

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 30

March 16, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

WrestleShow

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.

Ace: Thank you Jason, it's exciting to be here. We're live in Las Vegas, Nevada. Blackfront: The Mandalay Bay Sports Center will never be the same after tonight! Ace: Another jam packed Wrestleshow!

Blackfront: Last night was our debut at the WrestleZone at Universal Studios in Orlando, Florida. Ace: Universal Studios is the new home of the UTA! Big wins from Lew Smith and The Good Reverend.

Blackfront: The Truth came back with a force last night.

The cameras pan around every corner of the arena. The fans go wild.

Blackfront: Lots of promotional events took place this week in Orlando to spread the word about this new venture for the UTA. A new homebase if you will.

Ace: I love Orlando and Orlando loves the UTA! We have a show to do, Jason!

Blackfront: Yes we do, Tommy. Our opening match will be The Good Friends! taking on the team of "Beautiful" Bobby Dean and Mikey Unlikely.

Ace: This has awesome written all over it.

Cameras follow the crowd at many angles. Graphics for the matches ahead begins to play.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper takes on Log Habben, making his return to the UTA.

Ace: He's put right into the fire facing Chris Hopper. Gentleman Jack looks to keep his winning ways against Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: Hussain fresh off a big win over Will Haynes, he is looking like he did when he was UTA champ.

We go back to the commentary table with Jason and Tommy.

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Ace: The Second Coming takes on La Flama Blanca. I'm going to call it already, match of the night.

Blackfront: A great chance it will be. Then the big Champion's Ball Tag Team match. Perfection and Claude Baptiste Ranier of Dynasty take on Zhalia Fears and Kush.

Ace: So many champions in this one. Going with Dynasty.

Blackfront: Of course you are.

Ace: There's just so much action ahead, UTA is in LAS VEGAS!!!! Why are we waiting?

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

A Legend in the Making

We move to the backstage area with Perfection standing next to Jamie Sawyers, he holds the UTA Championship on one arm and the Tag Team Championship on the other. Both of them are standing in front of a Wrestleshow backdrop. Perfection's wearing a grey Armani suit, white open dress shirt, pair of shades over his eyes and chewing some gum. Jamie puts the microphone so it's between both him and Perfection.

Sawyers: Standing next to me is one half of the UTA Tag Team Champions and the new... Perfection cuts him off right away. This is the routine.

Perfection: Listen Jamie, if we're going to do this let's at least do it the right way. There's no NEW UTA Champion, there's only the RIGHTFUL UTA Champion. Now, start over, do it right this time.

Jamie adjusts his stance.

Sawyers: Okay...standing next to me is one half of the UTA Tag Team Champions and the rightful UTA Champion Perfection, who won the belt off of Yos.... This time the cut off has Perfection leaning towards Jamie a little more stern.

Perfection: No...we don't say 'his' name in my presence, Jamie.

Sawyers: Then how do you, sir...'almighty champion', expect me to do my job!? Perfection lifts his sunglasses so they sit on top of his head.

Perfection: You know what Jamie...I don't like your tone and I'm going to find myself a real professional around here.

Perfection snatches the microphone right out of Jamie's hands who just looks at him in complete dismay. Perfection storms from the backdrop set carrying the microphone with him down the corridor.

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Blackfront: Oh what the hell!?! Who does Perfection think he is?! That's our Senior Interviewer! You know for as much as he commands respect he should really learn to show some!

Ace: Blah, blah, blah. More nonsense from someone who's clearly an Ungrateful. Staff workers are clearing a hole for the UTA Champion as he rounds a corner.

Perfection: You!

The camera now rounds the corner too and see's Perfection standing next to none other than UTA's rookie interviewer Kate Kincaid. Perfection hands her the microphone as he adjusts his sunglasses back over his eyes and the titles on his arms. He stands so his entire body is facing the camera almost to not even acknowledge Kate's existence while standing next to her.

Kincaid: Uhhhh.....

Perfection: Listen to me, this is your big break. You're on live TV, millions of people are watching...tell them how great I am and how grateful you are to interview me.

Kate looks at Perfection then at the camera.

Kincaid: Kate Kincaid here! Interviewing THE UTA Champion himself, Perfection! Who I am very grateful to interview!

Perfection: You might be the only one outside of Dynasty that's grateful. Heh...The Grateful One.

Kincaid: Um....tonight you face off in tag team action against Kush and Zhalia Fears, are you nervous?

Perfection turns his head from looking at the camera over to Kate Kincaid.

Perfection: Do I look nervous?

Kincaid: No.

Perfection: Damn right I don't! You think the UTA Champion and the UTA Internet Champion C- B-R are nervous about some third and fourth tier champions? Get real. Now, ask me about the Spawn and Ron Hall.

Kate looks around the corridor. Perfection adjust so he is back looking at the camera.

Kincaid: The comic book character?

Perfection shakes his head and motions for the microphone to be moved towards his lips. Kate just stands there taking this interview and her big break very seriously.

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Perfection: You know...I was wondering when the day would come. When Wingate would decide to throw me a real challenge...a real bone. I've mauled through practically every obstacle he's been able to concoct. Hence the Legends. I want you to look at me, Kate. What do you see?

Kate pulls the microphone over to her.

Kincaid: The UTA Championship, one half of the Tag Team Championships, a nice suit... He rips the microphone back to himself, but Kate is still holding it.

Perfection: A Legend in the Making, Kate! These titles that you just pointed out make that road possible. Wingate...you want me to prove that I'm the best damn specimen that has ever stepped in your ring? That I AM the gears that make the UTA clock TICK!?

Perfection nods a few times while also taking a few chews of the gum which he then spits to the floor.

Perfection: Then...I....WILL.

Blackfront: I think that's the UTA Champion making an open challenge!

Ace: That's right! Because he's a real champion! One that accepts a challenge. Look at you all disrespecting him all the time. Shame on you!

Perfection: I'll step in that ring with Ron Hall and prove to him and you, Wingate, why I deserve my name next to his in the UTA Hall of Fame! I'll step into that squared circle with that crazed lunatic the Crimson Lord and make him scream over the PA system my RIGHT to the UTA Hall of Fame!

James slicks his hair back.

Perfection: And I'll go toe to toe with the man who calls himself Mr. Fantastic.

Kincaid: Another comic book character? Witherhold shakes his head.

Perfection:Pipe down and just listen! Kincaid nods.

Perfection: Fantastic....you and I...we'll go to war, but in the end...just like your friends...you'll preach my greatness and gracefully plead to induct me. Then you can all go back to retirement and I'll continue making UTA history!

Perfection turns his back and begins to walk away leaving a flustered Kate Kincaid standing there.

A New Sherrif in Town

We move to James Wingate's office where the boss is sitting behind his desk. In front of him we see

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someone sitting. All we can tell is the person has golden blond hair. James begins to talk to him.

Wingate: Look, I was going to promote Seth Payne to commissioner of the UTA. The figure nods.

Wingate: But then I got to thinking. Although I trust Payne to an extent, if I am going to give full authority to someone to make decisions that effect the UTA, I shouldn't put the brother of Kevin Hawk in charge. Last thing we need is Dynasty gaining control of the show.

The man nods again, signaling hat he understands.

Wingate: Now, I'm taking a chance with you. You know this. You have history with a lot of guys on the roster. But I trust you to make the tough decisions in my place.

James shuffles some papers on his desk.

Wingate: As commissioner you have full authority on Wrestleshow, Victory, and Proving Grounds. Your job is to make sure things run smoothly and when needed, put those in their place who get out of line. I can't be everywhere, I have a promotion to run.

The figure nods again.

Wingate: Lets make it official. Sign here.

He turns the papers around and pushes them forward. The figure looks over them before signing. James smiles and stands up. As he does, the figure does as well.

Wingate: Welcome to the UTA. I know you'll do me proud. He offers his hand and the figure shakes it.

Wingate: So, what do you think about all of this?

The camera moves around to reveal the figure as the one and only, former eGG Bandit, Cancer Jiles. He smiles.

Jiles: Cool.

James smiles and lets out a small laugh as we move back ringside.

The snappy drum solo from Clap Your Hands by They Might Be Giants starts playing... Uh huh

Uh huh uh huh Uh huh

Then, loud and clear, we hear a voice command the audience: CLAP YOUR HANDS!

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Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete leap out from behind the curtain, dancing and smiling from ear to ear! Sparkling rainbow pyros burst from the ceiling, dropping colorful confetti onto the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: The Good Friends! having their first tag match in quite some time tonight.

Ace: I still can't get over that we let a guy wrestle in a robot suit. That can't be fair!

As the duo approach the ring, clapping their hands to the beat, Rocky dances and smiles at the booing crowd, pausing to wag a shameful finger at an especially belligerent member of the audience. Meanwhile, Robot Pete pulls bananas, apples, and other healthy snacks out of his chest compartment, trying to give the snacks to children in the audience. For the most part, horrified parents keep pulling their kids away.

Announcer: Hailing from Eugene, Oregon...

The duo turn to each other, give each other high fives and a BIG hug, before rolling into the ring.

Announcer: At a combined weight of 550 pounds...

Rocky & Pete continue dancing like complete goobers to their entrance theme.

Announcer: Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete... The GOOD FRIEEEEENNNNNDDDDDDSSSSSS! At the announcement of their name, Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete both throw their hands in the air to a chorus of BOOs.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky at Seasons Beatings used a shirt to choke Bobby Dean. Now Dean is claiming that he can no longer speak.

Ace: That's another idiot right there. I looked at the charts. There is nothing wrong with Bobby Dean.

Blackfront: How did you look at his charts?

Ace: I have my ways.

Rocky & Pete play a quick game of rock/paper/scissors to see who'll be starting things off. It looks like Robot Pete wins the match-up, and so Uncle Rocky heads for the outside apron.

Blackfront: Robot Pete will be starting off the action tonight.

2020 by SOL, rings out through the arena, the lights turn a dark green, just as the beat picks up, Mikey Unlikely appears from behind the curtain. He is pushing Bobby Dean in a wheelchair.

Blackfront: Oh come on.

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Ace: I swear.

Mikey points to the crowd, and smiles, before starting down the ramp with Bobby in front.

Announcer: Representing WTFC.....

Mikey rolls Bobby around the ring toward the steps.

Announcer: MIKEY UNLIKELY AND BEAUTIFUL BOBBY.... DEEEEEAAANNNNN!!!!

Blackfront: WTFC in their first official competition tonight.

Ace: You've got to wonder how Cancer Jiles being the new commissioner will play out with him being a former eGG Bandit along the side of both Bobby Dean and other WTFC member Doozer. It's not fair! We can't have Kevin Hawk because he is pro Dynasty, but these idiots get to have someone to play favorites?

Blackfront: I highly doubt it will be an issue.

Ace: Just watch. Another bad idea by James Wingate.

Mikey helps bobby Dean out of the chair, struggling as he does. Finally Dean stand sup, but almost falls on top of Mikey who looks terrified. He catches his balance before horror ensures. They head up the steps and to the apron to get into the ring.

Blackfront: With Bobby Dean not being one hundred percent, I won-

Ace: Really Jason? The only thing wrong with this guy is he is fat and has the IQ of a pet rock! Mikey has Bobby stand on the apron as he enters the ring, throwing his arms out and spinning around before the music fades.

Blackfront: Tag team action kicking off the first Wrestleshow of the year right here on Pure Sports Entertainment.

Robot Pete and Mikey prepare for the match as the bell sounds.

Blackfront: This match is underway.

Unlikely smirks, looking at Pete as Robot Pete waves at him and yells HELLO FRIEND!

Blackfront: Unlikely takes off, charging Robot Pete.

He leaps with a shoulder block, but as he hits Pete, Unlikely's body is sent twisting around as he falls backward to the canvas. Robot Pete is moved back just a bit but doesn't fall.

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Blackfront: Unlikely unable to take Robot Pete off of his feet.

Unlikely begins to push up to his feet as Robot Pete heads over to him.

Blackfront: Unlikely needs to take this match a different way if he plans on pulling off a victory. As Unlikely is halfway up, Robot Pete grabs his arm and pulls him up.

Blackfront: Robot Pete sends Unlikely across the ring. Off of the ropes. Unlikely on the return now. Robot Pete with a big boot... Unlikely leaps! DROPKICK TO ROBOT PETE'S OTHER LEG! As he connects, Robot Pete falls back and hits the canvas.

Blackfront: Unlikely able to get Pete off of his feet. he needs to capitalize and end this one quick.

Ace: The longer it goes on, the better of a chance Robot Pete has. Unlikely gets to his feet and runs toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely on the return. He ducks the arm of Robot Pete. Off the ropes again.

Ace: This guy is bouncing off the ropes like a Mexican jumping bean. Unlikely leaps as he returns, right into the grasp of Robot Pete.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely in a bad position as Robot Pete catches him in a huge bear hug. Ace: Being held tightly by a larger man is never good. But being held by one in a thick metal suit? Mikey has to be in a world of pain right now.

Mikey lets out a yell as he tries to kick free, but Robot Pete uses his mechanics to hold on with ease. On the apron Bobby Dean tries to yell support, but nothing comes out of his mouth.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely may have to give up here in the first few moment of this match. Mikey pulls his head back and then brings it hard forward with a head butt to the monitor of Robot Pete. He lets out a yell of pain as he realizes the monitor is thick glass.

Blackfront: Maybe not the smartest thing to do in this situation.

Ace: It's not like Mikey has anything up there to hurt anyway.

Mikey tries to wiggle free, but he is just unable to get free of Robot Pete's robot strength. Out side of the ring, Uncle Rocky claps in support of his good friend.

Blackfront: The fans may not see Uncle Rocky and Bobby Dean go at it tonight if Mikey is unable to hold on.

Robot Pete continues to squeeze as Mikey tries to fight blacking out. He raises his arms up, focusing as he grabs the side of Robot Pete's monitor. However, he is unable to get a grip on the smooth sides.

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Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely trying to remove the helmet that Robot Pete wears, but unable to get a grasp.

He continues to fight through the pain as he moves his hands up, grabbing the antenna on top of

Robot Pete's head and begins pulling on it. Uncle Rocky's eyes grow large as he begins to scream No! Don't! from the apron.

Blackfront: Mikey trying to break off the antenna of Robot Pete!

Ace: He's already had to replace a speaker, what's an antenna going to cost him?

Mikey, looking determined, pulls on antenna, trying to pull it off. Robot Pete begins stumbling around, finally releasing Mikey who falls to the canvas. Pete checks his head, making sure that he is still in tact.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely able to get Robot Pete to release him.

Mikey, on his hands and knees, looks up at Robot Pete who seems relieved that he is still in one piece. Pete's monitor flashes a red angry face at Mikey, who's face turns to worry.

Blackfront: Robot Pete is not happy at all folks!

Robot Pete comes forward. Mikey quickly crawls under his legs and rolls over, popping up to his feet. He jolts over and throws a punch at Uncle Rocky, who hops down to the floor from the apron to avoid the hit. As Unlikely turns back toward his opponent, he runs right into a big boot from Rocky's robot friend.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely wasting time with a failed attempt to get Uncle Rocky out of the match and he pays for it.

Ace: This guy should stick to making crappy music.

Robot Pete grabs the head of Mikey Unlikely, lifting him to his feet. Blackfront: Robot Pete still in control here as he picks Mikey up to his feet. Ace: Not many men can overpower Pete, why would Mikey be any different?

Robot Pete bends down slightly, scooping Mikey up and then pushing upwards until he is holding Mikey high over his head.

Blackfront: Robot Pete with a military press showing his pure power.

Mikey begins to kick but is quickly thwarted as Robot Pete tosses him down back first to the canvas.

Blackfront: Unlikely in pain. He needs to make a tag and quick.

Ace: Really Jason? That's what he needs to do? Look at his damn partner! How is he going to be any help?!

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The camera focuses on Bobby Dean who is licking an ice cream cone on the apron.

Ace: I mean, really, WHERE DID HE GET THAT ICE CREAM FROM?!

Blackfront: I... ummm.. I don't even want to think about where he had that Tommy. Back in the match, Robot Pete off of the ropes, he leaps up... LEG DRO- NO! Mikey moves! Mikey Moves! As Pete hits the canvas, his monitor begins to display squiggly lines. Mikey rolls over to his hands and knees again, breathing heavy as he begins to crawl toward his corner. Uncle Rocky yells for Robot Pete to tag him.

Blackfront: If one of these men....

Ace: One's a robot Jason.

Blackfront: ... are able to get to their partner first, this may be over soon!

Mikey nears his corner, as Robot Pete does his. Uncle Rocky is reaching in, desperately wanting a tag as Bobby Dean continues to focus on his ice cream.

Blackfront: Pete with the tag to uncle Rocky! Mikey leaps... arm extended... and... Bobby Dean is not even paying attention. Wow.

Mikey drops to the canvas face first as Uncle Rocky runs over, grabs his foot and yanks him away from the corner toward the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky making sure the tag can not be made, now has Mikey Unlikely in an ankle lock in the middle of the ring!

Uncle Rocky continues to hold on tight as Mikey Unlikely pounds the canvas in pain.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely showing great endurance tonight, but is it enough?!

Ace: He needs to just give up. This is nothing more than a glorified handicap match.

Mikey's head lays on the Canvas his eyes are closed. He winches as Rocky continues to twist his ankle but refuses to give up. Finally, Mikey places his hands flat on the canvas and begins to push up.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely trying to relieve some of the pressure Rocky is putting on his ankle. Mikey begins to turn. He is able to get to his back, and places his free foot up on Rocky's chest before he pushes with all of his might. Uncle Rocky lets go as he flies backward and into the

ropes.

Blackfront: Mikey unlikely able to get out of the ankle lock! Uncle Rocky on the return now. Mikey kicks his

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legs up and out, putting himself to a standing position.

Blackfront: Kip up by Unlikely...

However, as his feet hit the canvas his ankle gives out, causing him to go to a knee.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky may have done too much damage to the ankle!

Rocky comes forward with a knee, that catches Mikey in the face, sending him back first to the canvas.

Blackfront: Big knee to Mikey Unlikely's face. This one is over already. Uncle Rocky quickly runs to the corner, and begins to climb the turnbuckle. Blackfront: Uncle Rocky looking for the Tummy Zummy to put this one away!

Bobby Dean finishes his ice cream and begins to lick his fingers as he looks into the ring, seeing his partner laid out. He looks over to see Uncle Rocky climbing.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean finally paying attention to the match.

Ace: It's a little late.

He starts to head across the apron as Uncle Rocky stands on the top rope, turning to face Mikey who is still down. As he gets ready to leap, Bobby reaches up, and grabs his ass. Uncle Rocky's eyes bulge out of his head and he starts to swing his arms and falls forward.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean pushes Uncle Rocky off of the top rope and...

Rocky flies forward and over, fixing his position in mid air and landing across Mikey's chest with a leg drop.

Blackfront: ... UNCLE ROCKY RECOVERS AND STILL HITS HIS MARK!

Bobby Dean grabs his head in horror. Ace: What an idiot!

Uncle Rocky rolls over and covers Mikey Unlikely, hooking his leg as the referee runs and drops into position.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean getting into the ring!

Dean tries to climb in through the ropes but trips. As he stumbles forward, Bobby falls forward, landing on top of Uncle Rocky's back, and in turn squashing both him and Mikey Unlikely. The referee quickly gets up and yells at Bobby Dean to get out of the ring.

Ace: This fat idiot just landed on Uncle Rocky AND his partner!

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Bobby moves back and stands up, still horrified as the referee starts yelling at him to get out of the ring.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean can't get over what he has done.

Ace: At least in his defense, Uncle Rocky seems to be hurt now.

Robot Pete enters the ring as the referee's back is turned. He grabs uncle Rocky's arm and begins to pull him across the canvas toward their corner.

Blackfront: Oh come on. That's not right.

Ace: It's smart! That robot brain is coming in handy.

Bobby finally turns and heads back toward the apron as Robot Pete does as well. The referee turns to see Robot Pete reach over the ropes and tag Uncle Rocky.

Blackfront: Tag is made as Robot Pete heads back into the ring.

Ace: This is over.

Blackfront: Robot Pete lifting Mikey to his feet. Unlikely is out of it.

Uncle Rocky rolls over to the apron, selling the fact he just had Bobby Dean land on top of him full force.

Blackfront: Robot Pete going to put Mikey away now.

He holds one robot finger up before bringing toward his chest, touching his new speaker heart. The heart begins to light up and flash. Dub step begins pumping out of it as Robot Pete starts to get pumped.

Blackfront: BEAST MODE ACTIVATED!

Robot Pete lands a punch on Mikey, followed by another.

Blackfront: Third punch to the head of Mikey Unlikely. Pete grabs his arm.. whipped into the ropes. Robot Pete runs. Mikey off of the ropes... Pete leaps.. DROP KI- NO! MIKEY DROPS TO THE CANVAS AND ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!

Robot Pete lands hard onto the canvas as he misses the drop kick. Mikey rolls over and pops up,

leaping with the distance only superman could leap, arm extended. His hand comes down across the hand of Bobby Dean as the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: THE TAG HAS BEEN MADE!

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Bobby Dean enters the ring, not getting caught into he ropes this time. Robot Pete rolls over and pushes up, dub step still blaring from his speaker. Bobby runs over and stops in front of him... starting to dance to the music.

Ace: Well... that's the end to this. Bobby Dean has proved me right. He is an idiot.

As Bobby dances, Robot Pete opens the door on his chest, pulling out an apple. He offers it to Bobby.

Blackfront: Robot Pete offering Bobby Dean a healthy snack since he enjoys his music.

Ace: All I can say is wow Jason.

Bobby takes the apple and takes a big bite out of it, smiling at Robot Pete with apple on his lips. He continues to dance as he chews. The word Friends? comes across Robot Pete's monitor as Bobby's smile gets even bigger. As Robot Pete extends his arms for a hug from his new friend, and Uncle Rocky yells at him from the apron to quit fooling around, Bobby moves his head back slightly and comes forward spitting apple all over his screen.

Blackfront: BOBBY DEAN RETURNING THAT APPLE TO PETE!

Ace: Gross.

The fans scream as Robot Pete stumbles around, his monitor covered in half eaten apple and spit. Bobby Dean throws the remaining apple out of the ring and moves forward, pushing Robot Pete from behind. He stumbles forward toward his corner. Uncle Rocky reaches in, slapping Pete as he comes forward and quickly runs to the side on the apron to avoid being hit accidentally by Robot Pete.

Blackfront: The tag has been made!

Uncle Rocky, holding onto the top ropes, pulls down and uses them to launch himself up. In a split second he stands in the middle of the ropes on the top, before leaping off.

Blackfront: DROP KICK TO THE CHEST OF BOBBY DEAN!

Ace: TIMBER!

Dean is sent hard to the canvas as Uncle Rocky rolls over and get sto his feet.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky with a second wind. Rushes Mikey Unlikely on the apron.

Rocky leaps tot he second rope, springboarding to the left as he lifts his foot, which connects with the side of Mikey's head, sending him flying to the floor. In the ring, Bobby Dean has moved over to the corner and fallen to a sitting position, trying to rest. Uncle Rocky, turns and runs toward him.

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Blackfront: Rocky now charging Bobby Dean in the corner...

He turns, and throws his butt out, landing it right on Bobby Dean's face. As he rubs his butt in Dean's face he grabs his nose and signals that it smells.

Ace: Gross.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky with the Windbreaker!

Suddenly, Rocky moves straight up and screams in pain. We see Bobby Dean has clamped his teeth down on Rocky's behind.

Blackfront: BOBBY DEAN IS BITING UNCLE ROCKY!

Ace: This folks... is the UTA. I'm sorry.

Dean lets go as Uncle Rocky stumbles forward, holding his rear in pain. Bobby Dean throws his arms up on the ropes and uses them to lift his large body up.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean not afraid to get dirty it seems.

Uncle Rocky stomps the canvas as he stops. He turns toward Dean who stands in the corner and runs at him.

Blackfront: Rocky leaps.. SPLASH!

Bobby Dean grabs Rocky as he comes down, turning and throwing Uncle Rocky back first into the corner.

Blackfront: NO! Bobby Dean counters! Now, Dean with several shots to the midsection of Uncle Rocky!

Ace: This is the most we've seen out of Bobby Dean since he's been here!

Bobby continues to hit Rocky in the gut until Uncle Rocky drops down to a sitting position. Bobby Dean smiles as he turns around and throws his ass back and into Rocky's face.

Blackfront: Absolutely disgusting.

Ace: I'm going to vomit.

Bobby steps forward, and lowers his shorts, exposing a king sized thong. he slaps his ass before moving it back and into the face of Uncle Rocky again, shaking his ass as he tries to get Rocky's head deeper into the crevices no man should ever have to endure.

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Blackfront: I can't watch any more!

Robot Pete quickly gets back into the ring and comes forward grabbing Bobby Dean and pulling him away from Uncle Rocky.

Blackfront: Robot Pete saving Uncle Rocky from the horrors of Bobby Dean's bottom.

Mikey Unlikely, who has made his way back to the apron yells for Bobby to tag him. Robot Pete checks on Uncle Rocky who has a look of fear on his face.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean heads to his corner... he makes the tag!

The referee tells Robot Pete to get out of the ring as Mikey quickly enters.

Blackfront: Unlikely in the ring. Pete exiting. Uncle Rocky getting to his feet as we continue. Rocky comes out of the corner, Mikey comes around with a spinning wheel kick.

Blackfront: SPINNING RECORDS!

Uncle Rocky spins around from the force of the kick. Mikey runs and leaps to the ropes with a springboard forearm smash.

Blackfront: ONE HIT WONDER! HE HIT THE ONE HIT WONDER!

As Rocky goes down, Mikey spins around and hits Robot Pete, knocking him from the apron. The fans get on their feet as Mikey spins again and leaps on top of Rocky, covering him. The referee drops and counts.

Blackfront: One... Two... MIKEY UNLIKELY HAS DONE IT!

The bell starts to sound.

Announcer: The winners of this match via pin fall... MIKEY UNLIKELY AND BOBBY DEEEEEAAAAANNNN!!!

Mikey pops up and throws a celebratory fist in the air as Bobby gets back into the ring. They quickly go to each other and embrace as their music plays.

Blackfront: Huge win for the two members of WTFC to start off the first Wrestleshow of the year!

Ace: That was the most... unique... umm.. match I have ever seen. They hold their arms up as we fade into commercial.

Brought to You By

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Incentives to Stay

Wild Wild West by Will Smith plays as "The Southern Rebel" Ron Hall walks out to the ring. He's dressed in a T - Shirt that reads "USA Olympic Wrestling". He has a somber, but not totally remorseful look on his face.

Blackfront: The Hall of Famer is here! Not only that, he looks like he's ready to address the rumors about his future.

Ace: Let's hope he's announcing he's retiring! Good bye and good riddance, Ron!

Blackfront: Show some respect will you!? He's part of the reason you have a job.

Ace: I have this job because of my incredible professionalism. Ron takes the mic and prepares to speak.

Blackfront: You're not being serious are you?

Ron looks around, taking in the moment, he's not quite sure what to say.

Crowd: We love Ron! 'Clap, clap, clap, clap' Crowd: We love Ron! 'Clap, clap, clap, clap'

Then the crowd goes even louder.

Crowd: SOUTHERN REBEL!! 'CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP!'

Ron finally holds his hand up, almost embarrassed at this moment.

Blackfront: The fans still love him!

Ace: Don't know why...

Ron holds his hand and is trying to quiet the crowd

Ron: I love all of you too. Fans cheer loudly

Blackfront: This is a UTA moment right here.

Ron: Look, I know everyone wants to hear about a few things. Everyone wants to know what's going on with me and why...

Ace: Not really, hurry up already will you old man?

Blackfront: That "old man" could kick your ass.

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Ron: So...why after all these years, why did I come back to the UTA? Why after being out for the sport for five years all together did I decide to come back to officiate the most dangerous, utterly insane match not just in the history of the UTA but the sport as well?

Ace: And do a lousy job of it.

Ron: That is the easy part. James Wingate is a friend of mine. He called me, he asked a favor, we talked about it and I agreed to it. It wasn't because I was there to help Spectre, it wasn't to help Sean Jackson. It was to make sure there was a winner. Plain and simple.

Fans cheer mildly as this is about what they expected from the Hall of Famer.

Ron: I was perfectly content to stay out of the way and let those two settle things the old fashioned way, I was content to allow them to finish their rivalry once and for all, but when I saw how far that Shock Therapy match went and I realized how badly it could end up...

Fans boo as they remember how the match ended.

Ron: I made a decision that we've already had one tragedy in this ring, I wasn't going to be responsible for another one.

Weak applause from the audience.

Ace: Only tragedy was how you ended the match, Ron... Blackfront: Go look up some history on the UTA will you? Hall takes a moment and allows the crowd to settle down.

Ron: Now, from one unpopular decision to another. James was nice enough to allow me a few moments tonight so that I could address the rumors that have been running rampant about me. Fans are cheering as they are hopeful of the announcement that might be coming.

Ron: I know this is where I'm supposed to announce 2015 is my return. I know that 2015 is the year I'm supposed to be returning and reclaiming the UTA Championship....

Ron stops for a moment.

Ron: I'm supposed to... but it's not going to happen.

Disappointed fans sound their displeasure but allow Ron to explain.

Ron: When I walked away 5 years ago I did so on my terms and I did it for my reasons. Tonight, I'm announcing for those same reasons that

Perfect Gentleman by Helloween begins to play over the PA system and the fans all jump on their feet. Not

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to cheer, not to praise but to fill the Mandalay Bay Arena audibly with booing and jeering. Hall stands in the middle of the ring looking at the stage, the camera cuts to a ramp view as Perfection and La Flama Blanca walk out on the ramp stage.

Blackfront: What do these two want?!

Ace: The UTA Champion SLASH Tag Team Champions have the right to talk, Jason!

Perfection is still wearing his Armani grey suit and unbuttoned white dress shirt, still with the UTA Championship and Tag Championship on his arms and LFB is in street clothes but donning the new Dynasty gold lettered "NO RESPECT!" t-shirt with the Tag Team Championship on his arm. The crowd is roared, they are hollering at Perfection and starting their acclaimed "Imperfect" chant.

Ace: That stupid chant needs to die already!

Blackfront: The fans can express how they feel.

Perfection has reached the bottom of the ramp, the entire time he hasn't broken eye contact with The Southern Rebel. The camera is catching both of their intensity by going to back and forth shots. Perfection now stands outside of the ring and the camera focuses on him.

Blackfront: Wow. I actually don't think I have ever seen that look in Perfection's eyes before, Tommy.

Ace: Focused and hungry, Jason! The Legends have stepped in Perfection's den and he's going to tear them to shreds!

Perfection walks up the stairs as LFB slides in and leans against the closest turnbuckle with his arms crossed. Perfection enters the ring and his music fades out. Hall sets his microphone down and stands like he is ready to get in a fight, he's wise too, it's two of Dynasty and one of him.

Perfection is rushed a microphone from ringside staff, which LFB rips away from them and hands over to Perfection.

Perfection: Don't feel intimidated, Ron. The crowd immediately responds with boos.

Perfection: La Flama Blanca isn't here for you...

Camera catches LFB nodding with his hands still crossed before it goes back to Perfection.

Perfection: No...he's here in case your Spawn friends decide to get involved like they attempted to at Seasons Beatings. Now, a little bird backstage told me that the next THREE words to exit your mouth were..."I'm.....officially.....retiring."

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The crowd boos heavily to the idea.

Perfection: I get it!

Witherhold throws one hand up.

Perfection: You botched refereeing the biggest....most violent match of the year...on one of the biggest cards of the year. Hell, you FAILED at the only job you were put in DYNASTY'S ring to do!

Blackfront: Perfection is going to find out if he keeps talking to "The Southern Rebel" like that what Country Chin Music sounds like..

Ace: Oh please... LFB should sue him for copyright infringement.

Blackfront: Ron was using that move before... oh never mind. Why do I bother? Perfection smiles as Ron gives him a cold stare and mouths "What are you talking about?"

Perfection: Your friend...Wingate...must have not been happy. The paying Ungratefults...they surely weren't happy. Dynasty....watching as you TOOK away the win from Sean Jackson...

Stops for a moment amidst the growing boos. One finger up. No not the middle, the index you schmucks. Boos get louder.

Perfection:...WE...weren't happy! All in all....I'd want to hightail and disappear out of embarrassment too if I robbed the masses of their hard earned money by ending a match early like you did, Ron.

The crowd begins to boo even more loudly towards Perfection. Ron begins to talk inaudibly to Perfection who let's the microphone lower and returns the talking, both of them taking a stepping closer to each other building the anticipation before Perfection puts his hand up to stop the argument arm length distance apart and pulls the microphone back to his lips.

Perfection: But I'm not out here because of all that!

Blackfront: Then what is he here for?! Wasting our time?

Ron: (Grabs the mic he put down) Then please get to the point because you're boring me. Perfection:...I'll let bygones be bygones and let the water flow easily under the bridge. I won't hold you accountable for your failure. No, Ron...it's my road to the UTA Hall of Fame that you would tarnish by leaving, it's my rightful passage amongst the greats that you would rip from my grasp without...

Perfection starts to walk to the center of the ring.

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Perfection: ...giving me...my...MATCH!

The crowd explodes as Hall starts to walk to the center meeting Perfection. Both men are standing nose to nose, the crowd is on their feet.

Ron: (He hasn't broken eye contact with the champion yet) I'd be real careful about what you're asking for if I was you. You may get it and discover that you don't really want it.

Blackfront: The two time UTA Champion and first ballot UTA Hall of Famer Ron Hall one on one with the UTA Champion Perfection! The crowd wants it! We want it! My god, Wingate book this! Even Perfection wants the match...that's what's most shocking, he wants a match!

Ace: I'm growing tired of your insults, Jason! Perfection is a proven champion; like Ron Hall has a chance. Get over yourself old man, it's Perfection's time!

Ron: (an amused look crosses Ron's face, he hasn't broken eye contact with Perfection yet and he's not about too as he continues) You really think that's going to help you get into the Hall of Fame? Beating me? A lot of guys have beaten me, history's littered with them. (Points to the title) You think that holding that for more than a cup of coffee will do it?

He shakes his head in disgust

Hall: There are guys who held it longer than that that and no one remembers them. That's not what makes you great. You can wrestle for 20 years and no one will give a damn about you or anything you've done because everyone will see through you and know you couldn't do any of it on your own. You (points at Perfection) are nothing but a little boy who hasn't figured out how to be a grown up or succeed in a man's world.

Perfection looks over at the UTA Championship on his shoulder and takes a step back from Ron. La Flama Blanca walks along the ropes looking for members of the Spawn to come out from the audience, positioning himself behind Hall.

Hall: (Glances over his shoulder at LFB) I don't know who you're waiting on. If you're waiting for Spawn because of your "conspiracy" you're going to be waiting.

Perfection: I really had hoped it wouldn't have come to this, Ron. I had a feeling that if facing me wasn't for DYNASTY'S UTA Championship...which it WON'T be, you'd find another reason to leave. Well, since facing me, facing the BEST....isn't enough incentive to stay, Ron.....maybe this will be!

LFB drops his title and runs a few steps forward. The crowd explodes as he kicks Ron Hall with a thunderous boom in the back of the head making him fall face down into the canvas, the crowd explodes in jeering just after.

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Blackfront: Estupendo Kick! Estupendo Kick to the back of Ron Hall's head! My God! Does Dynasty know what they have just started...does Perfection know what he just started?!

LFB grabs Hall and pulls his arms back behind him. Perfection lines up the UTA Championship and delivers a sickening shot to the head of Ron Hall with the belt. LFB picks up his Tag Team title as Perfection stands over Ron Hall pointing down at him and yelling while LFB has started putting the boots down on Hall.

Blackfront: Will someone get out here already and stop this!?

Ace: No, let it keep going! This is great, Jason!

Referees run into the ring and finally manage to pull Perfection and LFB off of the Hall of Famer. Blackfront: The UTA champ has made it known to the UTA Universe that he wants to face Ron Hall but he couldn't do things in good faith and shake the hand of "The Southern Rebel"- despicable! Using his so-called friends to get the job done!

Refs pull get Perfection and LFB out of the ring and start to lead them back to the locker room. Ace: Oh stop it, Jason! L-F-B had to make sure everything was safe and then Ron Hall jumped at Perfection. All is fair in my eyes!

Blackfront: You seriously need your eyes checked. We seen Ron Hall laid out as we transition.

Perfection and LFB walk up the rampway gloating and celebrating their actions as we fade to commercial break with the referees checking on Ron.

The Appetizer

Jennifer Williams is standing just outside the arena as she notices a limo pull up wondering who might be in it, she slowly approaches it. The limo comes to a stop and the chauffeur quickly exits the vehicle and opens the door. Out steps Lady Gaze, her black and blue hair tied into a twin ponytail, with black make-up with blue lipstick on. She is dressed in black jeans, with a fang style

black belt, a black lace top with black boots on.

As she exits she is quickly followed by Crimson Lord, dressed in black jeans with a gothic style leather coat covering a red v neck shirt. His hair also wet and hanging mostly over his face. In his right hand appears to be a goblet in the shape of a demon hand, with a red liquid in the cup portion of it. He follows Gaze. Williams quickly stops the pair. Crimson slowly takes a sip of his beverage as Gaze just stares at her up and down.

Williams: Can I get a word with you Crimson Lord?

Crimson slowly lowers his drink and stares at her for a moment then proceeds to ignore her and goes for another sip of his beverage. All the while Gaze is just admiring Williams. She notices Gaze seems to be

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undressing her with her eyes and starts to get really uncomfortable.

Williams: Um...ah well um Gaze is it? Gaze looks up toward her.

Gaze: Hmmm?

She tries to keep her composure and tries to get some answers.

Williams: Do you mind if I ask you the questions then?

Gaze slowly nods her head still checking out Williams now licking her lips.

Williams: Um...so Crimson has returned to the UTA...why?

Crimson continues to indulge himself in his beverage, Gaze stops admiring Williams for a minute and just stares at her. Neither answering her question.

Williams: Um...ok of all the people you two align with why would it be The Spectre you guys had some pretty brutal wars back in the day?

Gaze: Yes....

Williams is baffled she did not exactly answer the question. She tries another but this time Gaze is now circling her still looking her up and down.

Williams: Ok...this is creeping me out what are you doing Gaze?

Gaze returns to face her eye to eye. She slowly looks up to Crimson he returns the look. She then returns it back to Jennifer. She walks up real close to Williams and grabs a bit of her hair and sniffs it. Williams quickly shrugs her off as Gaze just smiles at her. She tries one more time to get some sort of answer from these two.

Williams: What are you planning to do here tonight you are not booked? Gaze finally answers her question.

Gaze: Venatio preda.

Jennifer is totally confused at that answer.

Gaze: Can I love?

Williams: Can you what?

Crimson looks back toward her and slowly shakes his head.

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Gaze: Oh come on love she is seasoned just right, the perfect aroma. I am starving here she would be a nice appetizer.

Williams eyes widen.

Williams: What!?

Gaze looks toward her once more and with a devilish grin licks her lips slowly exposing her fangs. Williams quickly runs away, while Gaze slowly stalks her for a moment before Crimson puts his hand on her shoulder. She looks up at him and he slowly shakes his head. She sighs and looks down at her stomach for a moment then back at him the two slowly enter the arena.

A Cool Decision

We see Doozer walking in the hallway backstage. He stops at a soda machine and begins digging in his pockets for change.

Voice: That stuff will rot your teeth.

Doozer turns to see Cancer Jiles as he steps into the picture.

Doozer: Cancer!

He shoots his hand forward and shakes his long time friend's.

Doozer: Congratulations on the job.

Jiles: I appreciate it. Speaking of that, I am glad I ran into you.

Doozer: Oh yea?

Jiles: Yea. I wanted to let you know, I've decided to put you in the All or nothing match at the next pay per view.

Doozer smiles.

Doozer: Awesome. Thanks!

Jiles: No problem buddy. I've got business to take care of now. let's catch up later?

Doozer: of course!

Jiles: Cool. See you later.

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Jiles continues on his way as Doozer continues to smile.

Got up this Morning by Sage Francis begins to play over the PA. As What you want with a woman who won't do what you say?, the first line of the song begins and Log saunters out. He looks to the left, then looks to the right, pretends to wave to the crowd and instead waves both sides off.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first from Mt. Washington New Hampshire...

Blackfront: Log Habben making his return here to the UTA after being sent away to rehab.

Ace: They sent this drunk to rehab but not that pot smoking numbskull Madman? Double standards.

Announcer: Standing at six foot two and weighing in at 215 pounds... LOG.. HABBEEEEENNNN!!!

As Log begins walking slowly to the ring he Log rolls over the top rope, sits, and waits for his opponent.

Blackfront: It's good to see Log back.

Ace: I guess.

The crowd goes nuts as the loud voice of Brian Johnson cut through the crowd noise as he screamed, beginning the hard-rocking riffs of AC/DC's TNT.

As the pyro explodes, the figure of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper steps out from behind the curtain. Hopper is wearing his blue wrestling tights, black boots, complete with sunglasses and the crowd gives him a loud reception.

Blackfront: There he is, the living legend himself!

Ace: Don't you mean the most delusional and arrogant wrestler ever?

He walks down to the ring, reaching out to slap hands with the fans on each side of the barricade. Chris even stops and allows one lucky female fan to take a selfie with him.

Franklin: Hailing from Paoli, Indiana

He reaches the ringside area and slides under the bottom rope and enters the ring.

Franklin: Standing at six feet-eight inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred, eighty-eight pounds...

Hopper bends down and flexes for the crowd as they cheer him yet again. He jumps back to his feet and

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begins climbing up the first corner and raising his arms to the crowd. He works every side of the arena and the fans are really rewarding his showmanship.

Franklin: Here is the King of Cool, the Count of Monte Fisto...."TOO COOL" CHRIS HOPPER!!! Hopper just continues nodding at his fans, who are already chanting his name over and over.

Blackfront: You may have your opinion about him, but there is no denying the fans love the "King of Cool."

Hopper grabs the top rope and bends down and stretches as the music fades out. Now he is standing in the corner and ready for the opening bell.

Ace: That may be true, but people can be really dumb sometimes.

Blackfront: Hopper is ready for this one to begin!

The bell sounds to start the match and after circling, the two men head toward each other.

Ace: And here we go. Right off the bat a Collar and Elbow Tie Up.

The two men circle around the ring. Hopper gets the upper hand. Turning the hold into a Side Headlock.

Blackfront: Hopper being pushed into the ropes.

Log Habben tries to push Hopper but The King of Cool still holds onto the Headlock.

Blackfront: Habben to a knee. Oooh. Elbow to the chest of Chris Hopper.

Ace: Habben landing some shots to the side of the head.

Log Habben lands two European Uppercuts that send Hopper into the corner. Habben connects with a series of Elbows.

Blackfront: Habben on the offensive early in this match. Hopper grabs Habben and tosses him into the corner.

Ace: Hopper now in control.

Hopper looks to the open palm he has raises into the air. The sound of the slap echoes in the arena.

Blackfront: Habben is going to feel that tomorrow.

Habben slowly walks out of the corner. Hopper is right behind him.

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Blackfront: Irish Whip by Chris Hopper. Log Habben sent into the ropes. He puts his head down to send Habben flying.

Blackfront: Habben stops and drops to a knee. He sends a hard right to Hopper's chin sending The King of Cool to the canvas!

Ace: I've got to say, Log Habben seems to be in better shape than we have ever seen him. Hopper is stopped before he can get to his feet. Habben lands a few Boot Stomps. He now gets

to a knee and drives his elbow into the top of Chris Hopper's skull.

Ace: Habben going for a submission hold.

Log Habben puts his knee in Chris Hopper's lower back. He pulls back Hopper's arms and digs in.

Blackfront: It's not looking so bright for Hopper right now.

Ace: Habben is going for it tonight.

The referee gets right in the action. Asking Hopper if he gives up.

Blackfront: If Log Habben makes Chris Hopper tap tonight we could be seeing something no one would have ever imagined!

Log Habben wrenches back the arms of Hopper. He yells something at the King of Cool.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper could be close to throwing in the towel.

Ace: Log will go down in the history books tonight if he can make Chris tap.

The fans get on Chris Hopper's side. He begins to clap and Hopper hears them all.

Blackfront: Hopper looks like he's trying to get to his feet.

Ace: Log Habben lets go of the hold. He's keeping the attack going.

Hopper leans on the ropes and Habben lands some hard fists to the midsection of Chris Hopper.

Blackfront: Log Habben sending Chris Hopper into the ropes.

Ace: Hopper is caught in a Sleeper Hold.

Blackfront: Habben has Hopper in the middle of the ring. Habben moves Hopper from side to side. Yelling

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for him to submit. Ace: This might be it for Hopper.

Chris Hopper evens the score with a Jawbreaker that sends Log Habben through the ring ropes and onto the floor.

Ace: Hopper is a smart guy. Send your opponent to the outside and take a blow.

Blackfront: Habben would be lucky if he jaw didn't break after that.

Chris Hopper lays in the ring breathing heavy. Log Habben starts to move around. Habben gets to his feet holding his lower jaw. Hopper is to his knees bent over in the ring. Habben grabs the middle rope and tries to pull himself into the ring.

Blackfront: Habben almost in the ring. Hopper lands a hard knee before Log Habben can fully get back in.

Ace: Hopper needs to turn this one around.

Blackfront: Habben Whipped into the ropes.

Chris Hopper catches Log Habben in an Abdominal Stretch. The fans start getting loud.

Blackfront: Now it's Hopper's turn.

Ace: Hopper showing that two can play that game.

Hopper pulls back on Habben's arm getting the most out of the hold.

Blackfront: Referee asking Habben if he's had enough.

Ace: Come on Log!

Log Habben uses all his might and Hiptosses Hopper.

Ace: I don't know how he did that.

Blackfront: Habben is now in control of this one. He bounces off the ropes. Log Habben comes at Chris Hopper who is back on his feet.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper meets log Habben with a boot to the gut.. he turns and grabs his head... Hopper leaps... ICE BREAKER! ICE BREAKER!

Chris Hopper quickly turns Log over and covers him as the referee drops for the count. The fans count along has his hand hits the canvas. As his hand hits the third time, the bell starts to sound. Announcer: The winner

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of this match via pin fall.... CHRIS.... HOPPPEEER!!!!

The fans cheer as Chris gets to his feet and holds an arm up in victory.

Blackfront: Log Habben with an impressive return against Chris Hopper, but it just wasn't enough to put the big man down.

Ace: I've got to say it, Chris Hopper is a beast. Blackfront: The veteran with yet another win on his record. Chris continues to celebrate as we fade.

Preemptive

The scene opens to the backstage area. Multiple stagehands and support techs run around chaotically, trying to keep Wrestleshow going off without a hitch!

Through the masses, we see UTA Superstar Mikey Unlikely, walking toward the camera, still in his ring gear, from the tag team match that he and Bobby Dean just competed in.

Mikey walks by some fans, who somehow made it to the backstage area, He stops and signs a couple of autographs before slapping some high fives on his way past. probably making some lucky fans night.

Suddenly, we see another member of the WTFC as Coleslaw Jenkins, comes around the corner, and almost runs into Unlikely.

Coleslaw Jenkins: Ey yo man! Come on down, we got somethin' in the works. You gon love dis!

Mikey, laughs, slaps his comrade on the back and follows him on the short walk to the dressing rooms. They enter a door, that leads to a larger locker room, the door reads "WTFC".

Once inside, the entire stable of men are together. Bobby Dean sitting on his rascal scooter, smiles, ignorantly. Doozer is fooling around on a tablet, watching a David Hightower commercial and scowling. Will Haynes scrolls through Realty listings on his phone. They all acknowledge the pair as they walk through the door.

Coleslaw Jenkins: Oy Guys! Need to fill Mikey in on da plan!

Doozers face lights up, as he quickly sets the tablet down, after pausing the commercial, and scampers over to Mikey. Doozer begins whispering in his ear, as Mikeys face slowly lights up with an addictive smile. Once finished, Mikey speaks.

Mikey Unlikely: I love it! Lets do it guys! You guys go get started, Im going to change out of my ring gear, and Ill be right behind you.

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He looks over at his tag partner.

Mikey: Hey, How the hell did you beat me back here?

Bobby Dean, pulls the dry erase board from a compartment under his scooter, and begins to write with the oversized black marker.

6 SPEEDS, BOOYAH!

He smiles while holding up his sign, nodding and points to the scooter, then gives a thumbs up.

Mikey laughs out loud, as do the other guys, they all begin to head out, leaving Mikey behind as he begins to peel the wrist tape off his arms. He sits down on a wooden bench with the camera behind him.

Mikey faces a mirror, while he gets his tape off, and then bends over to peel off his kick pads, and unlace his boots. As he bends over and focuses away from the mirror, in the reflection, we see the door to the WTFC's locker room slowly open behind Mikey, and in slips Abdul Bin Hussain, who immediately slips away, hidden behind a set of lockers, peeking around a locker, looking at his prey.

Just as Mikey looks back up, ABH disappears from view altogether, Mikey oblivious to the fact that he is not alone.

This is Business as Usual

The scene cuts backstage where a roaming cameraman stops at the sight of a slightly open door. Realizing his chance to get some unscripted footage for the new UTA website, and perhaps even admiration from his peers, he places the camera close and peers in through the lens.

Sitting on a bench are Kush, with Ava next to her, Zhalia Fears, and The Second Coming. The four apparently already in a heated discussion with levels of importance that the fate of the very planet... nay... the universe, is held in balance!

Kush: Pirates.

Fears: Alright. Well MJ since you brought it up over dat twitta. Who is your favorite Kombatant?

2C: Baraka. Always loved the impale, even if they bungled him in the second movie.

Kush: Um..... Liu Kang, I guess? He's the only one whose, ah... whose moves I could do.

Ava: JOHNNY CAGE! You know he was originally supposed to be Jean Claude Van Damme and the game was supposed to be all about him, right?

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Fears: I liked Meat, as stupid as that was. But will always be a Scorpion kind of girl.

Kush: If you could, ah... If you could have a superpower, what would it be?

2C: Telepathy. I talk the way I do because I have lots of opinions and want everybody to know them all right away. Telepathy would be tons more efficient.

Fears: Flight. I just want to (she shoots to her feet and starts singing while the others continue unadhered) fly like an eagle...

Ava: You ever watch Steven Universe? I'd have whatever gem powers Amethyst has - that girl ROCKS!

Kush: Ah! Love that show! Ah... Probably invulnerability. Seems like the most useful power.

2C: Band?

Ava: Feed Me, Skrillex, and Zomboy, in that order.

Fears: KISS and Led Zeppelin. Of more recent I would say Evanescence.

2C: Evanescence, Zhalia? Really? We may need to rethink this friendship thing.

Fears: What? I have a soft spot for Amy Lee!

Kush: Ah... They Might Be Giants. I like that they can write a song, ah... Literally about anything.

2C: For me, The Birthday Massacre and Patti Smith. And my mom's band, of course.

Fears: Must watch TV series?

Kush & Ava (in unison): ADVENTURE TIME!!!

Fears: Until the day the TARDIS picks me up, I do say, Doctor Who. And, heh, Fairy Tail.

2C: Buffy. I'm a Slayer girl, go figure.

Kush: Okay, ah... Z Fighters! Go!

Fears: Z Fighters being the good guys only? Kush: Anybody. I'm picking Goku, of course. 2C: Ummm...

Everybody looks at her.

2C: I have... NO idea what that is.

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Ava: I do, but I hate them all. Anime without guns is like a day without sunshine.

Fears: Vegeeta, Mr. Satan, and.... Captain Ginyu!

Zhalia looks at Kush, then both look over at The Second Coming.

Fears & Kush: Lets do this!

Energetic as always the two bound to either side of The Second Coming while Awesome Ava steps aside. As if second nature they are suddenly in position. Zhalia with her back to the door, while looking over her shoulder; Kush with one foot raised up, and arms out stretched. And The Second Coming... looking right and left at her two friends.

They remain in the pose for several seconds. Waiting. And waiting. The Second Coming finally takes her pose: she shrugs.

2C: Kinda lost here, too.

Several moments pass while Kush and Zhalia go over the pose and try to get MJ interested and oblige. With a heavy sigh the cameraman steps from the door, disappointed he was not able to get the type of footage he was expecting.

Ava: O-kay, you've had your fun, but it's time for Miss Ava to crack dat whip! Come on! Back to training! Kush, you're over there tiger. Leather-kitty, other side. 2C, you're in the middle, and I promise I'll come up with a nickname for you later. Rules are: Ten minutes. First person to escape this room... alive, is the winner. Losers buy dinner after the show.

A moment passes by, and the cameraman quickly makes a dash back to the door upon hearing this.

Ava: Ready.

Camera at the door he peers through the lens on inside catching a look of the three women on the opposite ends of the room. Game faces on, ready to face off while Awesome Ava stands with her back to the door.

Ava: Set.

The shot pans right to where all their bags are, with the championship belts atop.

Ava: GO!

The door slams shut from a backkick by Ava. Again he backs off and drops the camera low and switches it off as the scene cuts.

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Brought to You By

A Cool Reward

Cancer Jiles is seen looking at the WTFC cart backstage. He walks around it, looking in, before he sits in the driver's seat.

Jiles: This is cool.

Cancer starts playing with buttons before he accidentally turns it on.

Jiles: Push to start?! Yea buddy.

Jiles honks the horn and pushes the gas, but quickly pushes the brakes, jerking the cart to a quick stop.

Jiles: A bit touchy.

He pushes the button to turn it off and steps out. As he turns around, Lew Smith is standing in front of him.

Jiles: Oh Jesus! You gave me a heart attack. We need to put a bell on your neck. Lew puts his hand out and shakes Cancer's.

Smith: Sorry mate. I just wanted to introduce myself. I'm Le-

Jiles: Lew Smith, I know. I've been watching you. Former VCW Champion, just got a huge win last night on Victory. Good stuff!

Smith: Thanks! Cancer raises a finger.

Jiles: You know. I was so impressed with your win last night, I've got a cool reward for you.

Smith: Really?

Jiles: Yea. I am putting you in the All or Nothing match at the next Pay Per View. You will have a chance to go after twenty nine other superstars with the grand prize of walking out a champion again. How does that sound?

Lew can't believe it. Smith: It sounds.. cool! Cancer laughs.

Jiles: It sure does Lew. It sure does.

Cancer pats him on the shoulder before walking off.

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I'm Going To Kick You In The Teeth Later!

We come back from a commercial break and head backstage. Marshall Owens and La Flama Blanca stand outside the apparent dressing room for Dynasty.

Marshall Owens: Blanca, you need to calm down...

Blanca jerks his head slightly forward, slowly. His eyes cut right through his mask, pointed on Owens.

La Flama Blanca: Calm down?! Marshall, kicking that bell end Ron Hall in the face got me going. Where's Bobby Dean when you need him?

The Luchador paces in front of his attorney.

La Flama Blanca: It ends tonight!

Blanca chops his left hand into his right palm.

La Flama Blanca: She, just like all the other mouth breathers around here just won't let it go. I did what I needed to do. I made a choice that I will live with for the rest of my life. See how I didn't say regret. I regretted playing a character the UTA wanted me to be. I chose to end the pretending. End the goody, goody schtick. The Doozer and Mikey Unlikely bull.

Blanca pauses and looks away from Owens for a second.

La Flama Blanca: Second Coming sure has been watching me closely hasn't she, Marshall...

Owens: It seems she has.

La Flama Blanca: She makes up reasons why I do what it is... I do. Just Blanca being Blanca if you ask me.

Blanca pauses a second.

La Flama Blanca: I went to The Spectre's cave to get inside that animals head and I successfully knocked the UTA Hall of Famer off his game. I actually won a hard fought title contest, where the guy holding the belt didn't leave the company the next day. And Madman... a going away present. Nice to see you watch my work, Two C. Thanks.

Owens: Maybe she is a fan?

La Flama Blanca: Maybe, Marshall... maybe. BUT if she WAS a fan she'd know that I went to a diner in Arkansas. Somebody did cut a promo from a diner, that person was me.

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Owens: Burn.

Owens takes a step back and listens to every word La Flama Blanca has to say.

La Flama Blanca: I do what I want and no one tells me otherwise. If I want to go out and Estupendo Kick five people in a row, I'll do it. Know what I'm saying Marshall?

Marshall nods in agreement.

La Flama Blanca: I chose to be who I want to be. I've said it countless times. Dynasty embraces the real La Flama Blanca. The Second Coming lives in this false reality where she is better than everyone. That it's a predetermined conclusion she's walking out with the victory.

The Luchador laughs.

La Flama Blanca: She talks about Perfection, with an obsession. That there's no shadow of a doubt that she's worthy for a UTA title shot. Marshall, I think she's looking passed me.

Owens: Nooooo.

La Flama Blanca: No respect, Marshall.

Owens: You're right, Blanca. You usually are.

La Flama Blanca: Did you know I beat The Spectre, Marshall?

Owens: I did know that.

La Flama Blanca: Bunch of shine blockers here in the UTA... Tonight, I go back to earning my respect.

Blanca looks at the camera in front of him and waves.

La Flama Blanca: Hey Two C! I'm going to kick you in the teeth later!

Blanca looks back at a snickering Marshall Owens.

La Flama Blanca: Come on let's go.

The two men leave the view of the camera. We soon cut to the next segment.

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

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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.

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 coming off of a huge victory over Will Haynes at Seasons Beatings.

Blackfront: He's finally finding his stride since returning to the UTA.

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 lbs.....

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.

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Abdul stops and says a prayer standing 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: This should be a good match up.

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, fresh off a huge victory over The Good Reverend.

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.

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 may see World War Three start!

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.

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As the bell sounds, Gentleman Jack places his left arm behind his back and comes forward with his right extended, moving his left over and forward as he and Abdul bin Hussain lock up.

Blackfront: Collar to elbow tie up as we get started. Abdul bin Hussain takes control as he moves around behind Gentleman Jack.

Jack grabs the left arm of Abdul and lifts it up as he turns around and twist Hussains arm simultaneously extending it out and straight.

Blackfront: Pressure on the arm of the former UTA Champion.

Hussain grabs the hand of Gentleman Jack trying to pry his grip away, but just allows for Jack to use his other hand to jerk Abdul's arm a few times.

Blackfront: Gentleman jack working the arm of Abdul bin Hussain.

Ace: Working it? He's trying to dislocate it.

Blackfront: It's difficult to go up against Gentleman Jack with his technical expertise.

Jack pulls Abdul's hand far over to the right before coming up and over hard to the left, sending Abdul bin Hussain to one knee as he continues to hold.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack continuing to control the start of this match.

Abdul uses his free hand to hold onto Gentleman Jack's arm and push from his knee to a standing position, still in Jack's grasp. Abdul bin Hussain is able to use his free hand to finally get control of Gentleman Jack's hand, pulling it away from his own. As he does, he places all of his weight and uses the momentum of turning around to twist the arm of Gentleman Jack which in turn sends Jack flipping over front ways and landing on his back on the canvas.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain gaining the upper hand as he sends Jack to the canvas. Abdul bin Hussain with Gentleman Jack's left wrist secured, leaning into his ribs.

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain is a former champion for a reason. He knows his stuff and if there is anyone who can match up with Gentleman Jack skill wise, it's that man right there.

As Hussain leans into Jack, The Gentleman turns his body over, still with his wrist in the hands of Abdul, and pushes back up to his feet.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack up to his feet now.

Abdul rotates Gentleman Jack's arm up and over hard and with enough force and momentum, Jack does

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another flip over and lands to the canvas.

Blackfront: What power by Abdul bin Hussain!

Abdul bin Hussain quickly grabs the left arm of Gentleman Jack who is trying to get to his feet, placing his right hand on the shoulder of Jack who is on knee, and pressing down with all of his might.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain still in control. Gentleman Jack pushing his way up now. Using his free hand he grabs Abdul's head, pushing him back and toward the corner.

Ace: These guys are showing the boys in the back some great back and forward wrestling here tonight on Wrestleshow.

Blackfront: That they are Tommy.

As he presses Abdul into the corner, Gentleman Jack holds his forearm now across the face of Hussain who releases his hold and holds his arms semi up, prompting the referee to start counting Gentleman Jack.

Blackfront: Jack not underestimating Abdul bin Hussain tonight as he continues to control this match. However, if he is not careful he could be disqualified.

Gentleman Jack backs up, letting Abdul go, before coming forward with with a hard hitting elbow to the side of Abdul's head that pops throughout the arena.

Ace: Wow Jason. Did you hear his elbow connect with Abdul's head? Blackfront: Gentleman Jack not holding back tonight, and I do not blame him. Abdul bends down as Jack grabs his head and pulls him out of the corner.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack raising that right arm, and brings it down with a hard elbow into the upper shoulders of Abdul bin Hussain sending him to one knee.

Ace: He is showing that in the ring, Gentleman jack is aggressive and mean.

Abdul drops to his hands and crawls forward one time as Gentleman Jack shakes his arm, obviously feeling a bit of pain from how hard he has been putting his elbow into Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack pulling Abdul bin Hussain to his feet.

He steps back, closes his fist and stomps as he comes forward with a gentleman's fist to the face of his opponent. Abdul falls back to the canvas on his rear rolling over while reaching out.

Blackfront: Closed fist by Gentleman Jack as the referee warns him. It's hard hitting punches like that, that

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have made Gentleman Jack so successful here in the UTA.

Ace: He's one tough SOB Jason. That's why I am glad he is facing guys like Abdul bin Hussain and not Perfection!

Blackfront: Afraid he may take the title away from your buddy?

Ace: Nope! Afraid Perfection will hurt him so bad he wont be able to entertain like he is tonight!

Blackfront: You are delusional.

Gentleman Jack stomps as he moves forward, grabbing the head of Abdul bin Hussain as he starts to get up. He pulls Abdul to his feet, immediately grabbing him in a high headlock, retching his neck a few times.

Blackfront: Headlock by Gentleman Jack as he continues to keep Abdul bin Hussain subdued. Ace: Gentleman Jack may not be a fan favorite, but this crowd is behind him tonight as he systematically destroys Abdul bin Hussain.

Hussain begins to push back, pushing Gentleman Jack toward and into the ropes. Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain free now as he uses the ropes to send Gentleman Jack across the ring. Jack off of the opposite side. Leap frog by Abdul bin Hussain!

Ace: Whoa!

Blackfront: Jack hits the ropes again. One the return, back elbow by Abdul bin Hussain sends him down!

The fans boo.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain grabs the arm of Gentleman Jack pulling him back to his feet. Twist the arm up and over, sliding in sideways and lifting... Side Russian Legsweep by Abdul bin Hussain.

Abdul lifts Gentleman Jack back up, grabbing the back of his head. He attempts to force Jack toward the ropes, but Gentleman Jack uses his superior strength to half his attempts before grabbing the back of Abdul's head, and coming around, sending him hard into the corner back first.

Blackfront: Abdul bun Hussain hard into the corner. Gentleman Jack charges him... Abdul lifts his feet and catches Gentleman Jack in the face! Hussain now charges Jack.. who catches him, lifts him up and over, back body drop by Gentleman Jack!

The fans cheer.

Ace: Quick thinking by The Gentleman may have just saved him.

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Gentleman Jack lifts the left arm of Abdul bin Hussain and pulls it back and he places his feet into

Abdul's left shoulder blade and drops to the canvas, pulling his arm back while pressing with his feet.

Blackfront: Excruciating submission move there.

Ace: Jack knows a million of them.

Jack continues to press into the shoulder blade of Abdul bin Hussain and he pulls back on his arm. After a few moments, Gentleman Jack releases the pressure from his feet, and begins to stand up pulling Abdul's arm with him.

Blackfront: Still holding that arm, Gentleman Jack now with several stomps to the inside of his shoulder. Abdul bin Hussain back on the canvas.

Gentleman Jack pulls Abdul's arm further up as he spins around and stomps his shoulder one more time before letting go.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack continues to work the arm of Abdul bin Hussain as he lifts it again. Pulling back... knee right into that shoulder blade form behind.

Ace: He's an expert and he is showing that tonight. Abdul bin Hussain may not be able to lift his arms in the morning to pray to Allah.

As Abdul lays back on the canvas, Gentleman Jack, still holding his arm, pulls it forward before yanking it backwards and slamming it into the canvas.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack continues to establish dominance as he lifts Abdul again. He pulls back on Abdul's arm yanking it down hard.

Abdul grabs his shoulder and stumbles around. Jack moves forward, grabs his left arm and pushes him down to his knees, placing his elbow in the shoulder blade of Abdul bin Hussain as he holds him down to the canvas. The referee moves into position to check on Abdul as Gentleman Jack holds steady.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack leveraging Abdul's arm across his knee. Could we see Abdul bin Hussain give up?

Ace: It'd be a great night for all to see that!

Jack bends Abdul's arm back applying a half forward hammer lock as Abdul lays on the canvas, letting out a yell.

Blackfront: It seems as if Gentleman Jack is looking to do just that as he continues to wear down that arm of

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Abdul bin Hussain in an attempt to win this by submission.

As Jack leans forward, locking it in tighter, he grabs the fingers of Abdul and twist them. Abdul lets out an incredible scream of pain. The referee quickly gets up and warns Jack to release his fingers. He starts to count. Finally, Gentleman Jack complies and stands up. The fans cheer.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack going behind Abdul, and reaching down for him.

Ace: Jack has this one in the bag.

Blackfront: Hussain reaches back as he starts to get up, arm grabbing the top of Jack's head... he drops.. jawbreaker!

Gentleman Jack pops up and stumbles back, turning around as Abdul bin Hussain rolls over and gets to his feet, his left arm being held close to him.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain behind Gentleman Jack. He grabs his head and directs him to the corner.

Abdul pulls his head back before slamming him face first into the top turnbuckle. Hussain turns Jack around and pushes him backwards into the corner.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain with a series of heavy chops now across the chest of Gentleman Jack.

He steps back and grabs the ropes to support him as he lifts a foot up, placing it into the throat of Gentleman Jack.

Blackfront: Hussain now choking Gentleman Jack as the referee warns him.

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain is mad, and I don't blame him. He's been on the receiving end of a lot of damage tonight, now while he can, it's time to dish out some of his own.

Abdul pulls his foot down, takes a few steps back, turns and runs at Gentleman Jack, throwing his arm up.

Blackfront: Elbow smash into the face of Gentleman Jack now!

As he bounces back, Jack stumbles forward, bending over in the process. Abdul looks to the side of the ring and takes off.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain off of the ropes... he leaps... PRAY TO ALLAH! PRAY TO ALLAH!

Ace: I will not!

Blackfront: He hit it!

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Gentleman Jack's face is planted into the canvas as Abdul drops down and turns his opponent over to his back, covering him.

Blackfront: He hooks the leg.. this one could be over!

The referee drops and counts as the fans boo. His hand hits the canvas a third time and the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack did everything he could to damage Abdul bin Hussain. But the former champion proved once again that his devastating finisher is a match ender!

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall..... ABDUL... BIN... HUSSSAAIIINNN!!!!

As his music plays the fans boo loudly. Abdul holds his left arm into his body as the referee raises his right hand in victory.

Brought to you By

Mistaken Identity

We go backstage, where Jennifer Williams is standing in front of a Wrestleshow banner, holding a microphone.

Williams: Wrestling fans, we've had a great night of action so far, but coming up next is the first of our two big main events, pitting the Luchador, La Flama Blanca, against my guest at this time - She turns to her left as The Second Coming steps into frame, dressed for the ring but with her hood down. The fans' cheers can be heard even back here.

Williams: - former Wildfire champion, The Second Coming. You two are both coming off tough

losses on Season's Beatings weekend. Despite that, you also both found yourselves in the Top Five on the year - end rankings. Clearly, a victory for either of you tonight would both set the tone for the year and potentially rocket you immediately back into title contention. What are your thoughts toward this match, and what kind of strategy do you intend to take?

The Second Coming looks at Jennifer, then looks into the camera.

2C: I think La Flama Blanca is lost. I don't know his motivations for turning on his buddy Madman, or for joining up with Dynasty or whatnot, but it's clear something was missing from his life or career and his spectacular failure in the Season's Beatings main event tells us that Dynasty didn't fix it. So he won't be thinking clearly, and that's my in.

She laughs.

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2C: This match was built on the promise of one of us rising and the other falling. Will whoever loses be doomed to spend the whole of the year trying to claw his way back up to zero? I don't know. But for Blanca... the good news is that we're all already at the bottom, he doesn't have far to fall.

Williams: Strong words from the Second Coming, we'll see you--

Jennifer stops talking as her eyes move right, along with the Second Coming's. They stare as Gentleman Jack walks into frame, incredulity in his expression.

Gentleman Jack: What are you doing? If you're going to be working for me, you needn't be wasting time here! Hop to it!

2C: Excuse me?

Gentleman Jack: My bath is not drawn, my clothing is not laid out, and now I hear you're higher on the show than I am? I am a forgiving employer, but I really can't stand for such behavior from my servant.

The Second Coming stares at him. She blinks her eyes twice, then slowly pulls the microphone back to her.

2C: I'm not your servant, and I never was.

She walks past Jennifer and Jack, shoulder bumping Jack in the process. Both of them watch her walk toward the ring entrance.

Gentleman Jack: You're fired!

He turns back toward Jennifer just in time to see her stop laughing.

Jack: And just what is so funny? Hmph!

Not giving her a chance to respond, he walks off, huffing, the other way, clearly frustrated.

New Year's Resolution

Waterwings (And Other Poolside Fashion Faux Pas) begins to play throughout the arena, the lights not changing in any way. From out of the entryway enters Graham Clauson, wearing a long sleeved black shirt, blue jeans, his trademark Shoot Kings hat and a pair of sunglasses.

Ace: Is...this is on the schedule, isn't it?

Blackfront: No, but he doesn't look like he's here to gloat about you getting knocked out by his buddy, either.

Ace: You're not going to let that go, are you?

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Blackfront: Nope!

Graham wastes no time with greeting fans or acknowledging them, just makes his way down the ramp and jumps onto the apron. He steps right into the ring, requesting for a microphone.

Graham immediately snatches the microphone and doesn't wait for his music to cut, beginning to speak.

Clauson: You know, I'm not going to waste your time with false promises that the Graham Clauson you have seen the last few months is the future of WrestleUTA in any way...

Graham's music has since died down as he has spoken, looking around at the fans as he pauses.

Clauson: Because, he's not.

Graham looks around at the fans a moment, which a small amount of jeering can be picked up. Clauson: The chances I had to come into this ring and do what I was born to do was not at the highest level that I know I can compete in.

Graham points around at the fans.

Clauson: You have paid your hard earned money to see myself and the WrestleUTA roster of undeniably talented people come into this ring and dismantle each other in the name of sport... Graham points around at the fans, himself, and towards the back at the proper points within his statement. He stops, dropping his hand.

Clauson: And to entertain you with it. In my personal opinion, I have failed to provide you with your money's worth.

Ace: For the first time, he's actually right!

Blackfront: Didn't you learn?

Some more jeers come from the crowd, Graham putting his hand up only slightly.

Clauson: For those who disagree, I thank you, but still feel that is not enough.

Graham moves towards a set of ropes most towards the camera position, looking right into the camera as he rests one arm on the top rope.

Clauson: What some people may not know about me is that the Shoot Kings is the only thing I am about, and that is all you have seen.

Clauson takes off his sunglasses with the arm he placed on the rope, tucking a temple piece of the glasses

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into the collar of his shirt, dangling them from the shirt.

Clauson: You've seen me as the intense individual who has a complex with not being the most politically correct, not a true role model for your children in a positive light. But where you fail to realize is that sometimes what comes out of my mouth or questionable activities I may portray, I'm busting my ass to get to the top like every one of you.

Clauson pulls his attention away from the camera, looking towards the audience in attendance. Clauson: My official televised record of matches here in WrestleUTA is three and six. Three wins, six losses, and two of them were representing the very entity that I founded with who I call my family.

Clauson looks towards another portion of the crowd, pointing a finger towards the ring itself. Clauson: True blood or forged blood, I let them down in here. You all were looking to us to be the force that would dethrone Dynasty amongst the arguably rogue members of the roster who wanted to see them taken down...

Clauson shrugs, looking down as he speaks. His voice starts soft, but increases to a moderately loud level as he gets closer to finishing his statement.

Clauson: Now you've got Bobby 'Triple D' and his band of misfits and arguably The Spawn to watch get violated more than half the sluts on daytime television drama by Dynasty, all while they continue to bow down to our once again UTA Champion, who looks like Ellen Degeneres on male hormone therapy.

Blackfront: Whoa!

Ace: Did he just SAY THAT!?

Clauson's brow furrows slightly, now obviously fired up. The fans have a mixed reaction to this, unsure how to accept this.

Clauson: But that's going to change soon enough. There is enough going on to turn this place upside down, and I'm going to join in on it.

Clauson takes off his Shoot Kings hat, looking down at it.

Clauson: Yes, the Shoot Kings have called a temporary dismemberment of the group. Graham looks back up.

Clauson: We're not all on the same page. We aren't dead, we aren't just exclusively coming out here as the Shoot Kings.

Graham takes the hat, throwing it out towards the fans.

Clauson: Before you take on the one thing that is destroying the essence of this establishment, you better

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make damn sure you personally are good and ready. Not as the Shoot Kings, not as a Shoot King. As you.

Graham points to himself, poking himself a couple times as he continues to speak.

Clauson: I didn't deserve that Wildfire Championship, nor would I have deserved to win the

Wildfire Championship. I even believe the Prodigy Championship is above me. Clauson shakes his head as he takes a couple steps backwards.

Clauson: With what I have done in here in this company, what did I even think when I thought that Madman, Thatcher and I could take out Dynasty as a singular force? I was...foolish.

Graham laughs somewhat nervously before he says the last word. He shakes his head for a moment, but pulls his head back up and continues.

Clauson: But with a new calendar cycle comes a sense of rejuvenation and rebirth, and that's not going to be any different with me or any one else here. When WrestleUTA decided it was time to start 2015 with a fresh start, I agreed with them...

Graham stops a moment, pulling up his hand with a finger pointed towards the back. Clauson: But, not in the sense that they believed. Management wanted me to continue moving forward, continuing to fight towards the Wildfire Championship. I was told that I was 'too experienced' for something like the Prodigy Championship.

Graham makes air quote motions during the words of 'too experienced', making a slightly nasal- sounding voice during it.

Clauson: I disagreed with them for the simple fact that my performance speaks for itself. I have proven that I'm nothing but a glorified curtain jerker.

Graham just looks out towards the fans, shrugging with a slight hint of dejection before he looks towards a nearby camera.

Clauson: So, I'm going to force myself to play that role. Graham smiles.

Clauson: Graham Clauson needs to do what everyone in that position does, and that's actually start from the bottom.

A collective of different sounds come from around the arena. Shock, cheering, boos, but general confusion.

Blackfront: Wow! Graham Clauson is going to essentially re-boot his career in UTA?

Ace: Ha! He won't make it past his next match! Clauson looks at the fans around him.

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Clauson: The next time you see me, I'm going to start clawing my way from the very bottom rung of the ladder...

Graham then looks right into the closest camera.

Clauson: ...leaving a path behind like a twister in Kansas.

Graham drops the microphone, no music playing as he begins to exit out of the ring.

Ace: He might as well just told Wingate to rip up his contract! Starting from the bottom? That's not how you make waves in WrestleUTA!

Blackfront: This is his own decision, and it is up to him to prove himself right.

Graham has since made it up the ramp, again not acknowledging any of the fans. He then disappears back through the entranceway...

1-900-SAYWHAT?!?

The screen goes to static for a split second, then opens to a scene outdoors with a large structure standing alone in the middle of a green pasture. The structure is somehow moving erratically and fluidly simultaneously. It's neon green with a long, tube for a trunk and two arm-like limbs flailing around as it hunches and scrunches and bends to and fro.

It's...

Voice Over: IT'S THE WHACKY WAVING INFLATABLE ARM FLAILING TUBE MAN!

A middle aged, caucasian male in casual business attire jumps in front of the whacky, waving, inflatable, arm-flailing, tube man with both arms raised above his head. His hair is dark brown and slicked back. His smile is wide and as fake as Perfection's hair.

Cal Charrington: Hello! I'm Cal Charrington and I'm C-E-OH MY GOD!

Right then, who else but UTA's own David Hightower storms onto the set and justifies Cal's little girl screech with a monster clothesline! Cal hits the grassy ground with a lifeless thud. Hightower catches Cal's microphone, which went airborne after the clothesline.

David Hightower: Hiya, ladies and gents! David Hightower here and YOU'RE WELCOME! I don't know about yall, but Cal down there really gets on my nerves!

Cal groans, which immediately prompts Hightower to turn around and deliver a quick boot to the fallen salesman. Hightower returns to face the screen.

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David Hightower: And like Cal here for me, I'd like to know what gets on YER nerves! Man, woman, cat-

The view scans downward to reveal Whiskey sitting beside Hightower's right leg.

Whiskey: WOOF! Hightower smirks.

David Hightower: You tell them wimps, Whiskey! He pats his dog's head proudly.

David Hightower: Anyway, whatever it is, yer man David Hightower is the guy to call. Just remember the number; 1, 9, 0, 0, WHOOPASS. Yes that's 1, 900, W-H-O-O-P-ASS! I understand I put that two different ways just then. I did that for ya slow folk. But, remember... I ain't no teacher. I'm an ass kicker!

With that said, in one swift motion, Hightower drops the mic down just beside his dog Whiskey, turns toward the whacky, waving, inflatable, arm-flailing tube man and charges. He connects with a vicious clothesline to the tube man, but Mr. Inflatable stands straight back up as if nothing touched him!

Hightower snaps around, noticing the quick recuperation of his new found target, and charges again with even more fury. Another killer clothesline, but again the tube man recovers in record time.

David, like a raging bull seeing nothing but red, turns and charges yet again... and again... and again...

And again...

Suddenly, and rather casually, Doozer's manager The Dude steps in front of the view and kneels beside Whiskey. Whiskey perks up, but quickly submits when Dude presents some beef jerky.

Done subduing the dog, The Dude gets up and addresses the audience.

The Dude: **a bit quietly** Now, I'm going to make this quick since I don't think I have too many more clotheslines left back there for the tube guy before I get noticed.

He quickly glances over his shoulder to check Hightower's status. Which is, for those wondering, still in asskicker mode.

The Dude: We are still building funds for a real commercial, but in the meantime, and quite frankly in order to help us build some of those funds... I'd like to introduce you all to a new service. One that's a lot like Mr. Hightower's here... only... the opposite.

As if trained, Whiskeys' head cocks to the side as if confused.

The Dude: Wow, Hightower's good...

He shakes his head, breaking the trance Whiskey's intuitive behavior put him in...

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The Dude: Anyway, my friend, who you all know as Doozer... well... he's been having a bit of a hard time since going bezerko on Turko. Feelin' guilty and all that. Giving the poor bloak a Christmas present didn't even cheer him up.

The Dude's gradual frown suddenly turns upside down as his right hand jolts upward and points to the sky.

The Dude: BUT, I think I've found just the thing to pick him up! Plus, at the same time, it can help pick you up, too!

Another confused look from Whiskey. The Dude smiles.

The Dude: Thanks for asking, dog friend! What I'm saying is, for a small fee, YOU could be PROTECTED! Yes, that's right, PROTECTED! And by none other than the man, himself! The myth you don't wanna miss! The legend from our outer heavens! THE DOOZE!

As his voice level rises just a little too high, David Hightower can be seen in the background taking his sights off the relentless tube man.

David Hightower: HEY! WHO THE HEL-

The Dude: *rushed* So just call 1, 900, ASS ROOF. That's right! 1, 9, 0, 0, ASS, ROOF! Cuz

when it's raining steel-toed boots out there, you can count on The Dooze to COVER YOUR ASS! With the catchline delivered, The Dude makes a run for it toward stage right. To his dismay, Whiskey quickly perks up and runs in front of him and snarls. The Dude steps immediately and takes a step back in caution.

The Dude: Woah, boy...

He takes another step back, then turns...

SMACK

He's caught square by a vicious clotheslines from David Hightower. The Dude lays on the ground as lifeless as Cal.

David Hightower: WHOOPASS! Anyone callin that there ASSROOF line will have a courtesy call by ME, David Hightower, and my right fist!

Scene cuts to black.

Meditative Interruption

The scene moves to backstage, where we see Claude Baptiste Ranier walking down a hallway with Marshall

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Owens. CBR, dressed in his ring trunks, knee pads and boots but with an Avenge Sevenfold black and white t-shirt over his torso, wears the new Legacy Championship belt around his waist. Marshall, on the other hand, is in his traditional suit.

Owens: Are you ready for tonight Claude?

Ranier smirks at the question, not turning to look at Marshall as they continue.

Owens: You know, you guys didn't have to make me dress up like that. I'm here to serve a valuable purpose and I...

He is cut off as Claude puts the palm of his hand against Marshall's chest, stopping him walking. Ranier squints his eyes a little to look down the hall before turning to Owens.

CBR: Your research was invaluable Marshall. Really, it was. Marshall tilts his head a little.

Owens: Really? I mean... Cut off once again.

CBR: Yeah, yeah, it really helped James and I prepare for this one. But look...over there. Claude turns so his sternum is facing Marshall, but points down the hallway looking at Owens' face to make sure he follows his line of sight.

Owens: I...oh, yes.

Standing at the end of the hallway, just outside a lockerroom is Bechdel Kush. She is in a meditative state, clearly centering herself for tonight's main event.

CBR: Right? Watch this...

Claude wears a proud smile as he slowly walks towards Bechdel, the Wildfire Champion deep in concentration. Ranier leans onto the wall beside his opponent later, arching one leg up to place the heel of his boot against the wall. Looking Kush slowly up and down sizing her up, the smirk widens on his face.

CBR: Hey.

No response, as Kush remains in a focused state.

CBR: Hey, grasshopper. Where's Mr. Miyagi?

Waiting for a response, it becomes clear he isn't going to get one so he moves to stage two. Pushing himself off the wall with his elbows, Ranier steps close to Bechdel Kush, towering over her in height and size.

CBR: Lotus Flower, I'm talking to you. Do we need to watch out for any crouching daggers or hidden Tigers

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at ringside?

Once again, Bechdel remains calm, ignoring the onslaught of verbiage from Ranier, who deliberately gets the reference wrong to add insult. Claude prods her gently with his index and middle finger into her shoulder, making Kush's body move to the side a little before it returns to its

normal position.

CBR: I asked you...a question.

Silence. Bechdel's lip begins to quiver from anger and frustration, but she keeps her calm, inhaling deeply and exhaling slowl...

Before she can finish exhaling CBR thrusts his palm into Bechdel's face, sending the Wildfire Champion off balance and cracking her glasses. Kush falls backwards, landing onto the cold floor clutching at her left eye and scrambling for her broken glasses. After a moment's pause, she springs up, cocking her fist back and...

Voice: Not now Kush.

A hand clutches Kush's wrist as she looks shocked, turning to see The Second Coming standing beside her, carrying the VCW Title belt in her hands.

Second Coming: Save it for your match. You've got this. Turning to face CBR.

Second Coming: Is there a problem here?

She steps forward, into Claude's space, who decides against stepping back.

CBR: Oh, it's you. Heroine of the little folk. Fresh off of losing your title to this ungrateful here, I thought you'd have taken that piece of trash to 'Pawn Stars' down the road by now.

He smirks, motioning to the title on 2C's shoulder. She tilts her head and gives a small laugh.

Second Coming: Yeah, I was thinking about it but then my shoulder would get cold. She taps the Legacy title around CBR's waist.

Second Coming: Besides, this is the first belt I ever won. It's... kinda the start of my legacy. Nice belt, Reindeer. Does it come in Champion, too?

Claude's smirk disappears to a grimace. He inches further forward, narrowing his eyes at Second Coming who stands six inches shorter but holds her ground.

CBR: That's something you'll never find out.

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Looking her up and down as he did earlier with Bechdel.

CBR: I guess belts aren't the only thing James Ranger made that were cheap.

He motions to Marshall Owens who walks beside the Legacy Champion. Claude uses his elbow to carelessly barge Second Coming, who simply doesn't move, making Ranier turn and look at her with a confused look on his face before walking down the hallway. The Second Coming makes sure her friend is ok as Ava suddenly rushes onto the scene holding a bottle of water.

Ava: Here Bechdel, sorry I...took so...long.

Out of breath she hands Kush the water placing her hands above her knees and bending forward a little.

Ava: What happened to your glasses??

Kush looks at Second Coming then back at Ava.

Kush: CBR...he, ah...broke them.

Ava stands to her feet and raises her arms into the air.

Ava: What? CBR was here? And I missed him? This is the worst day ever! Kush once again looks at Second Coming, who shrugs.

Brought to You By

Broken Glasses

Backstage, Jamie Sawyers is standing in front of the (newly updated) Wrestle UTA logo, holding a microphone. To his right, Kush and Awesome Ava are standing by. Kush has her broken glasses in her hand, and is looking at them with kind of a blank look on her face.

Jamie Sawyers: I'm here with Awesome Ava and her client, the UTA Wildfire Champion, Kush. Earlier, we saw some interaction between yourself and CBR, and I just wanted to get your thoughts about that.

Before Kush can speak, Ava pushes forward and gets in front of the microphone.

Awesome Ava: Our thoughts, huh? Yeah, I'll tell you what I'm thinking! I'M thinking that this isn't frikkin high school, okay? YOU, Claude, are a real piece of work, you know that? I mean, how DARE you pick on Kush when she's just minding her own business, huh?

Kush: Ava-

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Awesome Ava: NO! NO MORE of this stupid passive "derma" stuff, okay? I'm sick to DEATH of these immature boneheads in Dynasty, walking around here like jocks in an 80's movie, just pushing people around and being obnoxious!

Kush: But, Ava-

Awesome Ava: YOU two peanut-brains better get with the program, because tonight, Zhalia Fears and Kush are going to give you ALL the spankings your moms should have when you were kids! You do NOT go around breaking people's glasses, because people need those to SEE with! So tonight you-

Kush: NO!!!

Awesome Ava is suddenly VERY quiet. She looks over at Kush, whose nostrils are flared, her eyes wide open in anger, and she's staring right at Ava with those eyes. Jamie clears his throat quietly, as Kush approaches the microphone.

Kush looks at the microphone, then at her glasses, then at the camera. She holds up the cracked frames, so we can see the damage done by CBR's hand. A small smile creeps over her lips, as she tosses the glasses to the side.

Kush: I won't be needing these. Not tonight.

Kush's small smile stretches into a full-blown grin. We can see small flecks of blood on her teeth, from when she bit the inside of her mouth during CBR's attack.

Kush: Thank you, CBR, for your gift. My sight...

Kush bows her head forward, her eyes peering menacingly from under her lowered brow. Her final words are in a husky whisper:

Kush: ...has never been better.

Kush turns and exits the scene. Jamie looks over at Ava, who is still in a state of wide-eyed shock at Kush's new-found focus. After a few seconds, she shrugs, picks up the glasses, and smiles at Jamie.

Awesome Ava: I'm just, gonna... Yeah. Thanks.

Ava hustles off camera. Jamie looks, confused, at the camera, as the scene fades.

The air raid siren sounds off as Apex Predator by OTEP starts up. The lights dim, and a single spotlight shines on the entryway.

After several seconds of anticipation, The Second Coming walks through the curtain and stops just after

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entry. Her entire head is obscured by the hood of her sweatshirt, and her gaze is focused down.

Blackfront: The Second Coming looking to get a win over Dynasty's La Flama Blanca.

Ace: That'll be the day!

She takes several cleansing breaths, as if she's psyching herself up for the evening's match.

Announcer: Hailing from New York, New York!

2C walks the aisle in the very center, consciously oblivious to the cheering fans on either side of her. The black hoodie, black pants, black boots and black face mask nearly obscure her completely, though her confidence - filled walk implies that her nondescript appearance was not to be taken lightly.

Announcer: Standing at five feet nine inches, and weighing in at one hundred and forty pounds... There was no pageantry or fuss as the Second Coming steps through the ropes. She paces the perimeter a step away from the ropes like a caged animal, flexing her tape - covered hands and wrists as the lights start to come up.

Announcer: THE... SECOOOOND... COMING!

As the fans cheer 2C's name, she unzips the hoodie and waits.

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.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca coming off of a big loss in last month's Pay Per View main event when he was forced to submit to Madman Szalinski.

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.

Announcer: Hailing from Durango, Mexico...

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.

Announcer: Standing at five feet eleven inches and weighing in at two hundred twenty pounds... 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.

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Announcer: He is a member of DYNASTY and one half of the UTA TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... HE IS LA FLAMA BLANCA!

He hops over the top rope and bounces around the ring. The puts his arms in the air.

Fans: You tapped out! You tapped out!

Blackfront: The fans letting La Flama Blanca know how they feel tonight.

Fans: We Want Madman! We Want Madman!

He walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd of mouth breathers. Flama Blanca comes to a halt in his corner; La Flama Blanca wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo.

Fans: We Want Madman! We Want Madman!

He is not giving the fans any attention as he takes of his Tag belt and hands it to the referee. Blackfront: The fans alluding to the fact that Madman Szalinski, the man whom La Flama Blanca had turned on, and the man that defeated La Flama Blanca at Seasons Beatings, is no longer with the company.

Ace: Exactly! He isn't here any more. Why are these ungratefuls screaming for him when their real hero is right there in the ring?!

Blackfront: Who? The Second Coming?

Ace: NO YOU IDIOT! La Flama Blanca!

La Flama Blanca rest in the corner against the turnbuckle, keeping his eyes on the Second Coming who is pacing as she is ready for the match to begin.

Blackfront: The former Wildfire Champion looking to get the match started here tonight. Ace: I don't know why. La Flama Blanca is bigger than her. He's meaner than here. Hell, he is overall better in every way than her! She should just give up now.

Blackfront: Easy for a Dynasty cheerleader to say.

Fans: MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!

Blanca looks around at the crowd before waving them off and exiting the corner. he adjust his trunks as he walks along the edge of the ropes, preparing for the match.

Blackfront: Here we go!

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The bell sounds to signal the start of the match as both La Flama Blanca and The Second Coming quickly move to the center of the ring and circle each other.

Blackfront: Quick lock up... La Flama Blanca quickly takes control as he puts Second Coming in a side head lock.

Blanca tightens his grip on Second Coming's head before breaking his right hand free enough to pull back and bring a stiff punch to her forehead followed up by a second.

Blackfront: Oh, wow. La Flama Blanca with two stiff punches to the forehead of The Second Coming, now repositioning his grip.

Ace: It doesn't matter Jason if it is a man or a woman when you step into the ring with La Flama Blanca. You instantly become his opponent, and he will hurt you.

Second Coming tries to reposition herself, but Blanca's headlock is tight. She moves her right foot up and brings it down across the top of his left toes. As La Flama Blanca lets go momentarily, Second Coming rolls around behind him, sliding her arms between his and up, locking her fingers.

Blackfront: Second Coming able to get free and maneuver into full nelson lock.

La Flama Blanca quickly throws his hands up to his forehead, locking his fingers. He moves to the left then to the right, maneuvering his left leg back behind Second Coming's as he bends down and goes into a roll, bringing her with him.

Blackfront: Blanca escapes the hold, rolling up to his feet now. The Second Coming quickly gets back up to hers.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca charges Second Coming.. he leaps, grabbing her neck as he flips over...
SUNSET FLIP NECKBREAKER!

Ace: Yes! That right there is why he is one of the best!

La Flama Blanca kicks up to his feet and throws his arms out in dramatic fashion.

Fans: We Want Madman! We Want Madman! We Want Madman!

Blanca spits toward the crowd, waving them off as he turns back to Second Coming who is laying on the canvas holding her neck.

Ace: Listen to these ungratefults! Disgusting!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca now violently pulling Second Coming to her feet by the neck.

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As he pulls her to her feet, La Flama Blanca pushes her back by the chest as he turns sideways and throws his right foot up, catching her in the jaw with a superkick.

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO KICK! ESTUPENDO KICK!

Ace: You see that Jason?! You see that?! He doesn't care! I love it!

Second Coming lays on the canvas, out, as La Flama Blanca points at her and begins yelling at the crowd.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca trying to show the fans what he is capable of as they continue to chant for Madman here tonight.

Ace: Everyone in the crowd are idiots Jason! You have a top tier superstar right there, kicking the head off of former champions and you want to cheer for a quilter? A guy who finally gets a win and then goes home?!

Blackfront: Oh, aren't you just good at twisting around reality.

La Flama Blanca grabs the top rope and yells out at the fans to Shut Up! as Second Coming continues to lay in the ring.

Blackfront: Come on Blanca. You've already hit the Estupendo Kick. just end it now. Blanca stomps back over to Second Coming, violently pulling her up again by her neck. Blackfront: You've made your point! Stop!

He pushes her back, steps back and turns before coming up again with another superkick catching Second Coming right in the jaw.

Ace: YES! I LOVE IT! KICK HER DAMN HEAD OFF!

La Flama Blanca runs to the corner and quickly climbs the turnbuckle, throwing his arms out to the booing fans.

Blackfront: Really Blanca? Do you feel this necessary?

Fans: We Want Peach! Bark! Bark Bark! We Want Peach! Bark Bark Bark!

Ace: These fans should all be kicked out of here! How dare they?!

La Flama Blanca yells as he pints to his chest and back at Second Coming who is still out on the canvas.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca telling the fans that he is the best, but really... that attitude is why the fans are not cheering for you!

Ace: They are not cheering for him because they are all ungrateful!

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La Flama Blanca yells that the crowd has No Respect! before leaping back down. Blackfront: Folks, this is not the image we like to portray here in the UTA. I apologize. Ace: Don't apologize to these ungratefuls!

La Flama Blanca walks back over a third time, reaching down and grabbing The Second Coming by her neck, yanking her to her feet yet again.

Blackfront: Please. Don't do this!

Ace: Don't listen to him. DO IT!!!!!!

La Flama Blanca pushes Second Coming back again.

Blackfront: No! please, don't do this Blanca!

La Flama Blanca steps back and turns as he cocks his leg. He shoots forward, throwing the kick.

Blackfront: A THIRD ESTUPEN- NO! SECOND COMING DUCKED! SHE DUCKED!

The fans go absolutely berserk as Second Coming ducks down and spins around coming forward with an extended arm, catching Blanca in the chest and sending him to the canvas.

Blackfront: Tornado clothesline by Second Coming! La Flama Blanca quickly tolls over and pops up.

Blackfront: Blanca charges Coming... arm drag by Second Coming!

Ace: No! No! NO!

He rolls up to his feet and turns, running at her again.

Blackfront: Another arm drag by the former Wildfire Champion!

The fans yell at the top of their lungs supporting The Second Coming as both competitors rolls over and pop up quickly again.

Blackfront: Second Coming jolts forward, leaps, double leg drop kick connects to the chest of La Flama Blanca!

Blanca stumbles back into the ropes as Second Coming rolls over and pops up.

Blackfront: Second Coming runs... clothesline over the top rope!

La Flama Blanca's body spins up and over the top, before spilling to the floor outside, hitting hard. Blackfront: La Flama Blanca hit the floor hard as The Second Coming using her second wind to come back.

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Ace: Get up Blanca! Please! get up!

La Flama Blanca sits up, checking his head for blood before he begins to get to his feet. The Second Coming runs away from his side of the ring, hitting the ropes. As she returns, she leaps through the middle and top rope, crashing into Blanca on the outside, sending both crashing back and into the barricade.

Blackfront: SUICIDE DIVE BY SECOND COMING!

The fans are on their feet cheering as Second Coming grabs the barrier and begins to pull herself up. The referee begins to count from within the ring.

Blackfront: Second Coming now pulling Blanca to his feet as she has turned things around after those two damaging superkicks.

Ace: How can anyone get up after one, much less two?!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca wasted too much time between. He could have taken this one home. Now, it will be an uphill battle to pull out a victory.

Ace: I blame these disrespectful fans!

Blackfront: Second Coming pulls Blanca over to the steps... hard whip into the unforgiving steel! As Blanca hits the steps, a loud bang echoes throughout and the fans scream even louder.

Second Coming rolls into the ring under the bottom rope and back out to the floor.

Blackfront: The Second Coming resetting the count as she now stomps away at the shoulder of La Flama Blanca, focusing on the area that hit the steps.

Ace: I can't watch this.

Blackfront: Then why don't you just leave Tommy? You'd be doing a lot of us a favor.

Ace: You'd like that wouldn't you?

Blackfront: Actually, yes.

She grabs the arm of La Flama Blanca, pulling him to his feet. Still holding the arm, she pulls him hard into her knee. As La Flama Blanca doubles over, Second Coming grabs his head and drops down.

Blackfront: DDT ON THE FLOOR BY SECOND COMING!

The fans continue to go nuts in the stands. Fans: Se-cond - Co-ming! Se-cond - Co-ming! Ace: NO

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RESPECT I TELL YOU!

Blackfront: Second Coming establishing the dominance that won her the Wildfire Championship, now getting back to her feet. She comes forward with a series of stomps to the head of La Flama Blanca.

She reaches down, grabbing Blanca by the head and neck, lifting him up, before walking him over and rolling him back into the ring.

Blackfront: Second Coming rolling La Flama Blanca back in the ring, now following in herself as the end of this match has to be drawing nearer. La Flama Blanca had it won, but his ego may have cost him a huge match.

Ace: It's not ego if you can back it up Jason. Just look at the last year for La Flama Blanca? No

one else has a definitive win over The Spectre!

Blackfront: While I wont argue at the magnitude of win, La Flama Blanca can't float off of it forever.

Ace: I'm not saying that should define his career forever Jason. But in reality, what's to say it can't define a good ten, fifteen years?

Blackfront: You're a fool.

Second Coming pulls La Flama Blanca to his feet.

Blackfront: Second Coming sending La Flama Blanca into the ropes. Blanca on the return. Coming drops to the canvas. Blanca leaps over her. He hits the ropes again, on the return. Leapfrog by Second Coming.

Blanca hits the ropes yet again, this time Second Coming meets him with a spinning heel kick to the midsection.

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick by Second Coming... grabs his head... ANOTHER DDT! Second Coming quickly pushes the side of La Flama Blanca, rolling him over to his back before she covers him. The fans are on their feet as the referee slides into place.

Blackfront: Second Coming going for the cover and to retain her singles undefeated streak now... One... Two... LA FLAMA BLANCA KICKS OUT!

Ace: YES!

The fans boo. Second Coming sits up to her knees, pulling La Flama Blanca by the mask to a sitting position before punching him once, then covering again.

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Blackfront: Another quick cover... KICKOUT AT TWO!

Ace: you're not going to keep him down like that!

She slaps the canvas before starting to get up, Blanca in tow. From the side, Second Coming hooks La Flama Blanca into what appears to be the start of a reverse DDT.

Blackfront: Second Coming going for the Holy Light...

La Flama Blanca frantically grabs at her arm, before hooking it and dragging her over.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca counters!

As she hits the canvas, Second Coming rolls quickly back to her feet as does La Flama Blanca. Blackfront: Second Coming charges Blanca... ESTUPENDO KICK! ANOTHER ESTUPENDO KICK!

As his foot hits her jaw, Second Coming goes down hard. La Flama Blanca quickly slides down to cover her.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca not wasting time this time as he goes for the cover!

Ace: YES!

Fans: MADMAN! MADMAN MADMAN!

The referee's hand hits the canvas for a third time and the bell begins to sound. The fans start booing at the top of their lounges.

Announcer: Your winner as a result of a pin fall.... LA FLAMA.... BLAAAANNCCCCAAA!!!!

Ace: I told you Jason! I told you!

The fans boo heavily as his music starts to play. More Madman chants ring out as La Flama Blanca yells at them, pointing to his chest screaming into the camera I Am The Best! You Want Madman?! Huh? Well go look in the unemployment line! No Respect for the greatest! no respect for Dynasty!

Blackfront: Big win tonight for La Flama Blanca, but his ego is getting out of control. La Flama Blanca raises both arms as the fans continue to boo and we fade.

Brought to you By

Just Plain Cool

We enter the locker room of 'The King of Cool' Chris Hopper who is unlacing his boots after his win over Log

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Habben earlier in the night. Suddenly, there is a knock on his door. Hopper looks up. Hopper: It's open.

The door opens and in walks 'Cool' Cancer Jiles, the new UTA Commissioner.

Jiles: Well if it isn't the self proclaimed King of Cool himself!

Chris stands up, looking down at Cancer before putting his hand out to shake the new bosses.

Jiles: You know, people say I am pretty cool myself Chris.

Hopper: That's what I hear.

Jiles: And since we are brothers bonded by coolness, I wanted to come in here and tell you personally, that I am putting you into the All or Nothing match at the next Pay per View.

Chris smirks and lets out a small chuckle.

Hopper: I appreciate that.

Jiles: No worries Chris. He puts a finger up.

Jiles: You know what would really be cool?

Hopper: What's that?

Jiles: If you won the whole thing, beating twenty nine other superstars, live on Pay Per View, in front of millions to become the new, UTA CHampion. How does that sound? Cool right?

Chris nods his head while smiling.

Hopper: That sure does.

Jiles: Well, good work winning your match tonight Chris. I wont keep you. He walks over to the door and turns back around pointing at Chris Hopper. Jiles: Stay cool!

Cancer laughs before exiting the locker room as Chris Hopper rubs his hands together in anticipation.

..Strike

Yelling Voice: WATCH OUT!

The scene cuts to the back area again. We see a lady wearing a headset, carrying a stack of papers. She suddenly shouts and tosses the papers into the air, spreading them everywhere. She quickly dives out of the

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way, as the large, loud object speeds towards her without any indication of slowing.

As she hits the concrete and looks back over her shoulder to see what the commotion was, the WTFCart comes speeding past her. Bobby Dean is driving the vehicle, as per usual, with Doozer and 'Slaw Jenkins sitting in the back seat. The Thrill stands on the back, enjoying the wild ride, as it seems Bobby Dean has completely lost control of the vehicle.

Will Haynes: COMING THROUGH!

Bobby honks the little clown horn as the electric motor whizzes past another camera angle.

They continue to speed through the back, even past a few of their fellow WrestleUTA superstars. As they pass catering, Bobby Dean 'subconsciously' slows to what amounts to almost stopping. He drives past and with his right hand, reaching out with his left and grabs a sandwich, and a few donuts.

As Dean stuffs his face in the front, he hears a shout from the back.

Doozer: Bobby, let's swing by the locker room and grab Mikey 'fore we go!

Bobby Dean lets go of the wheel to start writing on his board. The vehicle veers left. Doozer leans forward and smacks the dry erase board out of Dean's hands.

Doozer: Just drive!

Dean slows, and makes a quick left turn down a hallway, the vehicle very tight against the walls.

He even signals for the left turn the old fashion way, using his arm.

Doozer: And did you pay for that food?!

As they come up to the WTFc locker room, they see the door hanging open... Bobby Dean slows down, and stops short of the door.

He picks up the erase board again... UH-OH

Will jumps off the back and starts to scurry through the vehicle, since he is unable to go around. Doozer and Coleslaw do the same as they all try to get to the door. Bobby Dean is the last to enter, quickly shoving the donuts in his mouth. A lot like the owl licking the Tootsie Pop, just how many donuts can Bobby fit in his mouth? One... Two... Threeeeeeeee!

The camera follows the WTFc as they make their way through the door. The scene is that of disarray. Clothes littered everywhere, smeared blood covers a few of the beige lockers and a few hang open, their contents trashed.

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Will Haynes: Mikey!?! Are you here brother!?! Bobby holds out his dry erase board.

MARCO!

The crew, all split up, begin looking for their friend. Finally Doozer notices he can hear the shower running.

Doozer: Guys, I think he is okay, do you hear the shower?

They all reunite, and walk towards the showers. The sounds of running water increases in noise, as they near. Finally as they round the corner, the image is surreal. All three men, immediately freeze.

Sitting in the middle of the showers, is Mikey Unlikely. He is tied to a wooden chair, he sits still dressed from his match, minus his boots. Both of his ankles are tied to the bottom of the chair, his wrists tied behind his back, and a black hood over his head, If not for his tights, he may be unrecognizable. The hood is tied around his neck.

Behind Mikey, scribbled on the wall of the showers, in what appears to be blood, is the word... INFIDEL. The red streaking at the bottom towards the tile floor.

The three rush to their friends aid, as they remove the hood, we see Mikey is unconscious, and has a huge gash in his forehead.

Not Holding My Tounge

As the camera comes into focus, Jennifer Williams is standing in the backstage area with a Wrestle UTA backdrop behind her. As she lifts the microphone to her face, Marshall Owens steps into view with an agitated look on his face.

Williams: Mr. Owens, at Seasons Beatings, the UTA fans were treated to one of the most brutal matches in the history of this company. Can I get y...

Marshall rolls his eyes as his upper lip curls. Before Jennifer can even get the question out, he is already blurting his response.

Marshall: Treated?

Jennifer is taken aback by the interruption.

Marshall: You call what took place at Seasons Beatings TREATING the fans?

As he stares at her in disbelief, his hands go straight to his hips. He can't believe that she used the word
TREATED

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Jennifer: Well...

Marshall: No Ms. Williams, I don't believe that anyone was treated to anything where it pertains to the shock therapy match at Seasons Beatings....

Marshall points an index finger at her.

Marshall: But leave it to you, the twisted mouthpiece of James Wingate to think otherwise. Let me ask you something Ms. Williams...

She shifts uncomfortably while the segment continues.

Marshall: Would you think it a treat, had it been YOU pinned up against that cage, with electricity coarsing through your body?

Jennifer shakes her head no.

Marshall: No, I didn't think so. You come to me, wanting to do an interview about my client after Seasons Beatings, and you ask an idiotic question like that?

He throws his hands up.

Marshall: Are you REALLY that warped Ms. Williams? Again she shakes her head no.

Jennifer: If the word treated is offensive to you, then I can change the description to... His face lights up in total disbelief.

Marshall: Are you kidding me? IF it is offensive? Jesus woman, you really ARE Wingate's mouthpiece to the ungratefults...

Yep, he DID just say that. Credit it to fellow Dynasty stablemate Perfection.

Marshall: Aren't you?

Jennifer: Well I wouldn't say that I'm...

Marshall: Of course you wouldn't, and why would you? Wingate has created a pecking order here in UTA, and you're at the top of it. So why jeopardize anything by actually telling the truth to anyone?

Now it's Jennifer's turn to appear agitated. But as a backstage interviewer, she takes a deep breath and regains her composure.

Jennifer: Okay, let's try it this way. What is the status on Sean Jackson's health and when is he expected

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back?

Marshall: Like you care. Again, he rolls his eyes.

Marshall: Look, don't insult my intelligence by implying you have even this... He holds up his hand with his thumb and index finger barely apart.

Marshall: ...much concern for my client, when it's painfully obvious that you don't. I mean, I'm sure you would like to have a modicum of concern for him, but because James Wingate is the miserable bastard that he is....

You can hear the air being sucked out of the building by those who are watching and listening on the screen.

Marshall: You won't risk putting him in his place because of what happened to Kevin Hawk.

Jennifer: Now wait a minute Mr....

Marshall: No, you wait a minute Ms. Williams. Don't stand there, holding that microphone for Wrestle UTA and imply that I'm wrong about anything. Spectre crashes the party at Black Horizon, completely screwing my client out of the Wrestle UTA championship and James Wingate does nothing..."

Okay, Jennifer Williams concedes that with a nod.

Marshall: Then at The Chamber, Spectre once again screws my client out of a match, thus ruining any chance of regaining the UTA championship and AGAIN, Wingate does nothing. This time Jennifer concedes by not saying anything.

Marshall: But not to be outdone, THEN Spectre is somehow assigned the special referee position once again, and he uses it to screw Sean out of his UTA tag team belt. Which AGAIN, Wingate does nothing about....

Marshall shifts his attention from Jennifer and directly to the camera.

Marshall: However, you didn't hesitate to fire Kevin Hawk after he stepped in and did the right thing in Wichita Falls, isn't that right Wingate?

It's a rhetorical question, so he shifts the attention back to Jennifer.

Marshall: That was a wasted question because it's obvious he'll never answer. But you can in his place Ms. Williams...

Now she definitely looks uncomfortable.

Marshall: Why do you think that miserable son of a bitch allowed Spectre to do as he damn well pleased, but

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fired Hawk for stepping in and stopping him?

She isn't quick with a response of any kind. Something that irks Marshall even further. Marshall: I should have known you would be too much of a coward to answer the question. But that's alright, everyone already knows the answer, even if they're too afraid to admit it.

Jennifer: It's not that Marshall, it's just that I'm not qualified to get into the head of Mr. Wingate to know what he's thinking.

Marshall chuckles a bit as he brings his index finger and thumb to his chin. He has to give her credit, she is an elusive one when it comes to the boss.

Marshall: Yeah, whatever you say Ms. Williams. But I find it funny that you don't have a problem climbing into the be...err, head of anyone else when doing these interviews.

Jennifer shoots him a look

Marshall: Hey, it was an honest mistake. I've got a lot on my mind right now with Sean recovering in Dallas, and Wingate STILL protecting The Spectre. You know, if Wingate was any kind of an owner, he would have fired that purple headed freak months ago. But instead, here we find ourselves with Sean Jackson in pain, and with electrical burns all over his body.

Once again, he turns his attention to the camera.

Marshall: All because of YOU Wingate.

Marshall lowers his head slightly, closing his eyes. As he inhales slowly, the exhale is even slower as his eyes open and his head returns to where it was before. But the facial expression has changed, it has gone from anger to something a bit more sinister.

Marshall: But because of you, Sean Jackson is coming back and he's coming back a man possessed. Because you allowed Spectre to do as he pleased, Sean now realizes that he has to destroy your pet...

A smile forms.

Marshall: By any means necessary. Which could come by way of the high knee to the back of Spectre's skull, or by any number of cheap shots at my client's disposal. Or better yet...

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a tube of Brylcream. After holding it up for a few moments in front of the camera.

Marshall: Maybe a lil dab'll do it.

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Marshall pockets the tube and walks away, leaving Jennifer Williams to stand there and ponder the message.

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

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

Blackfront: White Rabbit can only mean one thing... here comes the Prodigy Champion!

Ace: Exciting.

Blackfront: Do I sense sarcasim?

Ace: I guess Tommy didn't see that coming.

A LOUD screech interrupts the music just before the lyrics kick in once more. The curtains burst