

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 32

April 13, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

WrestleShow

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

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

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

The camera switches to focus on them.

Blackfront: Another exciting weekend in the UTA Universe.

Ace: You can say that again, Jason. Victory again killing it in the ratings. Another much talked about show.

Blackfront: We saw big wins from Doozer and Nirvana also we have ourselves a new janitor.

Ace: I made sure I stuffed up the toilet in the arena for Travis. Also... Brother Simon...

Blackfront: Turned his back on the family. Shocking Victory... onto tonight!

Ace: Oh baby!

Blackfront: Tonight is going to a great night, Tommy.

The pictures of Paladin and Crimson Lord appear on your screen.

Blackfront: In our first match of the evening we have a All Or Nothing Qualifying match between the masked man, Paladin and Crimson Lord.

Ace: Paladin has his work cut out for him. Crimson Lord is Seven Feet tall and looking to rebound from a loss in his first match back in the UTA.

Blackfront: After that we have another qualifier match this time, Abdul bin Hussain and Mr. Fantastic.

Ace: This is going to be a great match. We are going to find out who wants it more, Abdul or Mr. Fantastic.

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Blackfront: Then our Main Event of the evening... an Eight Person Over the Top Rope Battle Royal to find out... who comes in last at All Or Nothing and who comes in first.

Ace: My money is on Kush to win and Second Coming to lose.

The cameras cut back to our commentators as the fans behind them wave to their friends and family watching at home.

Blackfront: The Universe has been buzzing a bout this since it was made public. Let's not waste anymore time... STAY TUNED FOLKS, WRESTLESHOW IS LIVE!

Giving Back to the Fans

The main entrance of the St. Pete Times Forum in Tampa, Florida is filled with thousands of UTA fans, lining up to buy snacks, t-shirts, and merchandise. The camera is following UTA's newest signee, Travis 16 - as he pushes a broom across the floor. He doesn't exactly look pleased with being UTA's most high profile janitor.

Suddenly, we see The Midnight King, Nirvana! He's walking through the fan area carrying a large trashbag full of what appears to be candies! The fans all crowd around Nirvana, patting him on his broad shoulders and trying to get autographs and pictures with the UTA Superstar. Nirvana cracks a huge grin and slings the bag off his shoulder. Travis looks on with a look of disgust on his face.

Nirvana: Is everybody having a great time here in TAMPA FLORIDA?! The fans POP for this. Nirvana chuckles and reaches into his bag.

Nirvana: Well, I'm excited to be here too! It just warms my old bones to see so many young people here, with so much respect for this business which I love so much! And to show you how much I love my young fans, I brought you all something that I enjoyed very much when I was your age - TAFFY!

Nirvana then FLINGS the taffy into the crowd! They all scramble to get to the candy! After several moments, the bag is empty, and fans are happily pulling the wrappers off the taffy and throwing them on the ground. Nirvana casts a knowing look over to Travis, who returns the look by baring his teeth in a snarl.

Nirvana: Hey, someone here isn't happy! Look, fella, just to show you there's no hard feelings, YOU have some taffy too, okay?

Nirvana whips the last piece of taffy at Travis, who catches it and looks at the label. His face contorts into a confused scowl.

Travis 16: Jalapeño flavor...? What the-

Suddenly, Travis looks up, just in time to see HUNDREDS of fans now spitting half-chewed taffy onto the floor! Goey chunks of candy stick to the ground next to the wrappers! Nirvana looks around with a confused

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look on his face.

Nirvana: I don't understand. Jalapeño was my favorite flavor when I was your age! Young people these days...

Nirvana balls up the plastic bag and walks over to Travis 16, who is still watching fans spit taffy onto the ground with a look of annoyed shock on his face. Nirvana stuffs the plastic bag into a nearby trash can and looks at Travis.

Nirvana: Well, friend... Looks like you got your work cut out for you. Should I tell your pals in the U-Haul that you'll be late again?

Travis 16: You motherfu-

Nirvana: Ah-ah-ah, cameras. Let's keep this family friendly, kiddo.

Nirvana smiles, pats Travis twice on his cheek, and adjusts his tie while walking off. Travis snarls one more time as he reaches for his scraper.

Be Mean, and turn Green.

Suddenly the focus maneuvers up into the nosebleed section of the Amalie Arena. Two little kids are horsing around at the end of this very aisle.

Little girl: Moooooooooooooooooom!

Mother: Billy-Joel, you stop that pulling of your sisters hair.

Billy-Joel: We're just pla'n. Right Lizzy?

He tugs on her hair again as the mother looks away.

Lizzy: Moooooooooooooooooom!

Mother: Billy! Stop it this instant or we are leaving!

Billy-Joel: But we are just having some fun.

V/O: Did somebody say Fun?

From behind them a person leaps forward and lands on the step in front to the left of their seats.

Her #KushPush hoodie unzips and the hood flings back.

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Fears: Hi there, I am Zhalia Fears and this is my favorite place in the citadel.

The two look up at the young woman.

Lizzy: Hi!

Fears: Hi there little one. So Lizzy is your big bad brother being a meanie?

Lizzy: He keeps pulling at my hair. Mommy won't stop him.

Fears: For shame! Well we can fix that. Lizzy, did you know I know magic?

Her eyes light up all big and bright.

Lizzy: Really?

Fears: Yep. Okay let us see here.

She clears her throat and waves her finger around in the air while pointing at Billy-Joel.

Fears: Ahem. For the little boy that is being mean, I say apologize by three, or I shall turn you green!

Lizzy snaps her head over to look at her brother as he sticks his tongue out at them.

Billy-Joel: Didn't work phony.

Fears: Darn. I forgot. We are not allowed to do magic outside of Hogwarts. Buuuuuut...

She leans in close to Lizzy as her mother is now looking over at them.

Fears: I can teach you a simple spell. All you gotta do, to steal a few words from Uncle Rock, Clap Your Hands!

Lizzy stares blankly at Zhalia.

Fears: Go ahead. She claps her hands.

V/O: Did somebody order some pizza?

Fears: Yep. That was Lizzy here just now. For these wonderful folk right here, kind sir.

A young woman and man step forward carrying a stack of pizza boxes.

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Employee: Eddie & Sam's Pizza at your service, Lizzy.

Billy-Joel: Pizza!

Fears: You guys enjoy while you watch my girls tonight light up that ring! Once you all have had your fill, please do feel free to share the wealth with your jealous neighbors. And remember little Billy-Joel, all Lizzy here has to do is think it and you will not be happy! So leave her alone.

Zhalia smiles with the cheerful Lizzy and steps back to allow the woman and her partner to start handing out the pizza boxes.

Fears: Uhg. Hng. Up. UP! Go up! Fly!

Lizzy: Zhalia, you don't fly.

Fears: Oh, right. No, no... wait. I get it now. This will work!

She tugs the #KushPush hoodie over her head and hands it to Lizzy. Covering her view and jetting up the steps to the back.

Lizzy: She flew away!

The view cuts back elsewhere.

Brought to You By

Genghis Tron "Board up the House [Renholder Remix]" Plays the arena turns a dismal red. Smoke rises from the stage and out steps Crimson Lord. He stands at the top of the ramp looking down his wet black, red and white hair dangles over his face. He has a long black gothic style leather coat on, and black long tights with black strap boots on. Gaze walks from the backstage to stand next to him. She has her black and blue hair hanging down to her shoulder also wet. Her make up is red and designed to look like her eyes are bleeding as the makeup goes to mid portion of her cheek, with black lipstick on. She wears a chain mail bra, with blue jeans ripped a little on the thigh and over the knees along with black high heel boots.

Ace: We're opening the show tonight with one of Spectre's goons.

Blackfront: Be respectful! That's a legend of the squared circle you're talking about!

Ace: Maybe he should have stayed a legend.

Gaze makes her way to the ring first while during the introduction.

Announcer: Being accompanied to the ring by Lady Gaze hailing from Parts Unknown

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As she reaches the ring she climbs the steps and enters the ring, and walks to the center of it. She turns toward Crimson and motions for him to approach. He slowly looks up blood covering his mouth, he slowly heads toward the ring ignoring the fans. As he reaches the front of the ring he grabs the top rope pulls himself up to the apron, and steps over the top rope and walks to the center of the ring.

Announcer: Standing at seven foot and one inch and weighing in at two hundred and seventy pounds...

He stares down at her, the two exchange a blood kiss.

Announcer: "The Plague of Darkness"....CRIMSON LORD!!

The lights slowly come on he slowly looks over his shoulder toward the entranceway. He licks his lips for a moment as he awaits his opponent. Suddenly, the lights go out in the arena, as Lindsey Sterling's "Crystallize" begins to filter through the PA system. A bright white light cuts through the darkness, illuminating the entrance. As the song continues, a white cloud rises ominously from the stage, and as it lifts, it reveals the man called simply Paladin.

Announcer: From The Heavens Above....He is "The Shining Light"....THIS.....IS.....PALADIN!!!!

Ace: "The Heavens Above"...?

Blackfront: Paladin's come to the UTA to send a message, and he's not going to let Crimson Lord get in the way of that!

Ace: If you say so.

As Paladin's music dies down, the duo square off in the center of the ring. The referee makes sure both men are ready, and then signals for the bell! Lord and Paladin tie up for a moment... Paladin with the early advantage as he pulls Lord into an arm drag. Lord slams into the mat, and Paladin swiftly gets vertical... Nice dropkick to the center of Lord's chest, but the big man doesn't budge. Paladin rises quickly, manages to swerve around a clothesline by Lord... Jumps for the ropes... He bounces off the center rope into a full body splash - but Crimson Lord catches the swift luchador easily! He lifts Paladin for a slam- NO! Paladin grabs the arm and swings around, getting another armdrag!

Blackfront: Paladin doing a great job here of using his quickness to stay out of Crimson Lord's killzone!

Ace: He can't keep this up forever. Eventually he's going to need to catch his breath.

Blackfront: Paladin gets vertical... Crimson Lord not far behind...

Paladin charges towards Crimson Lord, who is still not quite vertical yet, and manages to hit a shining wizard!

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Blackfront: Paladin his his signature "Blinging Light"! He goes for the cover...

Ace: Whoa! Kickout with AUTHORITY at one!

Blackfront: Hey, what the...?

The camera cuts to the announcer's table, where we see Nigma has approached! Both Blackfront and Ace look at the newcomer, who glances at them for just a moment, before pulling up a chair and whipping out a notebook.

Blackfront: What do you suppose Nigma is doing here?

Ace: Hey, maybe he just wants to watch this match from the best seats in the house!

Blackfront: That seems unlikely! No offense to MISTER Unlikely of course...

Nigma studies the action in the ring, and makes a few notes in his notebook. He seems intently interested in what's going on in the ring.

Meanwhile, Paladin scrambles to his feet and fires off a few kicks. On the third kick, Lord grabs

Paladin's leg and YANKS violently, causing Paladin to pitch backwards and slam into the mat! Lord gets vertical just in time to catch a rising Paladin... boot to the stomach... power bomb!

Blackfront: Lord goes for the cover... Kickout at two!

Ace: Gotta question Paladin's intelligence here. Crimson Lord is known for his brutality between those ropes!

Crimson Lord lifts Paladin to a vertical position and Irish whips him into the ropes... Paladin bounces and ducks a clothesline... Paladin bounces again and ducks under a big boot... Paladin takes to the sky with a dropkick - NO! Lord bats the luchador out of the air! Paladin crashes and burns! Lord fires of a series of vicious stomps on Paladin until the referee steps in to break it up... Lord waves the ref off and goes for the cover... Kickout at 2 again.

Blackfront: You simply have to respect the tenacity and perseverance of Paladin in this match!

Ace: I don't have to do anything you tell me to do.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord lifting Paladin to a vertical position...

Crimson Lord gives Paladin a BIG punch in the gut for good measure. Lord then sets Paladin up on the apron facing the ropes. Reverse neckbreaker! Paladin is catapulted backwards out of the ring! Lord taunts the crowd and gets a HUGE pop! Lord then parts the ropes and heads to the ringside area, where he lifts

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Paladin up by his head, and BOUNCES it off the barrier! Paladin crumples to the arena floor, as the referee starts his count!

Ace: Hey guys, the match takes place IN the ring!

Blackfront: Lord lifting Paladin vertical... Whoa! Paladin still has some fight in him!

Paladin suddenly springs to life! He rams his shoulder into Crimson Lord's back and BLASTS him into the turnbuckle post! Lord winces and clutches at his back!

Meanwhile, Nigma has gotten up from his chair and approached the duo. He still has his notebook out as he first stares at the sitting Crimson Lord... Then at the vertical Paladin... His eyes burning with inquisitive intensity... After a few moments, he turns to his notebook and scribbles down a few notes.

Paladin motions with his arms as if to say "what are you doing here?", but Nigma ignores the silent inquiry. After finishing his notes, he tips his hat to both gentlemen, and walks backwards, slowly, towards the announce table.

Paladin turns his attentions back to Crimson Lord, still recovering from being slammed into the ring post... He rears up... Shin kick to the chest! The referee has reached 7, so Paladin rolls into the ring. Crimson Lord lifts himself up and makes it back into the ring at 9. Paladin waits for Crimson Lord to get vertical, then charges in - kick to the gut! Lord doubles over!

Blackfront: Crimson Lord vulnerable and Paladin looking to capitalize!

Ace: How the heck is he going to hit a vertical suplex on a seven-foot-tall monster?

Paladin sets up for the vertical suplex... But Lord blocks it! He quickly fires a few punches into Paladin's kidney! Paladin crumples, but Crimson Lord catches him and sets him up on the top turnbuckle...

Ace: BLOOD LUST! Lord goes for the pin..

Blackfront: One... two... three!

Paladin kicks out, but a fraction of a second too late! The referee calls for the bell!

Announcer: Here is your winner... CRIMSON... LOOOOOOOOOOORD!!!

The audience CHEERS as Crimson Lord holds his arms aloft! Paladin rolls over onto his knees, cradling his neck and looking somewhat disappointed. Nigma slams his notebook shut and stands up, making his way out of the ringside area through the crowd.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord has done it fans he will advance to All or Nothing!

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Ace: Great to think this freak show has a chance to become a champion makes me sick! Crimson walks over to Paladin still on the ground he stares down at him.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord is laughing; Gaze has slid in the ring and is staring at him on her stomach.

Ace: What in the world are they up?

Crimson stops laughing and slowly raises his index finger to his mouth. Gaze looks up toward him from the mat. Suddenly the lights turn off.

Blackfront: What the hell is going on here!?

Ace: I can not see anything in here.

Crimson Lord's voice now blares through the PA.

Crimson Lord: Darkness wins!

His sick laughter is then heard, the lights come back on and the ring is empty.

Blackfront: What happened? They have vanished in the ring bizarre.

Ace: I hope Dynasty shuts this guy up soon.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord picks up the victory, but that was a valiant and hard-fought effort by Paladin!

Ace: OK, folks, time to pay some bills, see you ringside in a bit.

The camera cuts to a full-ring shot of Crimson Lord celebrating his victory as the scene fades out.

For the Children!

Outside of the arena, we can see people lining up at the concession stands. They are buying delicious popcorn, refreshing drinks, and scrumptious candy. As the camera pans around, we see The GOOD FRIENDS! Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete.

They appear to be looking at a small child, who has approached the counter.

Concessions Worker: What can I get you, sweetie?

Little Boy: I WANNA CANDY BAR PLEEEASE!

Concessions Worker: Oooh, good choice! What kind?

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Little Boy: Hmmmmm... THAT ONE!!!

The little boy points to a very large candy bar in the glass case. The boy's father whips out his wallet.

Uncle Rocky has his hands on his hips and his shaking his head with disapproval at the boy and his father. The father looks up at the Bombastic Brawler and frowns.

Father: Something I can help you with, Captain Kangaroo?

Robot Pete: Incorrect! THIS is the Smartest Man In Wrestling UNCLE ROCKY! And the REAL question is... How can HE... help YOU?

The father rolls his eyes and hands his money to the concessions worker. The little boy walks over, munching his candy.

Little Boy: Look daddy, it's Yo Gabba Gabba!

Robot Pete: Again, I must offer my corrective services, because-

Uncle Rocky: It's okay, my mechanized muchacho! Clearly we have MUCH larger mistakes to correct!

The little boy frowns with confusion and looks up at his dad. He gobbles another bite of candy bar. The father scratches his head and looks at Uncle Rocky.

Father: Listen, could you make your point quickly? We'd really like to catch the next match before it starts.

Uncle Rocky: Oh, don't worry, I'm sure they'll wait for us...

Uncle Rocky looks directly at the camera with a cheesy grin and winks.

Uncle Rocky: ...because THIS is far more important than sitting through some more of UTA's fine family-friendly violence! You see, I couldn't help but notice that you helped your child obtain a packet of painful death!

Little Boy: What! I'm'a gonna DIE?

Father: No, Carl, you are NOT going to die from-

Robot Pete: Oh, but I beg to differ! You see, Carl, chocolate contains sugar and fat, in VERY large amounts!

Uncle Rocky: Correct-a-mundo, my positronic pal! And THOSE ingredients are a recipe for obesity and diabetes, two diseases which would surely kill you dead!

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Father: Look, we're just trying to enjoy a family outing here, could you please go beat your "healthy lifestyle" drum somewhere else?

Robot Pete: Oh no! I left my drum at home!

Uncle Rocky: No, Robot Pete, it's a-

Robot Pete: Had I known that we could play our drums here, I would have been better prepared!

Uncle Rocky: Pete, we are kind of straying from the-

Robot Pete: Oh, my drum tutor was right - I'm NEVER going to get discovered if I keep being SO LAZY!

Uncle Rocky: FIGURE OF SPEECH! BACK ON TOPIC PLEASE!

Robot Pete: Right! Healthy eating! Hey little boy named Carl, do you like cartoons?

The father pinches the bridge of his nose and exhales. Carl jumps up and down with excitement.

Carl: I LOVE CARTOONS OH BOY!!!

Uncle Rocky: Well, you're in luck, because Robot Pete has a GREAT cartoon about making yourself a HEALTHY SNACK!!!

Robot Pete's digital smile is replaced with what appears to be the inside of a kitchen. All of the sudden, a cartoon version of Robot Pete walks into the scene!

An overexaggerated growling sound can be heard. Robot Pete clutches his adorable little robo- tummy and looks down.

Robot Pete: Oh dear! It sure is a long time until supper! But I do not want to ruin my appetite for the delicious food that my GOOD FRIEND Uncle Rocky will work so hard to make me! This calls for a HEALTHY SNACK!

Robot Pete reaches off screen. His arm comes back with saltine crackers, peanuts, and grape jelly. He spreads some of the jam on a cracker as he speaks.

Robot Pete: When I have a hunka-hunka-hankerin' for something to nibble between meals, I like to spread grape jelly on a cracker, and then decorate it with peanuts! See? It looks like my digital face, smiling at you! That's why I call them PETER EATERS!

Robot Pete: Peter Eaters are a DELICIOUS way to stave off hunger! They have JUST enough sugar to give you a little boost of energy, carbohydrates to help you maintain that energy, and protein to stave off your hunger until supper!

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Robot Pete then crams the cracker into his digital mouth and chows down. He then licks his cartoony lips and rubs his belly.

Robot Pete: Mmm-mmm! And the best part is, the portion size is small, so I can control how many of them I eat! So remember kids... the next time YOU get that hunka-hunka-hankerin' for something between meals, just get yourself some Peter Eaters and-

A cartoon David Hightower charges into the scene and punches Robot Pete right in the computer screen with a right hook. Pete goes flying off the screen where a cheezy crash sound effect is heard.

Hightower: Alright! Now that there is taken care of! Seein as how Doozer and his band of circus monkeys see fit to interrupt my commercials I figure I can do the same!

David clears his throat.

Hightower: Hey kids! I got a question fer ya! Are ya sick and tired of bein bullied? Have yer drawers been to places they weren't meant to go? Are yer parents a bunch of cream puffs that tell ya to go cryin to the teacher whenever things get rough? Well I got great news fer ya!

The David Hightower cartoon flexes a muscle.

Hightower: Steal yer parents' wallet and call 1 900 WHOOPASS!!! That's 1 900 WOU PAS!!! Yeah yeah I know I probably spelled it wrong but hey yer mamma tells ya yer smart so ya should be able to figure it out yerself! Give ole David Hightower a call and I'll kick anyone's ass! I don't care who it is! Whether it's that bully or hell yer dad grounded ya fer bad grades? I'll personally come over and break his jaw so he won't be able to ground ya! Ain't that right Whiskey?

A cartoon dog walks into the picture.

Whiskey: You sure are, Daaaaaavey! Now please take me for a walk, because I reeeeeeealy have to pee!

After a few moments, Robot Pete's face comes back onto the screen. Uncle Rocky AND the father are now looking at Robot Pete very strangely. Robot Pete fidgets with his fingers, his digital face looking very embarrassed.

Robot Pete: I swear, I have no idea how that happened.

The camera cuts to the little boy taking another huge bite out of his chocolate bar as the scene fades out.

Penny for Your Thoughts

Scene fades into a shot of the locker room of Mr. Fantastic. He is going through a pre-match warmup, doing some light shadow boxing. He has his back turned when he is approached by UTA backstage interviewer,

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Jennifer Williams.

Williams: Mr. Fantastic? I'm sorry, I don't mean to interrupt but I was hoping to get your thoughts on your match tonight with Abdul bin Hussain?

Fantastic takes a quick sip of water, flashes a bit of a smirk before turning towards Williams Fantastic: My thoughts, Jennifer? Actually, I don't have any thoughts. Plural. I've got just one...singular...thought. It's the one thought I had when I started my career twenty years ago. The same thought I had in every match I ever fought and the same thought I've carried with me in all the things I've done outside of the ring. And that single thought is simply the thought of VICTORY. Anything else is just white noise to me. It's a distraction from the task at hand.

Williams: Well, that's an impressive thing to say but do you really think you can ignore all of the issues surrounding this match?

Fantastic: What issues would that be, hmmm? Do you mean the fact that people around here still don't take me or this comeback seriously? Do you mean the fact that my return to the ring two weeks ago was less than overwhelming? Or how about the fact that my last singles match took place before you, Jennifer dear, were at the legal age of consent?

Jennifer rolls her eyes and smirks at the comment

Williams: Sure. I think I'd have to say that all of those are legitimate concerns.

Fantastic: No, sweetie, that's where you're wrong. Those aren't concerns. That's all just idle

gossip for those who don't know any better. Its fodder for people to chew on in the message boards and on social media. Cut through all of that nonsense and you'll see what this really is all about. It's about me stepping into this ring with a chance to go on to All or Nothing, with an opportunity to win a UTA championship. There's a man named Abdul bin Hussain who is standing in my way. When its all over, I will have moved him aside and moved on to All or Nothing.

Williams: Well, how about that, then? What are your thoughts on your opponent, Abdul bin Hussain?

Fantastic: My thoughts on Hussain? You want to know what I think? Fantastic turns and looks straight into the camera

Fantastic: I think Abdul bin Hussain is a petulant little child who needs some respect smacked into him! Did you hear me, Hussain? Huh? Did you? You're disgusted that a guy like me would speak about you that way, aren't you? Hell you're pissed off that I have the audacity to even utter your name, aren't you?

You know something, Hussain, you've done a great job of striking fear into the hearts of everyone around here. The "Butcher of Basra", right? You throw out fiery condemnation of everyone around you. You speak in

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platitudes about your belief systems while showing disdain and intolerance for anyone else. You compare your opponents to historical atrocities of war. Well, congratulations. It appears you've read a history book or two. But here's the truth, professor....all your knowledge of history, your moral indignation and your irresponsible bigotry isn't going to mean a damn thing when you're standing across the ring from me. When that bell sounds, there's is no deity...regardless of what you call Him...that's going to help you with this 6'3", 255 pound Hall of Famer who is ready to kick your ass!!

I tell ya, Jenny, there's this line that our friend, Abdul, is fond of. He often says, "I will put on a showcase performance that will convert the audience". Well, Hussain, you are absolutely right. Your performance tonight will showcase to the world that you are a mangy DOG who is all bark and no bite. And when I put you down, like the stray mutt that you are, you'll have helped convert a whole generation of wrestling fans into believing the ultimate commandment....**THAT THERE'S NOTHING BETTER THAN BEING FANTASTIC!!**

Fantastic looks back at Williams while grabbing his water bottle for another sip.

War Games

The camera cuts to a mid - level close up of Zhalia Fears, the UTA Prodigy Champion. She wears a black tank top with the words "Status Quo" on the front, though crossed out, and "#Second Coming" underneath in big blocky 'handwritten' letters. She looks to her left, and to the right.

Fears: So what was the point of this exercise, again?

Pan left, and we have the same image of Kush, the UTA Wildfire Champion. She wears a short sleeved T-shirt that reads "#ZhaliaFearsNone" on the front.

Kush: It's, ah... It's a dry run. Weeeeeeeee are prepping for, ah... for All Or Nothing.

Pan left again, and the Second Coming is sitting in the same way. Her shirt says "#KushPush" on the front and she's wearing a facemask with the image of a trident across the mouth.

Second Coming: It's not really 'all' or 'nothing,' either. I guess the 'all' at the Pay per View would be winning the UTA Championship, and the 'nothing' would be walking out without a title. But there's some wiggle room in that.

Pan right, to Kush.

Kush: Yeeeeaaaaah. Besides, ah... What's tonight mean, anyways? I mean, in the, ah... in the grand scheme of things? So, the winner gets an advantage by going in last, and, ah... and the first one out goes first. (pauses, eats a kale chip) Any smart wrestler can, ah... can make either position work for them.

Pan right, to Fears.

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Fears: Everyone else just picks their number. Pan right, to the Second Coming.

Second Coming: Some people need some time to get to their peak, and number thirty wouldn't work for them. And who's to say what works best?

Pan left, to Fears.

Fears: Like, the wrestler who draws number one and makes it to second place - are they really worse off than the one who draws number thirty and is tossed out eighth from the end?

Pan right, to the Second Coming.

Second Coming: You got it. And that's where the 'middle ground' comes into play. The winner gets the UTA Championship, but - and I mean no disrespect toward either of your belts - any of us coming in second and taking the Legacy Title has immediately improved our standing.

Pan right, to Kush. She looks to her left. Pan right, to Fears. She looks to her right. Pan left, to Kush.

Kush: I'd, ah... I'd trade up. Sure. Pan right, to Fears.

Fears: So tonight is about a psychological edge. Pan left, to Kush.

Kush: Mind... over... matter. To know this is, ah... is to conquer it. Pan left, to the Second Coming.

Second Coming: And we will. Pan left, to Fears.

Fears: Okay, that makes sense. You two got this, no worries. But what are we doing? Pan left, to Kush. She's laughing. Pan left to the Second Coming.

Second Coming: Same thing. Preparation. Winner takes everything. Now. Kush. Pan right, to Kush.

Kush: Hm?

Pan left, to the Second Coming.

Second Coming: Do you have any sevens?

Pan right, to Kush. She holds up her hands, in which she has a number of playing cards. She inserts another kale chip in her mouth and chews thoughtfully.

Kush: Mmmmmmmnope. Go Fish.

Pan left, to the Second Coming. She draws a card from the unseen deck.

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Second Coming: Damn it.

Brought to You By

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

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

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

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.

Blackfront: Big match for Abdul, tonight. He fell just short of winning the UTA Wildfire championship. This match, if he wins, will get him a shot to walk away with gold at All Or Nothing.

Ace: Right you are, Jason. Abdul is always a competitor you have to keep your eyes on, for both the fans and his opponent.

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.....

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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.

Ace: Hussain looks focused on the task at hand, Jason.

Blackfront: Abdul is going to have to earn his spot in the All Or Nothing Rumble Match. This is no gimme.

Abdul stands in the neutral corner as his music stops. Boos are still going on around the arena.

Ace: Rafiq giving Hussain some words of confidence...

The arena lights dim as "Thunder Underground" by Ozzy Osbourne fills the arena. A few seconds later, Mr. Fantastic emerges onto the stage. He slowly surveys the crowd, looking left and right, nodding his head and offering a confident smirk in recognition of their response.

Ace: This is a big singles match for Mr. Fantastic, a lot on the line.

Blackfront: He's coming off a huge loss by the hands of Dynasty. So much pressure on his broad shoulders.

Fireworks erupt as Fantastic thrusts his taped fists up into a V. Fantastic lowers his arms and begins to confidently stride to the ring. He pounds his fists against the Fantastic Fight Academy logo printed across his chest on the T-shirt he's wearing.

Announcer: Hailing from the City of Angels, California...

Fantastic walks up the ringside steps, wipes the bottom of his boots on the ring apron and steps through the middle ropes.

Announcer: Standing at 6'3" and weighing in at 255 lbs...

Fantastic stands in his corner, rotating his wrists and shoulders, warming up for his match.

Announcer: Representing The Spawn and a member of the UTA Hall of Fame, ladies and gentlemen here is....Mr. Fantastic!!

Fantastic walks to the middle of the ring, facing the hard camera, and raises his arms once more in a V.

Ace: Which one of these men is going to All Or Nothing, to fight for a UTA title? Fantastic pulls of his T-shirt and tosses it into the crowd before returning to his corner. Ace: The staredown...

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Blackfront: Referee Velazquez checks with both men who seem to be ready... The bell sounds.

Blackfront: And we're off... Fantastic goes for the leg.

Hussain on the mat after a hard takedown from Mr Fantastic. Fantastic quickly executes a Armbar trying to put an early end to the match.

Ace: Hussain is too close to the ropes.

Hussain agonizes for mere seconds as he pulls himself to the ropes. Referee Velazquez tells Fantastic to let the hold go and begins to count.

Blackfront: Fantastic lets go of Hussain. Back on his feet.

Ace: Fantastic looks like he's going to hit the ropes, Jason.

Fantastic stands with his knees bent a few feet behind Hussain. Abdul pulls himself up to his feet by using the ring ropes. Mr. Fantastic hits the ropes and comes back at his opponent.

Ace: Hussain with the Scoop Slam out of nowhere.

Blackfront: Hussain wasting now time going for a submission on the arm.

Hussain has Fantastic in the middle of the ring. Hussain pulls back on Mr. Fantastifcs arm, continuing the lock on the shoulder. Hussain gets pleasure from hearing the boos.

Ace: Hussain, smartly has Fantastic in the middle of the ring.

Fans: USA! USA! USA!

Hussain continues to hold the submission on Mr. Fantastic as Rafiq reacts to the fans in the arena. He points his finger and yells at the fans around for their ignorance.

Ace: The fans continue to let Abdul hear it.

Blackfront: Hussain isn't liking any of this.

Ace: Rafiq looks like he's going to blow a gasket!

Mr. Fantastic seems to be getting stronger from the USA chants. The fans see Fantastic slowly getting up to his feet. Hussain puts a stop to it and smashes his forearm and elbow down on Mr. Fantastic's back and shoulders.

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Fans: Boo!

Hussain flips off the fans and lands a boot to the back of Mr. Fantastic's head. Hussain wraps his arms around Fantastic's waist. In doing do so he tries to German Suplex Fantastic but he blocks the attempt.

Blackfront: Fantastic blocks another attempt at a German Suplex.

Ace: Fantastic breaks Hussain's grip.

Fantastic takes Hussain's arm and he turns it over. He goes behind his opponent and secures a Hammerlock. He pulls up on the wrist causing Hussain to slap at his arm to alleviate the pain.

Hussain brings both men over to the ropes and grabs the top rope and holds it.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic breaks the hold.

Hussain takes a second before he turns around to face Mr. Fantastic.

Ace: Another stare down between these two UTA stars.

Mr. Fantastic rushes Abdul bin Hussain and is sent over the top rope. Hussain walks towards the center of the ring as Mr. Fantastic lands on the ring apron. Hussain turns around to find his opponent and goes for a swinging right hook. Mr. Fantastic throws his right arm up to block the attack.

Blackfront: Both competitors are going at it.

Hussain and Mr. Fantastic exchanges blows as the fans pop. Hussain lands a knee into Mr. Fantastic's gut. The Butcher grabs Fantastic by the head and walks him over to the nearby turnbuckles. Hussain's first attempt at smashing Fantastic's head into the turnbuckles is null.

Ace: Fantastic is putting up a fight.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic! Hussain sent stumbling!

Hussain tries to regain himself after going face first into the corner. Mr. Fantastic stands on the apron still until Rafiq pulls his legs out causing Fantastic to drop to the ring floor. Fantastic locks eyes with Rafiq and begins the chase. Rafiq turns the corner as Fantastic closes in.

Blackfront: Fantastic has Rafiq!

Ace: Oh no!

Both men turn towards the ring to see Abdul bin Hussain fly through the ropes with a Suicide Dive that

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crashes into Mr. Fantastic.

Ace: I didn't even see Hussain!

Blackfront: I was wishing Fantastic was going to let Rafiq have it.

Ace: Rafiq was able to escape at the last second.

The fans go wild with a UTA chant.

Fans: UTA! UTA! UTA!

Blackfront: Hussain, putting his body on the line!

Ace: Hussain showing he wants in the All Or Nothing match!

The referee begins counting the two men out. Both men start to make their way to a vertical base. Rafiq stands over both men giving both of them a tongue lashing.

Referee: Five!

Blackfront: Hussain's the first one on his feet.

Referee: Seven!

Abdul bin Hussain rolls into the ring and lays on the mat. His eyes are closed and he is taking deep breathes. Mr. Fantastic props himself on the edge of the ring holding the bottom rope.

Ace: Mr. Fantastic might get counted out, Jason! Blackfront: He better hurry up and get back in there!

Referee: Nine!!

Mr. Fantastic just gets back into the ring before the count of Ten. The fans explode as the match continues.

Blackfront: Both men are beaten and worn down at this point.

Ace: This match is important for both men, Jason!

Abdul bin Hussain rolls himself over and gets to a kneeling position. He wipes the sweat from his head and then looks up into the rafters. He rises to his feet and steps over to the ropes and leans against them.

Ace: Abdul is waiting for his prey to come to him.

Mr. Fantastic crawls on all fours towards the middle of the ring. Abdul pushes himself using the ropes and

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runs towards Mr. Fantastic, slamming his opponents face hard into the mat.

Blackfront: CURBSTOMP!

Ace: This is over!

The Referee dives onto the mat and begins to count the pinfall attempt.

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

The fans go wild. Abdul and Rafiq are beside themselves.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic just kicking out before Referee Juan Velazquez's hand could come down the third time.

Ace: Hussain can't believe it... Neither can I!

Abdul bin Hussain gets in the face of Referee Velazquez about the count. Rafiq jumps on the ring apron and gets the attention of Velazquez. Hussain takes some foot steps back towards Mr.

Fantastic who is on one knee trying to get back to his feet. Blackfront: Hussain helping Mr. Fantastic up... SMALL PACKAGE! Ace: The Referee is still jawing with Rafiq!

The fans begin to count the pinfall as Velazquez turns around. He goes down to the mat and counts the pinfall.

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

Hussain kicks out and Fantastic is starting to get angry. Referee Velazquez apologizes to Mr. Fantastic as he holds up Two fingers. Fantastic claps his hands together as he speaks with Velazquez.

Blackfront: This match should have been over, Tommy.

Ace: Well it's not... That's why Rafiq is one of the best.

Mr. Fantastic sits on his knees and now pulls Hussain up to his feet. Fantastic lands a hard elbow in the mid back of his opponent. Hussain lands a still elbow in Mr. Fantastic's mid section.

Hussain steps to his side and swings the back of his right hand up and connects with a Knife Edge Chop.

Fans: Wooooo!

Hussain connects again with a Knife Edge Chop.

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Fans: Woooo!

A perfectly placed European Uppercut sends Mr. Fantastic stumbling back. Abdul hits the nearby ropes and comes back at his opponent.

Blackfront: HUSSAIN WALKS INTO A CURTAIN JERK!

Ace: Mr. Fantastic goes for the cover!

Referee: One! Two!

Blackfront: HUSSAIN KICKS OUT!

The fans let out a huge moan in unison. Fantastic runs both hands through his hair in shock.

Ace: Abul is showing why he was UTA champion.

Blackfront: What else is Mr. Fantastic going to have to do...

Ace: Both men throwing everything they have at each other. This is a stalemate.

Mr. Fantastic showing his anger pulls Hussain back up to his feet. He grabs Hussain and locks his head under his right arm.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic going for a Bulldog...

Mr. Fantastic puts his arm up in the air and gets a nice pop from the fans. He begins to speed up and is thrown into the corner by Abdul bin Hussain.

Ace: Hussain, what strength...

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic is in pain.

The cameras replay the reversal by Hussain. Mr. Fantastic crashes backside first into the mat. As he tries to get to his knees Abdul comes at his opponent and lands a Dropkick that forces Mr.

Fantastic's head to slam into the middle turnbuckle. Fantastic turns and sits with his back in the corner.

Blackfront: He's a sitting duck!

Ace: Hussain is going to finish this!

Blackfront: Fantastic pushing up... Hussain runs.. leaps... PRAY TO ALLAH! PRAY TO ALLAH! The fans

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jump to their feet, booing loudly as Hussain turns Mr. Fantastic over and covers him, hooking the leg. The fans shout hatred his way as the referee begins to count.

Blackfront: He's going to do it.. he's going to do it... He.. he.. he does it! HE DOES IT! ABDUL BIN HUSSAIN IS GOING TO ALL OR NOTHING!

The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... ABDUL... BIN... HUSSSSAAIINN!!! Blackfront: The former UTA Champion has just earned the right to go for gold yet again! He has beaten Hall of Fame legend, Mr. Fantastic, live here on Wrestleshow!

As the chorus of boos continues to ring in, Abdul bin Hussain drops to both knees, throwing his arms out and looking to the sky, taking each and every one of them in.

Well, That Takes the Cake

Backstage we see Kush at the craft services table. She has a small metal tea bulb and has placed it into a white mug with the image of a yin-yang on the side. She leans over to a hot water dispenser and pours hot water into the mug. Once it's full, she lifts the teacup to her face and inhales deeply.

Kush: Mmmm...

???: KUSH!!!

Kush screeches for half a second and jumps, flinging the teacup out of her hand! Off-screen, we hear the mug breaking. The camera pans out and we see Joshua Jones with an embarrassed look on his face. He appears to be pushing some sort of dessert cart. Kush clutches her chest and looks at Josh.

Kush: Ah! Uh... You, ah... yooooooooooooou...

Joshua Jones: SORRY! Sorry... I didn't mean to... Omigod omigod omigod, uh... Um...

Jones sees that Kush has tea splashed all over the front of her hoodie. He gives a weak grin and snatches a napkin off the nearby craft service table.

Joshua Jones: Here, let me help you with that...

Jones leaps towards Kush with the napkin and tries to dry her chest. He makes the briefest contact with Kush's upper-chest area, before both of them abruptly realize what's happening and back away from each other very quickly.

Kush: Gah!

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Joshua Jones: NO NO JEEZ! Um... Uh...

A few moments of awkward silence pass. Kush hugs her arms around her midsection, while Josh is bug-eyed and on the verge of a meltdown. It's Kush who breaks the silence.

Kush: So what's, ah... What's with the, ah... the cake trolley there?

Joshua Jones: THE CAKE! (Kush jumps, Joshua covers his mouth and switches to his inside voice), Oh, sorry, I mean... The cake! I made a cake! Carrot cake! Cake for you, ha ha!

Kush: Cake... for... for me?

Joshua Jones: Well, yeah, I mean it's your cake... You can share it with whomever you want, but yeah, I made it for you. OH! And it has a message on it! That was the hardest part.

Joshua Jones uncovers the cake and picks it up. It's a sheet cake. On it, is a picture of a warthog wearing a football helmet, with a large marzipan rose in the upper left corner. The cake says:

I'M SORRY FOR EVERYTHING, THIS IS NOT HOW I SEE YOU, BECHDEL KUSH

Kush's eyes light up and she smiles her dimpled smile.

Kush: WOW... That rose, ah... It kindaaaaaa looks like, ah... Like the rose from my first video? Joshua Jones: YEP! I mean... well, I watched that video like twenty times- I mean, to get the rose just right! Ya know? Not because I was... well... Anyway, I hope you like it?

Kush bites her lower lip, still smiling ear to ear.

Kush: I, ah... I love it. It's... beautiful.

Josh is all smiles, still holding the cake. Kush extends her arms outward. Kush: I think, ah... I think I want to give you... A hug? Is that, ah... okay? Joshua Jones: Um... YES!!! Sorry, I don't know why I keep shouting.

Jones lifts his arms in an attempt to put the cake down, but suddenly the cardboard platter underneath cracks in two places! Jones scrambles to get the cake under control... Kush leaps in to try and help, but this only makes things worse - the cake breaks in thirds! Most of the cake ends up all over the front of Kush's hoodie!

Joshua Jones: Oh jeez... Oh man... I...

Jones scrambles to recover what little of the cake he can save. He manages to save the right side of the cake and get it onto a plate. He stands up, with a somewhat satisfied look on his face, and holds up the cake.

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Kush can't see this, because there's frosting on her glasses.

Just then, The Second Coming and Zhalia Fears round the corner.

The Second Coming: Hey, Kush, are you ready to...

Zhalia Fears: Oh... my... god...

The duo see Kush covered in cake. They also see Joshua holding up a cake that has a picture of a warthog's butt on it, above the words:

THIS IS KUSH

Joshua looks up at Kush's two best friends, then down at the cake... Then his eyes go wide with a sudden vision of his own death.

The Second Coming: Joshua...

Joshua Jones: NO! WAIT! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

Zhalia Fears: GET HIM!

Joshua tosses the cake to the side and RUNS in the opposite direction! The Second Coming & Zhalia Fears hobbles quickly after him! Kush finally cleans the frosting off of her glasses, just in time for Awesome Ava to approach. She puts one hand on her big hips and looks at Kush with a cocked eyebrow.

Awesome Ava: I'm not really a fan of this new look you got going, tiger. Kush: Can you, ah... Can you pleeeeeeeeeease just grab my spare hoodie? Awesome Ava: In a second. I got something important to do first.

Awesome Ava sticks out one of her fingers, scoops a big dollop of cake off of Kush's hoodie, and eats it. She smacks her lips a few times and smiles.

Awesome Ava: You, girlfriend, are DELICIOUS!

Kush just looks at her with a frown. The two of them walk out of the scene. The camera pans around to the mess all over the floor - cake bits, spilled tea, and broken mug. The camera then pans back up, just as Travis 16 is rounding the corner, dragging a large bag of garbage. He looks at the mess, and his face contorts into complete and utter anger.

Travis 16: MOTHERFU-

The scene abruptly cuts to black.

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A New Legacy

As the familiar notes of Pomp and Circumstance by Sir Edwin Elgar play throughout the arena, Gentleman Jack steps out into the light, wearing a tailored suit, cane in hand, with a confident (some might say arrogant) grin upon his face.

He makes his way to the ring with the Legacy Championship over his shoulder. Entering, he already has a microphone in hand, prepared to make planned statement. The crowd gives him a mixed reaction, this being the first time anyone has seen a new Legacy Champion in well over 200 days. While they were glad it wasn't CBR, they weren't sure if Jack was much better.

Jack: Greetings, all! And that's right! Your eyes don't deceive you. This is the Legacy championship, but Claude Baptiste Rainier is nowhere to be found. Ha ha ha!

At this, a few stray cheers from the crowd makes themselves known. That man hadn't been seen anywhere since his loss, and as far as they were concerned, one less Dynasty member was a good thing.

Jack: For those who have been living under a very deep rock, I am the new Legacy champion. You can call me The Wizard of Wrestling, the Guru of Grappling, or simply the finest specimen you've ever seen, but I'd simply prefer Jack. Gentleman Jack.

He walks around the ring, a hand to his chin, as he ponders his next careful words.

Jack: Two Victories ago, I bested CBR in what was the biggest match of my life to date. I did exactly what I said I was going to do, just how I have always done. For I always say what I mean and mean what I say, by all means.

Now, he takes the Legacy title and shows it off, to the camera.

Jack: I know there have been some who have dismissed me with a scoff as just a flash in the pan or a joke... but I carry gold now. This Legacy title means that I am better than all of you people backstage. The proof is in the pudding, and you are looking at it.

The crowd begins to groan at the way he is talking himself up. His arrogance had seemed bad before, but this victory had only increased his own conceit, it looked like.

Jack: So, for those who underestimated me, I hope you realize the gravity of your mistake. His expression soon lightens up, and a knowing smile makes itself known on his features. Jack: Enough of that, though! We should all be happy, after all. I've gotten rid of that horrid Sir Rainier, and now you all have a champion that you can look up to. A champion whom you can aspire to emulate. Because, frankly... you all need a good role model.

The boos from the crowd louden, clearly not appreciative of being told what they need from someone else,

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let alone Jack.

Jack: One of my stated goals upon entering the UTA was to bring some class and elegance to what had been a trashy, salacious promotion beforehand. With this title in hand, I finally can be that representative for true gentlemanliness inside and outside of the ring. You're welcome, by the way.

He grins, seemingly unaware of the now wholly negative reception he was receiving as he puts the belt back upon his shoulder.

Jack: Yes, yes, I'm aware that CBR really was awful, but you don't have to live in fear anymore. The bad man is gone now. In his place, you have a gentleman.

Upon mention of CBR, the proverbial lightbulb dings in his heads as he remembers his next point. Jack: And I do mean gone. Ever since I defeated him, no one has seen hide nor hair of that tanned up disgrace. Now... I don't want to say that I was the one who got rid of Claude Baptiste Rainier in the UTA, but...

Before he can continue or finish his thought, "Down" by Yelawolf plays over the speakers.

Blackfront: He's back!

Ace: My man!

Gentleman Jack stops and turns his head up to the entrance ramp, a look of surprise on his face.

The Luchador walks out onto the entrance ramp with a microphone in hand... and a cast on the same arm.

La Flama Blanca: Look who's back on UTA Television...

The fans begin to boo their former hero. Gentleman Jack stares down the way to the Number One Contender for his Legacy Title.

La Flama Blanca: Feels good doesn't it? You are the man who ended the streak... You're the new Legacy Champion... Good for you, Jack.

The Luchador begins clapping his hands for Gentleman Jack. Jack inside the ring appreciates the praise given to him by La Flama Blanca.

La Flama Blanca: I had Marshall Owens come on Victory last week... He gave the UTA Locker Room and the whole UTA Universe a message... That message was injured or not, I'm taking that title from around your waist.

Jack looks at his Legacy tite and wipes some fingerprints from the front plate.

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La Flama Blanca: Jack, I'm the Number One Contender for your title... you can't hide. Whether it be before All Or Nothing... on All Or Nothing or in the big Rumble Match, I'm walking away with that title.

The fans are a mix of mostly boos with some cheers thrown in. Jack chuckles as he puts his Legacy title over his other shoulder. He puts the microphone to his lips.

Gentleman Jack: Now, see...

The Luchador immediately interrupts Gentleman Jack.

La Flama Blanca: You had your time to talk. Now it's my turn. I interrupted you, it's not the other way around.

Ace: The Cruiserweight is trying to talk, Jack! Show some respect!

Blackfront: What?

Jack stands inside the ring, leaning his elbows and forearms across the top rope, shocked.

La Flama Blanca: Jack, whatever you think you know about me... forget. Know this... I'm the one who stands on top of the UTA Power Rankings, I'm the one who is the top contender for the Legacy AND UTA Championship titles...

Blackfront: He is right, CBR helped him out with that.

The Cruiserweight takes a second before he continues to talk.

La Flama Blanca: If you are going to start your own streak, you are going to have to go through me.

Ace: That's true.

La Flama Blanca: I'm going to show you, the people in the back, the people at the network and the rest of the wrestling world... Why I'm the Number One Player in the UTA.

Jack goes to speak but is again cut off. Jack is getting frustrated in the ring.

La Flama Blanca: I'll leave you with this... I don't get got... I go get. I'm going to go get MY Legacy Championship. One way or another... That title... is going around my waist by March Eighth, bet on it...

The Luchador's music starts back up as the two men have a staredown.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca does deserve a title shot but we still have very little information on his injury. It was said it could take up to eight weeks for his injury to heal.

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Ace: If he gets cleared by UTA doctors, that's all that matters.

La Flama Blanca heads back to the dressing room as the cameras fade on Gentleman Jack, who is ready for the main event.

Confidence

We cut the the backstage area, where Jamie Sawyers stands, poised for an interview. He wears a black suit, looking his best for Wrestleshow. He stands against a dark blue background with the large television, featuring the "WrestleUTA" logo suspended behind his head. He looks directly

into the camera.

Jamie Sawyers: Ladies and Gentleman, Welcome back to an already action packed Wrestleshow! My guest at this time, is UTA Superstar and WTFC Member, Mikey Unlikely!"

The camera backs off the scene, as the frame expands. Standing to the right of the viewers is Mikey Unlikely. He is in his ring gear, we can only see the man from his thighs up. His green and black shorts shine in the spotlight, and his vest hangs loosely from his bare chest and shoulders.

Mikey has no smile on his face tonight, In fact he looks very serious.

Jamie Sawyers: Mikey, Tonight you take on 7 other superstars, in a over the top rope battle royal to determine the #1 and #30 seeding in the All or Nothing Match. Your thoughts?"

He turns, and points the microphone in Mikey's direction. Who looks directly into the camera.

Mikey Unlikely: You know Jamie, I would be lying if I said I wasn't excited. I would be lying if I said I wasn't pumped up! However, last time I was in a match like this, my enthusiasm is one of the reasons I was eliminated. I kept taking risk after risk after risk, and at first they were all paying off! Every time I hit the turnbuckle, or the ropes, I would hit a devastating move! I even pulled off a One Hit Wonder!"

Unlikely mockingly smacks his elbow, as if it were meeting a face.

Mikey Unlikely: Finally however it caught up with me, as just as I was going against the ropes again, I was dumped overtop of them and eliminated! Not this time Jamie. This time, I am going to still take risks, but we will call them 'calculated risks'. I have been working all week, with my boys in the WTFC preparing for this match. Checking every reversal with Doozer, and learning how to avoid them, being thrown over the ropes over and over and over again by Will Haynes, figuring out how to hang on, and different ways to climb back in! AND even eating chicken wings with Bobby Dean!"

Jamie quickly shifts the mic, back under him before delivering a question. Jamie Sawyers: How is eating chicken wings with Bobby Dean training?" Mikey breaks his glance with the camera and raises an eyebrow at

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Jamie.

Mikey Unlikely: " Every training regimen, includes diet Jamie. Bobby Dean is my personal nutritionist this week! His strategy? If you outweigh everyone, they can't throw you over! I've gained 5 pounds just in the last week and a half Jamie! Thats dedication!"

He points at Jamie, before raising 5 fingers to prove his point.

Mikey Unlikely: Tonight Im going out there, and I'm winning this thing for the fans! I am locking down that #30 spot, so come All or Nothing, I can outlast the other 29 who entered before me!

The odds are in my favor, the odds are in WTFs Favor. Now, its just time to execute!" Mikey walks away towards the ramp

Jamie Sawyers: A very serious, and a very confident Mikey Unlikely, and that match is up next!

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As we return from commercial Gentleman Jack, Mikey Unlikely, Second Coming, Chris Hopper, Uncle Rocky, Leyenda de Ocho, and Joshua Jones are in the ring. Wildfire Champion, Kush, and Awesome Ava are heading down the ramp.

Blackfront: Welcome back to Wrestleshow as we get ready for this eight person over the top rope battle royal to determine the number one and number thirty spot in the All or Nothing match. Kush makes her way up the steps, as Awesome Ava continues around the ring.

Blackfront: Folks, before the commercial break we saw the injured La Flama Blanca saying that come All or Nothing, gold will be around his waist. If you're Gentleman jack, or any other person in that match, you have to take him serious.

Ace: yea you do! Hes the number one contender for the Legacy Championship! If Perfection wasn't already UTA Champion, La Flama Blanca would be!

Blackfront: During the commercial break, we were told that after this match, the champion will come out here and address some things. So don't go anywhere folks. There is still a lot to come tonight!

As Kush prepares in the ring with everyone else, Robot Pete and Awesome Ava look on from ringside.

Blackfront: The rules to this match are simple. Throw your opponents over the top rope. The first person eliminated will enter into All or Nothing in the number one spot. The last person standing will enter in at number thirty, giving them the best advantage. Both feet must touch the ground.

This is going to be good! The bell sounds.

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Blackfront: Here we go!

As the bell sounds, Kush and Second Coming rush Mikey Unlikely and Joshua Jones. Blackfront: Second Coming lighting into Joshua Jones as Kush strikes the legs of Mikey Unlikely with those strong kicks. Leyenda de Ocho charges Uncle Rocky. We have a back and forward of rights and lefts from the two.

Gentleman Jack and Chris Hopper stand, staring at each other before they join in as well, with a series of their own rights and lefts.

Blackfront: All eight competitors in this and going. Leyenda de Ocho takes off from the ropes, he leaps, drop kick to the Uncle Rocky! Kush working the leg of Mikey unlikely still with those heavy kicks.

Mikey tries to cover his leg up and avoid Kush, but she continues to swing hard, catching him in the side of the leg and even his hand.

Blackfront: Hopper has the Legacy Champion in the ropes.

He pushes Jack back, coming forward with a massive chop across his chest.

Blackfront: Right into the chest of Gentleman Jack.

Jack grabs his chest and stumbles forward. Kush turns from Mikey, runs and leaps up, grabbing the back of Jack's head while throwing her knees into his chest. As she comes down, back first to the canvas, Gentleman Jack is shot up and back, hitting the mat himself. Chris Hopper, looks at Kush as she quickly gets up, impressed.

Ace: Those knees into his chest right after those heavy chops. Gentleman Jack will be feeling that for a few days.

Jack continues to hold his chest as he rolls to the side of the apron. Mikey Unlikely limps toward Kush, grabs her shoulder and turns her around. Grabbing her arm, he yanks back sending her across the ring.

Blackfront: Kush sent into the ropes. on the return...

Quickly, Chris Hopper grabs the extender arm of Mikey Unlikely, turning him around before lifting him up on his shoulders.

Blackfront: Hopper stops Unlikely from taking Kush out! Unlikely sent down into the canvas with a slam.

Ace: And with authority!

Leyenda de Ocho holds Uncle Rocky's legs up as he stomps his inner thigh, while nearby, Joshua Jones has Second Coming over the top rope and trying to lift her the rest of the way. Blackfront: Second Coming

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moments from behind eliminated here.

Ace: Dump that loud mouth!

Blackfront: Jones lifts... Second Coming goes up... over... Second Coming has been... NO! She grabs the ropes!

Jones turns around thinking he has eliminated Second Coming, who catches her self and rolls back in under the bottom rope. She nods to Kush, and gets on her hands and knees. Kush charges Joshua Jones.

Blackfront: Kush leaps... double leg drop kcik to Jones! He is sent back, trips over The Second Coming!

Jones is sent back and into the ropes. He goes over the middle rope, but under the top, crashing hard to the outside.

Ace: He's gone!

Blackfront: No he isn't! You have to go over the top rope to be eliminated!

Jones holds his head in pain after it hit the floor. Kush leans dwn and helps Second Coming up to her feet.

Blackfront: The two friends helping each other early in this match, but what will happen if it comes down to just them?

They head over and grab Leyenda de Ocho. Both women grab an arm and send him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Ocho sent into the ropes. Kush and Second Coming run... double clotheslines... LEYENDA DE OCHO HAS BEEN ELIMINATED! HE'S HAS BEEN ELIMINATED! LEYENDA DE OCHO WILL GO INTO ALL OR NOTHING AT THE NUMBER ONE SPOT!

Second Coming and Kush high five each other. As they turn from the ropes, they see Uncle Rocky running with both arms stretched out. Both ladies step forward, fist up. Uncle Rocky quickly puts the breaks on running, throwing his hands up and smiling as wide as he can.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky was going to take advantage of the situation, but wisely decided against it.

He backs up slowly, but stops when when he backs into Chris Hopper. Rocky slowly turns around and looks up to see Chris Hopper standing there with his arms crossed.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky just ran into a mountain of a man right there.

Hopper steps forward, causing Rocky to step back. Chris then flinches his head forward toward Rocky, who throws his hands down, and backs up shaking his head no. He yells at Robot Pete who comes around the

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ring. Still waving Hopper off, Uncle Rocky steps over the top rope and leaps down into Robot Pete's arms. He points toward the back and Robot Pete starts walking. Ace: That idiot just eliminated himself!

Blackfront: Well, the fear of coming in at number one no longer there, why risk going into the pay per view injured?

As Pete carries Rocky up the ramp, Joshua Jones slides back into the ring.

Blackfront: We are down to six.

Mikey Unlikely uses the ropes to pull himself up in the corner. Hopper and the two women begin to head toward him.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely in a bad spot now...

Joshua Jones runs back, hits the ropes, and shoots forward, leaping up.

Blackfront: JONES WITH THE SAVE TAKING BOTH KUSH AND SECOND COMING DOWN WITH A FLYING CROSS BODY!

Hopper looks over. Mikey uses this as his chance to come forward, but as he steps out his leg gives out, sending him to a knee. Chris looks back toward him, reaching for Mikey.

Blackfront: Hopper grabs Mikey Unlikely... wait! Gentleman jack from behind with an axe handle to the back of Chris Hopper!

Hopper lets go of Unlikely, who quickly rolls out of the way. Hopper stands and turns to see Gentleman jack with a big right.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack with a barrage of rights rocking Hopper into the corner!

Ace: The Legacy Champion backs down from no man!

Blackfront: Wow, was that a nice thing from you?

Ace: I just hate Chris Hopper!

Blackfront: Rights and lefts into the midsection of Chris Hopper. On the other side of the ring Kush and Second Coming back up, have Joshua Jones leaned into the ropes, looking for the elimination.

Mikey Unlikely gets to his feet again. He rubs his leg and moves toward them, still showing a slight limp.

Blackfront: Unlikely pulls Second Coming away from Jones. Grabs her by the waist.. lifts... slams Second

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Coming to the canvas!

Kush lets go of Joshua and runs over, grabbing Mikey by the waist from behind and lifts.

Blackfront: Kush with a German Suplex to Mikey unlikely!

Ace: She's a tough one, I got to give her that!

Joshua Jones runs toward Kush, leaping on her back and throwing his arms around her neck.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones on the back of Kush!

Kush stumbles around as Jones tries to hold on. She backs into the ropes lifting him up by the legs till they hang down over the ropes. He pulls down hard on her neck, causing her to bend backwards. Suddenly, she slaps her hands together and with full force drops to the canvas. the ropes breaks his hold on her neck, causing Joshua Jones to come down hard over and to the floor.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones has been eliminated!

Ace: And then there were five.!

Blackfront: Kush, Second Coming, Gentleman Jack, Mikey Unlikely and Chris Hopper are still in this.

The camera focuses back on Hopper and Jack, where Chris now has Gentleman Jack backed into the corner, hitting him in the mid section.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper now pulling the Legacy Champion from the corner. He lifts him up with a scoop. Hopper taking Jack over.... Gentleman jack trying to grab the top rope... Hopper releases! Gentleman Jack is gone!

Ace: Four! Just four people left!

Mikey on one knee looks up, seeing the two friends and the man who refuses to hit women standing above him. He just smiles, shaking his head.

Blackfront: Mikey unlikely knowing he is in a bad situation now.

Ace: Well, we know who will be the next person gone.

Suddenly the fans create a ruckus and we see Derek Parks come from the back. He stands on the stage for a moment, looking down at the ring. Chris Hopper's eyes grow wide as he looks up toward him. Parks begins down the ramp.

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Blackfront: What is he doing here?!

Ace: I hope costing Chris Hopper the match!

Chris heads over to the ropes as Parks nears the ring. He grabs the middle rope and pulls himself to the apron. The Second Coming and Kush try to get Chris to ignore him, getting in front of the two and holding their hands up.

Ace: Look at these two idiots. Let the guy ruin his chances himself!

Hopper and Parks yell at each other, Second Coming and Kush try to hold him back. He pushes forward. As he does, Kush moves out of the way. Chris comes forward with a momentum, knocking into The Second Coming who stumbles toward the ropes. Chris runs, throwing his foot up toward Derek, who grabs the shoulders of Second Coming, and moves her over and in the way before leaping down. Hopper's foot smashes into The Second Coming's head, sending her over the top rope.

Complete silence.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper just eliminated.... The Second Coming. He was trying to knock Derek Parks off of the apron, but Parks used Second Coming as a human shield.

Chris looks terrified. Kush can not believe what she just saw. Mikey Unlikely... well, he is on the other side of the ring, kneeling and laughing. Derek Parks gives Chris Hopper a golf clap as he backs up the ramp, leaving Second Coming on the floor, upset.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper can not believe it. This is the most nonviolence against women man you'll ever meet, and he just booted The Second Coming in the face.

Ace: I love it! I love it!

Chris looks at Kush trying to apologize to her, screaming that he didn't mean it. She is still in shock. Chris looks down at Second Coming, still on the floor holding her jaw. He takes a deep breath before walking over and placing his leg over the top rope. His second follows then he leaps to the floor.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper couldn't live with what he did! Accident or not! He's just eliminated himself!

Ace: What a complete idiot!

Chris tries to help Second Coming up, but she yanks her arm away from him and get sup her self. He continues to try and apologize, but she just starts up the ramp, hands on her hips as he follows behind.

Blackfront: What a turn of events as we are left with just Mikey Unlikely and Kush in the ring. They move into defensive stances as they prepare to end the match.

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Blackfront: One of these two will secure the number 30 spot in the All or Nothing match on March 8th on pay per view.

Kush comes forward with a palm strike to the chest of Mikey Unlikely. He grabs his chest and stumbles back as Kush leaps forward, coming up with her left leg, bringing it down and shooting it right up for a direct kick to the sternum of Unlikely, who continues to stumble back, this time into the ropes which catch him.

Blackfront: Unlikely in the ropes, this one could be over...

Unlikely, still leaning on the ropes and holding his chest looks up at Kush who comes toward him. Kush takes a swing at Mikey Unlikely's head, but misses as Unlikely ducks down and slides behind her.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely using his speed to quickly getting out of harms way.

Kush turns quickly toward Unlikely. As she moves in for the attack again, Mikey Unlikely side steps and jets toward the ropes. Kush, once again finding herself needing to turn toward her opponent, does so just in time to see Mikey Unlikely leap to the second rope and use it to launch himself with a quarter turn moonsault.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely caught by Kush.

Ace: Mikey is about to be screwed by Kush, and not in a good way. of course, I don't know if any way is a good way to be screwed by kush.

Blackfront: TOMMY!

Ace: What? I don't like 'em thick. Sue me.

Blackfront: Kush drops Mikey Unlikely across her knee for a vicious back breaker.

Mikey Unlikely holds his back in pain on the mat as Kush springs back into action, coming down with a devastating stomp.

Blackfront: Kush in complete control. I'm unsure if Mikey Unlikely will be able to withstand much more from his opponent.

Kush reaches down, lifting Mikey Blaca up by his head and left arm.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely now back on his feet. Kush follows up with a series of knife edge chops.

Kush strikes again, this time Mikey Unlikely moves slightly to the side, catching her arm and using his own momentum, to drag Kush over. The fans cheer wildly.

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Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely with an arm drag.

Ace: It will take a lot more than a lucky break to stop the damage already done by Kush.

Kush rolls over and pops up as quickly as she was taken down. She burst forward and into yet another arm drag by the waiting Mikey Unlikely.

Blackfront: Another arm drag. Mikey Unlikely now starting to build an offense. Can he turn this around?

Both get up. Unlikely quickly shoots forward with a kick of his own.

Blackfront: Kush catches the foot of Mikey Unlikely. It was a good tr... Unlikely turns it into an Enziguri!

As his foot connects with the side of Kush's head, Kush lets go and falls to the side, hitting the canvas.

Blackfront: Spot on kick by Mikey Unlikely who may have changed the tides here! Unlikely runs, hitting the ropes. As he returns she drops down.

Blackfront: Baseball slide connecting with the head of Kush. Ace: Once he gets going, Unlikely is quick as a lightning strike. Blackfront: Unlikely pulling Kush up by her hair.

Kush screams as Mikey pulls her hair. He drags Kush toward the corner, tossing her into it.

Blackfront: Kush in trouble as Mikey Unlikely heads to the middle of the ring.

Unlikely runs toward Kush who moves out of the way, letting Mikey slam chest first into the corner post.

Blackfront: Kush moves.

As he bounces off of the corner, Mikey turns toward Kush.

Blackfront: Kush meeting Mikey Unlikely with a series of swift and quit kicks to the already damaged legs.

She moves in grabbing Mikey Unlikely's head and pulling him into a semi bent over position before she begins to bring her knees up.

Blackfront: Kush with a series of Maui Thai knee strikes to the mid section of Mikey Unlikely.

Ace: Those legs are deadly Jason.

Kush steps back, releasing Mikey. Unlikely comes forward, taking a swing at Kush. Kush knocks his hand away and quickly strikes Mikey Unlikely in the throat before coming forward, wrapping right her arm around Unlikely's neck. She pushes forward hard and leaning in. Mikey is flipped over Kush's back and hitting the

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canvas facing down.

Blackfront: Jujitsu style takedown by Kush.

Ace: You need your opponent OVER the top rope, not on the canvas. Jeez.

The fans get loud yet again as the camera zooms to the stage. We see Robot Pete carrying Uncle Rocky down the ramp.

Blackfront: What's this?!

Ace: Oh my God! Oh my God! I'll tell you what this is! UNCLE ROCKY'S FEET STILL HAVE NOT TOUCHED THE GROUND!

Blackfront: You're telling me, Robot Pete has been holding him this entire time? Give me a break!

Ace: It's all about what the referee sees, not what really happens Jason!

Blackfront: This is baloney!

Kush turns and watches as Robot Pete brings Uncle Rocky down. He lifts Rocky up, helping him to the apron. Standing on the edge, Uncle Rocky waves his hand and screams HELLO FRIENDS toward Kush.

Blackfront: I still can't believe this.

Kush takes off, leaning down and hitting Uncle Rocky through the ropes with her shoulders. He is shot off of the apron and backwards into Robot Pete, causing both to fall to the floor on the outside.

Blackfront: That did it! That did it! Uncle Rocky is now officially gone!

Kush leans back in the ring and smiles before sternly shaking her finger down at Rocky. Behind her, Mikey has gotten up. He looks around and the crowd goes crazy.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely using this as his chance to secure the number thirty spot... he runs....Kush turns... she sees him.. catches.. lifts... MIKEY UNLIKELY GOES UP AND OVER!

KUSH DOES IT! KUSH DOES IT!

Ace: The hastag Kush push is real Jason. Kush falls to her knees as the bell sounds.

Announcer: The winner of this match.... and the number thirty entrant into the All or Nothing match....
KUUUUSSSHHH!!!

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Blackfront: Kush can't believe it! She's done it! the Wildfire champion may have just secured herself the biggest win of her career!

Awesome Ava slides into the ring and begins jumping up and down, celebrating with Kush. Mikey just slaps the floor with disappointment as he gets to his feet.

Blackfront: What a match folks!

Ace: Amazing Jason, just amazing.

Blackfront: We have one more commercial break then we come back as the champion speaks.

Ace: YES! Perfection in the house!

Blackfront: We'll be right back!

Brought to You By

A Legendary Challenge

"Perfect Gentleman" by Halloween begins to play over the loudspeakers as the crowd gets on their feet to boo the most hated man in professional wrestling to date, he is the UTA Champion...Perfection. James is wearing his black Armani suit with baby blue dress shirt. It's his first off night for some time. Perfection walks down the ramp with the UTA Championship on his shoulder. He walks in a quick pace as though he has business to get to and has no time to jaw jack the fans near the barricade like he normally does.

Ace: My hero! He's arrived!

Blackfront: Just one week, one week without him around would be golden.

Ace: Like this company could sustain a week without Perfection or Dynasty. You're crazy, Jason.

Blackfront: There have been a lot of guys who thought the UTA couldn't exist without them. Perfection walks up the ring steps and gets in under the ropes, like normal he is rushed a microphone. He doesn't wait for the boos to die or for the fans to settle, instead he jumps in right over them, his hand raised.

Perfection: UNGRATEFULS!....silence. Ironically the crowd simmers down a little.

Perfection: Earlier this week it was announced that Ron Hall has challenged me for my All or

Nothing spot at the next Wrestleshow. He wants to remove my opportunity to defend THIS very belt in front of you, Ungratefals.

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The crowd begins the cheer at the idea of Perfection losing his All or Nothing spot.

Perfection: Yes, cheer...celebrate....REJOICE...because after next week at Victory when I sign a contract for MY spot and then enter that ring at Wrestleshow, I'm one move closer to Hall of Fame status!

Perfection grins ear to ear and turns his body towards the rampway.

Perfection: Ron, I know you are back there. I know you can hear my words- thank you. Thank you for the opportunity to beat you pillar to post, to extend MY legacy, to establish myself all on your behalf, Ron!

Ace: What a great example our champion is setting for all the fans in Tampa. This is class. This is sportsmanship! This is..

Blackfront: A load of crap?

James turns his back to the stage and walks towards one side of the ring he looks down at the fans below and the camera catches the eye interaction between him and the front row.

Perfection: You....ALL of you will witness my undeniable greatness once again next Wrestleshow! You will witness the end of Ron...

"Gold Medal by Tha Trademarc" begins to play over the loudspeakers in Tampa Florida, Perfection lowers his mic and turns back to face the rampway annoyed.

Blackfront: Should have been careful what you asked for Perfection because you're about to get it!

Ron walks onto the stage wearing a University of Central Florida Wrestling T Shirt and an amused look on his face.

Blackfront: I hope Ron Hall is here to shut his mouth, forget the contract signing, right here right now!

Ace: No, he's here to apologize to Dynasty for his actions 2 weeks ago and to apologize that he ever came back to wrestling to start with.

Blackfront: You've got a great career in politics waiting for you the way you flip flop on some things.

Ace: Me? No, I'm much too honest to be in politics.

The chant of SOUTHERN REBEL!! Can be heard throughout the arena and Perfection is standing in the ring looking around the arena with a pissed look on his face.

Blackfront: They love him here in Tampa don't they?

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Ace: They feel sorry for him, maybe if their loud enough he can hear them. Ron looks around as he begins to talk

Hall: So here we go again, it's not enough that you and that Mexican jumping bean had to sneak attack me from behind last month. No... It's not enough that it's going to be you and me for a spot in the All or Nothing match in a few weeks... no it's not enough to make you happy or to do humanity a favor and shut you up. No instead it's more of the same routine "me me me, mine mine mine, gimme gimme gimmie".

Ace: That's no way to talk to the champion Ron. You obviously didn't learn last time did you? Hall: I see that no matter what, you're going to keep talking about wanting YOUR match, YOUR legacy...

Hall stops and acts like hes thinking for a second and looks dead at the champion.

Hall: How about this...

Ace: Ron I'd think about this. Perfection laid you out last time, it might be worse this time around.

Blackfront: I'm guessing he has thought about it and remembers it pretty well. Hall begins to walk down the ramp and to the ring.

Hall: How about, instead of sitting here listening to YOUR WHINING, YOUR BITCHING, YOUR MOANING AND YOUR COMPLAINING for the next few weeks...

Perfection is sliding off his suit jacket and taking off his Rolex. He slides all, with the UTA title, to the time keeper who's near the apron. The crowd is buzzing with anticipation as to what might be about to happen. Ron is now standing on the bottom step of the stairwell leading into the ring and as he walks up the steps

Hall: I step into the ring and give you something else to go on about.... like say having YOUR ASS KICKED?

Perfection looks at Ron and unbuttons his shirt cuffs and begins to roll up his sleeves. He motions with both his hands towards the UTA Legend and dares him to get into the ring

Ace: Ron, this is your last chance to rethink this and walk away. No one will think less of you than they already do.

Blackfront: He's not going to run from a challenge. Ron doesn't back down from a fight no matter who it is.

Ace: It proves how senile he's gone. He should run the other way and not stop till he gets to Orlando and keep running!

Ron calmly takes off his shirt and throws it into the crowd and hops over the ring ropes, Perfection waste no time in rushing Ron.

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Blackfront: HERE WE GO!! It's Hall and Perfection live here in Tampa Bay!!

Ace: I didn't hear a bell, where's the ref!?

Blackfront: I don't think they care if the ref is here or not. They're not going to wait for a signed contract or some kind of showdown... they're going to take it out of each other right here and now!!

Ace: You mean!?

Blackfront: That's right it's Hall and Perfection and from the looks of this, it's live, uncensored and unsanctioned!!

Ace: You mean the UTA title isn't on the line here?

Blackfront: Brilliant Holmes...

Ron Hall walks across the apron and begins to step into the ring.

V/O: Whoah! Whoah Whoah! Cool your jets there!

From the back, Cancer Jiles comes out. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: It's the commissioner!

Ace: Oh God, what does this idiot want?

Jiles: Never mind that neither of you are dressed to compete tonight, but you have a contract signing in just one week. Don't you think you should wait?

Hall, who is now in the ring, and Perfection both yell toward Jiles.

Jiles: You don't want to? You know what, that's cool. Since Perfection made the challenge, I'll let you two meet here tonight, in Tampa!

The fans go crazy.

Jiles: FOR THE UTA CHAMPIONSHIP!

Blackfront: WHAT?!

Ace: NO!

Perfection stomps his feet.

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Jiles: You wanted it, you got it. And don't think this gets you out of your all or nothing spot match either. I'll see you two next week to sign that contract!

Ace: He can't do this!

Blackfront: He can and he did! UTA Championship ON THE LINE! The bell sounds.

Blackfront: There's the bell to get things going.

Ace: They aren't even dressed for a match!

Blackfront: Perfection should have thought about that before making the challenge! Both men take off.

Blackfront: Here we go. Ron Hall waste no time coming forward with his arm extended. Perfection ducks the clothesline.

Both men turn to face each other.

Blackfront: Perfection with a couple stiff right hands to the jaw of Ron Hall.

Ace: Take his head off champ!

Blackfront: Ron Hall is unaffected. Perfection now runs back, off the ropes.

As he returns, Perfection attempts to knock Ron Hall down, but he doesn't move.

Blackfront: Perfection heading to the left, off the ropes again.

Ace: This old man is built like a damn house.

Not giving up, Perfection shoots across the ring again. This time as he returns, Ron Hall turns around throwing an elbow up, catching him in the face and sending him to the mat.

Blackfront: Perfection hits the canvas hard.

Ace: No! No! Get up champ!

Ron Hall bends over and grabs Perfection by the head, pulling him halfway up before bringing a big forearm down across his back.

Blackfront: Ron Hall in control.

Perfection goes to one knee. Ron Hall comes forward with a kick meant for his face, but Perfection moves to

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the side. He quickly comes forward and up, wrapping his arms around Ron Hall's waist.

Blackfront: Perfection lifts with all of his might. He struggles but gets Ron Hall up and over.

Blackfront: Saito suplex by Perfection!

Ace: Cover him! Now! Please!

Blackfront: Perfection dropped Ron Hall directly on his neck.

Ron Hall holds his neck as Perfection rolls over and gets to a knee, looking at the downed Ron Hall. He runs back and hits the ropes as Ron Hall begins to get up.

Blackfront: Perfection with a shining wizard!

Ace: End this, please champ! Don't lose the belt just a month before the pay per view!

Blackfront: Quick pin attempt by Perfection. The referee drops to begin his count.

Blackfront: Kick out at two.

Ace: That was three!

Blackfront: No it wasn't. Not even close.

Perfection quickly gets up, knowing he can't slow down now. He runs and hits the ropes again as Ron Hall rolls over and begins to push his way up.

Blackfront: Perfection with a clothesline... Ron Hall ducks. Both men turn to face each other.

Blackfront: Boot to the stomach of Perfection. Ron Hall grabs him, lifts up and twist... spinebuster!

Ace: Get up champ! For the love of all that is holy! get up!

Blackfront: Ron Hall now with the pin. Perfection somehow able to kick out at two.

Ace: Praise Jesus!

Perfection holds his lower back as Ron Hall pushes his way up. He is a little bit more sluggish than he was before and you can tell his knees are in pain from the many years of abuse and hard living.

Blackfront: Ron Hall pulling Perfection to his feet. Grabs an arm, huge Irish whip into the corner.

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Ace: That is not where you want to be in a match with a man like Ron Hall.

Blackfront: Ron Hall runs... big splash!

As he connects, Ron Hall stumbles back a bit, obviously his knee joints still hurting as he leans on the ropes. Perfection falls face forward to the mat.

Blackfront: Ron Hall aggressive as always, grabbing the left leg of Perfection and lifting it. He drives that knee right into the canvas.

Perfection grabs his knee and rolls to his back. Ron Hall lifts Perfection's left leg up and holds it for a moment.

Blackfront: Boot to the inside of the knee of Perfection.

Ace: Not his perfect legs!

He bends down, grabbing the right left of Perfection, lifting it up as well and waiting for a moment before leaning back.

Blackfront: Ron Hall with a slingshot!

Perfection is launched up and forward. He lands on the top rope, which bounces him up and backward. He flails as his body turns.

Blackfront: SPEAR! Ron Hall hits the spear!

Ace: NO! IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS!

Blackfront: Ron Hall with the cover...

The referee drops to count but Perfection is able to get his foot on the rope.

Blackfront: Perfection somehow able to get his foot on the bottom rope to break the count.

Ace: My heart can't take this! I'm going to pull a Madman!

Ron Hall gets up and begins complaining to the referee. Perfection grabs the ropes and pulls himself up behind before coming down, chopping the brittle knees of Ron Hall who goes down hard.

Blackfront: Smart move by Perfection.

Perfection pushes up, pulling his opponent's legs up with him.

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Ace: It looks like he's going to use Ron Hall's bad knees against him. He steps in and drops down, locking in a figure four leg lock.

Blackfront: Perfection has locked in the Picture Perfect! Ron Hall has to tap, his knees can't take it!

Ron Hall struggles.

Blackfront: Hall trying to get free.... struggling... Hall turns it over! Pressure now on Perfection's legs!

Ace: No!

Blackfront: Perfection may have to tap!

Suddenly from the back, La Flama Blanca burst down.

Blackfront: It's La Flama Blanca!

Ace: YES!

Ron lets go of perfection and gets to his feet as La Flama Blanca slides into the ring. He comes forward, and smashes his cast into the face of Ron Hall sending him down. The referee begins to call for the bell.

Blackfront: Perfection retains his title tonight.

Announcer: The winner of this match via disqualification.... RON... HALLL!!!!. Still... UTA Champion... PERFECTION!

Blackfront: Perfection retains, but at what cost to Ron Hall as La Flama Blanca and Perfection stomp away at the Hall of Fame legend.

Suddenly, Crimson Lord and Mr. Fantastic head out to the stage.

Blackfront: Business is about to pick up!

Ace: Get out of there!

Lord and Fantastic burst down the ramp as Perfection and Blanca slides out of the ring. Perfection grabs his title and the two hightail it over the barrier and into the fans as Fantastic and Lord hit the ring.

Blackfront: Ron Hall saved by The Spawn. Dynasty running away, but the damage may already be done!

The camera finds Perfection and La Flama Blanca in the aisle way. Perfection holds his title high as he stares down at The Spawn in the ring. Hall kneels up as Fantastic and Crimson Lord stand behind him and

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stare back. The copy right comes up and we fade to black on the stare down of the century.