky Kush's eyes moved from side to side from one side of the cheering fans to the other. Gathering her courage, she managed a cheery (if toothless) half-smile, and some small waves.

It still garnered as big a cheer as MJ's raised fist.

2C: Thought you were used to this. She laughed.

Kush: Well, ah... In football, they were all watching because they hoped, ah... Hoped I'd get hurt. This is... different.

They stopped walking, and MJ crouched down to unzip her bag.

2C: Well, if it's on, might as well give 'em a show.

The fans around the entry cheered even louder as she pulled out the VCW Championship and the UTA Wildfire Championship, and put one belt over each shoulder.

2C: It's what they paid for, right?

The cameras came out and there were flashbulbs popping off all around; both of the girls were glad to be in a restricted area where the fans could only see them from a distance.

Kush: A-ny-waaaaays... Your door, madam?

Kush opens the door. She was now comfortable enough around MJ to try making jokes. MJ hesitated.

Kush: Are you, ah... Okay?

2C: Listen, this isn't a one on one match, this is ten people, over the top rope. Things could happen.

Kush: Yeeeeeaaah, I know. It's gonna be intense. We're, ah... We're gonna have to watch our backs. A lot.

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2C: That's what I mean, look, if you win this thing, I'll be the first one leading the congratulatory parade. But until you win, until I lose - I'm in it to win and I'm prepared to do anything to do that. Kush: I know. It's your dharma.

She places a hand on MJ's shoulder and looks her friend in the eye.

Kush: As it is mine.

2C: Okay. I just wanted to make sure we were on the same page. What goes on in there will be business, and it's got nothing to do with our friendship.

She gestured to the title belt.

2C: I have this, you want it, and we're both willing to do what's necessary to win it. As long as we can understand the nature of it, we can overcome it.

MJ - the Second Coming - reached out her hand. After a moment, Kush shook it, and the two ladies stepped inside the building.

Kush: But you're absolutely sure, ah... You're sure it will be one of us?

2C: Of course, like I said, never bet on or against a professional.

Kush gives a full toothy smile and goes for a fist bump. MJ reciprocates as the scene fades.

Brought to You By

As the familiar notes of Pomp and Circumstance by Sir Edwin Elgar play throughout the arena, Gentleman Jack steps out into the light, robe hitting the floor, with a confident grin upon his face. Ace: The Gentleman is here on Wrestleshow!

Blackfront: A huge match for Gentleman Jack; after weeks of attacks by The Truth, he has a chance for retribution tonight.

He takes a moment to take in the crowd, the self-satisfied smirk still present on his face before slowly strutting down the ramp, taking his time with each and every movement. The announcer hesitates before looking down at their card, having no choice but to go along with it.

Announcer: From the... Land of Gentlemen, by way of England...

He makes way down to the ring. Once standing in front of it, he stops, looks both ways before climbing on the apron, again allowing the moment to make itself, then entering through the second rope.

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Announcer: Standing a very... manly 5'11, and weighing in at an impressive 240 pounds... Once in the ring, Jack gives the announcer a quick glance, making sure he is following the script he had shown them before hand, before relaxing and taking a strut around the ring.

Announcer: He is the Man of Manifold Muscle, the Manly Mauler, the...

As Jack is shaking the hand of the referee, he notes the hesitation on the part of the announcer, and walks to them glaring at them. The announcer gulps and continues on.

Announcer: The Magnificent, Manly, Majestic, Masterful, Matchless Melodious, Meritorious, Meticulous, Mighty, Muscular and Mustachioed Marvel, Gentleman Jack!

Satisfied with the introduction, Jack smiles before shaking the announcer's hand, next heading to the center of the ring. He takes off his robe, revealing one of his custom-made wrestling singlets. Letting the crowd take in his glory, he punctuates it by performing the traditional gentleman's bow. Blackfront: Tonight we see if Jack will in fact be cleansed by The Truth or if he can overcome the odds!

Afterwards, he heads to his corner, going through a few basic punches and kicks to get in the mood for his opponent.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack looks ready.

The lights go dark as The Man That You Fear by Marilyn Manson begins to play. A single light shines down to the top of the stage. Brother Judas and Brother Simon step out from the back. Their monstrous size, and appearance in Brother Judas' case, overtakes the shot.

Blackfront: Those two men are scary.

The Good Reverend is out next. He walks forward and past them, stopping in front, holding one hand to the sky.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now, standing six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds... THE GOOOD.... REVVVEERREENNDDDD!!!

Blackfront: We're in for maybe the match of Gentleman Jack's life literally.

They continue down the ramp, the light following their every step. As they reaches the ring, The Good Reverend walks up the steps, entering through the ropes. Once in the ring, the lights come back up and his music fades.

Blackfront: The atmosphere is electric here.

Ace: I have the chills.

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The Good Reverend heads to his corner and stares at Gentleman Jack across the ring as the bell sounds. As they get ready, Gentleman Jack places one arm behind his back with his other up and comes forward into a lock up with The Good Reverend.

Blackfront: A Gentleman's lock up. The Good Reverend pushes Jack backwards. Jack comes forward with a right, The Reverend meets him with a shoulder block.

Gentleman Jack is sent to the canvas. The Good Reverend quickly covers him.

Blackfront: Quick cover by The Reverend. Kick out at one.

Ace: You can't put Gentleman Jack away that easily.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend coming out of the gate aggressively. The Good Reverend grabs the head of Gentleman Jack as he gets up.

Blackfront: The Reverend sends Jack into the ropes. On the return, and The Good reverend catches him with an elbow, sending Gentleman Jack to the canvas. I think this may be the first time we are seeing The Good Reverend really coming at his opponent like this.

Ace: He promised to hurt Gentleman Jack and I think that's what he is trying to do.

The Good Reverend grabs the head of Gentleman Jack as he pushes forward and gets up again.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend pulling Gentleman Jack to his feet again.

Gentleman Jack pushes The Good Reverend backwards and into the corner. He puts The Good Reverend's left arm over the top rope, reaches under, grabbing it, and yanks backward.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack now returning with his own aggressiveness, trying to dislocate the arm of The Good Reverend.

The Good Reverend's arm shoots back over and comes down into a position near his mid section as he stumbles forward. Gentleman Jack grabs the head of The Good Reverend and brings him over and to the canvas with a toss, immediately pinning him.

Blackfront: A quick pin now from Gentleman Jack. The referee counts. Kick out at two. Gentleman Jack grabs the arm of The Good Reverend as he gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack placing The Reverend's arm behind his back into a half hammerlock.

He grabs the back of The Reverend's neck and guides him to the corner, pushing him hard into it. The Good Reverend his, and turns as he stumbles back.

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Blackfront: Gentleman Jack following up with a big right hand to The Good Reverend.

He grabs the left arm of The Good Reverend again, placing it behind his back. Jack pushes down, sending The Good Reverend to the canvas, as he twist his arm backwards, applying pressure.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack using his mat wrestling expertise to continue placing pressure on that left arm of The Good Reverend.

Ace: There are not many people who can out mat wrestle Gentleman Jack.

He continues to hold The Good Reverend's left arm to the canvas as he places his own left hand on his shoulder. Jack raises up, and brings a knee down into the side of The Good Reverend.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack in full control, still working the left side of The Good Reverend. After weeks of attacks, Gentleman Jack looking to put The Good Reverend out it seems.

Ace: He'd be doing the entire roster a favor if he did. The Truth is one of the scariest and most dominate teams in UTA history. They don't care about winning, they only want to show you how much pain the human body can endure.

Jack resets the left arm before standing up, placing his feet on it. He brings his right hand to his chest while his left arm goes behind his back which stands up stiff and straight like his chin.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack with a Gentleman's pose, placing all of his weight on the arm of The Good Reverend.

He takes a bow before standing back up. Now Gentleman Jack begins to do squats as he stands on the left arm of The Good Reverend.

Blackfront: OOOOP-A.. OOOOP-A.. OOOOP-A.. With each squat Gentleman Jack doing more damage.

He resets his feet in between The Good Reverend's arm, and then falls backward onto the canvas, tightening the lock on The Reverend's arm more.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack one of the men to watch out for in the new year, showing us exactly why here tonight.

He moves up, locking the left arm now behind the back of The Good Reverend as he reaches around and grabs the right arm. He pulls back.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack now stretching the body of The Good Reverend.

He rolls to the side and pushes forward, putting The Good Reverend's shoulders on the canvas.

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Blackfront: Roll up pin here. The referee counts.. Kick out at two by The Good Reverend.

Ace: Great technical wrestling here by Gentleman Jack.

He grabs the left arm of The Good Reverend again, lifting him up and directing him to the corner opposite of where they stand.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend able to get free. He pushes Gentleman Jack hard into the corner. The Reverend runs... Jack slides out of the way!

The Good Reverend hits the corner and twist as he stumbles back. Gentleman Jack gets into a Gentleman's fighting stance.

Blackfront: Jack comes forward, quick European Uppercut to The Good Reverend followed by a side knee. The Good Reverend returns with a quick kick to the gut of Gentleman Jack. Now a forearm across his back.

Jack falls to a knee.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend grabbing the head of Gentleman Jack.. He brings a knee down across the face of him.

Gentleman Jack grabs his forehead and rolls to the side in a sitting position.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend grabbing the head of Gentleman Jack from behind. He brings a big right down across his chest.

Ace: The Good Reverend is giving us an insight into what he can bring to the table as he turns things around here.

The Good Reverend holds the head of Gentleman Jack as he brings an elbow down into his shoulder blade.

Blackfront: A lot of power behind that, now trying to injure Gentleman Jack as Jack attempted to do to him.

Gentleman Jack crawls on the canvas as The Good Reverend comes down with a big foot to his head. Gentleman Jack gets on his knees and comes across with a right hand to the side of The Good Reverend.

Blackfront: Big right by Gentleman Jack, but not enough as The Good Reverend grabs his head.. a large forearm to the back of Gentleman Jack.

Jack pushes up and brings another fist to the side of the Good Reverend who in turn grabs his head and brings yet another forearm across his upper shoulders.

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Blackfront: The Good Reverend still holding onto the head of Gentleman Jack. he raises his knee up, and brings it across the face of Jack.

Gentleman Jack grabs his face as he turns away and stumbles into the ropes. The Good Reverend stomps over, grabbing his head and pulling him from the ropes.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend in full control as he rakes another knee down the face of Gentleman Jack.

Jack stumbles around and backwards into the corner. The Good Reverend follows, grabbing the second ropes and using them to pull his shoulder hard into the midsection of Gentleman Jack. Blackfront: Those heavy shoulder thrust by The Good Reverend doing more damage to Gentleman Jack now.

As he backs away, Gentleman Jack stumbles along side of the ropes and toward the other corner. The Good Reverend backs up and gets ready to run.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend charges... JACK MOVES!

The Reverend's shoulder slams into the turnbuckle hard. He stumbles out of the corner and into Gentleman Jack's grasp who is waiting. Jack lifts The Good Reverend up on his shoulders and moves away from the ropes.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack displaying his extreme strength as he holds The Good Reverend on his shoulders!

Ace: An amazing feat by The Gentleman!

Jack rolls forward, slamming The Good Reverend into canvas.

Blackfront: Rolling senton by Gentleman Jack and these fans are on their feet!

The Good Reverend rolls over and begins to get up as Gentleman Jack comes forward, placing a leg in between his, and his other behind quickly. he grabs the back of The Good Reverend's head and throws a hand down for balance as he pushes The Good Reverend backward to the canvas while grabbing his heel and pulling back, twisting The Good Reverend over and applying pressure.

Blackfront: THE GENTLEMAN'S HOOK! THE GENTLEMAN'S HOOK!

Brother Judas and Brother Simon watch on in horror from outside the ring as Gentleman Jack continues to apply pressure until The Good Reverend begins to tap. The bell sounds.

Blackfront: He's done it! Gentleman Jack has defeated The Good Reverend and saved his soul!

Ace: Now it's time for a Gentleman's Celebration Jason!

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Announcer: The winner of this match via submission... GENTLEMAN... JAAACCCKKK!!! Gentleman Jack lets go and gets to his feet where he places his left arm behind his back and his right across his stomach before taking a bow. The referee grabs his arm and hoist it high in the sky.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack able to overcome The Truth tonight in big fashion!

The Good Reverend rolls to the apron and outside of the ring as the followers check on him.

Blackfront: Congratulations Jack, you deserved this! We fade.

Preparations of Holiday Spear-It to Right the Prongs in UTA - I

The scene opens up backstage where The Second Coming is running wind sprints. She comes to a stop as a young woman crosses her path. She tosses her a bottle of water.

Zhalia Fears: Hey champ.

The Second Coming decides to take a breather and rests back against the railing across from Zhalia. Her Wildfire Championship title draped over the top.

ZF: Feels odd calling you that. Yet, good.

2C: Technically, I've been a champion for like, three months now, y'know.

ZF: True but ... you can not just walk around calling someone champ when it isn't the promotions title itself. I think. I reckon. I really do not know.

2C: O..kay. Thanks for the water. What's up?

ZF: Well first and foremost, great match with Conrad. You continue to show everyone in and outside the UTA just what's what.

2C: Thanks. Just making my mark, y'know.

ZF: Be it at that, I know you have a tough match ahead. Never mind all the people involved or how easily it can all go wrong, as is the nature of such a match. I really just wanted to wish you luck.

2C nods, unsure and intrigued as to where Zhalia is going.

ZF: Aaaaaaaand...

She fishes her hands in her pocket and pulls out a small square package which she underhand tosses to 2C. She holds it up for a moment and decides to pull the wrapping paper off and flips open the box inside.

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2C: A ring? Uh...

ZF: Look at the center stone.

The Second Coming holds the ring up in her hand and looks over center where a Trident is engraved.

2C: This is that trident thing you keep talking about?

ZF: Yes. You... like it?

2C: It's nice. I'm not really a jewelry girl, but--

ZF: Put it on! (She starts to put the ring on while Zhalia continues.) The three of us working together can take down any glass ceilings or obstacles put before us. Including the Dynasty. I know you have been making allies, including hiring that Hightower dude that smacked me in the face with his briefcase. But still...

The Second Coming just stares at the ring on her finger for a bit. Unsure of what to say next.

ZF: Look, I will let you get back to your training and preparations.

Zhalia smiles and extends her hand to The Second Coming. She shakes it but before her arm is pulled back Zhalia smacks her fist with her own. The two rings clattering.

ZF: Triforce Powers activate!

She gets an odd look from the masked woman.

ZF: Right. So... need to work on that. Good luck!

She turns and heads off while 2C chuckles and returns to her spot, starting up her sprints once more while the scene fades out.

Yeah, I Said It

Down by Yelawolf begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca. The booing starts almost immediately.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain with a big smile on his face. Flaunting his new Dynasty apparel and his UTA Tag Team Championship title belt.

Ace: Here comes... The Luchador! Ha ha!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca will be in the Main Event of tonight's Seasons Beatings Pay Per View.

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Ace: Blanca is going to put on a show later on.

He gets a nice round of boos as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp. He pauses for a few seconds seeing fans devilish faces hate his guts. He loves it.

Blackfront: Madman and La Flama Blanca have been at each others throats for over two months.

Ace: This has been one of the feuds of the year in the UTA. The Universe has been buzzing ever since it was officially booked.

Blanca walks down the ramp and gets major heat from the fans. He attempts to smack a fan but pulls himself back. He points his finger in the face of another fan. When Blanca finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the ring apron in one leap. The fans continue to boo their former hero.

Blackfront: Blanca is going into another big match this evening.

Ace: Main Eventing a Pay Per View is a high honor. Madman and Blanca both deserved it. Blanca steps through the middle and top rope and walks into the ring. He pulls a microphone from the back of his pants.

Ace: These people need to pipe down!

Fans: You sold out! You sold out!

Ace: Bunch of ungratefuls in this building!

He walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd of mouth breathers. Flama Blanca comes to a halt

Fans: You sold out! You sold out!

He is not giving the fans any attention as he adjusts the UTA Tag Team title on his shoulder.

Blackfront: Fans now chanting "Madman" at The Luchador.

Ace: Sssh!

Fans: Madman! Madman! Madman!

La Flama Blanca: Glad you decided to change it up.

Ace: He's right.

La Flama Blanca: One half of your UTA Tag Team champions is speaking...

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Fans: Boo!

Ace: Well he is!

La Flama Blanca: Can you feel it? It's in the air... Seasons Beatings... Blanca circles the ring and throws his title further up on his shoulder.

La Flama Blanca: Tonight, Dynasty walks into another "Super Sunday" here in the UTA. Dynasty walks into Seasons Beatings and wins em all!

The Luchador laughs as the fans boo him. Blackfront: He could be right about that. Ace: Glad you're starting to see the light!

La Flama Blanca: Tonight is the night, that Claude Baptiste Ranier retains his Internet Championship.

The fans boo the man in the center of the ring. Blanca can't help but laugh.

La Flama Blanca: Tonight is the night, that Perfection wins back the UTA Championship.

Blackfront: The fans don't seem to agree.

Ace: Ungratefuls!

La Flama Blanca: Tonight is the night, that Sean Jackson puts an end to a man I defeated not too long ago... The Spectre.

Fans: Boo!

Ace: I just got my "I Beat The Spectre" t-shirt, did you get one?

Blackfront: I did... I gave it away.

Ace: You would...

Blanca stops pacing in the ring and looks up the bright lights above him.

La Flama Blanca: Tonight is the night, that I beat the corn out of Madman Szalinski.

Blackfront: Why corn?

Ace leans over and whispers something to Jason.

Blackfront: Eww!

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La Flama Blanca: Oh shut up!

The fans continue to throw their hatred at La Flama Blanca.

La Flama Blanca: Madman Szalinski, the time has come. I know how you are when the pressure is on. I know how you act when everything is on the line. Who knows if you are going to live through tonight?

Blackfront: Come on!

Blanca places his Tag Team title in a corner close to him.

La Flama Blanca: My whole time here in the UTA, I've heard that Madman was great. He was a top draw and all over the UTA promos. Madman lost his fight. Madman gave up... Then... then I kicked him right in his face and woke him up from his weed nap and back into reality.

The Luchador continues to shoot.

La Flama Blanca: No more skating. Now you have to work, Madman. I can guaran-damn-tee you that Madman is in the back somewhere with his group of beat nut buddies thanking me that I betrayed him.

Blanca stops and nods his head.

La Flama Blanca: Yeah, I said it. Madman wasn't going anywhere. Szalinski was about ready to hang it up and then... then one night in Mexico. An international Wrestleshow, a show that broke all kinds of records. That night I gave Szalinski... I gave him something to live for.

Blackfront: You got be kidding me. I hope he doesn't think that.

Ace: SSSSHHHH!

La Flama Blanca: Madman has that drive again. Madman has that fire, that we haven't seen in a long, long time. Looking at you Madman... I...

The roar of the crowd causes La Flama Blanca to turn around.

Blackfront: SZALINSKI!

Madman jumps over the guardrail and rushes into the ring. La Flama Blanca smartly slides out. He goes back for his title just as Madman makes a swipe for it.

Ace: Madman Szalinski wasn't fast enough!

Blackfront: Blanca running from a fight!

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Ace: Saving it for Pay Per View, Jason.

Blanca walks up the entrance ramp so he can face Szalinski. Madman hears the cheers from the crowd and Blanca waves at him.

Ace: Oh I can't wait, Jason!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca... Madman Szalinski... Seasons Beatings, don't miss it!

Fans: Madman! Madman! Madman!

The cameras fade as Szalinski points down at La Flama Blanca holding his UTA Tag Team title.

Brought to You By

Preparations of Holiday Spear-It to Right the Prongs in UTA - II

We shoot backstage once more where Zhalia Fears is seen walking down the corridor singing 'We wish you a Merry Christmas' to herself. She bypasses several shut doors before stopping at the furthest one. A double tap on the door preludes her call.

Zhalia Fears: Bechdel, you in there?

Of course she is but the question is asked ahead of time. Next the door is slowly pushed open and Zhalia walks inside. Her attention drawn to Kush, who sits in her lotus position pose, meditating. The Awesome Ava no where in sight it would seem.

ZF: Hey there.

Kush remains seated. A slight smile from the corner of her mouth signifies that she is aware of Zhalia's presence, however she makes no other movements.

ZF: Okay then...

Zhalia steps off to the side and circles around to the right of Kush. She smiles and drop down to hug Kush at the same time Kush jumps up at her. Anybody can guess what happens next as their skulls rattle together.

Kush: Gah!

ZF: Sheesh.

Kush drops back to the ground, landing on her ample posterior. The two look at each other and then simultaneous break into a fit of laughter while rubbing their own heads. Zhalia drops to the ground

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cross-legged and places her hand into her pocket.

ZF: I know you have the zen going. Probably far more successful than usual with Ava not here helping you.

Kush smiles and shrugs wordlessly. She then cocks her head to one side with a quizzical look on her face.

ZF: I know. I will not take much of your time. I just wanted to give you something.

She pulls her hand out of her pocket and hands a small square package over to Kush. Kush takes it and shakes it before tearing the paper right off. Her head cocks to the left as she looks down at the box and flips it open.

ZF: This could be awkward if I was kneeling before you. I did not want to upset you or anything. She smiles while Kush pulled the contents out. She pulls out a ring, new and shiny. As it glints in the locker room lights, Kush examines it, a confused frown on her face.

Kush: This is, ah... Pretty? Thank you, but, ah... Why?

ZF: You guys all probably think I am some nutcase. But I- Kush grabs Fears' hands and looks at her, shaking her head.

Kush: NO, no... I don't think you're, ah... That you're a nutcase, noooo...

ZF: Thanks, it's just... I value respect and friendship. I really think we have something here if you want to be a part of it. I mentioned it before. We are like a trident piercing through the heavens, filled of glass ceilings and people standing in the way. Myself as one prong, yourself as another, and...

Kush: Ah... One problem, sorry... I, ah... Don't like wearing things on my hands and feet. It's, ah... It's bad for my coordination.

ZF: I knew you would say that!

She reaches behind her neck and unclasps the silver necklace and hands it over to Kush.

ZF: No worries. Brand new, I just was worried I would lose it if it was in my pocket. Kush fishes the chain through the ring and holds it up watching it dangle in front of her. ZF: So... you like?

Kush nods.

ZF: It also adds plus ten dexterity.

Kush grins and pumps her fist as if to say "yesssss". She then drapes the necklace around her neck. Zhalia jumps to her feet and this time Kush beats her to the punch and jumps at her, latching on.

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Kush: THANK YOooooooooou!!!

ZF: Heh.

Zhalia pats Kush on the hair and lets her release before heading back to the exit.

ZF: Goodluck. I look forward to a great match from you both!

Zhalia walks out the door and stops in front of Ava who is returning with an armful of sweets likely only for her. Ava gives her the stink eye.

Ava: You! The leather-kitty! What the hell's your game?

ZF: She is alive. I did not harm her. No worries.

Ava: And what about my feelings, huh? What am I, chopped liver?

Ava intensifies her stink eye on Fears, who can only respond with a confused look of her own.

After a few seconds, Ava laughs boisterously and slaps her own knee.

Ava: Just messing with ya! Don't be a stranger, kitty! Here, Merry Christmas!

Ava tosses a pack of Junior Mints at Zhalia and walks past her. Fears looks at the "gift", smiles, and shakes her head as she exits the locker room. Ava approaches Kush, who is still fidgeting with the ring.

Ava: That doesn't look like ZEN you're feeling, tiger!

Kush: No, it's a-

Ava: DON'T CARE! ZEN! GET FEELING IT!

The scene fades.

High Ball Stepper by Jack White begins to play as smoke fills the entrance ramp. The piano solo starts leaving the crowd waiting, after it's finished and the song returns to it's rock roots as Will steps through the curtain.

Blackfront: Now coming to the ring... Will Haynes.

Ace: Haynes has waged war on Hussain since his return to the UTA. Abdul did happen to start all this.

Blackfront: Very excited to see these two men face off. America versus Iraq in this Flag Match. Will begins to

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walk down the aisle, jawing with some fans as he goes. He nods his head to the music getting himself ready for his upcoming match.

Announcer: Hailing from Athens, Georgia...

Blackfront: This is going to be a doozy.

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

He slaps some fans hands and stops to wipe the sweat from around his mouth. He rushes the ring.

Announcer: Will "the THRILL" Haynes!

Haynes jumps onto the ring cover, pulls down the middle rope and climbs in. He bounces off the far side, then the near side, and then back off the far side testing the ropes.

Blackfront: This match could have easily been on an already stacked Pay Per View Card.

Ace: These two have been at each other like dogs for the last three months. No matter the stage, these two, the man in the ring and the man about to make his entrance, will deliver.

Haynes stops and points up to the United States Flag high above the ring in the far corner.

Ace: Listen to these fans!

Fans: USA! USA! USA!

Blackfront: Proud Americans here in Pennsylvania.

Cameras pan around the sea of anxious people who are cheering loudly at the showing of respect towards the USA. Suddenly, the cheering ceases as the loudspeakers crackle, all attention devoted to these very special proceedings. A large American Flag unfolds from the rafters and hangs majestically over the ring area, each ear expecting to hear the immortal "Star Spangled Banner".

The big screen starts to show all sorts of American iconic sites. Children playing in the streets, baseball matches, troops in the Middle East. Those images dissolve into footage of various terrorist attacks from around the world including 9-11 until, finally, the Iraqi flag with two scimitars underneath fill the screen. This soon gives way to a hooded figure. The scene pulls back to fill the whole screen with this figure having sprawled at his feet American soldiers.

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

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Crowd: USA! USA! USA!

The fans begin booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans is deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picks out people in the

crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The curtains at the top of the ramp way parts and they emerge.

Ace: Hussain has been rocky since returning to the UTA.

Blackfront: He's a former champ who could be coming bac to form.

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

Announcer: Hailing from Basra, Iraq.....

Slowly Rafiq walks down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He is actually shown laughing. He reaches the ringside and climbs the stairs; Abdul and Nazirah enters the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 2 inches and weighing in at 242 ibs.....

Abdul looks around the crowd with a look of disdain but holds himself with dignity in front of this anti-Arab crowd. He starts to run the ropes.

Announcer:The Butcher of Basra.....Abdul bin Hussain!!!!!!

Abdul suddenly stops in the middle of the ring and adjusts his pads as Nazirah and Rafiq exit out of the ring.

Blackfront: The fans really getting on Abdul bin Hussain.

Abdul stops and says a prayer stnding in the direction of his flag. The fans boo as Haynes laughs at his opponent. Abdul walks over stands in the neutral corner as his music stops. Boos are still going on around the arena.

Blackfront: Referee Vasquez checking to see if both men are ready.

Ace: Finally, we get to see these two in the ring. The bell sounds.

The fans begin to chant "USA".

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Blackfront: Fans showing their American pride.

Hussain waves his hand at the crowd and starts the match off. Blackfront: Hussain hits the ropes the same time as Haynes. Ace: Haynes sent flying to the mat from a Shoulder Block.

Hussain hits the ropes again and leaps over Haynes who lays on the mat, he bounces up and lands a Dropkick on Hussain's chin. Haynes gets back to his feet at the same time as his opponent and lands another Dropkick on Hussain. Haynes now Body Slams Hussain to the mat. Blackfront: Haynes bounces off the ropes and slams down on Abdul bin Hussain with an Elbow Drop.

Haynes gets to his feet and begins attacking Hussain with kicks. Hussain sitting on his backside puts his hands up to block the strikes. Hussain pulls Haynes by the leg and trips him up sending him to the mat. Hussain attempts a Leglock very close to the ropes.

Ace: Haynes holding onto the ropes.

Referee: One... Two... Three... Four...

Hussain breaks the hold and gets to a vertical base. He wastes no time in attacking the leg of Haynes. Kick after kick finds its mark. Hussain pulls Haynes by the legs into the middle of the ring. He drops a well placed elbow to the left knee of Will Haynes.

Ace: Hussain continuing to smash on Haynes leg.

Blackfront: Haynes pulling at the eyes of Hussain.

The referee slaps Haynes hands from Hussain's face. Hussain gets to his feet and lands another elbow to the knee of his opponent. He then wrenches Haynes leg back. Haynes lands a few chops to Hussains upper shoulder. Hussain swings his elbow back and cracks Haynes on the jaw.

Blackfront: Hussain in control.

Hussain in a full mount goes wild with right hands on the top of Hayne's head. He pauses and says something to Will Haynes and lands a stiff right fist that knocks Haynes head down to the mat. Hussain walks passed his opponent and goes over to the corner where his country's flag resides.

Ace: Hussain is going to win this match in the opening minutes.

Blackfront: Not if Will Haynes has anything to do with it.

Will Haynes leans up against the turnbuckles grabbing his knee. He shifts gears and rushes Hussain. Haynes leaps into the air knocking Hussain down from the second rope. Haynes Headbutts Hussain and takes him by the back of the head and slams his head into the top turnbuckle in the furthest corner from

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them.

Blackfront: Haynes letting out his aggression on Abdul here.

Ace: Haynes needs to knock Abdul bin Hussain out and get the stars and stripes down. Hussain stumbles back towards the middle of the ring as Haynes hits the ropes. Hussain sends

Haynes to the mat with an Armdrag Takedown. Looking up the left arm of Haynes. Hussain pulls back on Haynes' arm as the referee is right in the middle of the action.

Ace: It doesn't matter if Haynes taps. Got to get the flag.

Blackfront: Haynes looks like he's in a great deal of pain.

Haynes slowly gets to his feet as the fans start a cheer. Hussain is sent flying over Haynes and slams ass first to the mat. Haynes grabs Hussain's arms and pulls them back as he rests his right knee in the middle of Abdul's back.

Blackfront: Both men are trying hard to rip each other apart!

Ace: Haynes now in charge!

Will Haynes stands above Hussain, pulling back more, jamming his knee further into his back. Will Haynes stands slightly and comes back down slamming his knee into Hussain's back.

Haynes continues to wrench back on Hussain's arms.

Blackfront: Haynes putting on the hurt right now.

Haynes lets go of the hold and lays the boots to Hussain's back. Haynes brings Abdul to his feet and hits a Side Russian Legsweep. Will Haynes tries to get back to his feet to rush to his flag. He trips himself up, this gives Abdul an extra second he needs.

Ace: Haynes is climbing the turnbuckles!

Abdul bin Hussain creeps behind "the Thrill" grab Haynes hitting a Crucifix Powerbomb sending both men crashing to the mat.

Blackfront: Both men are down! Big time move to stop Will Haynes from bringing down the Red, White, and Blue.

Ace: Will Haynes was touching the flag. That's got to hurt. And that Powerbomb. Ouffa!

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Hussain lays on the mat taking deep breathes as his opponent grabs the back of his neck after a hard fall. The referee goes over to both men to check their condition.

Blackfront: I think Haynes landed on the back of his head hard.

Ace: Both men, beating the crap out of each other!

Both men slowly make their way up vertically. Hussain rests against the ropes and waits for Haynes.

Blackfront: Abdul looks to be sizing up Haynes.

Abdul rushes Haynes and lands a stiff hard kick to Haynes' ribs. Haynes holds his side and appears to be in serious pain.

Ace: Hussain with another kick to the ribs!

Blackfront: The fans letting Hussain here it.

The fans boo Abdul bin Hussain and Rafiq continues his war with the fans on the outside.

Fans: USA! USA! USA!

Blackfront: Listen to this arena!

Ace: They are behind Will Haynes.

Abdul bin Hussain crosses Haynes to go up and grab his home country's flag. He stands on the second rope and tries to pull the flag down.

Blackfront: Watch Will Haynes!

Will Haynes Shoulder Blocks into Hussain sending Abdul over the top rope and to the floor. Hussain makes a loud thud when he crashes into the protective mat. Haynes leans against the top rope holding the back of his head. He turns to his right and leans against the ropes.

Blackfront: Hussain on the ground and Haynes on his way to the outside.

Ace: Haynes is walking like my Seventy year old father!

Will Haynes lands some Forearm Smashes on Hussain's upper back. Referee Velazquez joins Hussain and Haynes on the outside. Haynes grabs Hussain by the back of the head and smashes his face into the ring steps. Hussain is sent back leaning against the ring apron.

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Blackfront: Haynes continues landing shots on Hussain. Hussain gets a hard knee in and Haynes offense comes to a halt.

Ace: Hussain now... sends Haynes over the guardrail and into the crowd.

Blackfront: This has been a battle.

Hussain yells at a nearby fan and grabs their "Go USA" sign and rips it up.

Fans: You suck! You suck! You suck!

Ace: How dare Abdul?!

Hussain flips the fans off and grabs Haynes up and sets him up for a Suplex. Hussain is stopped. Haynes takes a shot and is also blocked.

Ace: Hussain... Ooooh! Suplex on the concrete floor by Hussain!

Blackfront: Will Haynes might have broken his back!

Haynes writhes in pain holding his back while Hussain sits up holding the back of his head. Hussain makes his way to his feet and takes it slow. The fans at ringside yell and scream at Hussain but he is not phased. Hussain picks Haynes up and catches a European Uppercut. Blackfront: Haynes... showing some life here.

Will Haynes grabs Hussain's wrist and Irish Whips Abdul into the ring post.

Ace: Hussain sent into the steel ring post!

Will Haynes rolls into the ring, leaving his opponent on the outside beaten.

Blackfront: Haynes can win this match right now.

Will Haynes seems to take a long time to get to the turnbuckles. Hussain pulls himself up to the ring apron while still on the outside. Hussain steps into the ring.

Blackfront: Will Haynes! Will Haynes!

Ace: Hussain with the Dropkick!

Hussain charged in and jumped into the air landing a Dropkick in the middle of Haynes' back. Haynes hits the mat hard and rolls to his stomach. Both men are down again.

Fans: This is awesome! This is awesome! This is awesome! Blackfront: Hussain... Haynes... this looks like a

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crime scene. Ace: This is still anyone's match.

The fans continue to chant as the wrestlers still lay motionless on the mat.

Blackfront: These two men just killing each other!

Hussain stirs and rolls over to his side and pushes himself up to his knees. Will Haynes throws his arm over to turn himself on his side. He opens his eyes wide and places his hand on his forehead.

Blackfront: Hussain now on his feet.

Ace: Haynes is in trouble.

Fans: USA! USA! USA!

Abdul walks over to his opponent and stomps on Haynes' fingers.

Ace: He got the other hand.

Haynes is brought to his feet and locked in a Side Headlock. Hussain is pushed into the ropes and sent running across the ring. Haynes at Hussain landing a big knee into the face of Abdul bin Hussain. Haynes drops to his knees and crawls towards the stars and stripes.

Blackfront: Haynes... He's going for the flag.

Ace: Hussain is coming to!

Will Haynes is inches from the flag when Hussain lands some Forearm Smashes into his lower back.

Blackfront: Haynes and Hussain!

Hussain climbs up the ropes to do all he can to stop Will Haynes. They exchange blows with Hussain getting the upper hand.

Ace: These two men still have fight!

Blackfront: What the...?

Ace: Inverted DDT by Hussain!

Fans: Holy s--t! Holy s--t! Holy s--t!

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain hit an Inverted DDT off the ropes!

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Ace: Only in the UTA! These guys have spent a majority of this match on their backs!

Blackfront: These two are unbelievable.

Abdul bin Hussain begins to crawl across the canvas as Will Haynes holds the back of his head. Haynes turns and looks up, seeing Abdul crawling toward the corner where his flag is raised.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain heading toward his corner. Rafiq is cheering him on!

Will Haynes pushes to a knee as Hussain reaches the corner. Using the ropes he begins to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Will Haynes getting to his feet... Abdul bin Hussain climbing the ropes... could this one be over?!

The fans boo as Abdul inches closer. Will Haynes stumbles forward.

Blackfront: Abdul reaching for the flag pole.. He lifts.. Can Haynes make it in time?!

Ace: This is for America you idiot! Get him!

Will grabs the foot of Abdul bin Hussain. Hussain looks back and kicks down, catching him in the face.

Blackfront: Will Haynes trying to stop Abdul and receives a kick in the face for his efforts. Haynes grabs his face and bends down in pain. Abdul turns around, facing him and leaps... Blackfront: PRAY TO ALLAH FROM THE TURNBUCKLE! PRAY TO ALLAH!

The fans all get on their feet and boo as Abdul bin Hussain hits the move. Rafiq throws an arm up and pumps it in the air as he yells for Abdul to get the flag. Hussain, on one knee, looks up and around as the fans boo him. he stands to his feet and looks to his flag.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain is now.. CLIMBING THE TURNBUCKLE!

Ace: No! Please! NO!

Hussain grabs the pole and stops to look around at the sea of hate coming his way. He snarls before lifting the pole up and out of it's holder. As he raises the flag high, the bell begins to sound. Blackfront: ABDUL BIN HUSSAIN HAS GRABBED HIS FLAG!

Announcer: The winner of this match.... ABDUL... BIN... HUSSSSAAAIIIIINNNN!!!

The fans are on their feet cursing and yelling as Abdul stands on the ropes and waves the flag.

Blackfront: A crushing defeat not only to Will Haynes, but to America's pride tonight.

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Ace: This is sickening.

Abdul hops to the canvas as Will Haynes begins to push his way up. Abdul takes the flag pole and comes across his back, sending him back to the canvas. The fans continue to boo.

Blackfront: This is terrible!

Ace: This is worse than North Korea almost getting The interview shelved for life!

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain still attacking Will Haynes, now stomping away at him.

The fans get on their feet and cheer as they see Mikey Unlikely burst from the back and down the ramp.

Blackfront: IT'S MIKEY UNLIKELY! MIKEY UNLIKELY IS HERE!

As he slides into the ring, Abdul bin Hussain drops to the canvas and rolls out of the ring. He lifts his flag as he gets to his feet. Mikey watches him from the ring as he also checks on Will Haynes. Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely making the save, but it's a little too late as Abdul bin Hussain takes home the victory.

Marie's 2015 Plans

In the back, Marie Van Claudio was with her husband as she is fixing his outfit. Suddenly, Jennifer Williams comes up as she looks at Marie Van Claudio.

Williams: Marie, can I have a word with you?

Marie turns around as she looks at her husband as she gets done with his collar.

Claudio: What? Can you see I'm busy with my husband? We don't need someone like you to come up and interrupt us.

Williams: Well I need to get some words with you regarding what you have going on in 2015?

Marie Van Claudio rolls her eyes as she looks at the younger interviewer as Preston takes a step back.

Claudio: You looking forward for a shoot interview for the year? Is that's what you want the most? I will tell you about my 2014 here in this company and what I'm going to do in the next year. So I hope you are ready for this Jennifer.

Jennifer takes a step back as she looks at Marie.

Claudio: 2014, the hottest diva came in this company and she looks hotter than our so called interviewer who came off walking from the streets! In 2014, I faced off against many of my peers that told me that I was the

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next upcoming star while two of them, they didn't take me seriously, or had a sick obsession with my body. Really?

Marie moves her hair out of the way.

Claudio:But 2014 was just practice. 2015's game time. Here's what I plan on doing here. I plan on taking UTA by storm. Whether it's going through a division and taking out the trash, I'm going to make my mark here in this company, but Jennifer, you know what the FIRST thing I plan on doing to show why I'm the hottest girl in UTA?

Jennifer leans in.

Williams: What is it?

Claudio: Well, you will be the first one to show and it will show that I'm way better looking than everyone here. Wrestleuta.com's going to be TREATED to a special photo shoot of ME! Ain't that a wonderful thing?

Preston nods with a smirk on his face.

Claudio: In all seriousness though, the photoshoot will be online, but on the side with the icing on the cake, I will show why Beauty and Danger, is a wonderful site.

Marie kisses Jennifer on the head as she walks away with her husband as Jennifer has a look of disgust.

Brought to You By

Oxi Clean Toilet Bowl Cleaner

Suddenly the camera changes to to a pretaped commercial with everyone's favorite product seller Bimmy Mays! He stands on stage with a a bottle in hand.

Bimmy: Hi there! Bimmy Mays here with our newest product! You love Oxi Clean right? Well check out our Oxi Clean toilet cleaner!

Bimmy walks over and pours some into a toilet bowl.

Bimmy: Watch as it cleans even the grimiest of toilet stains! And after it leaves a nice fresh smell!

Suddenly David Hightower runs onto the stage with a drunken lunatic and clotheslines the living

hell out of Bimmy so hard he does a flip in mid air.

Hightower: Hi there! David Hightower here! Bringin ya ass whoopins like ya never seen before! Are ya sick

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and tired of this jackass tryin to sell ya junk ya don't even need? Then don't spend yer money on this here crapper ummmm crap! Spend it on me so I can beat the ever lovin stupid outta this guy!

David grabs Bimmy by his shirt and drags him to the toilet. He grabs Bimmy by the back of his neck...

Hightower: Let's see how this here works at cleanin out the crapper! David dunks Bimmy's head into the toilet and starts flushing it.

Hightower: Well would ya look at that!

David says pulling his head out and waves his hand in front of his face.

Hightower: God dang that's a smell that can raise the dead! Yer job ain't done!

David says slamming his head back into the toilet. He slams the toilet lid down on him and flushes the toilet again. David sits on the toilet as Bimmy kicks his legs.

Hightower: Remember! That's 1 900 WHOOPASS!!! That's 1 900 W O P A S S!!! I know I probably spelled it wrong but I ain't an english major! I'm an ass kicker!

David says standing up and picks up the bottle Bimmy had scratching his head.

Hightower: Oxi Clean Turlet Bowl Cleaner huh? Hey Bimmy think this here crap can work on mine? Trust me when I say the can has taken a whoopin!

Coming Soon

Suddenly the screen turns to the middle of a dark candle lit dojo... In the middle of the dojo is The Crimson Warrior Brandy Sutton sitting in a cross legged meditative position.

Brandy: Come in... Sit down... Let me tell you a story... Brandy says her back turned to the camera.

Brandy: Once upon a time I was in a company... I was a rising star with enough talent to make it to the top... They thrown opponent after opponent after me and one after the other they laid at my feet...

Suddenly a video flashes on screen of Brandy having her opponent locked up in a kimura arm lock, her opponent screaming tapping furiously.

Brandy: Eventually I made it to the point I won the mid tier championship... Things were looking like I was going to make it to the top... But it turned out no one understood me at all... They declared I was too violent for the company...

Suddenly the screen flashes showing her opponent stumbling around clearly with a broken nose and blood

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pouring out of it.

Announcer: She broke his nose! Oh my god!

Brandy: They fired me because they knew nothing about the art of combat... Even the company's top champion laid as a broken man...

The screen flashes again this time Brandy has her opponent in a modified neck crank, blood gushing out of his nose like a broken faucet.

Announcer: MY GOD!!! STOP THE MATCH!!! SHE'S GOING TO BREAK HIS NECK!!! STOP THE MATCH!!!!

Brandy: I'm not a violent person... I'm one of the most disciplined combatants you can meet... And you see the results of what happens when you don't know what you are getting in the ring with... The screen flashes again this time she has her opponent in a crucifix and is raining elbow after elbow onto her opponent's head to the point he's clearly unconscious.

Announcer: Oh my god he's out cold!!! Referee get in there!!!

Brandy: Patience... Respect... Discipline... Three things I live by... In the art of combat holding back on your opponent is the greatest form of disrespect...

The screen flashes again this time Brandy has her opponent in a kneebar, her opponent tapping out screaming.

Announcer: Oh my god he may never walk the same because of her!

Brandy: 2015 is a new year... And a clean slate... This time I'm in a company that understands my abilities... My fans wondered when The Crimson Warrior will rise again...

The camera pans around facing Brandy from the front.

Brandy: Get ready UTA... The Crimson Warrior is coming...

Brandy looks at the camera and lets out a smile as the camera fades to black... **BRANDY SUTTON COMING TO THE UTA IN 2015!**

As we return ringside, all ten competitors are in the ring. The Second Coming stands on the turnbuckle, holding her UTA Wildfire Championship in the air.

Blackfront: Our main event is about to start as these ten superstars compete for that title right there.

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Ace: The Wildfire Championship is quickly proving itself to be a title for future top tier main events to hold.

Blackfront: The Second Coming undefeated coming into this match. Can she continue that streak and leave still the champion, or will she take her first loss tonight?

Ace: Even if she loses, she will still be undefeated in singles competition. That's a tough thing to maintain and she has done it time and time again.

Blackfront: We also have to wonder how her friendship with Kush will play out in this match. Could it cost one or both of them the chance to go home with gold?

Announcer: The following match is a ten person, over the top rope battle royal for the Wildfire Championship.

The fans cheer.

Announcer: The only way to win the match is by being the last person in the ring. To eliminate your opponents, you must put them over the top rope, and both feet must touch the ground.

Blackfront: It's anyone's match as we head into this star studded main event! Remember, directly after Wrestleshow goes off of the air, Seasons beatings will go live on pay per view! Ace: If you haven't ordered, do it now!

Blackfront: You wont want to miss the last event of the year folks. it will surely be a doozey! The bell sounds to signal the start of the match.

Blackfront: As announced, the only way to eliminate your opponent is to send them over the top rope and both of their feet touch the ground.

As we start, Nigma and Mikey Unlikely rush each other with a barrage of rights.

Blackfront: It seems that Graham Clauson and David Hightower starting a temporary alliance as they force Brother Judas into the corner.

Both men slam big fist into Judas.

Ace: You have to. He's the biggest and most dangerous man in the ring. Eliminate Brother Judas and everyone can breath easier.

Blackfront: Harry Eastman charges the champion. The Second Coming ducks the clothesline by Eastman... The Teacher right into a spinning heel kick by Kush!

As she catches him in his midsection, Kush grabs his arm, locking his wrist behind his back before grabbing his head and swinging downward, to plant him on the canvas.

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Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas has Lew Smith pinned to the corner now, bringing hard kicks up to his midsection. The former VCW Champion trying to block, but the First Lady of the UTA is relentless.

Nigma and Mikey are both near the ropes, trying to push each other over.

Blackfront: brother Judas out of the corner... HUGE DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE TAKING GRAHAM CLAUSON AND DAVID HIGHTOWER DOWN!

Ace: It's not safe to have him free like that Jason.

Lew Smith grabs KVT and turns her around, putting her in the corner. Holding onto the ropes, he thrust his shoulder into her midsection.

Blackfront: Judas now grabbing Nigma and Mikey, trying to lift them both over the top rope. Both men turn and start punching Brother Judas was stumbles back a bit. Kush and The Second Coming look at each other and charge him. They push Judas forward and into Nigma and Unlikely, trying to lift his legs.

Blackfront: Kush and The Second Coming trying to eliminate all three people at once!

Lew Smith steps back, and runs, leaping up and throwing his legs around the head of Kathryn Vermont Thomas.

Blackfront: LEW SMITH WITH A HURRICARRANA ON KVT!

She slides across the canvas as she hits. On the ropes, Mikey and Nigma lift Brother Judas from the front as Kush and The Second Coming lift his legs from the rear.

Blackfront: Brother Judas being lifted up by four people.. he's going.. he's going... BROTHER JUDAS HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Judas hits the floor on the outside hard. Nigma and Mikey turn to see Kush and Second Coming rush them.

Blackfront: Nigma and Mikey unlikely catch the team of Kush and The Second Coming, they lift... they go up and over!

As they do, Nigma and Mikey step forward, thinking they have eliminated them. However, both grab the top rope and land on the apron. Nigma and Mikey turn and see them as they lean down and use the ropes to lift themselves up and over, crashing into the two who failed to get them out of the ring. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Harry Eastman and Lew Smith waiting though, as they grab the waist of The Second Coming and Kush, pulling them to their feet from behind.

T2C and Kush look at each other and nod, before rolling out of their grasp. At that moment, Graham Clauson

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charges forward, arm extended and takes both Lew and Harry down with a clothesline. T2C and Kush quickly turn, grabbing him from the back and pushing to use his momentum, which sends him forward and over the top rope.

Blackfront: GRAHAM CLAUSON HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Ace: And then there was eight!

David Hightower lifts Nigma to his feet.

Blackfront: Nigma whipped into the ropes. On the return... big boot by David Hightower! Mikey Unlikely runs and leaps to the ropes, as he comes off, David turns. Unlikely catches him with a springboard forearm smash.

Blackfront: THE ONE HIT WONDER ON DAVID HIGHTOWER!

Lew Smith is up and charges Mikey, who side steps, grabs him by the back of the head and sends him flying over the top rope.

Blackfront: LEW SMITH HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

As Mikey looks down at his accomplishment, Kathryn Vermont Thomas grabs his legs from behind and begins to lift.

Blackfront: KVT trying to eliminate Mikey Unlikely now.

Ace: What an unlikely situation!

Blackfront: Not that crap again!

Kush and The Second Coming quickly run over and together grab both of them and lift. Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely and Kathryn Vermont Thomas sent over the ropes by the team of Kush and The Second Coming!

Ace: How long can these two work together? Sooner or later, one might have to eliminate the other!

Blackfront: Harry Eastman charges them... he's caught.. back body drop by Kush and the Second Coming over the top rope! HARRY EASTMAN HAS BEEN ELIMINATED AS WELL! Ace: We're down to four! Just four left!

Blackfront: Nigma and David Hightower looking to overcome the team of Kush and The Second Coming for a chance to become the Wildfire Champion.

Both men are on their feet. They look at each other and then look at Kush and the current champion who are

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staring back.

Blackfront: Stare down in the middle fo the ring by these four individuals. It is still anybody's match!

Ace: Yes, but The Second Coming has the champion's advantage as well as Kush on her side for now. Nigma and David Hightower will need to remove at least one of them if they want to stand a chance.

Nigma and Second Coming lock up as does Kush and David Hightower.

Blackfront: David Hightower has control, pushing Kush into the ropes. If he can get her over, The Second Coming's advantage is gone.

The Second Coming is able to bring a swift kick into the leg of Nigma, followed by another. Blackfront: The Second Coming fighting back. Heavy swift kicks to the legs of Nigma. Second Coming grabs the arm.. Irish whip across the ring. Nigma on the return... leapfrog over the champion.

The Second Coming quickly gets up and turns, running behind Nigma.

Blackfront: Nigma hits the ropes... The Second Coming leaps... DROPKICK TO NIGMA! He stumbles back and into the ropes. She leaps to her feet and runs with her arm extended. Blackfront: NIGMA IS SENT OVER THE TOP ROPE!

Ace: Just three left!

T2C turns to see David holding Kush halfway over the top rope.

Blackfront: The Second Coming rushing to the aid of Kush.

She grabs David's should and yanks back causing him to let go of Kush and turn around.

Blackfront: The Second Coming with a barrage of right's to the side of David's head.

T2C and David move away from the ropes. Kush runs forward and grabs David's arm as he reaches back for a big right hand to T2C. She twist him around.

Blackfront: Kush with a kick to the gut of Hightower.

She backs up and comes forward, leaping and turning with her feet coming down and connecting to David's head.

Blackfront: THE ENVERGADO!

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David's head hits the canvas as Kush gets back to her feet. She and The Second Coming look at each other then David. They silently agree to eliminate him first as both women grab an arm and begin to lift.

Blackfront: Second Coming and Kush pulling David Hightower to his feet. Once he is gone, it will just be these two friends and the Wildfire Championship hanging in the balance!

They direct him to the ropes. As they lean him up against them, they nod at each other and run backward.

Blackfront: Both women off of the ropes on the other side. On the return! They throw their arms out.

Blackfront: DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE! DAVID HIGHTOWER GOES OVER!

With the momentum they had, T2C also flips over the top rope, however Kush reacts quickly grabbing his arm and yanking back. As David hits the floor we have a visual of Kush, now using both hands, to pull back and try to hold onto The Second Coming whom is yelling in pain from the pressure of hanging over the top rope.

Blackfront: Kush trying to save The Second Coming from elimination! Can she hold on?!

Ace: Just let her go you dummy! You'll win!

Kush resets her feet and pulls hard as The Second Coming swings. Her grip begins to loosen and Kush cries out. In an instant, it is all over.

Blackfront: THE SECOND COMING SLIPPED OUT OF KUSH'S GRASP! SECOND COMING HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

She slams into the floor hard as Kush stumbles back and falls to the canvas. The bell starts to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match... and NEEEEWW.... Wildfire Champion..... KUUUUSSSHHH!!!!

The Second Coming lays on the floor on the outside as Kush quickly gets up. The referee tries to hand her the title, but she pushes him aside and quickly slides under the ropes to check on her friend. She screams I'M SORRY! I'M SO SORRY! as she holds The Second Coming.

Blackfront: Kush is our new Wildfire Champion, but you have to wonder, will The Second Coming be able to overlook that her friend inadvertently cost her the title?

Ace: She has to. It was an accident. It shouldn't have been, but it was. Kush should have purposely let her go.

Blackfront: If she was able to bring The Second Coming back in, how would this have went? That's the

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million dollar question.

Kush sits up holding the arm that had been yanked on as Kush continues to apologize. The referee exits the ring and stands next to her with the title, but she is more concerned about her friend.

Blackfront: Folks, we're out of time for now. Quickly, if you have not ordered it, you still have time. Seasons Beatings is coming to you live in just a few moments only on pay per view.

Ace: We'll see you shortly!

The camera pans in on Kush hugging The Second Coming who is still in a sitting position, rubbing her head and apologizing as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.