

# International Affair: 2015

---

**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** December 15, 2015  
**Location:** Tokyo Dome — Tokyo

## Results

### 2015

Segment

As we fade in, we get a shot of the exterior of the Tokyo Dome before switching to an interior view. Fans are everywhere. We pan across them to the stage where a series of fireworks begin to fire.

The International Affair logo covers the big screen as more fireworks begin to shoot in the air. As they conclude we move over to our commentators for the night, Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace.

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to International Affair live in Tokyo! I'm Jason Blackfront and along side of me as always, Tommy Ace!

Ace: What a night we have in store Jason.

Blackfront: You can say that again. While is is the evening back home, here in Tokyo it is nine in the morning, but that didn't deter fans from being apart of what will go down in history.

Ace: So many huge matches tonight Jason.

Blackfront: Huge matches, huge names... there is so much in store as the superstars have fought across the globe to make their way here to Tokyo.

Ace: The main event though! We get to see La Flama Blanca finally shut that idiot Eric Dane up once and for all!

Blackfront: Also tonight, the Prodigy, Wildfire, and Legacy Championships on the line!

Ace: There' s just so much, I can't contain myself!

Blackfront: Folks, I'm being told that backstage Jamie Sawyers is standing by with one of the men who will open tonight's show, Lisil Jackson.

Ace: He wants to say a few things before he is ripped apart by brother Judas, doesn't he?!

Blackfront: Lets head back now!

We fade.

He is Here

The scene turns to backstage where Jamie Sawyers is standing outside the locker room of Lisil Jackson.

Sawyers: I am live backstage just outside of the locker room of Lisil Jackson!

Jamie Sawyers looks at the door and tilts his head to the side that has what appears to be what is to be assumed as a symbol in blood on it.

Sawyers: Is that... Nevermind I don't even want to know....

Sawyers takes a deep breath before he peers into the room. The moment the door opens smoke starts to pour out of it.

Sawyer walks in waving his hand in front of his face.

Sawyers: Lisil? You in here somewhere?

Sawyers says coughing. A voice is heard amongst the darkness.

L. Jackson: Shhhhhh.... He's here... Ya don't wanna disturb Samedi now do ya Sawyer?

Sawyers looks around confused.

Sawyers: Samedi? Who?

Sawyers walks further into the room and is grabbed by the shoulder.

L. Jackson: Eyyyy mon! Watch where ya be steppin wit dem big shoes! Ya almost stepped on me shrine!

The camera turns down to show the tiki statue with a cup sitting in front of it.

Sawyers: Okay..... Wow..... So ummmm Lisil tonight you will finally get into the ring with the monster known as Brother Judas... Everyone is wondering where you're at mentally after what happened on the cruise ship...

Lisil Jackson steps into the camera and pulls a burning branch off the wall and raises it over his head.

L. Jackson: Brudda I have neva felt mo empowa'd den I do now! Samedi is here.... I felt him....

Sawyers looks at Lisil puzzled.

Sawyers: You felt who? Samedi?

L. Jackson: Yaaaa mon! I channeled dee spirit! I felt him enter ma soul! I felt his powa! I felt it go trough dee eart! I felt it rumble unda ma feet mon!

Sawyers lets out an amusing chuckle shaking his head.

Sawyers: Lisil you do realize Japan had an earthquake right?

Lisil puts a finger up to Sawyers' lip.

L. Jackson: Mon be careful what ya say... Samedi is amongst us... Ya see Sawya... Dis fight is mo den just fightin fo pride and bringin hona back ta dee islands... Dis fight is fo dee spirits dat Judas and dat good fo nuttin Reverend dumped off dat ship!

Sawyers: That's a lot being put on your plate...

Jackson smiles from ear to ear.

L. Jackson: Ohhhh don't worry..... Samedi will rise.....

Suddenly water starts to spray from the ceiling as the sprinkler system is activated from the smoke in the room.

Sawyers: Oh my god someone shut off the water!!!

Sawyers runs out of the room as Lisil Jackson smiles from ear to ear...

L. Jackson: Samedi is here.... Dat is his sign mon!

Lisil Jackson grabs his branch and starts to do a tribal dance around the room as the scene cuts out.

The Man that you fear by Marilyn Manson kicks in as the lights are dark in the Tokyo Dome.

Blackfront: Ladies and Gentlemen, we open our first match of the night with a singles bout!

Ace: Everytime, I see this guy, he gives me the creeps!

Announcer: Making his way to the ring and being accompanied by The Good Reverend, standing in at seven foot inches and three hundred and twelve pounds.....

The Good Reverend walks right behind him while Brother Judas keeps a glass cold look on his face as he walks towards the ring.

Announcer: Brootheerr Judddaasss!

Blackfront: For weeks on end, Brother Judas became the biggest throne in Lisil Jackson's side. He interfered in his matches and nearly cost him a couple of times. This lead to a boiling point for Lisil last week on Proving Grounds!

Ace: If I was Lisil, I'm going to need the sprits BIG TIME for this match! I hope he did a lot of praying too!

Brother Judas stands in the middle of the ring as his theme song kicks out as the Japanese crowd is starring in awe at him while he keeps that cold look on his face.

Better Must Come by Geego kicks in as the lights are flashing in the colors of the Jamaican Flag. Lisil comes out with a serious look on his face as tonight is all business for him.

Blackfront: Here comes Lisil Jackson!

Ace: Ugh, I just hope he's ready for a fight and has the sprits with him for this!

His seriousness doesn't stop him from giving high fives to the fans that are in the crowd.

Announcer: Hailing from Kingston, Jamaica.....

Lisil rolls into the ring as he stares daggers towards Brother Judas right through his sunglasses.

Announcer: Standing at six feet and three inches and weighing in at two hundred and fifty three pounds...

Lisil goes over to the turnbuckle and jumps on it as he poses for the fans and takes off his sunglasses, hat and shirt.

Announcer: He is the Jamaican Inspiration, Lisil Jackson!

He jumps down off the turnbuckle and tosses his stuff to the side, still having that serious look on his face.

Blackfront: Jackson is all games tonight! We normally see him smiling, but tonight's different for him.

Lisil begins to throw punches in the air while Brother Judas is not looking amused at this the whole time.

Blackfront: It seems like he's showing that he's not afraid of him by throwing some punches.

Ace: Brother Judas doesn't seem too impressed with him! Hell, throwing punches in the air doesn't scare me at all!

As the bell sounds, the two men move around before coming in toward each other.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson in a very offensive stance here as we kick off this opening match.

Jackson brings a swift kick up and to the right side of Brother Judas before backing away, continuing to stay in an offensive stance.

Blackfront: Jackson will more than likely leverage his Muy Thai training tonight against the much bigger Judas.

Ace: But will his training be enough? This guy is a monster, and on top of that he has The Good Reverend outside of the ring.

Jackson backs toward the corner as Judas looks at him from the center of the ring. Jackson begins to move up near the ropes as Brother Judas starts to come in.

Blackfront: Brother Judas looking to use his reach to get ahold of Jackson, but is caught with another high kick to his side there as he tries to block it unsuccessfully.

Ace: A couple of kicks wont take a man his size down. Lisil needs to do something a little more than that.

Judas moves in again as Jackson backs away back into the corner.

Blackfront: here comes Brother Judas now going for Lisil Jackson. Jackson moves!

Judas spins around into the corner and Jackson comes forward with a big forearm to Judas as he has nowhere to go.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson able to get Judas in that corner. Another big forearm followed by another one of those side kicks.

Judas tries to cover as Jackson brings another kick. The referee gets in between them telling him to give Judas room as Judas almost cowers in the corner.

Blackfront: Brother Judas taken by surprise a bit early in this match. Lisil Jackson using all of his offensive attributes as he needs to stick and move against Judas.

Lisil moves around as Judas comes out of the corner, more aware than previously.

Blackfront: Judas coming at Jackson again now, looking to get some offense of his own in.

Judas starts to back Lisil into the corner himself before coming in with a side knee to the midsection of Jackson.

Blackfront: Judas now with that knee putting Jackson into the corner. He follows up with a powerful punch.

The referee tells Judas to get it out of the corner as he brings another punch in causing Lisil to drop to his knees.

Blackfront: Those fist like bricks when they hit, taking Lisil off of his feet.

Ace: Hey, Lisil Jackson is no small man himself. But that absolute pure power of Brother Judas, that some people would call almost demonic like, takes him down easily.

Judas grabs the arm of Lisil and pulls him forward and up, toward the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Brother Judas now pulling back, sending Lisil once again back first into that corner hard. He charges him..

As he runs, Lisil grabs the top ropes with both arms and use them to lift both legs up and catch Judas in the face.

Blackfront: Jackson able to avoid a potentially bad situation there.

Ace: You're in the ring with Brother Judas, that alone is a bad situation.

As Brother Judas bends over and grabs his face, Lisil Jackson climbs backward to the second rope. He grabs Brother Judas' right arm while he slides his legs up behind his neck then bends down, outside of the ropes. Judas' body is brought into the ropes and his arm pulled down by the weight of Lisil Jackson who hands from his arm.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson with that arm bar over the ropes. I don't care who you are, that is painful right there.

Ace: And quite impressive.

Blackfront: That it is.

The referee gets through the middle of the ropes and yells for Lisil to let go before he begins to count.

Blackfront: This cross arm breaker here is going to get Jackson disqualified if he's not careful.

Lisil lets go, making sure to catch himself in a sitting position on the canvas. Inside of the ring, Brother Judas holds his arm in pain as he stumbles away from the corner.

Blackfront: Jackson almost got disqualified there but now keeping the momentum going as he is climbing the turnbuckle from the outside.

Ace: That arm breaker may have done some damage to Brother Judas.

Still hunched over in the ring, Judas grunts. Jackson makes his way to the top rope and doesn't wait before leaping down with a knee that catches Judas in the shoulder and pushes him forward and down to the canvas.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson able to get Judas off of his feet, showing us a variety of moves here tonight as he looks to finally end being terrorized by The Truth.

Judas holds himself up on his left arm while he holds he right up in pain. Jackson moves in and knocks Judas' right arm out of the way before bringing a swift kick up and into Judas' shoulder.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson continuing to focus on the arm of brother Judas, knowing that if he can take it away it will make it easier for Jackson to get the upper hand.

Judas begins to push up, holding that shoulder. Jackson moves right in with another swift high kick catching it.

Blackfront: A lot of foot work here tonight by Lisil Jackson who could be made tonight if he is able to put Brother Judas away.

Ace: Oh yea, this right here is a make or break moment for Lisil Jackson's career.

Blackfront: Jackson grabbing the back of Brother Judas' neck now and pulling him into a heavy forearm shot. Another now.. followed by a third.

Ace: I don't think I've ever seen Lisil Jackson this aggressive. I kind of like it.

Judas throws his hand up into Jackson's face and pushes him away causing him to fall to the canvas. Still favoring his arm, Judas winches in pain.

Blackfront: Brother Judas able to get a free moment while we are seeing that he does indeed feel pain. This man is human after all.

Judas stands sideways near the ropes, moving his arm around as Lisil rolls to his feet.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson back to his feet now, charging brother Judas. Judas sees him coming.. but it's too late! Running dropkick by Lisil Jackson and Judas goes over the top rope!

Ace: Yea, but Brother Judas landed on his feet.

In the ring, Jackson gets up and moves to the ropes.

Blackfront: Jackson sizing Judas up...

He bends down and uses the ropes to vault himself up and over.

Blackfront: Jackson coming down.. NO! Brother Judas able to grab him by the neck outside of the ring from mid air!

Judas chokes Jackson as he turns him around. He throws Jackson's arm up over his shoulder.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson is about to go for a ride he wont ever forget.

As Brother Judas lifts him, Jackson is able to get his feet on the side of the ring, knocking Brother Judas' arm away.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson continuing to be resourceful here. He comes forward, another stiff kick into that shoulder of Brother Judas.

Jackson, holding onto the top rope, takes some steps back. He takes off across the edge of the apron and comes off, his arm crashing into the shoulder and chest of Judas, which sends both men to the floor outside.

Blackfront: Judas is down while Jackson makes his way to a knee. You can tell that took a bit out of him as well.

Ace: Yea, but it did what it needed to do and got the big man down again.

Jackson pushes up to his feet and turns around before heading to the ring and rolling into it. He sits on both knees as the referee begins to count.

Blackfront: The referee continuing his count now, but Brother Judas getting to his knees as The Good Reverend is yelling for him to get back into the ring.

Ace: If you're Brother Judas, you want to make sure you win this match. You know he will have to answer to The Good Reverend if he doesn't.

Blackfront: Judas able to climb back into the ring. Lisil Jackson meeting him head on with a stomp to that shoulder as he enters.

Ace: This has to be the most calculated Jackson has been. He's not only dismantling Judas down piece by piece, he is sending a message to the back that he is a legitimate threat.

Blackfront: That he is. Another stomp to that shoulder of Brother Judas.

As Judas is on his knees, Lisil gets to his, grabbing Judas' right arm and bending it up and behind his head.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson applying as much pressure as he can.

Ace: I think he is trying to fully dislocate that shoulder.

Blackfront: He may very well be.

Jackson pushes up to his feet and pushes in harder on the arm of Brother Judas.

Blackfront: No one would have expected this to be as one sided as it has been so far.

Ace: I know I wouldn't have.

Judas tries to get a grip on Jackson but can't as Jackson continues to hold him steady.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend appears to be getting angry outside of the ring.

Ace: Of course he is. After months of telling Lisil Jackson that this was his end, Jackson refusing to go down not only without a fight but a fight so strong that even the biggest, most intimidating UTA Superstar can't seem to phase him.

Judas begins to stand up as Jackson continues to hold his arm behind his head.

Blackfront: Judas standing, but Jackson now bringing knees up into that arm as he does, causing that shoulder to jerk with each shot.

Jackson lets go of Judas' arm.

Blackfront: he lets go.. another rising ide kick to that shoulder of Brother Judas.. followed by a second. Lisil Jackson refusing to slow down. He grabs the arm of Judas now.. whips.. no! Brother Judas reverses and sends Lisil toward the corner.

Jackson is sent with such force that he falls to the canvas and rolls back first into the corner post.

Blackfront: Brother Judas able to maybe buy some more time here.

Ace: But is it enough after everything Lisil has put him through?

Blackfront: I'm unsure, but if he's going to have a chance, he needs to capitalize now.

Judas begins to get to his feet, backing into the opposite corner of Lisil Jackson.

Blackfront: Brother Judas now running toward Jackson.. he drops and slides hard into him.

As Judas connects, Jackson's back wraps around the post and his lower body swings out of the ring followed by his

upper body before he crumbles to the floor outside.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson's luck may have just run out.

Ace: Did you hear the crack of the back as Brother Judas slide into him?

Blackfront: I sure did. That had to hurt mighty bad. Brother Judas now outside of the ring as The Good Reverend is instructing him to finish it.

The Reverend points at Lisil who is face down on the floor, yelling at Brother Judas who slowly walks over to Jackson.

Blackfront: Brother Judas picking the arm of Lisil Jackson up now. What does he have in mind?

Ace: Nothing good, I can tell you that.

He pulls Jackson to his feet, immediately wrapping his arms around him and lifting. He runs forward, slamming Jackson back first into the corner post.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson now in a bad place as it seems that Brother Judas is heating up, not feeling any effects from the assault earlier.

He doesn't let Lisil fall to the floor as he grabs the back of his head and marches him around to the side of the ring before rolling him back into it.

Blackfront: Brother Judas pulling himself to the apron now. If he can get back into the ring he may be able to finish this now.

As Judas gets into the ring, he lightly covers Jackson.

Blackfront: Cover now by brother Judas.. only a two count.

As Lisil's shoulder goes up, Judas gets on his knees and looks at the referee with hatred.

Blackfront: Judas unable to put Jackson away.

Ace: No, but he is a lot closer than he was just a few minutes ago.

Judas lifts a sitting Jackson's arm up, and wraps his legs around Lisil's waist from behind hooking his feet together.

Blackfront: Bodyscissors by Judas as he tries to squeeze the life from Jackson.

Ace: I'm unsure if Lisil Jackson will be able to hold on.

As the referee ask Jackson if he gives up, Jackson says he doesn't. Judas places a hand on the side of his head and pushes it to the side as he squeezes harder around his waist.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson trying to hold on still.

Judas rolls Jackson over into a seated position and slams his head twice into the back of Jackson's before rolling back to the side.

Blackfront: Brother Judas in full control here still.

Ace: He's just toying with his prey now.

Jackson begins to push over, back into a seated position. He grabs Judas' right arm with his left hand and begins to bring elbows up and behind him into the right shoulder of Brother Judas.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson focusing on that shoulder again, causing Brother Judas to release him.

Even after he is released, Jackson rolls over and brings a series of elbows down into Judas' shoulder.

Blackfront: Jackson now moving away on his knees.

He holds his back as he moves away. Judas rolls over and pushes up, his shoulder held down as he walks over into the corner turning around.

Blackfront: Brother Judas using the corner to hold himself up. Lisil Jackson now pushing to his feet.

He turns and takes off toward Judas.

Blackfront: Lisil charging Judas in the corner.. he leaps with both knees up.. JUDAS MOVES!

Jackson drops to his feet and turns around.

Blackfront: Jackson turned right around when he missed Judas. Here comes Judas... back elbow catches him in the face.

Judas grabs his face and stumbles back.

Blackfront: Jackson now heading toward Judas.

Judas quickly grabs Lisil's arm and pulls him into a hard lariat taking him down.

Blackfront: OH! Did you hear that?

Ace: I sure did. That sounded like a Mack truck running into a Honda.

Blackfront: The same amount of force too. Judas just ran over Lisil Jackson.

Judas turns and covers Jackson.

Blackfront: Brother Judas off of that hard hit looks to put away Lisil Jackson.

Ace: That had to be it there.

Jackson is able to roll to his side to break the count at two.

Blackfront: No, Jackson still in this somehow.

Ace: Somehow is right.

Judas on his knees, looks over at the referee again as he is told it was only two.

Blackfront: Brother Judas can't believe that Lisil is still in this.

Ace: Me either at this point.

He grabs Lisil's arm and uses it to pull him up as he stands before throwing him into the corner.

Blackfront: Shoulder thrust by Judas into the midsection of Lisil Jackson. Now follows up with a big right.

Ace: Jackson is taking some heavy damage now.

Blackfront: He is, but he refuses to give up. Uppercut to Jackson's jaw, hard enough to send him halfway over the top rope.

Judas grabs Jackson's arm, pulling it back into the ring while turning him around. He grabs Jackson and lifts him sideways as he turns and steps toward the center of the ring before dropping to a knee with Jackson's back falling onto it.

Blackfront: Backbreaker adding more damage to that already hurt back of Lisil Jackson.

Ace: Jackson's back has been Judas' major target while Jackson has repeatedly went after that shoulder.

Blackfront: Judas holds Jackson down over that knee, now pressing down on his head making sure that all fo the pressure is centralized in that arch of Jackson's back.

Ace: He's wearing him down and finally bringing the punishment that The Good Reverend had promised.

Blackfront: Jackson fighting back now, aiming fist for that shoulder.

He is able to get free, rolling off of Judas' knee and to his hands and knees. Judas stands up, and brings a boot down to the middle of Lisil's back. Jackson lets out a yell of pain.

Blackfront: This has been a match months in the making and the pay off has been worth every moment here tonight.

Ace: I never expected it to be this exciting, but pay per views as big as this one bring out the best in everyone.

Blackfront: Judas pulls Jackson up by the arm, now sends him hard into the ropes. Jackson on the return.. Judas waiting, bends down... AND HE EATS A KICK TO THE SHOULDER!

Judas grabs his shoulder as Lisil backs up. Jackson comes forward, and Judas reaches up, grabbing his throat.

Blackfront: Brother Judas going for the choke slam!

He lifts Jackson up, who as he does, Jackson wraps his arm around Judas' and throws his legs up, dropping to the canvas.

Blackfront: AND JACKSON REVERSES!

Ace: What a counter! That kind of force could have snapped even an arm as big as Judas'.

Outside of the ring, The Good Reverend is in disbelief.

Blackfront: Both men down.

Judas begins rolling over and so does Jackson.

Ace: Not for long though.

Blackfront: Both men starting to get to their feet here. It could be as simple as the first man up, may have this.

As they both get up, Judas grabs Lisil's arm and yanks back.

Blackfront: Jackson whipped in- NO! Reversal by Lisil Jackson. Brother Judas into the ropes and now on the return.

Jackson comes forward and hits a thrusting push kick to the chest of Brother Judas.

Blackfront: TSUNAMI KICK CONNECTS!

Ace: Judas went down like a tree falling in the forest!

Blackfront: Jackson making his way over to the corner now, starting to climb the ropes.

As he does, The Good Reverend jumps on the apron and heads toward him.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend attempting to halt Jackson.. JACKSON WITH A RIGHT THAT SENDS THE REVEREND OFF OF THE APRON AND TO THE FLOOR! He continues to climb!

He turns around once on the top rope and stands before leaping off with a front guillotine leg drop that connects.

Blackfront: BIRD OF PARADISE!

Ace: He got it!

Blackfront: Jackson covers... the referee counts... two.. THREE! HE'S DONE IT! LISIL JACKSON HAS DONE IT!

The crowd claps for Lisil.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... LISIL... JAAACCCKKSSSOOONNN!!!!

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson has been at war for months and tonight, after losing several battles he has won the war.

Ace: That he has Jason.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson able to put Brother Judas away as we kick off International Affair the right way.

Ace: This was such a good match.

Blackfront: It sure was.

Jackson stands, holding his back in pain as his music plays.

A Situation Averted

Outside.

The employee/talent parking garage.

Three strapping gentlemen are strolling through the lot on their way to what looks like a checkpoint of some sort. The better dressed of the trio steps forward with an incredulous look plastered across his face.

“You gotta be kiddin’ me.”

He is Eric Dane. The Only Star is dressed in a silver Armani three-piece capped off with shimmering dragon-skin boots and and ridiculously over-priced Maybach sunshades. Sidling up to either flank are the former/current UTA Eternal Tag Team Champions of the World, Tyrone Walker and Stephen Greer.

Team Danger has arrived at the Tokyo Dome.

Dane: What’s this all about?

The two black-shirted men behind the table are of considerable size. The one in charge looks up at Dane and smiles politely.

Black Shirt: Security, sir. We’re on high alert tonight. Management doesn’t want to risk anything funny going down here tonight. If you catch my drift...

Eric eyeballs the large man. Walker and Greer mean-mug, as they are wont to do.

Dane: So what’s this mean to me?

Black Shirt: I’ll need to see Identification before anyone gets through this checkpoint.

Greer and Walker share a look, Dane rolls his eyes. The lot of them reach for wallets. A moment passes and I.D.’s are presented. The guy in charge hands the three cards off to his cronie and continues to smile politely.

Dane: Can we move this along, please? I’ve only got a Main Event to prepare for yanno.

Instead of a clipboard, the goon swipes through a few pages on a tablet. He furrows his brow, looks up at the three of them, and hands the cards back.

Black Shirt #2: Mr. Dane, you’re free to go in. You two can buzz off.

The man in charge shoots daggers at him from his eyes.

Black Shirt #2: I mean, ah, you’re welcome to see if the box office has any more tickets available, but you’re not cleared for rear entry tonight.

Walker cracks up. Greer follows suit. Everybody is all smiles because this situation surely isn’t about to go sideways. Eric Dane’s smile fades first.

Dane: I don’t give one furious f(redacted)k what that tablet says. We’re going in. Feel free to try and stop us if you’ve

got a hospital stay in your immediate plans.

Greer and Walker lose their laughs and stand forward, ready to buck at a moment's notice. The Black Shirts both stand, towering over the Terrible Trio. The tension in the air is palpable as things are just about to jump off when the door behind the two Black Shirts opens and out steps a suit-clad Michael Lorenzo.

Dane: Call off your dogs, Lorenzo.

Lorenzo: I should say the same to you.

A moment passes.

The Only Star relents first, waving off Walker and Greer.

Dane: Can we go in, now?

Lorenzo: Of course. You may go in. They may not.

Greer: And why in the hell not?

Walker: Yeah, nucca, why not?

The head of Victory clears his throat.

Lorenzo: (to Walker) For starters, you don't work here anymore.

Walker: Leave of Absence, fool.

Lorenzo: (to Greer) And you're not medically cleared,

Greer: To walk into a building?

Lorenzo: Like the man said before I came out here, we're on high alert for situations just like the one that almost just happened here. The higher ups refuse to let this event tonight be compromised by the kind of gang warfare that you three like to propagate.

Dane: That right? I bet all four members of Dynasty are on that list.

Lorenzo: Yes, as they're all scheduled to work this evening, they're all cleared to enter. Just like you are, Eric. Your friends, however, are not. If this is a deal breaker for you, then feel free to walk out on your title match tonight. However, if this is really the Hill that you wanna die on, expect notice from the UTA Legal Team before you ever make it back to your hotel.

Lorenzo smiles. It isn't polite at all. The Number One Contender knows when he's been out-played and he turns to his brothers-in-arms.

Dane: You heard him, fellas. It's just me tonight.

Walker: You sure about this, mayne?

Dane: Yeah, I got this. I have a plan. Don't worry.

Greer: You have another plan?

Eric smirks.

Dane: I have three other plans, boys. You know. Don't worry, I got this.

Daps are traded, last minute advice given, and the Treacherous Tandem turn and make their way back from whence they came. Dane glares at Lorenzo who opens the door and flourishes for Dane to make his entrance as if there hadn't been a problem at all.

We move back ring side where we get a panoramic view displaying ladders set up on the stage and along the ramp.

Announcer: The following contest is a fatal four way ladder match and it's for the Prodigy Championship! The only way to win this match is to climb the ladder in order to retrieve it. The first person to retrieve the title becomes the NEW Prodigy Champion!

The Japanese crowd politely applauds they're going to see the first title match of the night. If You want Peace, Prepare for War by Children of Boredom kicks in as the fans are cheering.

Blackfront: Here comes the first participant in this match!

Ace: HIM! I thought he was NEVER going to show up after being defeated by Perfection!

Blackfront: Of course he would! Lew Smith NEVER stays down from a fight and this could be his night to win the vacated Prodigy Championship!

Announcer: Introducing first....from Frimley, England.....

Pryo begins to blare out with the heavy sound kicking in as Lew Smith looks around to survey the Japanese crowd. He takes a deep breath before the final pry explosion kicks in and runs down to the ring.

Announcer: Standing in at Six Feet One inches tall and weighing in at two hundred sixteen pounds....

Lew dives through the middle rope and into the ring as he looks up at the title that's hanging.

Announcer: He is the "Ominous Angel"...LEW SMITH!

Lew walks to one corner of the ring as he keeps eying the prize that's hanging.

Blackfront: Lew Smith not taking his eyes off the title! He wants gold more than anything else after his heartbreaker a couple of months ago when his World Heavyweight Championship win was taken from him.

Lew looks away before staring at the ramp for the next person to come out.

Blackfront: Lew's ready for this match. You can tell it in his eyes.

Ace: I hope he's ready for another HEARTBREAK!

The fast beat of Trouble by Imagine Dragons kicks in as Amy Harrison walks out of the back.

Ace: Now here's a chick I prefer to walk out as champion!

Blackfront: Out of all of the girls in the UTA that's come and gone, you think Amy Harrison will win?

Ace: Just imagine how HOT she could look with ONLY the title on!

Amy begins to walk down the ramp.

Announcer: Hailing from Belfast, Northern Ireland....

Amy jumps on the apron and yells at Lew Smith, who's in the ring to move out of her way as she barks at the referee to open the rope for her to get in.

Announcer: Standing in at five foot four inches tall and weighing in at one hundred and fourteen pounds...

Amy Harrison yells at Lew Smith that the Prodigy Championship is hers.

Announcer: AMY... HARRRISSSOOONN

Amy shakes her head as she continues to yell at Lew Smith

Blackfront: Amy Harrison doesn't seem to be a crowd pleasure, but she doesn't care. She could walk out the next champion if she keeps focus on this match and not let the crowd get to her.

She motions the title sign around her waist while having a confident look on her face.

Blackfront: She seems pretty confident in herself!

Ace: As she should! A beautiful women like her should be!

The uppity beat to The Bitch is Back by Elton John kicks in.

Blackfront: Here comes Marie Van Claudio, who is looking to win her first title after coming up short for the World Championship bout and on the losing end of the Tag Team Championship match back at Ring King!

Ace: And she's NOT going to win this one! Amy's the better choice over her!

Marie comes out of the back and stops at the ramp. She points to her arm for the black arm band around her as she walks to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada.....

She walks to the ring with a serious look on her face before getting on the ring apron. She wipes her feet and gets in while looking at her opponents.

Announcer: Standing in at Five foot Seven inches and weighing in at one hundred and twenty seven pounds.

Marie looks around as Amy's yelling at her to get out, but Marie doesn't say anything because her focus is for the title, not Amy.

Announcer: MARIE... VAN... CLAAUUUDDDDIIIOOOO!!!!!!

Blackfront: Marie seems to be doing the right thing and to letting Amy get to her in this match.

She cracks her head back and forth while bending over

Ace: The only thing that would interest me with Amy and Marie is the both of them make a porno. That's what they should be doing!

Blackfront: Really? Have some respect towards Marie! The girl has been working hard to get back where she wanted to be in the first place!

Ace: The only thing she would be working hard at is on the pole! That it!

As Marie's theme song fade out, the loud sound of Gold Medal by Tha Trademarc kicks in as the Japanese crowd are flashing their cameras for the Hall of Famer.

Blackfront: The Japanese crowd are taking pictures of what could be a moment to last a life time!

Ace: I hope their cameras don't break in disgust at this man!

The song gets louder as Ron Hall walks out of the back. He looks left to right before tipping his hat as he walks to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from the Heart of the Appalachian Mountains.....

Ron continues down the ramp.

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

He gets in the ring as the fans are clapping for him while Marie and Lew are nodding in respect as Amy's not caring for him!

Announcer: He is the "Southern Rebel" RON... HAAAALLLLLLL!!!!!!!!!!

The fans are still clapping as he raises his arms in the air.

Blackfront: The Japanese crowd is giving the UTA Hall of Famer tons of respect as he looks to add another accomplishment to his long resume he has!

He puts his arms down and walks to the corner. He gives Lew and Marie a respectable nod back, but blows off Amy.

Ace: I hope someone seriously injures him and puts him out for good!

Blackfront: After everything that his man went through for the UTA, you have a lot of nerve saying that!

Ace: I don't care for him! Never have! Never will!

Blackfront: This should be an interesting match here as Ron Hall and Lew Smith have tagged together before as has Marie Van Claudio and Amy Harrison. While it is every person for themselves, you have to wonder if we will see temporary alliances.

Ace: I'm sure of it. You'd have to be stupid not to in this type of match. But it's going to come down to who uses who until it's good for them to screw the other over!

Blackfront: The Prodigy Championship on the line, once held by Alex Beckman who was injured at Ring King earlier this year and had to vacate the title.

The four superstars look up at the hanging championship as the bell sounds to begin the match.

Blackfront: One of these four superstars will walk out tonight a champion.

Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio begin exchanging punches as does Ron Hall and Lew Smith.

Blackfront: All four of these superstars know what's on the line.

Harrison and Smith each grab their respective opponent and send them across the ring.

Blackfront: Hall and Claudio off of the ropes... back body drop by Amy Harrison on Marie Van Claudio... Lew Smith catches Ron Hall with a hip toss.

Ace: This is the smart thing to do, focus on one person, wear them down, then move to the next.

Blackfront: Hall and Marie quickly back to their feet. Rushing Harrison and Smith.

Amy Harrison and Lew Smith both move forward and jump up with drop kicks.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison and Lew Smith connect with dual drop kicks.

Ace: They seem to be on sync here tonight, which is something I never imagined I'd see.

Amy and Lew get to their feet, turning toward each other.

Blackfront: Yes, but it may blow up right now as they are the two standing in the ring.

Lew and Amy both decide to go their separate ways. Lew Smith backs toward the ropes, dropping down and rolling out while Amy Harrison heads to the ropes and steps through them.

Blackfront: Or not.. it does look like both of these superstars are looking to bring ladders into the equation.

Ace: Well, it is a ladder match Jason.

Blackfront: I know that Tommy. The only way to get that championship title hanging above the ring is to climb a ladder in the ring and grab it.

Lew bends down near the ring, lifting the apron to look for a ladder while Amy makes her way toward the ramp where several ladders are set up already.

Blackfront: Lew Smith pulling a ladder out from under the ring now.

Ace: That ladder looks to be small.

Blackfront: It does look to be a smaller ladder than needed to reach the Prodigy Championship.

Amy closes a ladder from the ramp, and begins to drag it toward the ring as Lew slides his into the ring, rolling in after it.

Blackfront: Smith back in the ring, and I think he now realizes that the ladder he has is way too short.

Ace: Lew should be used to that.

Lew heads over and lays the ladder in the corner after realizing that it is too short. Amy slides her ladder into the ring. As she begins to slide in after it, Lew takes off.

Blackfront: Baseball slide by Lew Smith connecting with Amy Harrison's head.

She rolls back out of the ring.

Ace: I've got to say, I didn't expect Lew to do something smart like that.

He gets to his feet, heading over to the ladder Amy slide in. Before he can get it set up, Ron Hall runs over and connects with a forearm shot to the back of Lew. His ladder falls over, laying at an angle on the ropes as Hall turns Lew around and begins to connect with heavy rights.

Blackfront: Ron Hall now controlling Lew Smith.

Marie Van Claudio pushes her way to her feet. Seeing Hall and Smith she runs forward. Both men turn and see her, but it's too late as she throws her arms out.

Blackfront: Double clothesline sends Ron Hall and Lew Smith over the top rope! Marie Van Claudio is the only superstar standing in the ring!

Ace: It's still early Jason.

Blackfront: It may be early, but all it takes is setting a ladder up and making your way to the top.

Marie pulls the large ladder up, and begins to open it.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio positioning that ladder now. If she can get it set up before any of the three of her opponents are back in the ring...

Ace: Well, it's too late for that.

Marie turns and sees Amy slide into the ring. Amy gets to her feet and charges Marie Van Claudio

Blackfront: Harrison leaps.. into a press. Now Amy Harrison in control.

As she mounts Marie Van Claudio, Amy slams her forearm and elbows into Marie's face as she pulls her head into the shots.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison getting off of Marie Van Claudio and now realizes that she is just a ladder climb away from becoming the Prodigy Champion.

Ace: Amy Harrison a champion in the UTA? That will never happen.

Blackfront: Tell that to Amy.

She places the arms of the ladder into a lock position before moving it under the title. Placing her hand on a rung, Amy takes her first step up.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison now climbing that ladder. If she is able to get to the top, she will be the champion.

Lew Smith rolls back into the ring under the bottom rope.

Ace: I think Lew Smith has other plans.

Blackfront: Smith quickly leaping to the other side... starting to climb as well. Who will make it to the top first?

Ron pulls himself to the apron, and steps back into the ring between the middle and top rope.

Blackfront: Here comes Ron Hall!

Ace: Why wont this guy just go away?

Blackfront: Hall quickly over to the ladder... he's... he's pushing it over!

Amy and Lew try to hold on, but it just causes them to go for the ride as the ladder tips. Lew falls off the ladder, landing groin first on the top rope. His body tilts to the side and he falls hitting the edge of the apron before going to the floor. Amy Harrison falls back first onto the top rope and her body violently flips out of the ring and falls to the floor. Quickly medical staff run around the ring to check on her.

Blackfront: Ron Hall gets rid of Lew Smith and Amy Harrison, now pulling that ladder back up.

MVC pushes her way up and stumbles over to the corner where the smaller ladder is sitting. She grabs it from the corner.

Blackfront: Hall now beginning to climb.

Ace: Not for long!

Marie places her head between the rungs in the middle of the ladder and runs forward, slamming the top of it into the back of Ron Hall. However, the rung in front of her fact bounces back and slams into her. As Hall falls from the ladder tot he right, the ladder falls to the left. Marie is twisted over and hits the canvas, her neck whipping between the rungs.

Blackfront: My lord! Marie Van Claudio may have just hurt herself more than Ron Hall!

Ace: She might have broken her neck!

Blackfront: There are bodies everywhere!

Ace: We may not be able to continue this match Jason.

Blackfront: You might be right Tommy. I am unsure how anyone can continue. Amy Harrison is currently being loaded onto a stretcher.

We get a shot of Harrison surrounded by officials and medical staff on a stretcher. They have her neck in a brace. A couple of people from the medical team enter the ring and push the ladder from Marie Van Claudio, checking on her.

Blackfront: Folks, this is one of the most dangerous types of matches and tonight it shows.

Ace: I'm impressed to be honest. Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio are two people I never thought I'd see taking the risk that they have tonight.

Blackfront: That may be so, but at what cost?

Lew Smith can be seen leaning on the side of the ring. After a moment he pulls himself back into it.

Blackfront: Lew Smith determined to finish this match. Determined to walk out the UTA Prodigy Champion.

Ace: Well, it's just him and Ron Hall now.

Blackfront: Lew Smith heading over to Ron Hall who is now on his knees.

Smith delivers a swift kick into the back of Ron Hall. Hall's body arches in pain before he falls face first to the canvas.

Blackfront: Lew Smith now stomping away at Ron Hall, showing us aggression we are not used to seeing from him.

In the corner, MVC is standing up and can be seen nodding to the medical staff who back away from her.

Blackfront: It appears Marie Van Claudio is OK folks and wants to continue this match.

Smith grabs Ron by the head, pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Smith has Hall up... directs him to the ropes... Lew Smith sends Hall over the top rope!

Ace: Ron should be getting used to being outside of the ring.

As Lew turns around, Marie charges him.

Blackfront: Rising knee to the midsection of Lew Smith! She is now heading to the corner.

Ace: Yes, because taking a big risk is exactly what you do after a match like this. What an idiot.

As Marie gets to the top, she turns around and begins to stand, trying to keep her balance. Lew stands up and turns around toward her. As he does, Marie leaps off, turning as she catches his head and hits the canvas.

Blackfront: MONTREAL SPIN OUT!

Ace: That will ruin your night right there.

Both lay on the canvas. But only for a moment until Marie sits up and begins to get to her feet.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio looking to win this one now.

Ron Hall slides back into the ring. He gets to his feet as Marie does. Hall shoots forward and throws his leg up, catching her with a superkick.

Blackfront: COUNTRY CHIN MUSIC BY RON HALL!

Ace: Where did he come from?!

Hall drops to one knee and reaches back, grabbing his back.

Blackfront: But can he capitalize?

We see something happening in the background up the ramp. The camera angle switches to show the medical staff stopped around the stretcher that Amy Harrison is on.

Blackfront: It looks like Amy Harrison is trying to get up from that stretcher.

Ace: Well, that's stupid. You're injured!

Blackfront: She might be seriously injured, but she is refusing to let it end this way!

Amy rolls off of the stretcher. As the medical staff are trying to hold her back, she pushes through them. They look in awe as she begins to slowly make her way back toward the ring.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison with a never give up attitude here tonight, but will it matter?

In the ring, Ron is back to his feet. He is positioning the ladder under the championship. As he gets it just right, he moves to the side and begins to climb.

Blackfront: Ron Hall once again heading up the ladder. Could he walk out tonight the UTA Prodigy Champion?

Ace: I'd say right now he has the best chance.

Amy rips the neck brace off before sliding back into the ring.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison back in the ring! She is climbing the other side!

Ace: Watch your surroundings. Remember what happened last time you were climbing the ladder.

Blackfront: One of these two superstars could be the champion!

As they reach the top of the ladder, Harrison brings a right that connects with the side of Ron's head. He returns the favor.

Blackfront: Ron Hall exchanging shots with Amy Harrison at the top of the ladder. Will it be the UTA Hall of Famer or will it be Amy Harrison walking out tonight with that title?

Lew Smith rolls over and begins pushing himself up.

Ace: It could be neither! Here comes Smith!

Blackfront: Lew Smith beginning to climb that ladder behind Ron Hall...

Hall looks down, kicking his foot into Lew's face. As he is distracted, Amy begins to reach for the Prodigy Championship.

Blackfront: Harrison using this as he chance.. can she do it?!

Lew moves up more. Swinging to the side, he climbs a couple of more rungs up and is beside Ron Hall.

Blackfront: Smith trying to overtake Hall now.

Ace: They need to stop Amy Harrison.

Ron grabs Lew's head and slams it into the side of the ladder, sending him back to the canvas.

Blackfront: RON HALL SENDS SMITH FLYING!

Hall focuses back on Harrison, climbing up two more rungs. Pushing her arm away from the title, Hall reaches up with both hands and grabs it.

Blackfront: RON HALL HAS THE CHAMPIONSHIP! RON HALL IS GOING TO UNHOOK IT AND BECOME THE NEW UTA PRODIGY CHAMPION!

As he stretches, Harrison comes forward with all of her force slams a fist into his groin. Ron's face is one of shock and pain right before he falls to the side and off of the ladder hitting the canvas hard.

Blackfront: AMY HARRISON IS ABLE TO GET HALL OFF OF THE LADDER!

We see MVC starting to push to her feet.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio starting to get to her feet.

Ace: But it's too late!

Blackfront: It sure is! AMY HARRISON IS UNHOOKING THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

As Marie grabs the rungs and climbs up one, it is in fact too late as Amy pulls the title down from the hook. The bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: She's done it! Amy Harrison has done it!

Announcer: The winner of this match and NEEEEWWW.... UTA Prodigy Champion.... AMY.... HAARRRIIISOOONN!!!

Marie Van Claudio steps back to the canvas and drops to her knees. Her head falls into her head in disappointment. Amy Harrison stands at the top of the ladder. In one hand she holds the title close to her, the other holds her neck.

Blackfront: Folks, Amy Harrison came back from what seemed to be a career threatening neck injury after a bad

landing to becoming the new Prodigy Champion.

She climbs down the ladder. As she gets back to the canvas, Amy holds the title, looking at it. MVC pushes to her feet, looking over at Amy.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio can not believe that Amy Harrison is the Prodigy Champion.

Ace: Quite frankly, neither can I.

Marie walks over and smiles at Amy. She reaches out. Amy Smiles back and comes in for a hug.

Blackfront: These two have been all over the world together. Tonight, Marie Van Claudio wanted to walk out champion, but instead her long time friend Amy Harrison does.

Ace: This is sickening.

Tommy makes a vomiting noise as Marie Van Claudio pulls away from Amy and raises her hand up in victory.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio proud of her friend.

As Amy's music continues, they two have a friendly chat before Marie turns to leave the ring. Amy stops her, tapping her on the shoulder. As Marie turns around, Amy brings the title up and runs through her, smashing Claudio's face with the belt.

Blackfront: HOW DESPICABLE! AMY HARRISON JUST HIT HER FRIEND WITH THAT BELT!

Ace: I wouldn't say that's very friendly Jason.

Amy steps over Marie and looks down at her, holding the belt up, screaming I AM THE CHAMPION! NOT YOU! ME!

Blackfront: Yea, we get it Amy, you are the champion. Just disgusting.

Amy Harrison lifts the belt high above her with both hands as she continues to celebrate, carnage laying all around of her.

Good point

Cameras are rolling in the back loading area in the Tokyo Dome. A door opens up and Dynasty makes their entrance.

Blackfront: This was the scene earlier today. Dynasty arriving to the Tokyo Dome as a unit.

CBR enters first wearing a high end suit, carrying his suitcase. Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely are behind him both dressed to impress. Kendrix is rocking a man as he has his bag hanging off his shoulder. Mikey Unlikely rolls his suitcase on his side as he takes his sunglasses off.

Ace: Dynasty is looking good tonight!

Bringing up the rear is the UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca. He is decked out in all white with his duffle bag over his shoulder and Ace In The Hole briefcase in hand.

Blackfront: There... ladies and gentlemen is the UTA World Champion.

Ace: The greatest World Champion, Jason.

Blackfront: Could this be his last night as champion?

Ace: Oh shush!

The men continue to walk as a group, not saying much of anything. Business seems to be the order of the day.

Blackfront: All four of these men you see on your TV set are involved in some of the biggest matches in their careers.

Will they make it a clean sweep?

Dynasty walks passed the rolling cameras. We go to ringside.

Ace: Without a doubt, Jason. This is Dynasty we are talking about. The best of the best. They're not like the rest, they're... the best! Haha!

The fans behind Blackfront and Ace seem excited. A few wave at the filming cameras in front of them.

Blackfront: Dynasty is involved in two big UTA title matches here this evening.

Graphics for both the UTA Legacy Title match and UTA World Title match hit your screen.

Blackfront: We will see CBR try to reclaim the Legacy title as he goes one on one with current champion, John Sektor.

Ace: This could be match of the night, Jason. CBR takes back what was his.

Blackfront: Then in our Main Event, La Flama Blanca puts his UTA World Title on the line against Eric Dane.

Ace: Eric Dane finally gets his match against La Flama Blanca, his first crack at the UTA World title.

Blackfront: LFB now controls the Ace In The Hole contract, could he cash it in tonight if he loses here tonight?

Ace: Him having the briefcase sure does make it interesting. You know I'm going with La Flama Blanca in this one.

Blackfront: Of course you are.

Ace: This is Pay Per View, Jason! Dynasty always reigns supreme on Pay Per View.

We move to shots from the audience from all over the arena.

Blackfront: Oh, you will give it a rest?!

Tommy Ace can't help but chuckle.

Ace: Oh Jason... Just admit you love Dynasty already.

Blackfront: I will do no such thing! Anyway... coming up next is our Fatal Four Way that will decide each titles Number One Contender. The ultimate winner gets a UTA World Title shot.

Ace: For the losers, a mighty fine consolation prize in a title shot.

Blackfront: Are there really any losers in this match?

A graphic for the Fatal Four Way Match fills your TV screen. Scott Stevens, Zhalia Fears, Perfection, and Quinlan are all represented.

Ace: Not all title shots are equal, Jason. Everyone wants the UTA World title.

Blackfront: I don't think being the Number One Contender for the Wildfire title is anything to get down about...

Ace: Then you have to go up against Cayle Murray or Colton Thorpe.

Blackfront: Good point. We are LIVE in the Tokyo Dome, folks! The Fatal Four Way is next!

A Favor Asked

Backstage.

Specifically the dressing room of the Number One Contender to the UTA Heavyweight Champion of the World, Eric Dane.

Gone are the expensive threads, replaced by an Only Star branded Under Armour workout shirt and track shorts. The

number one contender sits on a bench, bare-footed, and works at wrapping his left knee with an Ace bandage. His right knee is already heavily wrapped.

A polite knock to the door is followed quickly by the entrance of the C-Town Strangler himself, Colton Thorpe. The Wildfire Champion is already dressed for competition and carries said belt over his right shoulder.

Thorpe: You rang?

The Only Star finishes off his wrapping.

Dane: Yeah, Colt, take a seat, kid. I wanna ask ya something.

Colton takes a seat in a folding chair across from Dane. Getting comfortable he crosses a leg and gently sets the belt down across his lap. The look on his face is inquisitive.

Thorpe: What's up?

Eric snorts, his own expression reading nothing but serious business.

Dane: You ready for Cayle?

Colton smiles and pats the belt.

Thorpe: Of course I am, I'm gonna teach that little prick a lesson in respect!

Dane nods.

Dane: Good, good. Make an impression tonight.

Colton furrows his brow.

Thorpe: Yeah, right, sure, but you didn't call me all the way down here to wish me luck. What gives, big guy?

Eric contemplates for a moment.

Dane: I want you to do me a favor, kid.

Thorpe: Sure thing, you name it.

Dane: I want you to be my second tonight, out there in the ring. I want you out there with me to take care of anything that might come up.

Thorpe cocks a questioning eyebrow.

Thorpe: To take care of anything that might-

He is interrupted.

Dane: I want you to have my back. You know Dynasty's gonna get involved. They might be a dysfunctional bunch of douchebags, but there's no way in hell they leave their mascot out to dry on Pay-Per-View with that big gold belt on the line.

He pauses to let that sink in.

Dane: I need somebody I can trust out there to have my back.

Colton takes a moment to absorb before nodding to the positive.

Thorpe: Yeah, man, anything you need. You know I'm there for you! But, ah, what about that other thing, you know-

Eric interrupts again.

Dane: It's still going down. We have to get there first, though.

Colton nods.

Thorpe: Don't worry about it, I got you covered out there.

Eric stands, extending a hand that Thorpe is up quickly to accept. Both men sport knowing smirks of impending doom and gloom for their opponents.

Dane: Alright, good, now get the hell outta here. You're up soon, and I've got another hour of stretching to do before these knees'll be ready to go out there and win the World Title!

Thorpe's grin widens as he pats The Only Star on the shoulder before taking his leave. Dane, true to his word, goes immediately into a tried and true stretching routine. Cut back to ringside or wherever else something interesting is going on in the UTA Universe tonight.

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area. The video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The opening guitar riffs and Hellraiser by Motorhead begins to play throughout the PA system.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens returning to the UTA after a few weeks out of action.

Ace: This guy has taken more vacations than I've had my entire career.

The chorus hits the speakers, drawing out the man from Texas.

Announcer: Introducing at this time, coming to us from the Great State of Texas, by way of Houston, Texas.

He heads down the ramp.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, six inches, and weighing in at two hundred and fifty-six pounds...

As he finally gets to the ring, he climbs the nearest turnbuckle.

Announcer: This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

An icy glare and the throat slash gesture his only actions as he drops to the canvas.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens looking to make an impact here tonight.

The PA system of the Tokyo Dome kicks back to life with the faint sound of a heartbeat. Seconds after the guitar kicks in.

Inambush's Pulse plays as from behind the curtain, Quinlan strides out onto the stage. The silver/purple motif, his ode to an odd childhood favourite, Megatron. Shaking loose his neck, he stops to gaze out at the Faithful gathered here tonight.

Ace: I forgot Quinlan was still even employed here.

Blackfront: A sleeper if you will, Quinlan has the biggest chance to shock everyone here tonight.

Calmly, he makes his way down the ramp, flashing a mouthguard-full smile to the camera.

Announcer: Introducing next, from Bell City, Ontario, Canada! Standing at six feet, two and one half inches and weighing two hundred and thirty eight pounds...

Hesitating just a moment at the sight of the ring, Quinlan scampers up to the apron and then the ropes. He taps with a taped fist to his heart, and points out a sign in the crowd.

Announcer: QUIINNLLLAANNNN

Jumping down, to the inside of the ring, Quinlan backs into a corner and takes a seat on the canvas. He closes his eyes as he goes his strategy one last time before this match gets underway.

Blackfront: Elimination rules here as two of the four in this match have arrived.

Every section of light in the arena suddenly shuts off with a loud sounding 'click'. Handheld phones and devices start to illuminate the arena in the darkness as two purple spotlights shine down over the ring as Pretty Little Psycho by Porcelain Black starts playing.

Blackfront: This could be Zhalia Fears big chance to redeem herself after losing her shot at the UTA World Championship.

The purple spotlights trail down the entrance ramp up to the stage where smoke is puffing out. A LOUD screech interrupts the music for a moment just before the lyrics kick in once more but that is all the fans need to hear as the curtains burst open and Zhalia Fears shoots through the smoke to the center of the stage wearing one of her Zhalia Fears UTA shirts. With a grin she gives a single arc wave to her fans.

Announcer: Currently on leave from the Broadmoor Hospital in Crowthorne, UK!

She crooks her head at the ring and then makes a dash toward it while yanking her shirt up over her head. Stopping near the corner of the barricades she hands it off to a young fan before walking back to the ring.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds...

Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes looking out at the fans for a few moments. Catching sight of the camera nearest she smirks at it and says Keep watching Zhaliphires!. With a smile she then slides across the ring to the closest corner, leaning backward onto it bobbing along with the tempo.

Announcer: She is... 'KIMERA'... ZHALIA FEARS!

Zhalia continues to bob back and forth as the lyrics draw near the end and start to fade on out.

Blackfront: Only one more man to come out now. The last addition to this match and surprise to many when he made his return to the UTA not too long ago.

Ace: This is great!

Perfection exits from behind the curtain. He raises his arms.

"There is no doubt about it  
I'm one of kind, baby  
I am le d'Artagnan de coeur  
As you may see, candy."

Ace: Perfection just has to put away three nobodies and he gets his chance to become champion again!

Blackfront: Not one of the superstars in that ring is a nobody Tommy.

Perfection makes his way towards the ring taking his time to jaw-jack with fans near the rails. He walks up the stairs to enter the ring. He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites.

Announcer: Hailing from Los Angeles, California

"And I'm talking with my eyes  
and I walk in different styles"

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

"I'm a genuine man"

Perfection grabs the middle rope leaning over it and yelling at fans in the front row.

"Yes I am  
I am a perfect gentleman  
Yes I am  
I am a perfect gentleman  
Yes I am, I am, yes I am  
(perfect)"

Announcer: PERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRFECCCCCTTTTTIIIONNNNNNNNN!!!!

He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites.

Ace: I love this guy!

Now he mounts the turnbuckle to yell at the fans some more before giving one last pose and jumping down from the turnbuckle

Blackfront: This match is almost like a miniature version of All or Nothing.

Ace: Except instead of titles, it's title shots on the line.

Blackfront: That is right. This is an elimination match. The first person eliminated will get a Prodigy Championship shot against Amy Harrison. The next will get a Wildfire Championship shot against either Colton Thorpe or Cayle Murray, with the final two competing for a Legacy and World title shot respectively.

The four superstars each stand in a corner as the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Here we go! Our second four way of the night.

Ace: Yea, but this one is a sausage fest.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears is inside the ring.

Ace: I do not change my opinion.

Scott Stevens and Quinlan immediately turn and rush perfection. Both men come in with hard rights into the former UTA Champion.

Blackfront: Quinlan and Scott Stevens deciding that Perfection is the biggest threat in this match as he is a former UTA Champion.

Ace: It's a good strategy, it really is. But come on.. it's Perfection we are talking about!

The two men push Perfection into the ropes, and use them to send him running across the ring. Zhalia watches, awaiting the right time to strike.

Blackfront: Perfection on the return... ducks a double clothesline attempt!

He turns as does the other two.

Blackfront: Perfection with a right to the side of Quinlan's head.. now one to Scott Stevens. The former champion alternating between the two.

Ace: I told you, all they did was make him angry. You really shouldn't make Perfection angry.

Blackfront: perfection grabbing the head of Scott Stevens now.. Stevens sent over the top rope!

Quinlan turns Perfection around and brings a boot up into his mid section. He hooks his arms up under Perfection's, holding him as he brings a series of knees into the former champion.

Blackfront: Quinlan in control now.

He slips behind Perfection, pulling him into a full nelson lock. He yells for Zhalia to come in.

Blackfront: Quinlan wanting Zhalia Fears to work with him to put Perfection away. Here she comes!

Ace: Of course she is. She can't take anyone by herself, she has to cheat and work with others.

Blackfront: How is it cheating Tommy? This is what type of match this is.

Zhalia Fears moves in before reaching back and coming down across Perfection's chest with a big chop.

Blackfront: A second chop to the chest of Perfection.

Quinlan lets Perfection go, pushing him forward. As Perfection bends over, Zhalia runs and hits the ropes. As she returns, she jumps into a left roundhouse kick into a spinning right hook kick catching Perfection.

Blackfront: ODE TO KUSH! ODE TO KUSH ON PERFECTION!

As Perfection hits the canvas, Quinlan quickly drops down covering him. Zhalia looks confused.

Blackfront: Quinlan taking advantage of the Ode to Kush and covering Perfection. The referee drops for his count.

Ace: Hey, let him take the pin. What does it matter unless you are last one in the ring?

As the referee's hand hits for a second time, Scott Stevens reaches into the ring and grabs Quinlan's foot. He yanks back pulling him off of Perfection.

Blackfront: Wait! Stevens breaks the cover!

Ace: Freaking Stevens, always messing something up.

Blackfront: Close call for Perfection as he is still in this one.

Scott Stevens pulls Quinlan out of the ring under the bottom rope. As he lands on the floor, Stevens turns him around and shoots a couple of fist into his stomach.

Blackfront: Stevens working on Quinlan outside of the ring.

Ace: Scott Stevens desperately wanting to make his mark here in the UTA, tonight is his chance.

Blackfront: He could be a former UTA Champion, but first he has three others to get through here tonight.

Inside of the ring, Zhalia Fears runs and hits the ropes. As she rushes across the ring, she leaps over the top rope coming down and crashing through both Quinlan and Scott Stevens.

Blackfront: WHOA! HIGH IMPACT DIVE BY ZHALIA FEARS HITS HER MARK!

Ace: Fears is trying to hurt herself like we've already seen Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio tonight.

Inside of the ring, Perfection rolls to his side and pushes to a seated position. He looks around, not seeing anyone else.

Blackfront: Perfection unsure of what has happened.

Ace: What's happened is Fears just made it easy picking for you champ!

Perfection pushes up. As he does, Fears gets to her feet outside of the ring.

Blackfront: Perfection heading to the ropes, it looks like he is going to join the others outside. The only way to eliminate your opponents is pin fall or submission inside of the ring. While there is no count outs, you can be disqualified.

As Perfection hopes to the floor, Fears rushes him.

Blackfront: Perfection side steps.. sends Fears shoulder first into the corner post!

Ace: I told you Jason, taking unnecessary risk.

Perfection heads over and grabs Zhalia by the arm, pulling her back to her feet. He wraps her arm around the corner post under the ropes before pulling it back then yanking it hard around the post. Zhalia's arm whips back around as she grabs it in pain and stumbles away from the post.

Blackfront: Perfection focusing on the arm of Zhalia Fears.

Ace: It's smart Jason. Perfection needs to pull his opponents apart piece by piece.

Blackfront: Perfection grabs Fears again... lifts her up and comes forward... he drops her on top of the barricade!

Ace: Arm first too!

Zhalia comes back over and to the floor, holding her arm. Behind them, Scott Stevens pushes his way up.

Blackfront: Stevens on his feet, heading toward Perfection now.

Ace: OK Scott, you should know better than to start with alpha.

Blackfront: Stevens rushes Perfection... the former UTA Champion catches him.. **BACK BODY DROP OVER THE BARRICADE AND INTO THE FRONT ROW!**

The Japanese fans in the front row stand up and move back away from Scott Stevens. Stevens pushes to his knees, and grabs the top of the barricade. Perfection reaches over, grabbing his head and pulling him back over and to the floor.

Blackfront: Perfection an absolute stud here tonight as he has full control of this four way.

Ace: It's because he is the best one in this match. This is a former UTA Champion Jason! He was the Superstar of the Year last year!

Perfection lifts Fears to her feet and directs her to the ring before rolling her back in.

Blackfront: Perfection returning to the ring and covering Fears.

The referee slides into position and begins his count, but Zhalia is able to kick out at two.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears not out yet as Perfection spent too much time with Stevens.

Quinlan rolls back into the ring himself and begins to push up.

Blackfront: perfection runs.. catches Quinlan in the face with a knee keeping him down!

Ace: How does that guy even still have a job here?

Perfection turns toward Fears who is getting up as well.

Blackfront: Perfection grabbing Fears' arm.. sends her into the ropes. Zhalia Fears on the return now... hip toss by Perfection!

Both superstars roll over and push up to their feet. Zhalia runs at perfection who catches her again.

Blackfront: Another hip toss by Perfection, sending Zhalia Fears back to the canvas.

Scott Stevens rolls back into the ring behind Perfection. He moves his arms out to the side, his fingers wiggle as he moves in. Stevens reaches around, pulling Perfection's arm up and around his own throat while sliding his free arm between perfections, holding onto the back of his head.

Blackfront: Cobra Clutch locked in by Scott Stevens!

Ace: WHAT?!

Stevens yanks Perfection side to side, locking the move in tighter. The referee watches for signs of Perfection giving

up.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens looking to put the former UTA Champion away with that Cobra Clutch!

Perfection tries to fight it but his arms begin to go limp.

Blackfront: MY GOD! SCOTT STEVENS MAY HAVE KNOCKED PERFECTION OUT!

Ace: I can't fathom Stevens causing Perfection to lose!

Blackfront: Well, you better begin considering the possibility because it looks like that is exactly what we are going to see here.

The referee raises Perfection's arm, letting it drop.

Blackfront: The referee checking on Perfection. He may be out.

The referee drops perfection's arm again, and again it drops.

Blackfront: One more time and perfection will be eliminated!

The referee raises Perfection's arm again, but before he can drop it, Quinlan who had gotten up leaps forward with a forearm shot to the back of Stevens causing both he and Perfection to hit the canvas.

Blackfront: QUINLAN PAYING STEVENS BACK FOR STOPPING HIS PIN OF PERFECTION EARLIER!

He rolls over and gets up quickly moving in and stomping away at both Perfection and Scott Stevens.

Blackfront: Quinlan looking to prove something here tonight folks. Looking to be the man who walks out with a chance at an opportunity that could sky rocket him to the top of the ladder here in the UTA.

He grabs Scott Stevens by the head and begins to pull him to his feet. As he does, Stevens reaches forward, grabs his legs and pulls him back, causing Quinlan to fall to the canvas. Standing, Stevens still holds the legs of Quinlan up.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens leaning back... SLINGSHOT!

Quinlan flies up and slams into the corner. As he bounces off, he turns and receives a boot to the gut by Stevens.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens grabbing Quinlan around the waist... quickly lifts.. and jumps with legs out.. SPIKE PILEDRIVER!

Ace: That is the quickest way to a broken neck right there Jason.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens covering Quinlan.. The referee counts...

As the referee's hand hits the canvas for a third time, the bell sounds once.

Announcer: Quinlan has been eliminated... He is now the number one contender for the UTA PRODIGY CHAAAAAMMMPPIONSHIIIPPP!!!

Blackfront: Quinlan will face Amy Harrison sometime in the near future for the Prodigy Championship.

Scott Stevens gets to his feet as Quinlan rolls to the apron.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears is up behind Scott Stevens. Stevens unaware.. Fears runs..

As Stevens turns toward Zhalia, she leaps up and grabs his neck as she twist him around using the momentum of her body to drop down.

Blackfront: RUNNING TORNADO DDT BY ZHALIA FEARS! SHE COVERS SCOTT STEVENS!!!

As the referee slides into position he begins to count. Perfection rolls over and pushes up seeing Fears covering Stevens. He just watches on as the three count is made and the bell rings once.

Announcer: Scott Stevens has been eliminated. He now has a shot at the UTA... WILDFIIIRREEE.. CHAAAMPPPIONNNSHIIIPP!!!!

Blackfront: Scott Stevens the number one contender for the Wildfire Championship, but what we should note is that Zhalia is unaware that Perfection is up and behind her.

Ace: Ha! She's about to meet her ending now!

As she turns, Perfection moves and grabs her by the head. he drags her to the corner, and slams her face into the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Perfection gives Zhalia Fears a face full of turnbuckle.

Ace: It's just these two now. Perfection is going to toy with her.. show her pain like never before.. then end her and it's going to be great!

Zhalia Fears's head bounces off the turnbuckle and as she turns Perfection tackles her into the corner. Holding onto the middle rope on either side of Zhalia Fears, Perfection shoulders her in the stomach multiple times.

Blackfront: Perfection showing no remorse here. Perfection overpowering Fears as he makes his way through this match.

Ace: Zhalia Fears is in the last place you wanna be; trapped in a corner with nowhere to go. Especially when the man who has trapped you is someone who is trying to get back to the top.

Blackfront: Originally, Stephen Greer was scheduled for this match. But after an injury in the ring, Perfection was placed into it. Now, that seems to be paying off tonight.

Perfection attempts to whip Zhalia Fears into the opposite turnbuckle, but Fears holds onto the top rope, halting all movement. Seeing her opening, Zhalia kicks Perfection in the stomach, the force of the blow bending him over at the waist. Fears then grabs Perfection by the head and reaches up with her off hand, landing a calculated strike to the face of Perfection, sending him straight to the canvas on his back.

Blackfront: Quick thinking hand stroke by Zhalia Fears, taking Perfection down.

Ace: Come on now.

Perfection quickly gets up, but just as quickly Zhalia Fears grabs him by the head, tossing him toward and then clear out of the ring through the top and middle ropes. Perfection comes crashing hard outside.

Blackfront: Perfection sent outside of the ring by Zhalia Fears. She may have been able to turn this one around.

Ace: I will be sick if I see Zhalia Fears beat Perfection.

Blackfront: I sure hope you have some Pepto then, cause it looks like that's what is going to happen.

Perfection crawls over to the barricade, shaking his head to clean the cobwebs out. He gets to one knee and waits there for a moment, trying to recollect himself.

Blackfront: Perfection trying to collect himself here, but he better hurry, Zhalia Fears is on a mission.

By the time Perfection gets to his feet and rests up against the barricade to catch his breath, Zhalia Fears is out of the ring and on him. She punches him once in the back of the head and then lifts Perfection and drops him down on the barricade.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears using whatever she can to put Perfection away. If she is able to beat the former UTA Champion, Fears will not only get a shot at the UTA World Championship again, but she will go down in the record books.

Ace: Don't even joke about her winning Jason. Really, stop it.

Blackfront: I am far from joking. If anyone can do it, Zhalia Fears can.

Perfection rolls around on the floor, and immediately Zhalia Fears is on him again. She kicks Perfection once in the back of the head and then brings him to his feet, only to whip him face first into the ring steps.

Blackfront: Into the ring steps now for Perfection.

Ace: Zhalia.. stop that!

Blackfront: This is a Zhalia Fears as I have never seen before Tommy. She wants this win.. bad.

Zhalia Fears grabs the back of Perfection's head once again, directing him to the barricade before slamming his head into it.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears with a spark here tonight. Speaking with her earlier today, she told me that she is dedicating her win tonight to her fallen friends Kush and Second Coming.

Ace: Speaking of over rated people I am glad are no longer here.

Blackfront: Fears has perfection up, directing him to the ring before rlling him back in.

Zhalia Fears climbs in after him. As she begins to pull Perfection to his feet, Perfection comes up with a hard hitting shot to her stomach.

Blackfront: Zhalia reeling.

Ace: Finally. Lets turn this one around champ!

As Zhalia Fears holds her stomach, Perfection stomps her foot.

Blackfront: Toe stomp by Perfection, being warned by the referee.

Fears wobbles out past the center of the ring and up against a set of ropes, with Perfection in pursuit. Zhalia Fears leans with her chest up against the ropes sucking wind and wincing from the pain. Perfection turns Fears around and catches her with an European uppercut.

Blackfront: Perfection seems to be back in this.

Ace: I told you he would be Jason.

The blow knocks Fears to his knees as she loses hold of the ropes. She begins to try and get back up, hitting Perfection in the gut as she comes up. However, Perfection is hardly phased as he sends Zhalia Fears back to her knees with an elbow to the forehead.

Blackfront: Fears with not much left in the tank. Perfection still with his come back.

Ace: This just goes to show you why Perfection is a multiple time champion.

Perfection pulls Zhalia Fears up, grabbing her arm.

Blackfront: Irish whi.. no! Reversal. Perfection sent across the ring.

As Perfection returns, Zhalia Fears bends over for a back body drop, but Perfection jumps over whilst hooking Fears around the waist pulling downward, bringing Zhalia Fears down to the canvas with a pin.

Blackfront: We've got a sunset flip into a pin! This could be over!

The referee slides into position as Zhalia tries to fight it.

Blackfront: No! Kickout by Zhalia Fears!

Ace: Oh come on!

Blackfront: Perfection wasting no time as he gets to his feet, pulling Zhalia Fears up with him.

Zhalia Fears pushes Perfection back.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears creating distance. Perfection runs at her.. Fears drops to the canvas!

Perfection leaps over Zhalia Fears. As he continues and hits the ropes, Perfection returns.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears back to her feet... drop kick!

Perfection hits the canvas hard. But so does Zhalia, who lands awkwardly on her arm.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears with a second wind, now relying on the quickness and agility she is known for... but may be feeling the effects of Perfection focusing on that arm earlier.

Zhalia Fears begins to get up. As Perfection rolls over and pushes himself up, Zhalia Fears gets to her feet and runs past him, leaping to the second rope and using it to shoot herself back.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears off of the ropes.... jab to the throat by Perfection!

Fears lands on her feet, immediately grabbing her throat and stumbling a few steps forward. The referee gets in Perfection's face and gives him a slight warning but Perfection ignores him and instead follows Fears. He the grabs Fears by the arm and falling backwards brings her down to the canvas.

Blackfront: Perfection trying to dislocate Zhalia Fears's shoulder..

Zhalia Fears rolls on the canvas, grabbing her shoulder, then tries to get to her feet and stumbles, still clutching her left arm.

Blackfront: That arm is hurt Tommy.

Ace: Good.

Zhalia Fears crawls to the corner, favoring her arm, and the referee bends down to check on her.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears is hurt, and Perfection is coming after her.

Perfection climbs to his feet and finds a fallen Zhalia Fears up near the ropes. Perfection continues to work Fears's arm, grabbing her left arm and then bending it over the top rope. The referee counts quickly for Perfection to break the hold.

Blackfront: Perfection now focusing on that hurt shoulder and arm of Zhalia Fears again.

Ace: Break it in two.

Perfection breaks the hold but not before wrenching the arm back on the top rope. Zhalia holds the arm in pain as Perfection grabs it again, violently pulling her to the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Perfection hooks Fears's arm behind her back in a hammerlock.

With his other hand, Perfection grabs Fears for a scoop slam, slamming her down and sandwiching her own arm between her body and the canvas.

Blackfront: Hammerlock body slam by Perfection.

Ace: And look at Fears, the coward! She's trying to get away!

Fears tries to get away from Perfection by rolling out of the ring, but quickly Perfection is on her.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears looking to catch a breath.

Ace: Yea, but Perfection isn't going to let that happen.

Blackfront: Perfection outside of the ring now, stomps Fears's injured arm.

Ace: He's just returning the favor for Zhalia Fears earlier.

The referee begins to count again as Perfection lifts Zhalia Fears to her feet.

Blackfront: Perfection grabs that arm.... hard whip.. Watch out!

Zhalia Fears is sent toward the commentator's table, but instead of hitting it, she leaps up to the table as Perfection runs behind him. Zhalia Fears jumps backward with an elbow catching Perfection directly in the face.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears once again able to stop the assault!

Ace: Focus on her legs next!

She quickly gets to his feet, still favoring that arm. Behind her, Perfection uses the table to pull himself up. Groggy, he continues until he is standing.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears rolling into the ring now as Perfection follows.

As Fears begins to get to her feet, Perfection teps up to the apron. Zhalia moves in and grabs Perfection over the top rope. She pulls him back, his body extended while his feet are still on the ropes. She lifts up as she twist and brings Perfection down to the canvas with an elevated dragon screw neck whip.

Blackfront: PICK YOUR PILL! PICK YOUR PILL!

Ace: No!

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears just hit that move and may have this one!

She leaps over and covers Perfection, hooking his leg as the referee slides into place.

Blackfront: She's going to do it folks! Zhalia Fears is going to get another chance at becoming the UTA World Champion!

The referee's hand hits the canvas for a second time. As he brings it up for a third and final time, Perfection is able to get a shoulder up.

Blackfront: NO! PERFECTION KICKS OUT!

Ace: Ha! See! You can't put Perfection down like that!

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears not discouraged, getting to her feet pulling Perfection up with her.

As she pulls Perfection to his feet, he quickly grabs her arm sliding over and grabbing her other from behind. He turns, spinning Zhalia's body around, his head going down. Perfection then leaps up and forward, bringing her head into the canvas hard.

Blackfront: The Photo Finish! He hit the Photo Finish! He hit that out of nowhere!

Ace: Maybe he just hurt her like he did Stephen Greer!

Blackfront: Perfection covering Fears.. if he can put her away this one is over...

The referee slides in and starts to count.

Blackfront: Can he do it? Two.. THREE! He does!

The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match and NEW... number one contender for the UTA World Championship.....

PERRRRFECCTIIIONNN!!!

Blackfront: Perfection wins. Zhalia Fears will go on to meet the Legacy Champion. What a match Tommy.

Ace: It was great! This match couldn't have ended any better!

Perfection runs to the corner, climbing to the top, holding his arms in the air. In the ring, Zhalia can be seen in the background rolling out.

Blackfront: Perfection came from not being on the pay per view to winning the biggest match since his return. Is there anything that can stop him?

Ace: No! He is on his way back to the top!

The lights dim just a bit and a tint of red light fulfills the entry ramp right as Japanese Bushido plays over the sound system.

Blackfront: Wait.. what's this?!

Out steps Jed Dye on to the stage. He stops and straightens his tie.

Ace: What's that idiot doing here?

Jed Dye then turns around and hosts both hands toward the entrance. Out steps Yoshii as he walks and stands next to Jed Dye, focused on the ring.

Blackfront: It's Yoshii! Yoshii is here! The man who beat Perfection for the UTA Championship! Yoshii is here!

Ace: This is terrible!

Blackfront: Jed Dye has been scouting talent and it looks like he has went back to the man he took to the top!

Perfection's eyes are wide as he looks toward the stag in shock.

Blackfront: Perfection can't believe it. He thought he ended Yoshii's career in the UTA forever!

Yoshii looks down towards Perfection, pointing in his direction before raising his arm to the sky. His Japanese fans clap for him as perfection stomps angrily in the ring.

Blackfront: Yoshii is back folks and it looks like Perfection does indeed have a large obstacle in his way to reclaim the top championship

## The Stand

The screen fades in to a backstage interview area. We see the large background with the International Affair logo on it and standing in front of it is wrestling legend "Too Cool" Chris Hopper. Chris is fully decked in his ring gear for the match that is about to begin. He is holding a microphone in his left hand as there is no interviewer present.

Hopper: Tonight is the night. I have had no choice but to gear myself in a way where failure is not an option.

He pauses, obviously anxious for the match.

Hopper: Each and every time I get close to taking down one of the members of Dynasty, something happens. A chair shot out of nowhere. Multiple guys showing up and getting involved.

His face looks very angry.

Hopper: Or an estupendo kick out of nowhere.

He shakes his head a little before continuing.

Hopper: Sure I'm a threat day in and day out....but on grand stages such as this, Dynasty manages to keep me at bay...AND THAT ENDS TONIGHT!

Chris is really showing his desire now.

Hopper: Tonight, I step into this ring and I will get a reckoning. I know it because I have the power to do it.

Chris takes a breath before he continues.

Hopper: I had a chat with Farthington and the others and they agreed to let me add a stipulation to this match. It is a stipulation that might be the ONLY way to deal with the cowards that are Dynasty.

His eyes are fueled by rage as he speaks.

Hopper: You have to create a crack in something to tear it down and tonight I will remove a large piece of Dynasty's edifice or I'll die trying because tonight....Kendrix....you and I will do battle....

He pauses for effect, his eyes wide with fury.

Hopper: And the loser LEAVES TOWN!

You can hear the fans erupt in the arena as they hear the stipulation.

Hopper: That's right. Either I'm going to start taking Dynasty out, or I'm done in UTA. No more chances. No more "what ifs." It is do or die, my friends and tonight in that very ring, I'm going to make sure that it is the last you ever see of Kendrix in UTA. Dynasty will be down a member and then they will know they are no longer the hunters of UTA....

His expression never ceases showing anger.

Hopper: But the hunted.

He puts his Ray-Ban sunglasses on his face.

Hopper: It's time to take out the trash. Kendrix, I hope you are ready for a war because I'm on my way.

He drops the microphone and walks off as the scene fades away.

#### Hopper/Kendrix Video Package

The opening drums and claps of Bloc Party's "The Prayer" hit the sound system as the Tokyo Dome arena's screen comes alive as we see the words "Wrestleshow, Puerto Rico, September 21st" fade into the blank screen of a pre-recorded video package.

The screen switches as Chris Hopper whips Windsor across the ring and catches him, lifting him into a gorilla press slam. He holds Windsor up high for a bit showing off his power before dropping him right into a nasty Icebreaker as the fans go nuts.

Blackfront: ICEBREAKER!!! He hit it out of nowhere and Windsor is out cold!

Ace: Can Hopper make that cover?

The Crowd chants in spanish along with the referee.

Referee/Crowd: ONE (UNO)!!!! TWO (DOS)!!!!!!! THREE (TRES)!!!!!!!!!!!!

Blackfront: He did it! He pulled out the win against the debuting youngster!

Ace: I can't believe the old guy had it in him.

Before the referee can even raise his arm, let alone Hopper even get to his feet from the pinfall, Kendrix attacks with a

steel chair. JFK smashes it to the back of Chris' head with extreme force. The music cuts at the sound of the huge CRACK!

Blackfront: KENDRIX ON THE ATTACK! Kendrix blind sides Hopper with that steel chair! He may not have caught him fully though.

The referee tries to grab the attacking Brit, but Kendrix shoves him off and again pegs him with the steel chair. This time he hit him square on top of the head so hard the chair goes around his neck like a necklace.

Blackfront: KENDRIX BREAKS THE STEEL CHAIR OVER HOPPER'S HEAD! Kendrix definitely has decided to make a name for himself.

The screen simply focuses on Hopper lying in the center of the ring with blood flowing from his forehead as security and medical staff arrive in the ring...

-----  
The video fades and cuts to the next scene with Hopper being interviewed in the back next show;

Hopper: Young man, you woke me out of a slumber last Wrestleshow. You came at me with a chair, busted me open for all the world to see. And you did it for one reason....cowardice.

Scene cuts back to that moment as we see Kendrix At the top of the stage in his usual entrance pose;

Hopper V/O: You obviously weren't man enough to come at me face-to-face.

Kendrix makes his way down the ramp to confront Hopper but he stops just before the end of the aisle and shakes his head. The crowd boos as Kendrix throws his trademark cocky smirk their way as he walks backward up the aisle, wagging his index finger in the air at Hopper behind him;

Hopper V/O: You had your chance early in the show and you ran away like a scared animal. Then you waited until my back was turned and after a hard match to strike...like the coward you are. I'm not sure if this is something you picked up from the boys of Dynasty or not;

Scene flashbacks to inside the middle of the ring with "Victory XXXIV, Jul 6th" revealed at the top left corner of the screen where we see CBR and Mikey Unlikely Holding each of Kendrix's arms aloft as they stand over a fallen Chris Hopper with LFB looking on and clapping his hands together atop the ramp;

Hopper V/O: But rest assured, you won't be able to run if we face off in the contender's match. And that is when you will feel the payback for what you did last Wrestleshow, I promise you that...

-----  
As the scene cuts to a blank screen, "Wrestleshow 46 Covered Hall, Cairo, October 3rd: Legacy Number One Contendership 2nd Round", fades in before cutting to the ringside action in the triple threat match between Hopper, CBR and Bronson Box;

Blackfront: Hopper may be on his way to capturing the number one contendership for the Legacy Championship here tonight folks. I'm unsure if anyone will be able to stop him now.

Bronson Box can be seen holding onto the side of the apron outside of the ring, He rolls into the ring under the bottom rope behind Chris Hopper.

Ace: I don't know Jason, here comes Bronson Box back!

Blackfront: Hopper turns in time to see Box charging him... boot to the gut of Bronson... Hopper grabs his head and leaps.. ICE BREAKER! ICE BREAKER!

Ace: NO!

As the two land, Bronson Box's body is shot up and over to his back.

Blackfront: Hopper getting back to his feet, pulling CBR up with him as well. CBR now sent across the ring.. on the return...Chris turns and leaps grabbing his head as he comes down.

Blackfront: ICE BREAKER ON CBR! ICE BREAKER! Chris Hopper has laid out both opponents. This one is over! He will move on to face the winner of the next match!

The rhythmic instrumentals to "The Prayer" return as the lights go out in the arena. Lights flash black and white as the camera pans the center of the stage by the ramp, we immediately see Kendrix appear at the top center of the stage, his back facing the ring and a chair in hand.

Blackfront: It's Kendrix! Kendrix is here!

Kendrix turns around points down at Hopper and begins to sprint down the ramp! Hopper quickly steps over the top rope to the apron before jumping down to the floor. He begins up the ramp, meeting Kendrix half way. Kendrix swings the chair.

Blackfront: Hopper moves out of the way, avoiding the chair.. catches Kendrix with a right.. now a left.. and another right!

Kendrix drops the chair as Hopper grabs his head. He sends him head first into the nearby barricade. The fans cheer, reaching over and trying to touch the superstars.

Blackfront: Kendrix may have picked off more than he can chew coming out to attack Chris Hopper while he still has a match himself coming up.

Chris Hopper comes at Kendrix, swinging his arm. Kendrix rolls down, avoiding the arm. As he does, he quickly grabs the chair from the floor and gets to his feet. Hopper and Kendrix both turn. As Kendrix does, he swings the chair.

Blackfront: Kendrix with that chair into the side of Chris Hopper's head!

The video quickly cuts back to the week before and Kendrix standing on the stage with microphone in hand;

Kendrix: Bruv, JFK needs to let you in on a little secret.

Cutting back to the legacy match we see Hopper grabbing his head as he stumbles away toward the side.

Kendrix V/O: JFK is out here to save you from yourself. Now, It's never easy watching someone stick around longer than they should. Let's face it, You're PREDICTABLE...You're BORING...and quite frankly Chris...you're OLD HAT, MAAATTTEEE! It's actually downright pathetic.

Kendrix lifts the chair up and brings it down across his back causing Hopper to let out a yell before dropping to his knees before moving around to in front of Hopper and lifting the chair up before bringing it down and cracking Hopper straight in the top of the head;

Blackfront: Hopper laid out after several shots from that chair. What a disgrace.

Ace: Yes, but look in the ring!

As the camera angle changes we see CBR crawling forward. He moves an arm up and over the chest of Bronson Box. The referee slides into position and begins to count.

Blackfront: CBR taking advantage of his stable mate's interference. The referee counts.. Two.. THREE! CBR DOES IT! He moves on!

The bell begins to sound and the fans start to boo louder than before.

Kendrix V/O: JFK is tired of you...HOGGING HIS AIRTIME! So why don't you do us all a favour and jog on out of here so that these people can finally be entertained by the future of this business!

Kendrix tosses the chair down beside Hopper and begins to clap as he heads down the ramp toward the ring where CBR is using the ropes to slowly pull himself to his feet. Kendrix helps CBR stay up, celebrating together..

Blackfront: I will tell you this now, when Chris Hopper realizes what happened, he will not be happy at all. That is for certain.

-----  
The scene and music fade out revealing the words "Later that night, Legacy Number one Contendership Final Round" before we See CBR and Kendrix circling each other in the ring;

Kendrix grabs CBR's legs and lifts them. He drops back and slingshots CBR's neck right up and into the bottom rope with a lot of torque. Claude grabs his throat after the impact.

Blackfront: CBR's neck sent right into the bottom rope! He could be seriously hurt now!

Kendrix pulls CBR by the legs back and away from the ropes. As he does, the fans stand up and look toward the stage.

Blackfront: Wait.. what's this?

Ace: Of course... THIS idiot!

The camera shoots over to see Chris Hopper moving down the ramp, still hurting from the chair shots earlier.

Ace: Someone needs to get him out of here!

Blackfront: Hopper may be looking for redemption after Kendrix cost him his match earlier this evening.

Kendrix heads over and grabs the top rope, yelling at Hopper. Behind him, CBR rolls over and starts to push up.

Blackfront: This could be the right time for CBR to take advantage while Kendrix is distracted.

CBR gets up and sees Hopper. Moving slowly, he joins Kendrix at the ropes.

Ace: Never! Dynasty always stands together!

The referee yells for Hopper to stay away, but he refuses to listen as he approaches the ring. Chris reaches in and grabs CBR's legs. He pulls back, pulling CBR to the canvas and yanking him out of the ring. As his feet hit the ground, Hopper brings a big right hand into the side of CBR's head. the referee immediately calls for the bell.

Ace: Wait.. what?

Blackfront: Chris Hopper just caused Kendrix to be disqualified by attacking CBR!!

Announcer: The winner of this match via disqualification and new... number one contender for the Legacy Championship... C...B....RRRRRRR!!!!

Kendrix can't believe it. He stomps around the ring before heading toward the ropes. As he steps through, Hopper brings a fist up, catching him under the chin as he goes through the ropes. Kendrix bounces back and into the ring as the fans cheer.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper with retribution for earlier, costing Kendrix the Legacy Championship shot. Folks, this rivalry between Chris Hopper and Kendrix may have just turned all the way up!

-----  
The opening instrumentals return quietly in the background as the video cuts backstage. The words "Aviva Stadium, Dublin October 19th" appear where we see CBR and JFK in discussion;

Kendrix: Listen yeah, JFK has been teaching that old geezer a lesson ever since we left Cairo. JFK took him out in Dubai, Athens, hell, even on the plane to Heathrow bruv! But JFK is still pissed at that ROBBERY...that took place two weeks ago!

Scene quickly cuts to Hopper making his way to the ring for his match against Quinlan

CBR V/O: I would take that anger out on Chris Hopper. I would slap the taste out of his mouth...

Announcer: Hailing from Paoli, Indiana and standing at six feet-eight inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred, eighty-eight pounds...

CBR V/O: In fact, I would hurt him Jesse...I mean...really hurt him, you know?

As he reaches the ringside area, suddenly we see him get blindsided by a figure in a heather grey hoodie. The camera crosses over to get a glimpse of the attacker in the #FreeMikeyUnlikely full-zip. Pulling the sweatshirt over his head, Kendrix continues reigning down blows to the staggered Hopper.

Blackfront: KENDRIX HAS RUN DOWN AND ATTACKED HOPPER FROM BEHIND!!!

Kendrix reels Hopper up and whips him into the steel steps with all his might. The upper half of the stairs is dislodged by the collision with Chris' shoulder and back. Inside the ring referee Mickey O'Connor is waving on, calling for security to get out here.

Blackfront: If this was about Dynasty business, then where is the rest of Dynasty? Where is the Champ? Where is the number one contender to the Legacy title? No, this is Kendrix attacking him to make a name for himself, period.

The lyrics to "The Prayer" play as the tune picks up pace and sound over the coming highlights;

"Is it so wrong, to crave recognition? Second best, runner-up"

Kendrix labors Chris back to his feet and then drops him head first with a DDT on the bottom section of stairs.

"Is it so wrong, to want rewarding? To want more, than is given to you..."

Kendrix brings down the steps on Hopper's head, busting him open above his left eye.

"Than is given to you"

Clawing at the pants of his attacker, what fight is left in Hopper is willing him to his feet. Quickly, the look of victory plastered across Kendrix' face is replaced with confusion. Then anger.

"Tonight make me unstoppable and I will charm, I will slice, I will dazzle you with my wit"

Kendrix grabs Hoppers head and shoves it between his legs. He reaches over his back to grip around his waist. Lifting Hopper up, Kendrix hits a piledriver on the thinly padded concrete.

"Tonight make me unstoppable and I will charm, I will slice I will dazzle I will outshine them all"

Hopper lifts JFK to his feet and whips him to the ropes, before falling to one knee. As Kendrix returns though, "Too Cool" launches forward, arms up...ICEBREAKER!

The music quietens;

Farthington V/O: I don't care who started it...ENOUGH! If either of you so much as TOUCH EACH OTHER...before your match at International Affair...I will take great pleasure in FIRING. YOU BOTH.

The video cuts to Farthington warning both Hopper and Kendrix. Hopper looking cool, calm and collected with the decision while Kendrix looks frustrated;

Farthington: Oh and one final thing young man. At International Affair, If any member of my roster gets involved in your

match, including those in Dynasty...then they'll also be fired on the spot!

The video cuts to CBR and Mikey Unlikely distracting the referee back in July allowing Kendrix to attack Hopper with a chair;

Hopper V/O: That is all anyone could ask for, bossman. Now the best man can win it all on his own. You up for that? I guess we'll see, won't we.....bruv?

Chris Hopper sends an elbow into the side of Kendrix, causing him to release the Ace in the Hole briefcase.

Kendrix V/O: You're a coward Christopher. Instead of walking away from the business before Ring King like you were going to in your shitty little speech to the fans, you changed your mind because of them!

Chris grabs Kendrix's head as his body turns sideways. He then pushes off of the ladder, pulling Kendrix with him, falling to the canvas.

Blackfront: ICE BREAKER OFF OF THE LADDER! MY GOD!

Kendrix V/O: Well unfortunately for you, Hopper...the decision to take a step back is now no longer in your hands. Cos, come International Affair...JFK's gonna make you wish you retired when you had the chance...when he TAKES...his spotlight from you for good!

The video package ends with a return shot of Kendrix standing in the middle of the ring looking down at a bloodied Hopper, his neck in between the steel chair.

We move back ring side.

Blackfront: What awaits Chris Hopper here tonight, Tommy?

Ace: Well Jason, Hopper is starring down the barrell of a loaded gun. He's said that IF he loses here tonight, he's retiring from wrestling, effective immediately, forever.

Blackfront: I don't think the stakes could be higher in this one. Chris Hopper putting his career on the line here, against Dynasty's own JFK, Kendrix.

Ace: And Kendrix has been on fire recently, Jason. He's been bringing it and then some. He's hoping to continue that momentum here tonight.

Both men start in their respective turnbuckles as the bell sounds. Both men come forward.

Blackfront: Hopper leading things off with a huge right hand but Kendrix able to dip him quickly.

Kendrix spins on a dime and fires away on Hopper with his own right hand, catching the larger man off guard. Kendrix fires again with a big right hand that further dazes Hopper. Another right hand, and another right hand.

Blackfront: Hopper throwing his own right again here, trying to clear some space.

Ace: And Kendrix able to dip him yet again.

Kendrix fires again with a right hand, and another.

Blackfront: Hopper stepping forward trying to fight fire with fire swings at Kendrix and misses again.

Ace: Kendrix has the speed advantage here, Jason. And so far he's using that to his advantage. Very smart.

Another right hand, another right hand as Kendrix keeps bringing it to Chris Hopper.

Ace: Hopper is just eating those punches right now. Kendrix giving him everything he has.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper has been around the block a time or two, partner. He knows a thing or two about getting pummeled in the face.

Finally Hopper brings a knee up and catches Kendrix in the chest, midcharge, sending JFK down to the mat.

Blackfront: Hopper able to buy himself some time here, Tommy.

Ace: And good thing because if that attack by Kendrix would've continued that could've been curtains on the career.

Kendrix rolls to a knee as Hopper grabs him by the neck. Hopper walks Kendrix into the turnbuckle and bounces his head off of it. Kendrix slumps into the corner, arm over the top rope, breathing deeply - clearly winded.

Blackfront: And the air has come out of Kendrix's sails here in a hurry, Ace.

Ace: Yeah, I guess it has. My advice to Hopper, don't take your foot off the pedal. You get a chance put Kendrix away. If you let him hang on, he'll beat you. Talent always wins out.

Hopper stands Kendrix up in the corner and delivers a massive right hand to Kendrix. Followed up by another. Kendrix falls into a seated position on the bottom turnbuckle.

Blackfront: And the bad blood between these two men is well documented. Seems like a lot of scores are being settled here tonight in Japan.

Ace: These two have always had issues with one another. If you wanna open the scope to include Dynasty, Chris Hopper has been feuding with them since what feels like the dawn of time.

Blackfront: Indeed. Hopper is one of the many who vowed to take down Dynasty. Maybe tonight he'll take them down a notch.

Ace: Or maybe tonight Dynasty sends him into the ranks of the AARP.

Hopper stands Kendrix up and it's more of the same. Another massive right, followed by another.

Blackfront: Hopper continuing his beat down of Kendrix here.

Hopper sets Kendrix up, sends him across the ring for the ride, heading into the turnbuckle. Hopper chases right behind. Kendrix hits the turnbuckle, vaults over top. Hopper throws on the breaks, Kendrix leaps...

Ace: WOW! Dropkick to the side of Hopper's head, sending him over the top rope. Look at that athleticism from Kendrix. This kid is for real.

Hopper is quick to his feet, a bit dazed. Kendrix moves quickly.

Blackfront: Kendrix off the far side of the ropes.

Ace: Hopper trying to get back in the ring and COLLISION!

Kendrix connects to Hopper's face with a baseball slide. Hopper stumbles back to the ramp heading up to the stage. He shakes his head trying to knock the cobwebs loose. Hopper walks back towards the ring.

Ace: Ought oh Kendrix is coming with some steam.

Kendrix throws himself up, presses off the top rope vaulting himself out of the ring and across the body of Hopper with a Splash.

Ace: Kendrix going air born there.

Kendrix pulls Hopper to his feet and greets him with another hard right hand.

Blackfront: Both men up.

After taking the right hand Hopper begins to walk away, trying to buy himself some time, some space.

Ace: And Hopper is on the run. Perhaps seeing his career go up in smoke here tonight.

Blackfront: He's trying to climb back into this one, Ace. Don't get it twisted.

Ace: You see it one way, I see it another.

Hopper quickly turns, Kendrix goes to punch him. Hopper blocks, Hopper counters with a massive uppercut that turns Kendrix's head.

Blackfront: Uppercut from Hopper as he battles back here.

Ace: Kendrix flexing that jaw, might be hurt.

Kendrix brings his hands to the side of his face, trying to massage his jaw but Hopper is quickly right on top of him taking his head and slamming it against the barrier. Kendrix whiplashes back into Hopper's hands. Hopper walks Kendrix towards the ring and fires away with a huge uppercut.

Blackfront: Another uppercut. The official urging Hopper to return the action to the ring.

Kendrix responds by holding his ground. He brings his fast up and delivers a huge right hand to Hopper, halting Papa Grande right in his tracks. Kendrix leans in and hits Hopper with a forearm now, backing him up.

Ace: Kendrix coming back to life. Might wanna book some golf, Hopper.

Hopper grabs Kendrix's neck and brings a massive knee up into it. Kendrix brings his hands to his nose to check for blood.

Blackfront: Shades of Sean Jackson there, knee to the face.

Hopper walks Kendrix over to the steel stairs.

Ace: Oh come on, this is out of hand. Get this thing back in the ring, Chris. No need for this.

Blackfront: I don't know, Ace. Kendrix drove Hopper too far and now it's time to pay the piper.

Hopper spikes Kendrix's head right off the steel stairs. Kendrix pops straight into the air in pain and slumps into the corner of the barricade.

Ace: Kendrix in pain here.

Blackfront: And I'm sure Hopper isn't concerned at all.

Hopper takes Kendrix and tosses him back into the ring under the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Action returning to the ring now.

Ace: Finally.

Hopper climbs up and goes to step into the ring but Kendrix greets him.

Ace: Kendrix with a forearm and LOOK!

Kendrix drops down to his knees, pulling Hopper's head along with him, Chris' neck catches the top rope hard.

Ace: And here comes Kendrix.

Kendrix pushes off the turnbuckle, landing on the second buckle, leaps off and brings his foot over, catching Hopper in the temple with a kick to the temple.

Blackfront: Kendrix through the air connecting to the side of Hopper's head. Hopper holding onto the top rope as to not lose his balance.

Ace: Kendrix shaking the rope.

Hopper loses hold and spills out to the ring floor. Kendrix slides out of the ring quickly. Hopper goes to stand and Kendrix delivers a staggered kick that keeps him down on the floor.

Ace: Stay on him JFK. Don't let him up.

Another kick, another kick, and finally another kick into the ribs. Hopper is slumped. Kendrix picks Hopper up and slides him under the bottom rope. Kendrix hits the turnbuckle, climbing to the top.

Blackfront: Hopper up in the ring but dazed, unsure of where he is.

Ace: And Kendrix is ready to take flight.

Kendrix leaps off locking for a crossbody.

Blackfront: ICEBREAKER!

Hopper leaps in the air and catches Kendrix with the Icebreaker. The crowd explodes.

Ace: No, no, no!

Hopper presses into a cover.

ONE...

TWO...

THRE...

Ace: SHOULDER UP! Kendrix gets his shoulder up. Thank you God. Thank you. This one is still going. Chance for Hopper to never come back still. Amen.

Blackfront: Don't act too concerned for Hopper's future, Tommy.

Ace: I won't, Jason. Don't worry.

In the ring Hopper shakes his head, he asks the ref. Ref assures him everything was alright. Hopper pulls Kendrix to his feet, firing away with a huge upper cut that backs Kendrix up to the ropes.

Ace: Kendrix is seeing stars for sure right now. The height of that Icebreaker, how Hopper was able to get up there, very impressive.

Blackfront: So far these two men have been stiff as I've ever seen on one another, we've had action spill out of the ring, there has been impressive moves, and most importantly no one has tried to stick their beak in.

Kendrix grabs the top ropes for leverage as he tries to steady himself. Hopper steps in, whips Kendrix across, and bends down to send him over the back. Kendrix halts himself on the ropes and brings a kick right up into Hopper's face, sending him reeling.

Blackfront: Hopper caught off guard there.

Ace: Excellent counter by Kendrix who needs to go on the offensive right here.

Kendrix working a little slower than earlier, feeling the affects of that Ice Breaker, delivers a forearm shot, and then another one.

Ace: Kendrix a little winded for sure right now. He's pouring sweat in that ring. Both men working hard.

Blackfront: And that is what it's all about. Who's better one on one? The old school and the new school doing battle here live on Pay Per View.

Another forearm shot from Kendrix. A kick to the side of the ribs following that. Kendrix backs up charging in on Hopper

off the ropes. Hopper lifts Kendrix up and drops him firmly onto his knee.

Blackfront: Atomic Drop.

Ace: And Hopper goes for it!

Hopper leaps up and hits Kendrix with an Icebreaker.

Ace: ICEBREAKER! ANOTHER ICEBREAKER! GOD NO!

Hopper is winded and collapses to the mat. Kendrix lays in a pile. The official looks at both men.

Blackfront: Hopper nailing the Icebreaker but both men are down.

ONE...

TWO...

Kendrix isn't stirring. Hopper begins to crawl over to JFK.

THREE..

FOUR...

Hopper arrives and rolls Kendrix to his back, slinging an arm over top of him for a pin. Official slides in.

ONE...

TWO...

THRE...

Ace: Shoulder up! Shoulder up again. Kendrix refusing to go away here.

Hopper lays on his back winded. He finally rolls over and presses up. Kendrix is still breathing heavily. Hopper lays into Kendrix with a kick before picking him back up and forcing him into the turnbuckle where he greets Dynasty's own with a flurry of right hands.

Blackfront: Hopper teeing off on Kendrix now. I'm not sure he knows what else to do. Kendrix has kicked out of both Icebreakers so far. Hopper trying to find that extra drive.

Kendrix slumps down into the corner and Hopper brings the boot up, placing it right on his neck cutting off the air floor. Hopper stands bringing all that weight right onto the neck.

Ace: And is this really necessary!

Blackfront: Hopper grounding Kendrix here, trying to dominate.

The official makes his count and at three Hopper backs away. Immediately Kendrix is gasping for breath. Kendrix slumping in the corner still as Hopper stalks. Hopper pulls Kendrix up and whips him across hard. Kendrix bounces out of the turnbuckle into Hopper's waiting arms.

Blackfront: Hopper lifting Kendrix up, bringing him over.

Ace: Kendrix firing off some punches.

The punches stun Hopper who sets Kendrix down on his feet. Hopper tries again this time succeeding in bringing Kendrix up and over, Kendrix rolls through an additional time though and is able to land spirely on his feet.

Ace: Kendrix lands on his feet.

Hopper turns and is met with a big right hand from Kendrix. Followed by another. Hopper counters with a huge clothesline that knocks Kendrix straight to the mat.

Blackfront: And down goes Kendrix. Hopper feeling it right now.

Ace: And this one is anyone's match. We've seen a bit of everything in this one. I just want Kendrix to put us out of our misery. No more Chris Hopper, doesn't that sound great.

Blackfront: Not really, no.

Hopper pulls Kendrix up, sends him into the turnbuckle on the ride. Hopper storms in after him. Kendrix quickly side steps and Hopper catches a shoulder full of empty turnbuckle. Hopper stumbles out as Kendrix circles the ring. Kendrix charges and Hopper brings a boot up and knocks the charging man down to the mat.

Blackfront: Hopper sending Kendrix to the mat again. Trying to wear JFK down here.

Kendrix sits up trying to catch his breath. Hopper is on top of him lifting him to his feet. Hopper spins Kendrix quickly and drops him to the mat with a Spinning Neckbreaker that draws applause from the crowd. Hopper rolls to his feet quickly before picking Kendrix back up.

Ace: What's he doing? Should've pinned him.

Blackfront: I mean Kendrix has kicked out of two, count 'em two Icebreakers so far, Tommy. Hopper wants to wear him down some more and I don't fault him.

Hopper delivers another strong right hand to Kendrix. And another right hand. Kendrix slumps on the second rope as Hopper kicks him back down to the mat.

Blackfront: And Hopper's assault continues. Finally getting some well deserved revenge, at least in my opinion.

Ace: Revenge for what? Hopper is just angry that there is a new kid on the block who doesn't care what the old timer thinks. Is it much more difficult than that, really?

Hopper picks Kendrix back up and walks him over to the turnbuckle, he goes to spike his head off the turnbuckle but Kendrix grabs either side of the ropes halting the process. Quickly Kendrix throws an elbow and catches Hopper in the face.

Ace: Kendrix fighting back!

Kendrix with another elbow behind him, and another, until both men move to the center of the ring.

Ace: Kendrix with the upper hand now.

Kendrix forces Hopper back into the turnbuckle. and goes to spike his head against it. This time it's Hopper who halts the process and swings a wild clothesline that sends Kendrix crumbling back to the mat.

Blackfront: And Kendrix knocked back down to that mat again here.

Ace: Kendrix has spent more time on his back tonight than my senior prom date.

Kendrix rolls to a knee and charges again. He gets knocked down again. He rolls to a knee again and charges. And this time he's knocked down. One more time he rolls to knee, charges Hopper, and is dropped back down to the mat.

Ace: Kendrix won't give up. He just won't. He just keeps coming.

Blackfront: What is Hopper going to have to do to put him away?

Hopper picks Kendrix up by the neck and tosses him through the middle ropes out of the ring.

Blackfront: And Kendrix right into that security barrier like a rag doll. Chris Hopper just putting the screws to Kendrix.

Ace: Unbelievable. Hopper could've ended this fair and square in the ring but instead he's taking the fight to Kendrix still. This could cost him.

Hopper slides out of the ring and slumps Kendrix into the barrier. He stays on top of him with a series of right hands.

Blackfront: And Hopper is slugging away here. He's been pushed to the limit by Kendrix and is collecting his pound of flesh for sure.

Ace: And Kendrix is in trouble here, I don't like this one bit. He's got a real chance here. A real chance to do the whole UTA a lot of good. Just get rid of Chris Hopper.

Kendrix slumps. Hopper pulls Kendrix out, and turns whipping Kendrix back into the barrier.

Blackfront: And Hopper finally moving this back into the ring.

Hopper dumps Kendrix back into the ring under the bottom rope. Hopper gets onto the mat and climbs to the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Hopper going to take flight here.

The crowd rises expecting Hopper to take flight but Kendrix charges quickly and knocks Hopper down. Hopper catches the turnbuckle right in between his legs.

Ace: Looks like someone just got caught holding a pound of nut butter, Jason.

Kendrix on his back, rolls to his knees as Hopper is in pain. Kendrix turns and nails Hopper with a forearm. Kendrix is quickly onto the turnbuckle balancing himself on the top rope. He clobbers at Hopper with overhand shots.

Ace: Kendrix looking for something here.

Hopper pushes Kendrix off balance and JFK falls to the mat again. He's quick to his feet as Hopper steadies himself. Hopper leaps off, Kendrix acts quickly. Kendrix leaps in the air behind Hopper, grabbing him and pulling Hopper towards him as he brings his knees up into Chris' back.

Ace: BELL END! BELL END! OH MY GOD HOW!?

Both men fall to a heap in the center of the ring.

Ace: That was huge.

Blackfront: Incredible. In mid air. Oh my.

Hopper sits up straight.

Blackfront: Oh my God. How!?

Ace: Kendrix up now too.

Both men to their feet. Hopper throws a right hand. Kendrix ducks it. A right hand of his own to counter. Kendrix pushes Hopper back into the ropes, goes to whip him across. Hopper reverses, sends Kendrix across for the ride. Hopper brings a boot up to send Kendrix down to the mat, but Kendrix has it scouted this time. He steps to the side and trips Hopper sending Chris down to the mat.

Ace: Look at that scouting by Kendrix. This kid is something special.

Blackfront: Kendrix has a chance here.

Hopper sits up Kendrix moves forward and brings a running knee into the side of his head sending him back down to the mat. Kendrix climbs out of the ring, climbs the turnbuckle as Hopper stands. Kendrix leaps off.

Ace: Dropkick! Cover by Kendrix.

Ref slides in.

ONE...

TWO...

Blackfront: Hopper kicks out. Keeping his career alive there, Tommy.

Kendrix is quick to roll off. Hopper to his feet, Kendrix steps underneath a clothesline, grips on Hopper's wrist and whips him across. Hopper reverses, now it's Knedrix off the ropes, Kendrix leaps in the air going for a DDT but Hopper catches him, holding him by the waist in mid air.

Blackfront: Look at the strength of Chris Hopper, Tommy.

Hopper puts Kendrix on his shoulder looking for a Fireman's Carry Slam.

Ace: Kendrix slides off Hopper's back. He pushes Hopper.

Blackfront: Hopper collides with the turnbuckle.

In the ring Kendrix leaps, pulling his knees up, he grabs a hold of Hopper and connects.

Ace: BELL END! BELL END!

Kendrix rolls up the legs of Hopper, the official slides in.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Blackfront: NO!

Ace: Yes! Yes! OH MY GOD! Kendrix has done it.

The crowd is stunned. Kendrix pushes to his feet and quickly throws his arms up.

Blackfront: My God Tommy.. Kendrix has just retired Chris Hopper!

Ace: This is the greatest night ever!

Blackfront: That young man right there has just cemented his legacy in the industry.

Chris Hopper sits up, looking around stunned as Kendrix turns to him and shoots a cocky smile.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper can't believe it.

Ace: I can!

Hopper slowly gets to his feet, Kendrix still taunting him.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper is in shock and so am I.

Hopper stands, hands on his hips as he looks out at the crowd and then to Kendrix who is pointing to the back and yelling to Get out of my ring!

Blackfront: Kendrix a sore winner.

Ace: A sore winner? This guy just made history. he can do whatever he wants!

Hopper just turns and heads to the ropes in silence. Kendrix waves bye to him as he steps over the top to the apron.

Blackfront: This is a night that will never be forgotten. It is the night that a legendary career has ended.

As Hopper walks down the steps to begin toward the back, Kendrix continues to celebrate in the ring.

Ten, Maybe Fifteen

The scene fades in on Colton Thorpe, sitting atop a steel chair that is positioned in front of his locker. The Wildfire

Championship rests on his lap as he stares ahead, the corner of his mouth curled up slightly exposing the slightest arrogant grin.

Thorpe: Cayle, my dear friend. Tonight is the night. Tonight you get exactly what you've wanted.

Breaking his stare towards the camera briefly, he looks down at his Championship.

Thorpe: You get that one on one match that you've desired for oh so long. You get another opportunity to try and take this right here.

He curls the fingers on his right hand, tapping his knuckles hard enough to create a knocking sound off the bronzed center plate.

Thorpe: And I'm happy for you, I really am. I'm happy you made it safely here to Tokyo, where you spent many years reclaiming your life. Where you spent many years here rebuilding the structure of your career, doing your best to ensure that it wouldn't crumble into a heap again.

Rolling his shoulders, he adjusts his jean vest forward.

Thorpe: I'm happy that you get the opportunity to write that storybook ending to this chapter of your life. Can you imagine winning tonight, and earning your first major North American Championship? And of all places, right here in the very city that you molded yourself into the standup individual that stands before us today? I mean, wow.

That smile spreads across his face, highlighting the many unlikeable features the universe has grown to hate.

Thorpe: I'm almost going to feel bad tonight when I beat you and send you spiralling out of control. I'm almost going to feel bad when I hear about big brother Andy having to check his baby brother back into rehab. I'm almost going to feel bad when I show you that the sturdy structure of a career you think you've built is just one good gust of wind away from crashing down.

Standing from his chair, Colt holds tightly onto his championship, walking slowly towards the camera.

Thorpe: And I almost feel bad that you didn't know all this time that our match tonight will be contested under Falls Count Anywhere rules.

Stopping in front of the camera, he crouches forward, his face engulfing the scene.

Thorpe: You're not the only one who can run off to the powers that be to get your own way Cayle. So you've got, oh...

Looking down, one can only assume he is looking at his watch.

Thorpe: Ten, maybe fifteen minutes to let that set in. Let it set in that this match won't be one of your chain wrestling specialties. Oh no, Cayle. This match will be contested under MY rules, in MY backyard, for MY Championship. See you out there, lad.

Colt's face disappears from the scene as we shift elsewhere.

60,000 Strong

Seconds after Colton Thorpe finishes his own diatribe, the camera cuts to his opposite number's locker-room.

Murray: So I guess it's time.

The challenger's almost ready for war. We catch him as he wraps a bandage around his bruised ribs once, twice, thrice, then reaches for a pair of scissors.

Murray: Time to get out there and put on a show. Time to give these folks their money's worth. Time to go to war, and find-out what we're both made of.

Cayle snips the bandage, then reaches for a pre-cut strip of adhesive tape. He pulls his ribs' frail layer of protection as tightly as he can before sticking it in-place and looking back at the camera.

Murray: Whatever happens out there, Tokyo, I know you'll be behind me every step of the way. I know you'll be the spring in my step and the wind in my sails, and I'll need every last drop of that support if I'm gonna walk out of here tonight.

He pauses.

Murray: Colton Thorpe wants to drain my spirit and crush my heart. He wants to take away everything that makes me ME, and if I'm found lacking, he'll dance on my grave and spit on everything I stand for. I can't let that happen. We can't let that happen.

The Scot pulls one of his wrestling gloves over his left hand.

Murray: This guy's done everything in his power to make my life a living hell, and he's bringing it all with him tonight. He doesn't just want to defeat me: he wants to end me, and if I'm not at my strongest, that's exactly what he'll do.

A second glove slides onto his right hand, and Cayle's fully dressed and battle-ready.

Murray: Strength, honour, courage, compassion -- I must embody all these traits and move, because if I don't, I'll surely fall. This is the biggest night of my career, and maybe my life. One slip, one fumble, one fall, and it all comes crashing down. Colt's too strong a competitor. He's a piranha, and at the first sign of trouble, he'll smell blood in the water and attack with a ravenous fury. Tonight, I must be a warrior. Tonight, I must summon the spirit of old Japan...

His gaze never wavers and his tone never dampens. This is Cayle Murray at his most focused, driven and determined.

Murray: You've carried me so far already, my friends, and it remains an honour and a privilege to represent you every time I step inside that ring. Tonight, we march into the jaws of Hell, but we do so with an army 60,000 strong, and together, I know we can take this tyrant down.

A pause.

Murray: Keep believing, Tokyo, because I'll never stop believing in you. This is the city that cured me. I came here over four years ago fresh out of rehab, without a hope in the world. Here, I rebuilt myself, and you stood by me through everything. I grew up before your very eyes, and now here I am, ready for the biggest test of my life.

Cayle clenches a fist and slams it into his palm.

Murray: Let's. Do. This.

Cut.

Blackfront: Welcome back to ringside Ladies and Gentlemen, and up next we've got one of the most hotly anticipated matches of the evening. Cayle Murray and Colton Thorpe have built-up quite the rivalry over the past five months, and it's all about to come to a head.

Ace: Absolutely, Jason. These two have practically been at each other's throats since the day they first came into the company. It started with a three-way match and a rejected handshake, and things have only gotten worse and worse since.

Blackfront: From insults to sneak attacks, interferences to beatdowns... each and every show has brought a new escalation in this rivalry, and we can guarantee that this won't be a pretty one, Tommy. There's almost half a year's worth of frustration, anger and pent-up aggression to be unleashed tonight!

Ace: And let's not forget about the Wildfire Championship either! Thorpe already has one successful defence over

Bobby Dean under his belt, and you know he'd love to add to that with a big win over his whipping boy tonight! Cayle Murray's in for a long night...

A sharp burst of TV static rips through the arena. The lights die, and everything is plunged into darkness. The static soon cuts-out too, and we're left in a moment of perfect calm.

Until...

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

Pyro explodes all around, and Bad Religion's breakneck "Sinister Rouge" rips through the PA system. There, stood in a storm of smoke and lasers, is the challenger.

Blackfront: Welcome back to Japan, Cayle Murray! The popular Scot spent four years rebuilding his career here prior to signing with the UTA, but the stakes have never been higher than tonight.

Ace: Losing in the worst way will be a gigantic blow to this man's career! Thorpe claims to have Murray's number, and Cayle dropping a second loss in a row to his bitter rival will add serious weight to that claim.

Cayle finally emerges from the maelstrom, wearing a mask of complete and utter focus as he makes his way down the long, sloping ramp. He turns to the fans and slaps a few hands as always, but his steely resolve never wavers.

Blackfront: What a night this is for Cayle Murray! Nobody could've predicted the positive impact this kid would have on the UTA when he signed, but he's quickly become one of the most popular superstars on the roster.

Upon reaching the ringside area, Cayle rolls under the bottom rope then hops to his feet.

Ace: The crowd have really taken to him, that's undeniable, but does he have what it takes to beat the sociopathic Thorpe in a Falls Count Anywhere environment? This is a huge, huge acid test.

Blackfront: Absolutely, Tommy. We're gonna find-out a lot about both of these men, and the question you've just asked is one that's gotta be answered tonight.

Cayle drops to one knee, raises his arms, and points both index fingers skywards. Bursts of pyro erupt from each ring post and high into the air, until the challenger stands-up again and unzips his hooded sweatshirt. His ribs are heavily bandaged, but he shows no sign of restriction just yet.

Blackfront: Let's not forget those ribs either. In Paris, Cayle wasn't just laid-out and beaten down at the contract signing: he was victim to a brutal, violent assault later in the evening.

Ace: Colt did his best to put Cayle on the shelf before this match... Cayle's here, but how limited is he gonna be? The ribs might be close to healed by now, but Murray's style is hugely dependent on speed and agility. He's wrestling with a handicap, no doubt.

**DUH DUH DUH DUHN! DUH DUH DUH DUHN!**

The opening guitar riffs of Skillet's "Monster" shred through the P.A system, echoing throughout the otherwise silent Tokyo Dome. The entranceway onto the steel ramp fills with smoke, as red and white strobe lighting flickers down from above.

Ace: And the champion is here, Jason. There is no doubt in my mind that he intends to finish what he started three week ago in Paris.

Blackfront: Thorpe has been unusually quiet since departing from Paris after that assault of Murray. He didn't board The Princess Sapphire for Proving Ground. He didn't make himself available for any of the promotional appearances in the weeks leading up to International Affairs. All we got from Colt was a brief audio clip on the WrestleUTA servers late Friday night.

Ace: That's all that was needed from him. He said everything he needed to at that contract signing, and there are no words that have been left unspoken. All that's left for these two is to shut up and fight.

Emerging through the smoke, Colt saunters out towards the ramp as it begins its slope down towards the ring. That smile on his face, he unclips the Wildfire Championship that is secured around his waist. With a firm grip on the leather strap, he raises his right arm in the air, holding his championship high and proud.

Blackfront: It is very unusual to not hear the chorus of boos that typically follows this man from arena to arena. I'm sure it has to be foreign territory for Colt too.

Ace: I don't think he even notices the lack of crowd noise, to be honest. Tonight is about these two men, and these two men alone.

Colt shifts his gaze to the Championship dangling beside him, staring at it for what could be the final time he can claim it as his own. Lowering it down, he begins his march towards the ring, letting it drag across the steel grating of the rampway. Ignoring everyone else in the arena as he takes each step forward, his eyes lock onto the set staring back at him from the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Their eyes have locked, and their ice cold stares refuse to break. This is going to be one hell of a fight here tonight!

Ace: You said it correctly, Jason. This will be one hell of a fight, not a wrestling match.

Tossing the title into the ring, it lands at the feet of Murray, yet doesn't break his stare. Rolling into the ring, Colt wastes little time stomping towards its center, going nose to nose with Cayle. The tension reaches an all time high as Colt's smile re-emerges, and he picks up his Championship that lay between them, holding it high to obstruct the glare of Cayle.

Blackfront: He best enjoy that moment right now, for it could be his last with the Wildfire Championship.

Ace: Something tells me Colt enjoys every moment he's prodding not only this man, but anyone for that matter.

The referee steps between the two men, instructing them each to take their respective corner. He walks alongside Colt, requesting he hand over his Championship. Initially reluctant, he finally concedes, giving it a parting kiss before doing so. Walking towards the opposite side of the ring, the attention turns to the ringside announcer.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following is a Falls Count Anywhere match for the UTA Wildfire Championship! Introducing first, the challenger...

In his corner, Cayle has both hands gripped around the ropes and leans forward, his gaze unwavering.

Announcer: From Aberdeen, Scotland, weighing in at 220lbs... CAAAYYYYYLLLLLEEEE  
MUUUURRRRRRRRAAAAYYYY!

The camera switches to the Champion, whose face wears a more devious mask.

Announcer: Aaaaand the Champion! From Cleveland, Ohio, weighing in at 228lbs...

The announcer pauses for a moment, giving the champ's intro a little extra juice.

Announcer: COOLLLLLTTTTOONNNN THOOOOOORRRRRRPPPPPEEEEEEE!

The bell rings, but neither man takes a step towards the middle of the ring. Both stand close to their respective corners: the champion grinning that grin, the challenger a picture of complete concentration.

Blackfront: We're underway, and I guess the evening's first minor miracle is that both men made it here in the first place.

Ace: Just look at Cayle's torso and that'll tell you everything you need to know. Colt tried his damndest to put the Scot out of action, and looks like he's fighting with a handicap tonight.

Blackfront: Colt has put Cayle through a lot of punishment lately, particularly three weeks ago in Paris, when a brutal backstage chair assault left the Scot with a chest of bruised ribs. With the ferocity Colt showed, Cayle's lucky nothing was broken.

The two start circling, though neither is in any real hurry to make the first move. The eerie hush of a Japanese crowd settles in the arena, and when Thorpe opens his mouth, everything is audible.

Thorpe: How are those ribs feeling, friend? Maybe I'll snap a couple this time.

Ace: Maybe Cayle should've swallowed his pride and stayed home tonight, Jason. I just don't see any way in which he leaves the building without suffering severe injury tonight.

Blackfront: No way, Tommy. The ribs clearly aren't fully healed, but Cayle Murray is a gritty, determined sort. I don't think this guy knows the meaning of the word "quit," and he's been waiting four months for this moment.

Finally Cayle makes a move, stepping towards the middle and beckoning his opponent forward. Thorpe seems happy to oblige at first, before pulling away from the attempted lock-up, wagging his finger as he goes.

Ace: Heh. The mind games begin...

This clearly agitates Murray, who shakes his head and tenses up a little. Instead of circling again, Cayle plants his feet and calls Thorpe forward, but the champion doesn't look too happy to oblige. He stops by the ropes, shaking his head.

Blackfront: Thorpe just doesn't want to engage this on Murray's terms, does he?

Ace: He's trying to mess with his head, and it looks like it's working. Cayle's prone to letting his heart lead his head, which could prove disastrous against a man as manipulative as Thorpe.

Cayle takes two long strides forward, bearing down on Thorpe, but Colt isn't hanging around. He drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring, before turning to the fans and shaking his head further. Murray, however, decides enough's enough. His running baseball slide catches Colt from behind, and when he's outside, he wastes no time in grabbing the champion's waistband and sliding him back in.

Blackfront: Look-out! Cayle's taking matters into his own hands!

Ace: I didn't know he had it in him!

Colt's on his feet as Cayle slides back in and he stomp, stomp, stomps away on his challenger's back, preventing a rise. He pulls Cayle to his feet quickly but his punch is blocked, and Cayle fires back with two quick forearms to the jaw. With Thorpe staggered, Cayle grabs a loose arm and Irish Whips him across the ring, but Thorpe hooks his arms over the top rope to prevent rebounding. Once recovered, he grins broadly, offering Cayle a polite golf clap.

Blackfront: The opening salvo is fired. Colt tried to weasel his way out of the action, but Cayle put his gameface on and took control of the situation.

Ace: He's in control of nothing, Jason! Look at them: both stood there, just as when we started.

Cayle takes the centre of the ring as Colt starts prowling again. Eager to engage, Cayle takes a step towards the champion, who sidesteps quickly and avoids the attempted grapple. Murray looks for the same lock-up, but Thorpe's swift enough to elude him for a second time in a row. He laughs heartily, Thorpe: almost doubling-over his throes.

Blackfront: Textbook Thorpe. He's spent the past 4 months openly mocking everything Murray does, and it continues tonight.

This sends anger shooting through Murray, who lunges forward with a forearm strike that Colt quickly ducks beneath.

When Cayle turns, however, it's not Thorpe he meets, but the referee! Thorpe's grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him between him and his enemy. The meat shield puts his hands up, and Cayle stops his thrown arm before it's too late.

Blackfront: Thorpe really is a nasty piece of work! Putting the referee in harm's way to avoid engaging with Murray... what a coward.

Ace: It's not a coward's move, Jason -- it's smart strategy! Colt's toying with Cayle, he's messing with his head, and it appears to be working!

Sure enough, there's a clear sense of agitation about Cayle, and he loses focus at a pivotal moment. Colt shoves the referee aside and piles into his challenger, throwing a barrage of closed fists into his face! Cayle's staggered, and while Colt's knee catches him just below the ribs, it's enough to send him to a knee.

Ace: See! It worked!

Colt doesn't relent, and takes Cayle by the hair. He pulls him back up to his feet, but Cayle reverses! Colt flies towards a corner, but stops just short of slamming into the turnbuckles. Displeased, he turns and charges at the Scot, who takes him down with an arm drag. Thorpe's able to roll through the first one, but Cayle keeps hold of the arm the second time, then scoots sideways and puts an arm around Colt's jaw.

Blackfront: Cayle successfully takes Colt down at the second time of asking, and now the transition...

Cayle let's go of the arm and wraps a second limb around Colt's head.

Ace: The Champ's fighting it, though! He's getting-up!

Back on his feet, Colt throws himself backwards, trying to dislodge Cayle by thrusting him into the turnbuckles. It works, and Cayle's forced to relinquish, but the Scot's quick forearm catches Thorpe as he turns, and two leg kicks stagger him.

Blackfront: Crisp strikes from Cayle! Here he goes, off the ropes...

Ace: Neckbreaker!

Downed and hurting, Colt rolls onto his front, then slowly recovers to an "all fours" position. Cayle throws his hair behind his head, watching the champion's every move, waiting for the opportune moment.

Ace: What's he waiting for?! Attack, you idiot! That's what Colt would be doing right now!

Blackfront: Thorpe's a viper, Tommy. You don't just jump inside a snakepit! The champ's known for his brutally effective quickstrikes, so Cayle's gotta pick his moments.

In this instance, Cayle decides it's best to let Colt rise on his own accord. Then, when the Champion's facing him, he moves in. The two tie-up at the collar and elbow, but Thorpe's not looking to play the chain game. He pulls, tugs and thrashes violently, but Cayle's technique never wavers, and he's able to take advantage of a slackening in Colt's grip to break an arm free, then skip behind him. Keeping wrist control, he pulls Colt's arm behind his back and tightens-up a Hammerlock.

Blackfront: This is exactly what Cayle needs to do tonight, Tommy. He needs to wrestle. If this match becomes a scrappy brawl -- if it becomes a war of attrition -- Thorpe has a clear, distinct advantage.

Ace: I can't argue with that. Thorpe will stoop to any perceived "low" to put Cayle away. Cayle has self-imposed limits, Colt doesn't. The moment Colt makes this thing emotional, he wins.

Blackfront: Calmness and composure are absolutely key here. Cayle's a fiery, passionate man, and we'll see plenty of that tonight... but he must let his head lead his heart, especially in these early stages.

Thorpe fires back with a few blind elbows, and Cayle, conscious of having his ribs damaged early, let's him loose for a second. He's soon back on-top of the challenger when he ducks a clothesline, comes off the ropes... and runs right into a Back Body Drop!

Ace: Back Bo--

Blackfront: No! Cayle lands on his feet!

Sure enough, the challenger becomes a cat, lands safely, and turns to take Thorpe's back.

Blackfront: Reverse DDT!

Thorpe hits the canvas, and the match's first ripples of applause sound around the gigantic around. Cayle goes for an immediate pinfall.

...1!

But Thorpe kicks-out almost instantaneously.

Ace: Far, far too early for that, Mr. Murray.

Blackfront: I don't think he was trying to end the match, Tommy. That was more about expending some of Colt's energy, and exerting some early control on the Champion.

After kicking-out, Thorpe finds himself pulled-up to his feet. Two fingers try to claw Murray's eyes, but Cayle swots the hand away and creates distance with a quick Teep Kick to Colt's gut. Free of the Champion, Cayle goes to the ropes again, and whips Colt down with a Running Headscissor takedown! His own back hits the mat, and he briefly clutches his ribs thanks to a short burst of pain.

Blackfront: Perfect start from Murray's point of view. He's overcome Colt's early-match shenanigans and he's fighting the Champion on his own terms. This early momentum could be crucial.

Ace: This has gotta be incredibly frustrating for Colt. Murray's answering absolutely everything, and retaliating twice as hard, but Thorpe's always got a thing or two up his sleeve. He'll come through...

Colt's a little dazed now. It takes him a little longer to get to his feet, and he uses the ropes to help him do so. When he turns around, he finds Cayle waiting for him in the corner, ready to go again. He charges like a bull, but Cayle ducks beneath him and heads to the opposite side. Colt follows closely, trying to clobber the Scot... but Cayle doesn't just run into the turnbuckles, he runs up them...

Ace: What the...?!

... and flips backwards, landing on his feet, then dropkicking the small of Thorpe's back!

Blackfront: Oh my goodness!

Thorpe takes a step back, and that sets him-up perfectly. Cayle dashes past him, runs up the turnbuckles again, and swings round with a big Tornado DDT! Colt's head hits the mat, and through the move hurts Murray too, he's able to cover.

...1!

...2!

But Thorpe throws a shoulder-up!

Blackfront: Murray's athleticism continues to astound me every time he steps in the ring. Even tonight, when he's clearly hurting, his quickness and agility are just astonishing.

Ace: It's undoubtedly one of his biggest strengths, Jason, but how long can it last? Every time he hits one of those

moves, he does a little more damage to his ribs. He's playing a dangerous game here.

Following his second pinfall attempt, Cayle's keen to keep control of the match. He takes Colt up and tries to lock him up again, but...

Blackfront: LOW BLOW!

Colt's boot flies between Murray's legs with force. It's enough impact to send any man to his knees, and that's exactly what happens.

Ace: THERE we go!

Though he pauses to catch his breath, the smile on Colt's face is evident.

Blackfront: Of course that's how Colt finds a way back into this!

Ace: Whadda you mean?! This is a Falls Count Anywhere match! Anything goes, my man, and Colt's perfectly entitled to take advantage of those relaxed rules.

Thorpe sets on Murray, kicking him hard in the kidneys, before booting him square in the forehead and leaving him on his back. He grabs the ropes for leverage as he stomps away on his challenger's bandaged ribcage, then hits the mat, throwing closed fist after closed fist into his skull.

Ace: And in one fell swoop, the Champion takes complete control! So much for "wrestling," right?!

Blackfront: This guy's a hyena, Tommy. He's a brutal, bloodthirsty scavenger, and exactly the type of guy you don't want to get into this kinda situation with! Let's see how much damage he can dish out.

Tiring of his approach, Colt takes a handful of Cayle's hair and drags him up to his feet. Screaming something directly in his face, he holds him against the ropes, then raises his hand in the air and brings a huge overhand chop down across Murray's bandages.

Ace: Jesus!

The bandages take the sting out of it, but the impact still reaches Murray's ribs. He stumbles away from Colt.

Thorpe: Where you going, friend?!

Thorpe doesn't give Murray a moment to breath. He pulls him round, tries to break his skull with a couple of elbows, then pulls his hand back and delivers one of the loudest slaps you'll ever hear. It's noise echoes around the gigantic room like music to Colton Thorpe's ears, and the Champion grabs another handful of Scottish hair.

Blackfront: Colt's looking for a Suplex now.

But as soon as the front face lock's applied, Cayle hooks a boot behind Colt's leg, preventing the lift. He pushes himself away from Colt, but it's not enough. A straight boot to his battered ribs knocks him for six, and he's powerless to avoid the Reverse STO! Thorpe drops to hook the leg.

Ace: What a sequence! And the cover...

...1!

...2!

No! Cayle kicks-out.

Ace: This has become a lesson in violence, Jason! Colt's just straight-up savaging Cayle at the moment, and that's exactly what he needs to do.

Blackfront: Cayle's controlled most of the match, but Colt's definitely done the most damage. The ribs don't help

matters, but Thorpe's ruthless streak is ten miles wide and it's really coming into play early-on.

Ace: Let's not forget that the ribs are his handiwork too. Praise the Champion for his groundwork in Paris, Jason!

As the match progresses and his control increases, Colt's grin gets bigger and bigger. He doesn't need to expend too much energy at this point, he's already done plenty damage, and he knows it. He gets back to his feet and eyeballs Cayle Murray, walking around his writhing body, primed to attack.

Blackfront: Colt's just stalking him now. He's a predator...

The game of hunter versus. hunted starts taking shape. As soon as Cayle looks like he might rise, Colt lunges forward, booting him square in the gut. Oxygen leaves Cayle's lungs, and all Colt can do is laugh.

Ace: This is Colton goddamn Thorpe in full flow, Jason! It doesn't get much better than this!

But when Colt moves in a second time, he gets a little surprise.

Blackfront: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

...1!

...2!

No! Colt kicks-out.

Ace: Where the hell did that come from?!

Blackfront: Great presence of mind from Cayle Murray, but I sense he's only angered Thorpe! This might get ugly!

Sure enough, Colt furiously yanks Cayle up to his feet and starts swinging. Cayle raises his dukes, blocking a few of the blows, before launching-off a quick push kick followed by one to the body. Cayle tries to stay away from the brawl and out of Colt's wheelhouse by evading a couple of punches then firing back with a forearm shot.

Blackfront: Careful, Cayle. Careful...

Unfortunately, he can't stay out of the chaos too long. Colt's too wild, too frantic, and straight-up thumbs him in the eye after landing a couple of lefts and rights. Colt pushes Cayle to the ropes, takes a few steps back, then powers forward with a big clothesline, bundling the Scot over the rope.

Ace: Therrrrre we go!

Blackfront: This isn't good for Cayle at all, Tommy. Thorpe's turning it into his kinda fight, and now we're heading outside.

Cayle lands on his feet, but he doesn't get a moment's respite. Colt's sliding out of the ring and back in his face before he knows what's happened, and he eats punch after punch after punch. The Champion throws a big haymaker, then follows-up with a knee to the gut that sends Cayle to his hands and knees. Unapologetic and proud of his handiwork, Colt throws a celebratory arm in the air.

Ace: That's how you exert control, Jason! You engage the enemy on your own terms, negate his strengths, and play to your own. This is everything Colt excels at, and everything Murray wanted to avoid.

Blackfront: Say what you want about Colton Thorpe and his nefarious acts, but he absolutely thrives in environments like this. He's a natural born scrapper, and without rules to hold him back, he's one of the most dangerous men on the planet.

Dropping to his knees, Colt makes the cover...

... then sits-up before the referee's hand can even hit the mat for a one-count.

Wagging a mocking finger in the referee's face, Colt rises to his feet... when Cayle catches him with a desperation knee!

Blackfront: Wait! Cayle's fighting back!

Energy surges through Cayle as he gets in Colt's face, landing some of those quick forearms, but Cayle blocks the fourth attempt, and knocks his opponent silly with a headbutt.

Ace: Ha! No he isn't!

Upset with Cayle's attempted comeback, Colt's decide enough's enough. He takes hold of his arm and whips him forward.

Cayle's body flies straight into the ringsteps, and there's absolutely nothing to break the impact.

Blackfront: JESUS CHRIST!

The CRASH hits like lightning, and Cayle rolls onto his back, eyes closed.

Ace: And the hero falls again! Colton Thorpe's just taken a gigantic leap forward on the road to victory, Jason! Can you feel it?!

Blackfront: This is getting worrying for all the Cayle Murray fans in the building. This man spent four years of his life wrestling in this city. He's probably wrestled more matches in Japan than anyone else on the roster, and there are a lot of concerned faces out there.

Ace: They should've been concerned from the moment this match was first announced! Murray's in the deep waters now, and he can't come-up for air. This is only going to get nastier.

Colt takes a few moments to recuperate himself, and brush away the sweat dripping freely from his brow. Seeing Cayle in agony brings great joy to his features, and having recovered enough lost energy, he pulls him up by the waistband and hair. Taking Cayle away from the now-dented steps and towards the railing, Colt bundles him over the top and into the crowd.

Blackfront: Come on! Take this back to the ring!

Ace: Falls. Count. Anywhere. Which of those words don't you understand?!

Not even able to stand on his own two feet yet, Cayle falls down among rapidly dispersing crowds. Colt hops over the barricade, tosses a few chairs aside, and clubs Murray in the back. Disparaging calls start ringing-out around Colt, but he pays them no heed as he boots Cayle into a clear pathway.

Blackfront: Japanese fans aren't used to scenes like this, Tommy. This is a pure wrestling country, where heart, soul and fighting spirit are above all else. They're at all high on the kinda show Colt's providing.

Ace: Do you honestly think the man cares? He's here to brutalise Cayle Murray... the geography is irrelevant.

Feeling "charitable," Colt gives Cayle a chance to rise in the pathway, before coming forward and hitting him in the side of the head. Cayle stumbles away, each step carrying him further and further from the ring's relative safety.

Thorpe comes close, grabbing his head, and screaming foul abuse in his face. That's when Cayle finds an opening. He shakes himself free, tucks his head beneath Colt's jaw, and pulls his head down.

Blackfront: Jawbreaker! Cayle Murray is alive!

Realising that nothing good awaits him the deeper they go, Cayle tries to take Colt back towards the ring, but the Champion's having none of it. He jabs an elbow into the wounded ribs, and that's all he needs to take control again. He pushes Cayle down, stalking him away.

Blackfront: Where's he even taking him, Tommy?

Ace: I don't know, Jason, but none of this is good for Cayle. None of it.

Now quite deep inside the floor, Colt reaches a segment of the crowd that's far rowdier, and far paler in skin than just about everyone else in the building. Westerners, maybe as much as two dozen of them, and none of them are happy to see Colton Thorpe.

Ace: Ha! Looks like Thorpe's found the drunkard section!

Toying with their hero brings great pleasure to Colt. He immediately gets in their face, going eyeball-to-eyeball with a cup-clutching whiteboy in a Cayle Murray tee. To his credit, the boozed-up fan doesn't run from Thorpe: just stands there and points over his shoulder when the time is right.

Blackfront: Wait a minute!

Cayle fires back! He pulls Thorpe round, dazes him with an elbow, pulls him away from the fans and cracks him square in the skull with the Pele Kick!

Blackfront: OH MY!

Landing as gracefully as he can, Cayle feels some impact of the floor beneath him and rolls onto his front, shaking the grog away.

Ace: This guy just doesn't know when to stay down, does he?! But he's still gotta get the hell out of there! American fans or no American fans, he's not safe at all.

Blackfront: You're quite. Cayle took advantage of a lapse in Colt's concentration, but he needs to make this his kinda match again. This isn't doing him any favours at all.

Still seeing stars, Cayle's train of thought seems identical to the announcers'. He gets to his feet and stares back to where he'd come from: it's a long journey back to the ring, but one he must make sooner rather than later.

Blackfront: He knows exactly wha-- HEY!

Ace: LOW BLOW!

For the second time in the match, Colt catches Cayle right where it hurts and Cayle goes down like a sack of potatoes. Colt rolls away, giving himself a few moments to recharge, when his back hits something.

He looks up at the ten foot TV tower behind him and smiles.

Blackfront: Oh, no. What's he planning, Tommy? What's he gonna do?

Colt rises to his feet. The tower's made of gridded scaffolding poles, and looks perfectly ascendable. He grasps a hand on one of the bars.

Ace: I think we have our answer.

Slowly, Thorpe starts scaling the tower. The cameraman abandons his nest almost immediately and scurries down the ladder behind him. Before long, Colt rolls onto the raised platform and stands high over the Western fans... and the rising Cayle Murray.

Blackfront: This is nut, Tommy! Absolutely nuts! Get down from there, Colt!

Ace: On the contrary, Jason... I'm about to grab me some popcorn! Things are just getting good!

Cayle gets back to his feet, and his eyes only find Colt when his supporters point him in the right direction.

At the top of the TV tower, a wild-eyed Thorpe stands tall, beckoning Murray to join him.

Blackfront: Don't do it, Cayle! Stay down there!

Ace: No! Get your ass up there, Cayle! Don't listen to your head, man!

The quandary doesn't last for long, however. Cayle, against his better judgement, latches onto the tower and starts scaling.

Blackfront: Goddamnit!

Ace: Yes! YESSS!

Soon he's on the wooden surface at the top, and much to his surprise, Colt backs off a little, giving him time to get to his feet. Thorpe puts up his dukes, and Cayle does the same.

Colt lands a right.

Murray hits a left elbow.

Colt right.

Murray left.

Colt right.

Colt right.

Colt right.

Blackfront: No. No, no, no, no...

Another blow hits the challenger, and soon he's teetering. Wobbling. Things start looking increasingly precarious, especially when Colt winds-up for a bigger blow...

Blackfront: Don't do this, Colt! Don't do it!

Ace: Murray followed him up there, Jason! He allowed himself to be goaded! This is his fault... nobody else's.

But Cayle fires back! Knee to the torso!

Blackfront: Thank GOD!

Ace: Awww!

Blackfront: Now get down from there, Cayle! It's not safe!

Cayle tries to steal some recovery time, but it's too late. A sudden burst of energy sees Thorpe lunge forward, and Cayle tumble from the tower.

Blackfront: OH MY GO-- WAIT! WAIT!

Ace: WHAT?!

Blackfront: THEY CAUGHT HIM! JESUS CHRIST, TOMMY! The fans just caught Cayle Murray!

Nothing but complete and utter astonishment crosses Cayle Murray's face. Seven or eight strapping males within the group of Western fans catch his 220lbs and stop him from hitting the deck as the entire arena gasps.

Blackfront: Have you ever seen anything like that in your life?!

Ace: What the...? Just... Wow. I'm absolutely speechless.

Blackfront: Thank God for this fans, Tommy! They've just kept Cayle Murray's dream alive!

Ace: But they had no business getting involved! This isn't their fight to influence! Their stupid hero fell into Colt's trap,

and they had no right to interfere!

Blackfront: Colt got involved with them first, remember?! This is true fan support! This is why Cayle Murray is who he is! I've no doubt these fans are gonna be in a lot of trouble with security, but I doubt they care! They're the reason this match isn't over!

The group of Western fans carry him away from the television tower before gently lowering him to his feet. As they do so, Colt who is still in disbelief begins to descend from the structure. Murray stumbles back towards the barricade, intent on bringing this thing back to the ring. In hot pursuit once he gets back onto the floor below, Colt grabs a chair that is in his path towards Cayle.

Blackfront: TURN AROUND CAYLE! LOOK OUT!

CRACK!

As Murray reaches the barricade and gets on legs flung overtop it, Colt viciously swings his newfound weapon, smashing it with sheer velocity across his bandaged back. Cayle cries out in extreme pain, tumbling over the barricade, ringside.

Ace: That one is one hundred percent on Cayle, Jason. You never turn your back on a man with a mean streak like Colt's.

Cayle on all fours tries to crawl away from Colt, to create enough distance between the two so he can get back to his feet. Hopping the barricade to join his dance partner, Cayle makes little progress, and brought to a complete halt at the base of the rampway...

CRACK!

Blackfront: That is too much, enough is enough!

Ace: Again I reiterate: Falls Count Anywhere.

Colt circles around the fallen Scot, salivating from the mouth as he watches his prey struggle to breath. Stopping as his feet touch onto the steel grating of the rampway, Colt begins tapping the chair on its cold surface as if he were batter awaiting the pitch in a baseball game.

Blackfront: Seriously, the referee needs to call it here. Live to fight another day, Cayle.

Ace: Neither man wants it to end this way, Jason. You know that as well as I do as well as the entire UTA Universe does.

Colt stares down at Cayle who again has pulled himself to all fours. Waving the chair in front of his face, Colt waits for the perfect moment to deliver his killshot and end Cayle Murray once and for all. Cayle refuses to afford Colt such an opportunity...

CRACK!

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! WHERE DID THAT?

Ace: How in the...

With cat like agility, Cayle pops up to his feet. As soon as his feet hit the ground, he launches himself forward, thrusting his right leg upwards. His foot connects with the chair the rests level with Colt's face, driving it back into his skulls, immediately dropping the brawler onto his back.

Blackfront: Cayle will not die! He will not concede to Colt!

Ace: This is the opening he needed. It's now or never Cayle.

Draping an arm overtop of Colt's fallen body, Cayle is unable to secure any type of leverage for the pinfall attempt. The referee drops and begins the count.

..1!

..2!

..3! NO!

Ace: And Colt kicks out! Your moment has passed Cayle!

Blackfront: And Colt is split open, Tommy. Look at the flow down the sides of his face.

Cayle rolls onto his back, clutching onto the mop of hair on his head in complete disbelief at the last second kick out by Colt. Colt is dazed and confused, seeing birdies fly around his head that only he can see. Cayle ascends to his feet slowly before latching onto Colt's ankle, dragging his body back towards the ring.

Blackfront: This is exactly what Cayle needs to do at this point is get this thing back inside the ring. There is no way he can continue to brawl on the outside with Colt.

Ace: Well I wish him the best of luck keeping things inside that twenty by twenty.

Gripping his arms underneath Colt's armpits, Cayle hoists his two hundred and twenty pound frame up, struggling with the excruciating pain radiating through his rib cage. Once vertical, he props Colt's body on the edge of the ring, rolling him underneath the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Colt's bearings are completely out of whack. He has no idea where he is right now.

Cayle rolls underneath the bottom rope to enter the ring, as Colt slowly has risen to his knees. The blood trickles from the gash across the bridge of his nose, cascading down his face, dripping off his jawline onto his chest.

Blackfront: Cayle back in, rushing at Thorpe now.

Leaving his feet, Cayle wraps his legs around the neck of Colt and wildly snapping off a hurricanrana, planting Thorpe's skull to the mat.

Ace: Did he just.. kill our Wildfire champ?

Even with that sick thud of skull meeting plywood, the champ is stirring and trying to wipe away at his face. Cayle, resting on one knee, sees the fight left in Colt doesn't bother with the pin.

Blackfront: Murray now pulling Thorpe up by the ears. And I think Thorpe is too busy trying to wiping the blood out of his eyes to see this coming.

With a growing hum throughout the Tokyo Dome, the younger Murray shares a glance with the crowd and a nod. He pulls back and spins around delivering a stiff forearm to the jaw of Thorpe.

Blackfront: Toothrattler! Cayle driving that elbow straight to the mush!

Ace: Yeah, Jason, but look at Thorpe! He's still standing!

Thinking that he had earned himself a moment's rest, Cayle doesn't see the burning mad eyes of Colton Thorpe staring a mile through his head. Pulling up his crimson coated hands, Thorpe grins a sadistic smile and grabs Murray from behind.

Ace: Fishhooks!

Blackfront: Thorpe, again taking advantage of these relaxed rules. And maybe the first scientific thing I have seen him do in this match, smoothly into the Thai Clinch.

Steering Murray by the head, Thorpe backs the challenger to the ropes. With nowhere to go, and his hands busy trying to unlock Colt's grip, Cayle is left open to the knees Thorpe throws; every one of them measured and fierce.

Blackfront: I can't tell if this is strategy or just his temper, but Colt is doing damage to those already injured ribs.

Ace: Does it matter? Thorpe just gets more effective the madder he becomes.

After following through with rotated knees the crush every ounce of wind out of the Scot, Cayle leaves his face and head as a whole exposed trying to protect his midsection. It's a mistake on his part that he would soon regret, as Colt transitions to a tooth rattling elbow of his own, sending Cayle's saliva sailing to the outside of the ring.

Ace: I think I saw a tooth leave his mouth!

Blackfront: What an elbow by Colt!

Colt clutches his right hand underneath Cayle's right armpit, grabbing onto his throat with his left. With every bit of power the back alley brawler has, he thrusts his body backwards, lifting up on Cayle to send him flying towards the center of the ring. Landing without any hint of grace, Cayle's eyes painfully clench shut.

Blackfront: Did Colt just throw Cayle across the ring by his throat?

Ace: Yes Jason, yes he did. That right there is the killer instinct of a champion.

Colt uses the back of his hand to wipe away the excess blood gathered in his mustache, and stares at Cayle with evil intentions. Stumbling and staggering his way to his feet, Murray turns around and is hoisted up...

SLAM!

Blackfront: What a devastating spinebuster! That has got to be it.

Ace: The three count is just a formality at this point. No man can take a beating like this and continue.

After having lifted Cayle into the air, Colt lawn darts his battered body into the canvas. Rolling through ontop of him, the referee drops down for the count.

..1!

..2!

..3! NO!

Blackfront: How could he have possibly kicked out of that! What resolve Cayle Murray is showing us here tonight in Japan.

Ace: Resolve? Not at all. Stupidity is what this man is showing us. He is subjecting himself to further physical and mental damage for no reason.

A common theme reoccurs as Colt is left in disbelief at his opponents heart and desire.

Blackfront: The crowd here applauding Murray and this great show of heart.

Ace: Colt isn't giving Cayle any room here.

Taking control once again, Thorpe presses Murray to the ropes and sends him across the ring with an Irish Whip. Colt races to meet him halfway.

THHOOP!

Blackfront: Thorpe tried running right through Murray and damn near cut him in two with that crossbody block!

Ace: Yeah, I think I can hear Cayle gasping for air from here.

Both men lay on the ground, Colt paying the price for using his body as a weapon. As anxiety once again grows throughout the arena, Colt is the first to his belly, crawling over to Cayle still clutching his sides. Hooking the near leg this time, Colt makes the pin attempt.

...1!

...2!

...Kickout!

Blackfront: Colt can't believe it! Cayle kicks out yet again!

Ace: Colt can't believe it, I can't believe it! I don't think the UTA universe can believe it. What does he have to do to finish Cayle off.

Colt is seething as he stares at the referee, slapping his hands together, arguing the validity of his count. Making no headway with the referee, Colt pops up to his feet, and takes position in one of the corners of the ring. Slashing at his throat, he believes that what he has in store next will in fact be the end.

Ace: You think he's lining up for it, Jason?

Blackfront: He certainly looks to be. Cayle better watch out!

Rocking back and forth in the corner while he holds onto the ropes behind him, Colt's sadistic smile still drips blood onto the canvas. Cayle slowly pulls himself to his knees, and Colt fires his shot, launching forward...

Ace: THORPEEEEEEEEDDDDDDDOOOOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: THERE IT IS! THORPE'S PATENTED SUPERKICK!

Ace: IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER!

Lifeless, Cayle Murray falls to the mat.

Ace: PIN HIM! PIN HIM!

Exhausted, Colton Thorpe falls on top of him.

The referee drops down.

The count behinds.

...1!

60,000 fans hold their breath.

...2!

A global audience gasps.

...3?

The referee's hand falls for a final time.

...

...

...

Cayle Murray kicks-out?!

Blackfront: WHAT?!

Ace: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

Blackfront: DID HE JUST--?!

Ace: HE DID!

Blackfront: Cayle kicked-out of the Thorpedo! Jesus, just how big is this kid's heart?! How much punishment can this guy take?!

Ace: He wants it, Jason! He wants it bad! Colt has thrown half the world at him tonight, and he still won't stay down!

Thorpe can't believe it. His blood-red face twists with disbelief as he kneels, then bashes two fists hard into the mat. Beside him, Cayle's still on his back, staring at the lights, breathing heavily.

Blackfront: Cayle Murray is a living, breathing embodiment of heart, soul and courage, Tommy! After tonight, nobody's ever gonna be able to argue that.

Ace: I don't agree with most of what he does, Jason, but I can't argue that. Not for a second. It's a goddamn miracle that this kid is still in the fight, but for how much longer?

Colt falls into his backside, wiping swathes of crimson from his eyes. The building's really starting to buzz and pulse with energy now. It's coming alive, and so is Cayle Murray -- albeit very slowly. Grabbing two handfuls of rope, Thorpe hauls himself up then takes a few wobbly steps, watching Murray slowly recover.

Blackfront: As admirable as his fight has been, this his gotta be it for Cayle now. Thorpe's on his feet -- he's plotting, he's scheming -- and the challenger's not even sat-up yet.

Ace: Goodnight, Cayle. It was a great, great effort, but it's all coming to an end now. Colt's ready to end this!

He shouts for his opponent to "get up," Colt: motioning with both arms and stomping down on the mat. Cayle's dazed. He doesn't know what's going on, but slowly, surely, he starts sitting up...

Blackfront: Here it comes.

Colt tees it up.

Ace: Colt. Magnum.

Thorpe bursts forward.

He dives.

The elbow flies...

... AND CAYLE MURRAY DUCKS!

Ace: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

Cayle throws his body back at the last possible second.

Adrenaline takes over.

He rolls onto his front, then summons all his remaining energy to stand-up.

Colt rises, turns, and he's not just shocked to see Cayle standing face-to-face: he's blown away.

Blackfront: HOLD ON!

Cayle knees the gut, takes the arms, buries the head and falls backwards.

Blackfront: SILVER BULLET! SILVER BULLET!

Ace: Cayle DRILLED him with the Double-Arm DDT!

Blackfront: Can he really do this, Tommy?! Can he pull this off?!

Every muscle in Cayle's body's aching, but he's not done yet. Not by a longshot. He plants one foot on the mat, then another, and slowly gets to his feet with an arm around his ribs. Exhausted, and with his opponent down, Cayle points to the ropes.

Ace: No way. No way can he pull this off!

Blackfront: How does he even have the energy?!

Ace: He's going for it!

The spring in his step's not quite there, but Cayle jogs to the ropes. He hops up, springboards, and flies through the air...

Blackfront: TOUCH THE SKY! TOUCH THE SK--

Ace: WAIT! THE KNEES!

... until his ribcage comes crashing down right on top of Colton Thorpe's knees.

Blackfront: THORPE GOT 'EM UP!

Ace: YES! YES! YES!

Blackfront: ANOTHER TWIST! ANOTHER TURN!

Ace: And a potentially DEVASTATING one for Cayle Murray!

Cayle wails in pain as he rolls away from what might have been his last roll of the dice. Both men are down on their backs now, but it's Thorpe who shows the first signs of life.

Ace: Thorpe's gonna do it! He's getting-up! He's ready to end the fairytale!

Predictably, Thorpe's the first up. From his knees, to his arms over the ropes, to his feet. It takes him a good few seconds to compose himself, and when he leans back against the ropes he's nothing short of exhausted. Across the ring, Cayle's in agony, but he's not giving up. He's fighting through the barrier. He's working his way back up.

Ace: Thorpe's tired, Tommy, and he it looks like he wants to engage Cayle on the feet one last time.

Blackfront: He wants to look him in the eye, take one last measure of the man, then bring this thing to a close.

Colt's not stupid, though. He doesn't give Cayle too much time, and stumbles over as soon as he's almost on his feet. Cayle, to his credit, pushes Thorpe hard in the chest, almost knocking the Champion to the deck. The challenger immediately crumples, but gets back-up a few seconds later.

The madman awaits. Grinning -- laughing -- through a face streaming with blood, Colton Thorpe raises a middle finger, and both men come forward.

Ace: Here we go!

They meet in the middle of the ring. Thorpe pushes his forehead into Murray's, and Cayle responds. The Champ's trash talk commences, and throws a shot at Murray's jaw, then another. Shots that were once innocuous take-on new impact at this late stage, and Murray spins around. Colt puts his arms around his waist, looking for a German, but Murray's not quite ready to go to Suplex City.

Blackfront: Desperate, desperate elbows from Cayle!

He dislodges Colt. He creates space.

Then....

WHAM.

Blackfront: SUPERKICK!

Ace: WHERE THE HELL DID THAT COME FROM?!

Blackfront: CAYLE JUST RATTLED THORPE'S SKULL! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!

Colt hits the deck. Murray drops to his knees.

Blackfront: COME ON, CAYLE!

Ace: COLT! GET-UP! NOW!

The Scot's in pieces. He's got nothing left but one last play. One last move. One last chance to silence the doubters and put Thorpe away.

Blackfront: He's digging deep! He's reaching into the deepest trenches of his energy reserves, looking for something to throw at Thorpe!

Ace: And he'd better hope it works, Jason! He'd better hope this is it, because if not, it's all over for him!

Cayle gets back to his feet, pulling Thorpe up with him.

Blackfront: Can he do it?! Can he put Thorpe away?!

Ace: He's got the waistband!

It takes everything he's got, but with every last drop of strength in his body, Cayle Murray pulls Colton Thorpe into the air.

Blackfront: Colt flows overtop!

Landing onto his feet, Colt shoves Cayle forward who crashes into the referee, sending him spilling outside the ring.

Ace: The ref lands hard on the outside of the ring! He isn't moving!

Colt lunges forward to attack Cayle, who sidesteps the attack at the last second. Rebounding off the ropes, he is halted with a stiff kick to the stomach. Going for it once more, Cayle hoists Colt high in the air, leaving him no time to counter his finish.

Blackfront: CHAINBREAKER! HE HIT IT!

Ace: That's great, but who is going to make the count?

Cover Colt, one second passes. Two seconds pass. Three seconds pass. He should be declared the winner, but there is no one officiated at this point. Releasing his pin attempt, Cayle crawls over towards the ring ropes, looking outside the ring at the downed referee.

Blackfront: Cayle had him beat! Damn it!

Ace: Cayle was also the one who threw the referee out of the ring.

As Cayle is peering outside the ring trying to get the referee stirring about, another ref is sprinting down the rampway, undetected by Cayle. Colt, crawling towards Cayle, pulls himself to his knees and...

Blackfront: ANOTHER LOW BLOW! THIS ISN'T RIGHT!

Colt grabs onto the back of Cayle's tights, and rolls him through onto the canvas, refusing to let go. Cayle struggles as the incoming referee slides into the ring for the count.

..1!

..2!

..3!

Ace: Colt retains! Colt wins this battle!

Blackfront: Damn it Tommy, he cheated!

Ace: How do you cheat in a Falls Count Anywhere match Jason?

Announcer: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE IS YOUR WINNER... AND STILL UTA WILDFIRE CHAMPION...  
COOOOOOOOOLTOOOOOOOON THOOOOOOORRRRRRRRPE!

Colt as quick as he possibly can rolls towards the closest side of the ring, letting his body fall to the ground below. Cayle lay, defeated, unmoving as he stares at the ceiling above him.

Blackfront: Cayle Murray deserved a better fate than this tonight. He fought tooth and nail and refused to give up when things seemed bleak. He may not have won the Wildfire Championship, but he won the hearts of the entire world tonight!

Ace: I'll give you that Jason. That man went through hell tonight, and he never gave up. That said, Colton Thorpe went through hell with him and emerged the victor. Let us not forget that, our the match that these two superstars treated us to tonight.

The referee now outside the ring, brings Colt his Wildfire Championship, who rips it from the grasp of the referee, hugging onto it like he was unsure he'd ever see it again. Standing up, he begins to stumble backwards towards the ramp, smiling at the now seated Cayle Murray.

Blackfront: This match may have ended under less than ideal circumstances, but these two men put on a match that certainly will be up for contention for match of the year. These two men proved tonight that they are bonafide superstars here in the UTA!

### The Night isn't Over Yet

Standing in front of a Wrestle UTA banner, backstage reporter Jamie Sawyers is alongside both Marshall Owens and his client the Mental Rapist Sean Jackson. Once given a visual cue, Sawyers gives a subtle nod before beginning.

Sawyers: Sean, two weeks ago in Melbourne, you had...

That is how the interview starts, but it is far from the direction the Dallas native wants. The former Dynasty member wastes little time in stopping Jamie from finishing whatever he was about to say.

S. Jackson: Hold it right there Sawyers, don't even say another word. You just stand there and keep the mic steady like a good little lemming and open your ears.

As Mr. Ace In The Hole turns to face the camera, Sawyers rolls his eyes.

S. Jackson: Farthington, your office hasn't returned a single phone call and you have ignored every e-mail Marshall has sent you. I earned that briefcase and I demand you tell Dynasty to give it back.

The former world champion then turns back towards Jamie Sawyers.

S. Jackson: Have you even asked Farthington about my stolen briefcase? have you even approached him about anything?

Sawyers remains silent for a moment, giving Sean all the ammo he needs in a response to his own question.

S. Jackson: Of course you haven't, like I said, you are a good little lemming and will do and say exactly what you are

told. You have been against me ever since I arrived in UTA, and frankly, I don't appreciate it.

Sawyers can see where this is going and gets that uncomfortable feeling in the pit of his stomach. He then does what all good reporters do, and gets that anger going in a different direction.

Sawyers: Uh, that is not true Mr. Jackson. I simply do my job to the best of my ability, which consists of getting your comments on your match tonight with Jason Cashe.

The Mental Rapist is about to explode on Sawyers until the name Jason Cashe is uttered by the quick thinking reporter. After a moment of stunned silence goes by, Sean can't help but respond in the manner orchestrated by the UTA backstage reporter.

S. Jackson: Oh, you want to talk about Cashe huh?

Sawyers slowly begins to nod his head. After all, he is the opponent for the former Dynasty member.

S. Jackson: You want my comments huh?

Without saying a word, Jamie adjusts the mic in the face of Mr. Ace In The Hole.

S. Jackson: Okay Jamie, I'll give you my comments on Jason Cashe.

Once again, Sean turns and faces the camera.

S. Jackson: That thief, that low-life interjected himself in my business back in Cairo, and ruined my chance of standing here tonight, in the Tokyo Dome as the UTA World Champion.

The Dallas, Texas native then turns back towards Sawyers.

S. Jackson: The coward jumps me from behind, after chasing me on twitter for...

The attitude turns to an even greater shade of hatred, the eyes of the former Dynasty member gets wider and his nostrils begin to flare. As the camera pans back, stepping into the shot is none other than the 4CW Extreme Champion, Jason Cashe.

S. Jackson: What in the hell do you want? this is my interview time, not yours. So why don't you...

Smiling at Sawyer, Cashe wearing an "Unstable" T-Shirt has his 4CW Extreme Championship draped over his shoulder. A trophy along with his shirt to promote the things he has done recently.

Cashe: Why don't I what Sean? Tell me what it is YOU will make me do because interrupting "your" time seems to entertain me right now so unless you think you can stop me from doing that...

Shrugging his shoulders, leaving the door open for this conversation to get out of hand. The two men's eyes lock in a heated stare. From behind Cashe, bumping into him as he passes by is Dan Benson.

Benson: Ok you two, let me get this straight right here and right now, I intend to call this match down the middle. Any of you two try to pull anything over me, and I will be the one standing over both of your mangled bodies.

Cashe: You came back just to referee a match? Wow big aspirations there Benson! Just make sure to have your good boy underoos on because if you and him screw me...Ohhhh man! That would be bad for you, both of you!

S. Jackson: Hey wait a moment! Benson work with me? You know damn good and well Benson is here to help you screw me over. You can pull the wool over His eyes...

Sean points directly at Sawyers, who in turn rolls his eyes.

S. Jackson: But I know the reason why you are here.

Grin falls on Benson's face as he cleverly looks at Sean Jackson and Jason Cashe

Sawyers: Dan, what are you going to do tonight? You have a history with these two great competitors.

Dan gets into the faces of Cashe and Jackson.

Benson: Tonite my wrestling boots will be hanging from a hook. I will be wearing the black and white stripes and I expect the respect I deserve. And trust me, I will call this match as I see fit.

Benson then pushes his way thru Cashe and Jackson before stepping out of camera view. As he does, that creates further tension between the two competitors and prompts Cashe to step nose to nose with Jackson.

Sawyers: Uh guys...

Sensing things are about to get physical, Marshall reaches in and grabs his client by the arm. With a couple of tugs, the Advocate of the Mental Rapist grabs his attention, prompting the former Dynasty member to slowly back out of the camera view.

Sawyers: Wow, that almost got out of hand.

Throwing a look in the direction of the backstage interviewer, Cashe responds.

Cashe: The night isn't over.

With that, Cashe too exits the scene leaving Sawyers standing alone. As his mic hand drops to the side, scene fades.

Back in Black by AC/DC beings to play over the main speakers. On the screen, "It's only Natural" scrolls across in gold letters on a black background.

Blackfront: Dan Benson the special referee here tonight.

Ace: Yea, this doesn't reek of shenanigans or anything.

Dan makes his way to the entrance and pauses for a moment looking amongst the crowd. He fixes the collar on his striped shirt before heading down the ramp.

Announcer: Hailing from Minneapolis, Minnesota.. he is tonight's special referee.... DAN... BEEENNNSSSOONNNN!!!

He doesn't stop at all, and when he gets into the ring he holds his arms out showing off.

The Arena goes into a brief silence before Jason Cashe comes out from the back, almost sliding out with a smile on his face and a dip in his step. He takes it all in, deeply inhaling the air with his head tilted back and his eyes closed at the edge of where the stage meets the entrance ramp.

Announcer: From Houston, Texas! He is the Former 3 time 4CW Champion...."THE TROUBLED ONE" JAAASSOON CAAAAASSSHE!!!

Taking two quick puffs from an "Air Joint", Cashe throws his arms up above his head briefly, slaps the camera zoomed in on his face and then takes his first real steps towards the ring. He makes his way down to ringside. He rounds the corner of the ring and jogs the steel stairs, getting up on the ring apron.

Blackfront: Jason Cashe making his UTA debut here tonight at International Affair.

Dipping through the middle ropes, he enters the ring. Walking to the opposite side, he balances on the middle rope, leaning against the top rope and once again hits the "Air Joint" before getting hyped up over the upcoming match. Dropping down, he puts his back into a nearby corner and awaits the bell.

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

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as a dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

As the mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp, a video explodes on the screen as you can see letters slowly fade in, forming Mr. Ace In The Hole and Dynasty.

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

Blackfront: Sean Jackson without his briefcase, is the current Mr. Ace in the Hole and can cash in a championship title shot at any time.

Ace: Not without that briefcase he can't!

As In The Air Tonight begins to play, Sean Jackson, Marshall Owens and Vanessa step out onto the stage with two scantily dressed women holding baskets. Sean is the look of pure intensity while Marshall has a smile on his face and Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop.

Blackfront: Huge match here as Sean Jackson has never been able to put Jason Cashe away in their meetings around the world.

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

As he stands there stoic, soaking in every moment of being in the Tokyo Dome for the first time, Sean motions towards the ring.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas.

Vanessa is dressed in a white skin tight dress with a long slit while Jackson is dressed in a white shirt with the words \*Mr. Ace In The Hole\* embroidered on the front with an arrow pointing up, while on the back of the shirt is a large Ace of Spades playing card. He is also wearing black wrestling trunks, with red elbow and knee pads. His black boots have the initials MR on one and SJ on the other.

As they begin to make their way towards the ringside area, the two women begin dropping one hundred dollar bills on the floor for Sean Jackson to step on.

Announcer: Standing at Six foot Two, two hundred and twenty pounds.

Before entering the ring, Sean passes a glance towards the announce table before finally stepping in. Once he does, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he takes to one of the turnbuckles and immediately begins to pull his shirt outward, reminding everyone he is Mr. Ace In The Hole.

Blackfront: He may not have the case, but he isn't letting anyone forget who he is.

After a few moments, the lights return to the arena and Sean hops down from the turnbuckle, preparing for his match to begin.

Announcer: Representing the great state of Texas, he IS Mr. Ace In The Hole, he is the former UTA World Champion "The Mental Rapist" Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: These two are ready!

Ace: It's going to be a fight Jason.

As Dan Benson calls for the bell, Sean Jackson rushes Jason Cashe..

Blackfront: Jackson rushes Cashe who moves out of the way as Jackson swipes at his legs.

Both men circle and lock up. Jackson puts a side knee into the gut of Jason Cashe. He grabs the back of his head and directs him to the corner, throwing him back first into it.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson taking control early.

Ace: It's easy to do when you catch the other guy off guard. As we've seen, Sean Jackson is willing to do anything that benefits him.

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

Jason blocks a jab from Jackson and comes right up with a boot to the gut of Sean Jackson followed by another.

Blackfront: Those kicks delivered with accuracy from Jason Cashe as he is fighting back now.

Ace: I've never been a big follower of Jason Cashe on the indy's, but I hope he puts away this traitor once and for all tonight.

Blackfront: This match could go a number of ways, especially with the addition of Dan Benson as the referee.

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

Blackfront: Heavy chops from the 4CW Superstar here as he continues to work Sean Jackson.

Ace: It doesn't matter where he has been before tonight Jason. The fact is Cashe signed on the dotted line, he is now a UTA Superstar. Why even waste a breath mentioning where he's been?

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

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick by Jason Cashe connecting with the midsection of Sean Jackson.

Sean Jackson hits the canvas hard.

Blackfront: Jason Cashe bringing it here tonight as he makes his in ring UTA debut.

Ace: What better way to debut than a pay per view? Cashe is smart. He gets paid to vacation in Tokyo as well as slap Jackson around.

Sean Jackson holds his ribs as Jason Cashe rolls over and pushes to his feet. He looks at Sean Jackson before running forward and leaping. As he flies straight and comes down, he connects with a headbutt.

Blackfront: Jumping headbutt there by Cashe.

Ace: That'll make you see stars.

Blackfront: Cashe quickly covering Sean Jackson, looking to end this one early.

Cashe hooks the leg, but before Dan Benson can start his count, Sean Jackson kicks out.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson kicks out. Not enough to put the Mental Rapist out.

Ace: That's OK. I could see this traitor beat on all night and never grow tired.

Cashe gets to his feet, pulling Jackson along with him. As they get to their feet, Jason directs Jackson toward the corner putting him head first into the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Jason Cashe still in control here as he works on the former World Champion.

Ace: Without that briefcase, he'll never be World Champion again! I love it!

Jackson turns around as Cashe grabs him by the thighs and lifts him up.

Blackfront: Jason Cashe lifts Jackson, runs forward and slams him into the corner!

As they hit, Cashe steps back, still holding Jackson. He goes to run him into the post again, but Jackson brings a fist down into his forehead causing Jason to drop Jackson.

Blackfront: Jackson able to stop the assault, but can turn it around?

Ace: It's too late. Jackson is a washed up has been. He needs to just give up.

Blackfront: Well, I wouldn't go that far Tommy.

Jackson on his hands and knees looks up. Jason shakes off the stars before coming forward with a rising knee to the face of Sean Jackson, sending him back first to the canvas yet again.

Ace: This is just child's play for Cashe at this point.

Blackfront: I know you don't like me mentioning it, but if Jason Cashe does win tonight he can head back to 4CW with major bragging rights.

Ace: Lets not even talk about him going back their either. There's no reason and if he knows what is good for him, the UTA will be his only home going forward.

Jason runs over and climbs the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Jason Cashe climbing the turnbuckle.

As he reaches the top he turns around. It takes a moment to make sure he has his balance before he leaps.

Blackfront: Flying elbow drop by Jason Cashe meeting his mark.

Cashe quickly covers Jackson and Dan Benson drops.

Ace: He's got him! He's got him!

Blackfront: No! Kick out at two!

Cashe checks with Benson who assures him it was two. Disappointed but not giving up, Jason gets to his feet pulling Sean Jackson up with him

Blackfront: Cashe pulling Jackson to his feet again, now.. wait...

Sean Jackson grabs Jason Cashe around the waist. He then lifts him up and as he drops back, sends Cashe over and to the canvas.

Blackfront: Belly to belly by Sean Jackson!

Ace: Come on now.

Cashe grabs his back as he slides across the canvas. Jackson breathes heavy as he lays, giving himself a moment.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson able to buy himself some time.

Ace: Just time. Cashe is going to stand tall at the end of this one.

Jason sits up and pushes to his knees, sitting on them and looking out to the crowd. Behind him, Sean Jackson sits up. He sees Jason and gets to his feet. Cashe slowly starts to lift as Jackson takes off raising his knee...

Blackfront: Jason Cashe has seen this before, he drops to the canvas...

Sean Jackson's knee completely misses Jason Cashe's head. Jason pushes up behind Sean Jackson who turns around.

Blackfront: Game Called Due to Darkness misses. Cashe up.. he runs at Jackson.. Jackson ducks the clothesline attempt by Cashe...

As Jackson ducks, Cashe plows through Dan Benson with the extended arm.

Blackfront: BENSON EATS THE CLOTHESLINE! DAN BENSON IS DOWN!

Ace: NO!

Jason Cashe looks down at Benson in shock. He can be seen saying I didn't mean that! Jackson grabs Cashe by the shoulder and twist him around.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson taking advantage of the situation now pulling Jason Cashe into a short arm clothesline.

As Cashe hits the canvas, Jackson looks down at Benson who is still down and begins to smile.

Blackfront: Oh no, that smile on Jackson's face can't be a good sign.

Ace: Get up Dan! Do your damn job!

Jackson drops to the canvas and rolls out of the ring.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson outside of the ring as Jason Cashe and Dan Benson are both down inside.

He kneels down and lifts the apron, looking under the ring for something. Finally, he pulls a chair out from under the ring.

Blackfront: Good God almighty, Sean Jackson has a chair!

Ace: Come on Dan.. now is time to get up!

Jackson slides the chair into the ring under the ropes before rolling in behind it. Grabbing the chair, he begins to get to his feet. In front of him, Jason Cashe is stirring, turning over to his stomach and starting to push to his feet.

Blackfront: Jackson is deadly accurate when it comes to chairs. Jason Cashe is in trouble folks.

Ace: Just like when he turned on Dynasty, Sean Jackson will do anything as long as it benefits him. I told you Jason! Now, he's using Dan Benson being down. Despicable.

Blackfront: But it's OK when he does it as long as he is in Dynasty?

Ace: Of course. The supersede all rules.

Blackfront: I don't know how you get to that conclusion in your warped mind.

Cashe gets fully up and turns as Jackson swings the chair at his head. However, he is able to move out of the way.

Blackfront: Cashe avoids being hit by that chair!

Ace: So much for deadly accurate Jason.

Jackson twist around swinging the chair, but Jason is able to grab it.

Blackfront: Struggle now for control of that chair. This could be a major turning point here.

Cashe is able to pull it away from Jackson.

Blackfront: Jason Cashe has the chair!

Ace: Yes! Knock his head off!

Cashe tosses the chair to the canvas and it slides under the ropes outside of the ring.

Blackfront: No! Jason Cashe refusing to drop to Sean Jackson's level! Here comes Jackson!

Dan Benson finally starts to get up as Jason Cache ducks yet another clothesline by Sean Jackson. As he ducks, he pops back up with a leap while grabbing Jackson's head and coming down with a back to back cutter.

Blackfront: UNDER THE INFLUENCE BY JASON CASHE! HE HITS IT!

Ace: Yes!

Jason spins around and rolls on top of Sean Jackson. As he does, Dan Benson crawls forward. He lifts his arm one, bringing it down slowly.

Blackfront: Dan Benson still out of it, but trying to make the count.

He brings his hand down a second time.

Blackfront: We're at two. One more and Jason Cashe has this one!

Right before his hand hits a third time, Dan Benson swings it up and doesn't hit the canvas. Jason Cashe's eyes light up. He can be seen yelling at Benson as both men start to get up.

Blackfront: What is going on?!

Ace: Dan Benson isn't doing his job! that's what!

Jason Cashe slams his fist on his other hand three times while yelling at Benson. Dan brings a boot up catching Cashe in the gut before turning around and grabbing his head with both hands and dropping down.

Blackfront: DAN BENSON JUST HIT THE SHOCKER ON JASON CASHE! HE HIT THE SHOCKER!

Ace: Come on! Can't anyone do their job right around here?!

Benson grabs Jackson's arm and pulls him over Cashe.

Blackfront: Dan Benson is covering Jason Cashe with Sean Jackson!

Ace: I call foul!

He drops to his knees and quickly counts three before signaling for the bell. As the bell begins to sound, Benson can be seen yelling at Cashe about running over him earlier in the match.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... SEAN... JAAACKKKSSSOONNN!!!!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson wins, but not without controversy which is becoming more and more of a norm for him.

Ace: He's just plain dirty Jason.

Blackfront: At one time you were singing the praises of Sean Jackson. You call him a traitor?

Ace: You're damn right I do, and for good reason.

Benson drops to the canvas and rolls out of the ring, walking silently up the ramp as Sean Jackson begins to push up, looking around.

Blackfront: Jackson isn't quite sure what has happened, but I don't think he'll complain as he is walking out with a win over Jason Cashe, the man who he had been unable to put away in their previous matches.

Ace: It took him cheating. it took Dan Benson cheating. It took cheating Jason!

Blackfront: Cheating or not, Sean Jackson is your winner.

Ace: This is the kind of stuff that Cecilworth Farthington allows? I want Jimmy back!

Jackson pushes up to his feet. With his hands on his hips he looks down at Jason Cashe who is on his back in the center of the ring and a sadistic smile comes across his face.

Blackfront: There is your winner folks, Sean Jackson.

Ace: I'm going to be sick.

Jackson lifts one arm up with an intense look on his face as we fade.

Knock, Knock.

Michael Lorenzo's office. Knock on the door.

Lorenzo: Yes.

He's annoyed. Lot on his plate tonight.

In steps Will Haynes, he's in casual clothes, not quite ready for his "I Quit" Match tonight with Mikey Unlikely.

Lorenzo: Ah, Will. How can I help you?

Lorenzo motions for Haynes to take a seat.

Haynes waves him off.

Haynes: Nah, this isn't one a' those talks, Mike. Listen, I don't wanna get caught up in the numbers game tonight. I was hopin' you could do somethin' about that.

Lorenzo shrugs his shoulders.

Lorenzo: Way I heard it Mikey called off the dogs, told Dynasty that he wanted to face you alone. Guess you didn't get the message.

Haynes is surprised. He nods his head.

Haynes: Nah didn't hear that. But thanks for passin' along the info.

Haynes turns to leave.

Lorenzo: Oh and Will..

Haynes turns back.

Lorenzo: Good luck tonight.

Haynes: Apperciate it that. Think I'm gonna need it.

Lorenzo: Yeah? Me too.

Out Haynes walks.

This is What it's All For

We are backstage in the Tokyo Dome. A UTA banner is the backdrop for Jennifer Williams. She is looking sexy as always in a leather jacket and red button up shirt.

Williams: Joining me now is the UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca...

La Flama Blanca enters on her left, dressed in his ring attire. The UTA World Championship title rests on his left shoulder.

Williams: Champ, tonight you defend your title against a legend in this sport. A man who has two separate Hall Of Fame rings-

LFB cuts Williams off and takes over the interview.

La Flama Blanca: Tonight I defend this... this, the most coveted prize in our sport: the UTA World title, against Eric Dane.

Cameras zoom in on The Champ cutting Williams almost out completely.

LFB: Eric... you've been calling me out for almost two months and now... you finally have me. It's just going to be you and me.

Blanca stops for a brief moment.

LFB: It's the seasoned vet head to head against the young punk for all the marbles.

The Champ adjusts the title on his shoulder before holding it in his hands.

LFB: For this... Take a good look at it Eric. This is what it's all about. This is the reason you came out of retirement. Are you going to raise this over your head tonight?

Blanca turns his head to look at Jennifer Williams as we slowly zoom out bringing her back into frame.

LFB: Put the cherry on top of a well storied career? Not if I have anything to say about it.

Blanca tosses the title back over his shoulder and walks off screen. Jennifer Williams looks confused and stares off in the direction of La Flama Blanca.

The lights in the arena dim as a red strobe appears, focused on the entrance atop the stage.

The opening riff of Hail to the King by Avenge Sevenfold begins to play.

After four repetitions of the riff the symbol joins in, and out from the back steps Claude Baptiste Ranier, the titantron glowing with images of suplexes and submission holds by the Canadian Star, each separated with brief images of the Canadian flag as the power chords fire into the tune.

Wearing a pair of purple and white ring trunks, purple knee pads and elbow pads with white boots, he raises his arms outwards on the stage. He wears the trademark purple and white robe with 'Subjugation' written in black font on the back.

Blackfront: A lot of anticipation for this match here as CBR tries to reclaim the championship he introduced.

As the verse kicks in, Claude looks over the fans, a pair of purple tinted sunglasses over his face. Ranier has his blonde mane of hair falling by his shoulders and starts to make his way down the ramp, the music hitting into its starting lyrics. CBR edges forward towards the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Canada

Ranier continues walking to the ring.

Announcer: Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds...

CBR walks up to the ring steps looking over the fans again momentarily as he pauses. He walks slowly up the steps to the apron, stepping carefully through the ropes and into the ring. Ranier walks purposefully around a circuit of the squared circle, the smile curled back once more onto his face. Stopping at one of the corners of the ring, Claude takes off his robe and sunglasses, placing them into the corner. He climbs the turnbuckle, raising his arms and flexing for everyone to see as the chorus starts.

"Hail to the King,  
Hail to the one;  
Kneel to the crown,

Stand in the sun."

Announcer: The former UTA Legacy Champion...the Canadian Star...CBR!!

Holding his arms aloft, closing his eyes and savoring the moment. He lingers for a second before coming down and sharing a few words with the referee, stretching his right arm.

Blackfront: CBR looks ready for this match.

Ace: This is a night of Dynasty. Of course he is ready.. ready to continue the clean sweep!

The music begins to fade as the second chorus approaches, CBR focused, resting against the corner turnbuckle.

Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC blasts around the arena. 'The Gold Standard' John Sektor then struts out from behind the curtain, pausing at the top of the ramp as he lifts his chin and mustache proudly into the air with an arrogant smirk. Around his waist is the Legacy championship, which he unfastens and throws over his left shoulder.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion looks ready for the challenge.

Taking a quick look around at the crowd, the Legacy champion begins to make his way down the aisle towards the ring.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring. Hailing from Miami, Florida.

Sektor pauses at the bottom of the ring steps with one foot planted on the bottom step, soaking up the love and practically smiling as he absorbs it all.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, one inch and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds...

Sektor wipes his heels on the outskirts of the ring apron before ducking under the ropes and into the ring.

Announcer: He is the CURRENT Reigning and Defending UTA LEGACY CHAMPION. The Gold Standard...JOHN..... SEKKKKKTTTTTOOOOORRRRR!

Sektor throws his head back and lifts the Legacy championship high into the air, completely in love with himself as the announcer echoes his name around the building.

Blackfront: John Sektor looking to retain here tonight.

Sektor runs to the ropes and tests them out before hopping to the middle of the ring and cranking his neck from side to side, sniffing hard as his expression begins to look more focused.

Blackfront: This one is ready to kick off.

As the bell sounds both men begin to circle around before moving in to tie up.

Blackfront: Here we go folks, Legacy Championship on the line between these two superstars.

Ace: John Sektor has done a good job keeping the title warm for CBR, but tonight he takes it back!

Blackfront: CBR the first Legacy Champion after retiring the Internet Championship and introducing the Legacy. He was the longest reigning Internet and Legacy Champion in company history.

Ace: That's why I can't wait to see him take it back tonight to break that record!

Blackfront: John Sektor in a tight side headlock now. The Canadian Star tightening his grip around the champion's head.

Ace: John Sektor has started referring to himself as The Machine, but it looks like that machine is a little rusty tonight.

Blackfront: Sektor has been out of action for the most part after Ring King due to nagging injuries was cleared to

compete again just two weeks ago.

Ace: If I was him and I knew I'd be facing a man like CBR, I would have played those injuries off and forced this match to be canceled.

Blackfront: I'm sure you would.

Sektor tries to fight the headlock. Finally, he moves his right foot up and stomps the left foot of CBR, causing him to let go long enough that Sektor can roll around him and grab his waist.

Blackfront: The Champion now behind CBR, belly-to-back.

Ace: I always thought there was something a little off about him. This confirms it.

Blackfront: What are you imply- oh, Tommy. You just have a sick sense of humor.

Ace: No humor in the rumors I hear.

Blackfront: I bet. CBR now with an elbow up and back, connecting with the side of Sektor's temple.

John Sektor lets go of the challenger. CBR then rolls around himself, grabbing Sektor in the same position.

Blackfront: What? Nothing to say now Tommy?

Ace: Yeah, CBR has full control of this and is just wearing Sektor out with his great in ring ability.

Blackfront: Your true colors show through anytime someone from Dynasty is in the ring.

Ace: I can't help it if I back winners Jason.

CBR lifts Sektor up and drops to the side while turning. Sektor hits the canvas on his stomach as CBR continues to hold him down.

Blackfront: It looks like this may be a bout of good, old fashion mat wrestling here tonight.

Ace: CBR is so versatile, you never know what he's going to pop out with. It's great.

CBR release Sektor long enough to scoot up and around above Sektor's head. He places the champion's head into a a lock with both arms and pushes down, holding him there.

Blackfront: CBR continuing to hold Sektor tight.

Ace: Wear him down, then drop him hard before the one, two, three. That is what we are going to see here tonight. The fans here in Tokyo will be witnessing history.

CBR leans in more as John Sektor pushes his knees in, trying to get some form of leverage.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion now fighting back.

Sektor moves his legs around, pressing off of the canvas and turning around to sit out of the hold. He rolls over CBR's back. He slides his arms underneath of CBR's and uses them to pull his upper body up into an arch as he sits down on CBR's back. The fans lightly clap at the reversal.

Blackfront: John Sektor able to turn the tide on CBR, now looking to continue to apply pressure to the challenger.

John is unable to hold on long as CBR had worn him down. He lets CBR's body fall to the canvas, rolling over and pushing up into an offensive stance.

Ace: Doesn't look like he turned too big of a tide.

Blackfront: John Sektor unable to hold CBR, but quickly to his feet.

CBR pushes up to his hands and knees. He pushes to his feet and turns around to look John Sektor in the eyes. A

quick nod gains the same from Sektor and the two begin to circle again.

Blackfront: Good sportsman ship being shown here tonight. These two men represent two very different ideologies, but respect each other's accomplishments.

Ace: CBR just wants to take more time to hurt John Sektor.

Blackfront: Both men move back into a lock up.

Sektor brings a knee up into CBR's midsection, moving over to the side and bringing him up and over to the canvas.

Blackfront: Hip toss by John Sektor into an arm bar.

Sektor pulls CBR's arm up and back, while pressing down on his shoulder blade with his free hand.

Blackfront: John Sektor once again in control of CBR here, doing everything he can to retain his championship here tonight.

Ace: He's going to have to do a lot more than hold CBR's arm to keep that belt.

CBR pushes slightly up with his feet, placing his shoulder into Sektor. As he does, he pulls with his arm, bring John down and over the back of his shoulders and to the canvas.

Blackfront: CBR able to get free using a fireman's carry.

Ace: See, there is just no holding him down Jason.

CBR rolls over and to his feet, moving his arm around to get the feeling back into it. Sektor rolls over and begins to push up himself.

Blackfront: This has been a great back and forward match up between these two superstars here.

John takes off toward CBR.

Blackfront: CBR ducks a clothesline attempt by John Sektor.

Both men turn around, with CBR quickly wrapping his arms around the waist of Sektor. He lifts and leans back.

Blackfront: Belly to belly suplex by CBR!

Ace: That was beautiful.

As Sektor lands, he rolls over and gets up again. Once again he charges CBR.

Blackfront: CBR catches Sektor with an arm drag. Sektor up again, he rushes CBR... another arm drag.

Ace: CBR is bringing it tonight.

Blackfront: Yes, but you can't take anything away from John Sektor who is on his feet yet again.

John Sektor runs at CBR again. CBR bends down to catch him, but Sektor stops in front of the Canadian Star, and swings his arm down and up hard, catching CBR under the chin.

Blackfront: Heavy European uppercut by John Sektor.

CBR stumbles back, swinging his arms. John Sektor goes for another clothesline.

Blackfront: Sektor going for a clothesline, CBR able to catch his bearings and duck. Things are starting to pick up here.

CBR turns around and before John Sektor can turn, he slides up under him, placing his arms under Sektors and locking his fingers in behind his head.

Blackfront: CBR locks John Sektor in with a full nelson.

Ace: CBR just can't be matched. Sektor can try and try, but he will never be as great as that man right there.

Blackfront: John Sektor is struggling, but CBR's strength may just be too much for him to get away.

CBR lifts Sektor up, and slightly moves to the right as he brings Sektor down, slamming him into the canvas.

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

Ace: He needs to just stay down. Get it through your head John, you just can't beat CBR!

Sektor lays on the canvas holding his head as CBR lifts Sektor's left leg, holding it up.

Blackfront: CBR with a stomp to the inside thigh of John Sektor, followed by another.

Ace: Now he's just systematically destroying him. This is why CBR and Dynasty are the best!

CBR turns Sektor over to his stomach, lifts his leg back up and drives his knee hard into the canvas. John Sektor lets out a cry of pain

Blackfront: CBR working that left leg of John Sektor, trying to render his knee unusable.

Ace: Trying? Look at how hard he is driving it into the mat Jason. he wants to break that knee and I love it.

CBR bends down, grabbing John Sektor by the back of the head, lifting him up. Sektor winches as he stands on his left leg.

Blackfront: John Sektor barely able to stand. However, I don't think CBR plans on keeping him up for very long.

Ace: It's all just a part of the plan.

CBR grabs the arm of John Sektor, and whips him hard into the corner post.

Blackfront: John Sektor hitting that turnbuckle with force.

CBR runs toward Sektor, who throws his leg up, catching him in the face with his foot.

Blackfront: Boot to the face of CBR, catching him hard.

Ace: No!

CBR holds his face as he steps back, turning away from John Sektor. Sektor charges forward toward CBR, but his knee gives out and he drops down, grabbing it in pain.

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

Ace: Good.

CBR turns back toward John Sektor, seeing him on the canvas. He stomps over angrily, grabbing the hurt leg of John Sektor and using it to pull him to the middle of the ring.

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

Ace: I told you, CBR has just been toying with him. This is why he is dangerous, his lack of compassion is the best!

Blackfront: Only you would think like that.

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

Blackfront: Figure four leg lock by CBR!

Ace: The prettiest Figure Four in the industry. Watch John Sektor tap like a baby,

As CBR applies pressure, John Sektor yells in pain while grinding his fist on the canvas and trying to fight.

Blackfront: John Sektor in immense pain.

Ace: All deservedly.

Blackfront: Deservedly how?

Ace: Just because.

Blackfront: Oh, that'll stand up in a court of law.

Sektor tries to fight it, trying to turn his body.

Blackfront: John Sektor putting every bit of energy he still has into trying to get free, but it just doesn't seem to be enough.

John's upper body moves as he thrust all of his force. Finally, he is able to begin moving over on his side.

Blackfront: Sektor trying to turn. if he can do it, if he can get CBR over, he could very well make the Canadian Star tap.

Ace: CBR would never tap out, especially to someone like John Sektor.

Blackfront: He does it! John Sektor is able to get over and reverse the Figure Four!

CBR's face shows a look of pain and emotion. John Sektor pushes his upper body up, placing more pressure on CBR's legs.

Blackfront: CBR now in a position of pain.

The referee checks on CBR, asking if he wants to give up. He shakes his head no in the midst of trying to fight through the pain.

Ace: I told you, CBR is a real man! he'd never give in!

Blackfront: With the pressure being applied by John Sektor, I'm starting to believe you. No normal man could withstand this.

Finally, he can not hold on any longer as John Sektor collapses, letting CBR go.

Blackfront: CBR had worn John Sektor down just too much, he could not hold on until CBR tapped.

Both men crawl forward a bit before starting to push to their feet.

Blackfront: It's anybody's guess as to who will walk out with the Legacy Champion, but these two men are giving it their all here tonight in Tokyo.

Ace: I already told you who was winning Jason. CBR all the way.

Blackfront: Well, that's still to be seen as John Sektor refuses to go down without a fight.

As they both rise, they turn to each other and move in. CBR is the first to strike, throwing a right that catches Sektor in the jaw.

Blackfront: Right by CBR, now Sektor following up with his own. CBR again.. back and forward exchange of punches here.

As they each strike, wear can be seen on both of their bodies. Finally, Sektor comes with a boot up to the gut of CBR.

Blackfront: CBR doubling over now.. Sektor wrapping his arms up.. we could be seeing the C-Sektion!

CBR fights back, being able to pull himself free. He grabs Sektor's head and turns as he moves in with a knee to Sektor's midsection.

Blackfront: CBR able to get free.

He steps back and kicks John in the gut before grabbing his head. He quickly lifts Sektor's arms out and drops down with his knees up that catch Sektor in the face.

Blackfront: THE CRAB DROP!

Ace: YES!

Blackfront: CBR turning Sektor over. This could be it, we could have a new Legacy Champion! CBR covering Sektor.

The referee slides into position as CBR lays over John's chest. He throws his arm up, bringing it down.

Blackfront: Two... three! CBR does it! CBR is the new UTA Legacy Champion!

The referee gets to his knees and calls for the bell which begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall, and NEW... LEGACY CHAMPION.... C... B... RRRRRR!!!

Ace: I told you Jason! I told you that CBR would do it!

CBR rolls off of Sektor and lays on the canvas breathing heavy as the referee is handed the title through the ropes. He sits up as the referee approaches, reaching out for the belt. As it is given to him, he pulls it in close to his chest and lays back down for a moment.

Ace: That's your Legacy Champion Jason. That's the guy who will once again be the longest reigning champion, I'll put money on it.

Blackfront: If his battle tonight is any indication to how much that championship means to him, I'd have to say you may be right Tommy.

CBR rolls over and pushes up. As he gets to his feet, he holds the belt, looking down at it with a look of relief.

Blackfront: John Sektor held that championship with pride, but tonight it goes home to Dynasty as CBR delivers Sektor his second UTA singles loss.

## Pre-Match

Start from the bottom and work your way up. Black wrestling boots, shined up nice so the light reflects off of them.

Impressive tone in the legs as the camera slowly starts to ascend.

A black UTA t-shirt, over top of what looks to be a firm core. The shirt tight around biceps and triceps that have been worked over and over again.

Finally, the face. He might not have a million dollars but his smile normally is worth a few pennies, but there is no smile on the THRILL's face right now. He's about to go to war.

Haynes: In a few minutes, I'm gonna walk through the curtain n' my entire life is gonna change.

Haynes looks down at the ground, shuffles his feet. Nerves.

Haynes: There's no comin' back from somethin' like this. No way you come out the same way you went in. I'm headed out t' the ring t' kick the livin' snot outta a guy that I was close friends with. Someone I let stay at my house. Someone I helped through THICK and THIN.

His voice rises before he closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale. He continues.

Haynes: I don't wanna do this. I don't wanna clean your clock, Mikey. I don't wanna end your career. I don't wanna do anythin' t' you that YOU did t' me, because Mikey, and this is important, I'm the BIGGER MAN.

Haynes stabs his chest with his own thumb.

Haynes: I'm the one that spent so damn long tryin' t' turn the other cheek, Mikey. I'm the one that was hopin' you'd come t' your senses. That was me. I kept waitin' for you t' snap outta this, for you t' realize that you became everythin' we hated in this buisness.

Haynes shakes his head. His final plea here is all for nothing.

Haynes: I'm gonna set you straight one way or another, Mikey. No two ways about it. Tonight you're going t' hurt, you're going t' bleed. You're going to remember this day for the rest a' your natural life.

This is the day the THRILLmaker gets the better of you. This is the day the THRILLmaker proves he can stand up t' anyone, regardless a' the conditions. This is the day, Mikey, that I make you say I Quit.

Haynes nods his head.

Haynes: Never been more confident a' anythin' in my entire life. You're quitting tonight, Mikey. Quitting n' then hopefully never comin' back.

And with that Haynes walks off, heading to the GO position to get ready for his entrance.

Blackfront: Haynes Unlikely up next!

All or Nothing 2016

February 7, 2016

The opening beats to Sabotage by the Beastie Boys come over the PA system and the fans stand to get a better look at the stage. Out of the back through the curtain steps Will Haynes. He's dressed in his ring attire and ready for the fight of his life.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring, from Athens, Georgia, standing at six feet two inches tall, weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds, Will...the THRILL...HAYYYYYNES.

Haynes walks briskly down the ramp to the ring. He slides in on his chest, rolling to a knee and backing into a turnbuckle. anxiously awaiting his opponent.

Blackfront: Haynes is ready to tear Mikey a new one tonight, Tommy. Should be quite a brutal match.

Ace: No love lost between these two that's for sure.

"Blunt Blowin" by Lil' Wayne kicks onto the PA system and the crowd begins to boo. Mikey steps through the curtain with a cheek to cheek smile. He puts his hand behind him and out steps Mary Jane, wearing a skin hugging mini dress.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Mary Jane, from The Burbs, standing at five foot eleven inches tall, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds, he is the World's Greatest Entertainer...MIKEY UNLIIKKKKKEELLY.

Unlikely smiles and Mary Jane holds his hand up high in the air at the sound of his hanme. The two make their way to the ring.

Blackfront: And Mikey dangling Mary Jane right in front of Will's face here tonight. Might not be a good idea.

Ace: Or Mikey is trying to play mind games. Get in Haynes; head a little bit. Force him into a mistake that could cost him.

Mikey climbs the steel stairs, his hand behind him guiding Mary Jane up them as well. Mikey sits on the middle rope, parting the ropes as Mary Jane steps into the ring. Mikey throws his hands up again, the crowd boos again. Mary Jane kisses him on the cheek and then under the instruction of senior official Frank Knoxx steps out of the ring and takes her spot out on the floor.

Mikey Unlikely asks for the microphone from Knoxx. Knoxx hands the microphone over as the crowd draws to a hush.

Blackfront: And I don't know what Mikey thinks he's doing here, this match is about to get underway.

Ace: Let's hear the man speak first, Jason.

Unlikely brings the mic to his lips.

Unlikely: Will, I'm gonna give you ONE chance -

Mikey holds up a single finger.

Unlikely: ONE chance to quit right now and save yourself the embarrassment.

Haynes moves forward but Mikey holds up a hand halting the THRILLmaker in his tracks.

Unlikely: Think about it Will, there's a ton of people here tonight, many more watching at home. Do you really want me to force you to say "I Quit" in front of everyone? Are you really going to make me do that? What do you say, Will, wanna quit while you're ahead?

Haynes puts his hands on his hips and towards the crowd, they scream back to him "NO!" Indicating that he shouldn't give up. Haynes motions for Knoxx to hand him the microphone.

Haynes: Hell NO! This is a long time comin', Mikey. Nowhere to hide tonight.

Blackfront: And Will Haynes telling Mikey Unlikely there's no way in hell he's going to quit here tonight. Haynes has been berated by Mikey for months, MONTHS! Dating all the way back to the Ring King tournament.

Ace: Ya know the whole story by now folks, former stablemates now at odds. Some say that Will Haynes is jealousy over Mikey's massive Hollywood success. And quite frankly I don't blame him, Jason.

Blackfront: And some say that Mikey Unlikely let that very Hollywood success change him. And when he came back to side with Dynasty, knocking Will Haynes out in the middle of the ring in Madison Square Garden that stirred up a lot of strong feelings in the THRILLmaker. Some may also say that the involvement of Mikey Unlikely with Will Haynes' former girlfriend Mary Jane stirred up even more strong feelings in the THRILL. Feelings, emotions, frustrations even that he plans to take out here tonight.

Ace: He better be careful, losing your cool against someone like Mikey Unlikely - a natural wrestling talent - could be a round trip ticket right back to the hospital.

Haynes and Unlikely circle in the middle of the ring, the Japanese crowd making some noise for their efforts. It's been a hell of a night for them so far and they still have another match to come after this one. Haynes dances in enticing Unlikely, but Mikey doesn't take the bait. Another time or two around the ring, as Mikey tries the same thing. Haynes meets him in the middle for the first tie up of what is going to be a brutal fight.

Blackfront: Tie up center of the ring as Mikey tries to resist. Using those leg muscles to hold his ground firmly.

Ace: Mikey doesn't wanna give an inch to Haynes here in the early goings of this one.

Haynes brings a knee up and jams it into the side of Mikey, causing those legs to give into Haynes' pressure. Haynes forces Mikey into the turnbuckle, with his hands around Unlikely's throat.

Ace: Clear choke right there from Haynes.

Blackfront: All part of the rules here tonight in this "I Quit" matchup, Tommy. The only way to win this one is go until you can't go anymore. Say the words and get escorted, I would imagine, straight to waiting EMTs.

Ace: I'm fully aware, partner. I was just pointing out the obvious. That Haynes isn't this GOOD GUY everyone seems to think he is.

Blackfront: I don't think anyone would pick Haynes as their role model, but given the likes of people like Mikey Unlikely around the UTA Universe I think you can do a whole lot worse.

Mikey pushes right back and forces Haynes clear of the corner, Mikey steps out to clear some space away from Haynes. Will follows in pursuit, not backing down in the slightest. As Mikey clears space, he begins to jaw at the THRILL who begins to jaw right back at him.

Blackfront: These two are certainly some of the more gifted individuals in terms of trash talk so I would expect to see a lot of that here tonight.

Ace: Mikey loves to hurl his insults, he's got a couple good zingers stored up I'm sure. Maybe even got some help from those Hollywood writers of his!

The two men tie up again and this time it's Mikey who gains the upper hand forcing Haynes back and into the ropes. Haynes with his hands still locked around Mikey's upper body. Mikey brings his hand down with a massive smash breaking Haynes' hold. Mikey swings for a clothesline, Haynes steps underneath it. Mikey gets halted by the ropes and turns and Haynes lunges forward and knocks him over the top rope and out onto the ring floor with a clothesline.

Blackfront: Haynes knocking Mikey out of the ring there folks, and this one could already be heading toward a Mature Television rating.

Ace: I think I saw a movie about this match a few years ago, Jason.

Blackfront: And what was that?

Ace: There will be blood.

Mikey is up quickly on the floor and backs into the security barrier wide eyed.

Blackfront: I don't think Mikey expected that kind of fight from the THRILLmaker here tonight.

Ace: Mikey is ready for anything, Jason. Don't be silly.

Mikey begins picking a fight with a fan on the barrier, knocking his drink out of his hand. The fan looks angry, staring down Unlikely.

Blackfront: Unlikely picking a fight with a fan here.

Ace: The guy looked at him wrong. Mikey won't stand for that kind of thing.

Some other fans now begin to taunt Mikey, Mikey starts saying some things back to them. Mary Jane steps over to play peacemaker.

Blackfront: Hopefully Mary Jane can let cooler heads prevail here. Action should be with Will Haynes, not with these fans, Tommy.

Ace: Sometimes ya can't let something slide, Jason.

In the ring Haynes stalks Mikey. Mikey climbs the stairs and steps into the ring. Haynes quickly pushes Mikey into the corner again bringing the hands up high around the neck.

Blackfront: Action back in the ring now. And once again Haynes with those hands up high, Tommy.

Ace: He's doing whatever he can to wear down Mikey, even if he's going to bend the rules to do it. Some hero the UTA

universe has here in this one.

Blackfront: Tommy, we talked about this. Haynes is hardly a hero. He's just a man who was pushed to the edge one too many times. It's a shame it's come to this but he had no choice.

Ace: You always have a choice, Jason. Always.

A straight right from Haynes in the ring, sends Mikey's head snapping back. Haynes throws another, and another. Each one sending Mikey slinking a little further back into the corner. Haynes whips Mikey across the ring, Mikey bounces out and Haynes is quick to whip him into the other corner. Mikey comes out and Mikey gets leveled with another clothesline by Haynes.

Blackfront: Haynes bringing the fight in the early goings of this one, Tommy.

Ace: I thought Haynes would be fired up, Jason, but it's still early. Mikey has the talent to get all the way to the end and show the world what type of person Will Haynes really is.

Mikey rolls out of the ring quickly, hoping to catch his breath. Mary Jane instantly over to his side, checking on him. She can only check on him for a moment as Haynes steps through the ring ropes and jumps down with a Double Axe Handle that catches Unlikely as he was standing and sends him back to the floor.

Blackfront: Action is going to be all over the place in this one. In and out of the ring, these two might even brawl through the crowd like they did on the latest episode of Victory. Did you see that Tommy?

Ace: I did, Jason. That was something else. Mikey was minding his own business and Haynes comes out of nowhere and attacks him. Mikey wasn't even doing anything!

Blackfront: Mikey is no saint in this one, my friend. He's done plenty over the past few months to get Haynes' goat. More than you and I would've put up with, I'll tell you that.

Haynes with another punch to the head. Haynes picks Mikey up to try to guide him towards the steel steps but Mikey breaks away and heads to the other side of the ring. Haynes steps back into the ring and waits.

Blackfront: Will Haynes content to draw this one out if Mikey wants. He knows that he's got nothing but time. There is no time limit in this one, won't be over till one of these men says the words here tonight.

Ace: And it's going to be Haynes. Mikey is famous. It's that simple. Famous people always get their way. Which is why I always get my way, Jason. Always.

Blackfront: Maybe at Burger King, Tommy but here in the UTA it's the person that works the hardest, that is the best that gets the win.

Mikey climbs the steel stairs and steps into the ring once again. The men again lock up. Mikey slaps on the side headlock. Haynes runs with him. Haynes bounces off the near side ropes trying to break the hold, no avail. Then Haynes is off the far side ropes trying to break his hold. He gets his wish as Mikey let's go and runs a shoulder into Haynes knocking the THRILL down to the mat.

Blackfront: Mikey about ready to get going in this one. HUGE shoulder there to knock Haynes down.

Ace: Mikey does everything HUGE, Jason. HUGE movie star. HUGE UTA star. His soon to be wife as HUGE...HUGE..EYES. Everything is HUGE.

Mikey steps over Haynes with disgust in his eyes. Haynes grabs Mikey's foot and pulls him to the mat instantly on top of him with two hands wrapped around his throat choking him out on the mat. The crowd is frantic.

Blackfront: And Will Haynes trying to choke the life out of Mikey Unlikely right now.

Ace: And again I say that this is all illegal if this were a normal wrestling match, Jason. This would be a DQ win for

Dynasty right here.

Mikey brings his own hands up and wraps them around Will's throat, but the the THRILL keeps coming. Mikey brings a knee up and catches Haynes below the belt.

Blackfront: And now who's blatantly cheating, Tommy?

Ace: Hey lay off, tonight stuff like that is perfectly okay. I don't think this Japanese crowd is too keen on it but these two are hell bent on beating the snot out of one another.

Blackfront: No love lost at all between these two men, that's for sure.

Haynes rolls half out of the ring holding himself in pain. Mikey wastes no time and picks his head up, Mikey swings over the middle rope and clobbers Haynes in the skull. Haynes tries to grab Mikey's arm to flip him through the ropes and onto the outside but Unlikely escapes quickly. Mikey steps through the ropes and with authority lands a huge boot to Haynes' face, drawing boos from the crowd.

Ace: And Mikey Unlikely turning the tide, just like that. He's good, Jason. Take your eye off him for just one second and it's going to cost you.

Blackfront: You know I seem to remember a very different story about Mikey Unlikely with you closer towards the beginning of the year, Tommy.

Ace: A lot has happened this year, Jason. Make no mistake about it, the UTA is completely different today than it was from last year, hell from even three months ago. The UTA marches forward, it's never content to rest on its laurels.

Blackfront: No mistake about that and Mikey Unlikely continues his kicks to the face of the THRILLmaker.

Unlikely brings his final boot down to an already winded Haynes. Mikey pulls Haynes to his feet, helping him step through the ropes.

Blackfront: Both men standing just outside the ropes on that ring mat area.

Ace: That's one hell of a balancing act.

Mikey stands Haynes up and delivers a straight punch that sends Haynes down again. Mikey pulls Haynes up and steadies him on the ring mat, Mikey steps through the ring ropes and delivers a stiff headbutt to Haynes.

Blackfront: Haynes holding his head in clear pain from that one.

Ace: Mikey's got a big head, Jason. Bigger the head, bigger the star. I mean just look at Bruce Willis!

Blackfront: I'm sometimes honestly amazed with what comes out of your mouth.

Mikey pulls Haynes through the middle rope and back into the ring.

Ace: Mikey not wanting to take this fight to the streets just yet.

Blackfront: I'll be honest I don't think a Streetfight would benefit Mikey in the slightest. I think keeping things in the ring, where he can lock on that Backstory at a moment's notice is where Mikey's strengths lie.

Ace: I think he could hold his own in anything. He's the WORLD'S GREATEST Entertainer for a reason.

Blackfront: I'm just saying that Will Haynes in his fragile emotional state would thrive better in such an environment.

Mikey bends Haynes over in the ring and clubs him with a smash from over top his head. Haynes buckles a bit under the mass of the strike, but before he can fall to his knees he delivers a quick jab that catches Unlikely, briefly dazing him. Haynes buckles to his knees gasping for breath, feeling the affects of this Unlikely onslaught.

Blackfront: Haynes winded here to start this thing. His endurance is something he's always prided himself on. You

remember that from the Ring King tournament, don't ya Tommy?

Ace: Something like that sure, but Jason it's amazing what a month away from the ring will do to you. You can train all you want but nothing prepares you for live action. Maybe Haynes still has a little bit of ring rust to work off.

Blackfront: That's a fair point, Tommy. Good insight.

Ace: See I'm not all bad!

Haynes pulls himself up using Mikey's shorts. Mikey nails him with a huge right handed punch that sends him right back down again.

Blackfront: Looks like Unlikely is a bit winded himself, Tommy.

Ace: I mean each man is throwing everything they got behind these strikes here tonight. It's gotta be exhausting.

From the outside Mary Jane begins yelling for Mikey to "stay on him", pointing towards Will. Inside the ring Unlikely nods in agreement. Mikey brings Haynes up to his feet and delivers a nasty elbow strike to Haynes' neck, right between the neck and the shoulder. Haynes drops to the mat bringing two hands up to his shoulder.

Blackfront: Unlikely working the shoulder over here. Targeting Will Haynes with precision at this point.

Ace: He doesn't mess around, Jason. There's nothing wasted. Nothing at all. He's one of the best in the game today.

Blackfront: I just wish that talent wasn't wasted, Tommy. I never doubted Mikey's talent at all. Not ever.

Ace: You say it's wasted. I say it isn't. Mikey is THRIVING currently. He wouldn't be doing nearly as well if he were still affiliated with another group. Let's say...WTFC.

Mary Jane nods in approval outside of the ring. Mikey stands Haynes up, points to the barricade, and runs towards the ropes. He tosses Haynes outside, through the ropes. Haynes colliding with the barricade and slumping out on the floor. The crowd begins to boo again.

Ace: Mikey tossing Will Haynes around like a rag doll there. Impressive strength.

Blackfront: That didn't look good at all. Haynes' neck going right into that barricade. This is a man who was involved in two serious attacks not too long ago, folks. You'd hate to see something happen here tonight.

Mikey steps out of the ring, Mary Jane behind him barking that Mikey needs to "get him up."

Blackfront: Mary Jane barking out orders tonight, Tommy.

Ace: You've gotta imagine this means a lot to her tonight too.

Blackfront: The web she's weaved between these two is something else. I don't know how either man stands for it honestly. Let alone wants to marry her.

Ace: The heart wants what it wants, Jason.

Blackfront: Yeah? Which ex wife told you that?

Mikey picks Haynes up by his neck and walks him up the ramp a bit. Mikey takes Hayne's head and rams into another barricade. Haynes slumps over it, exhausted from the beatdown. Mikey delivers a straight right, then crosses with a left. Haynes slumps with each punch.

Blackfront: And Haynes is seeing stars.

Mikey yells at Knoxx for the microphone. Knoxx pulls it out of his pocket and hands it to Unlikely.

Unlikely: Do you quit?

Unlikely doesn't give Haynes a second to answer he drives the microphone into Haynes' skull full force and lets it drop to the ground with a thud. Haynes stumbles, punch drunk. Mikey throws a hard right. Haynes with a hard left. Haynes with an uppercut that causes Mikey to stumble back.

Blackfront: The intensity from these two is off the charts.

Ace: It really is something else. Mikey is really finding an extra gear.

Mikey stumbles back towards the ring, in one of the corners a staffer scampers out of his chair to avoid him. Mikey picks up the folding chair and turns back towards Haynes who's giving chase.

Blackfront: Mikey with the chair!

Mikey swings it, Haynes ducks narrowly and meets Unlikely with another uppercut.

Ace: Oh man, I thought it was curtains for Haynes there.

Haynes with a full head of steam rips the chair from Mikey's hand brings it above his own head, closes his eyes, roars, and swings.

Blackfront: Good night, Mike -

\*THUMP\*

The chair connects.

But not with its intended target.

Ace: Oh my god.

Mary Jane hits the ground, the folding chair dented hits the floor as well. The arena goes silent. Haynes opens his eyes.

Blackfront: Mikey pulled Mary Jane in front of him at the last second. Using her as human shield.

Ace: And Mr. Good Guy, Will Haynes dented that chair over her beautiful head.

Blackfront: Haynes didn't know. He closed his eyes and swung.

Ace: This is bad, we're gonna need some help down here for sure.

On cue down the ramp comes two EMTs who start immediately checking on Mary Jane.

Haynes is irate, Mikey is running around the ring. Haynes gives chase. Unlikely slides in, Haynes RED HOT on his tail.

Blackfront: Cat and mouse game here.

Mikey sprints across the ropes, rebounding off, hoping that he can use his momentum to make something happen. Mikey leaps, Haynes catches him.

Blackfront: Haynes catches him, bad news for Mikey.

Haynes swings Unlikely to his side before falling forward as he brings his knee up, dropping Mikey across his knee with a Swinging Side Walk Slam Backbreaker. Mikey slumps to the mat.

Blackfront: Haynes just dealt out some justice right there.

Ace: But the damage is already done. He has no one to be angry with but himself. He swung the chair. He's the one to blame.

Blackfront: EMTs have Mary Jane sitting in a folding chair, still continuing a test for a possible concussion. I'm just happy her eyes are open and she's alert, Tommy.

Ace: I gotta imagine that Chris Hopper will have some strong feelings on that one.

Blackfront: I'm sure a lot of people will.

Haynes stands over Unlikely, looking down at him for a moment before pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Haynes wants this thing to continue, he isn't done just yet.

Ace: Well I can assure you, neither is Mikey. He's not ready to say it, not yet - not ever.

Haynes throws another punch, causing Mikey to slump over the ropes. Haynes pushes Mikey into the corner, keeping him there by climbing to the second turnbuckle. Haynes drops another hand into Mikey's skull, and another. Yelling out that he wants the microphone. Knox hands it to him.

Haynes: Do ya wanna quit, Mikey? You piece a' trash. Do you wanna quit? Say it! Say it!

Haynes drives the microphone into Mikey's head.

Blackfront: Haynes words are snarled, he's all over the place, Tommy.

Ace: That was scary almost, Jason. Haynes is pushing himself to the limit it seems like already.

Blackfront: It's clear that the events here tonight have already left an impact on the man.

Mikey doesn't say anything, he wraps Haynes by the waist, lifts him off the turnbuckle and drops him hard onto his own knee.

Ace: Mikey with an Inverted Atomic Drop there, let's see what he does with -

Haynes popped into the air and Mikey explodes upwards and catches Haynes with the Lifting Rolling Cutter.

Ace: THRILLRIDE! THRILLRIDE! MIKEY HIT WILL WITH THE THRILLRIDE!

Blackfront: Out of nowhere.

The crowd is stunned.

Blackfront: Haynes is down, Mikey is down sucking wind. This one is something else folks. Both men pulling out all the stops here tonight. Mikey Unlikely hitting Will Haynes with Haynes' own finisher, the THRILLride.

Ace: And these two have been doing this back and forth for a few weeks now. Mikey started it, I believe. And he just hits that THRILLride perfectly onto Will.

Blackfront: I'm sure Mikey has taken a few THRILLrides in sparring sessions between these two over the past year.

Both men stir, Mikey using the ropes to pull himself to his feet and steady himself. Haynes a tick or two behind him. Mikey comes towards Haynes, Haynes sidesteps him, pushes him into the ropes whips him across. Haynes bends down waiting but Mikey steps in beside the THRILL and drops him back first onto the mat with a Russian Leg Sweep.

Ace: What awareness by Mikey there. I'm impressed.

Mikey sits up and breathes deep still a bit winded from the Backbreaker. Mikey stand, pulls Haynes to his knees and begins to hammer away with a fury of right hands. After a fury of right hands overwhelms the THRILL, Mikey slaps him hard across the face. The crowd boos.

Blackfront: This is too much. Mikey has already done enough to Will but to slap him like this. No respect at all and these fans don't care for it in the slightest.

Ace: Hey be lucky he isn't scrambling his brain with a few chair shots or something.

Haynes after another slap has finally had enough and explodes to his feet. Haynes wraps a hand right around Mikey's

neck and begins to squeeze.

Blackfront: Haynes with his hand around Mikey's throat, and this one is no good for anyone folks. Haynes can do more harm than good here.

Ace: Reminder to not try this crap at home kids.

Haynes brings a knee up into the stomach draining Mikey of more air. Haynes stands Mikey up and drops a right hand, another right hand, backing Mikey up into the ropes. Haynes steps back and runs forward knocking Mikey up and over the top rope, letting him spill out to the floor below, with a clothesline.

Blackfront: If this was All or Nothing, Mikey would be eliminated.

Ace: But it's not, so there.

Haynes is out of the ring right on top of Mikey.

Blackfront: Here come the fireworks.

Haynes takes Mikey's head and spikes it off one of the barricades, causing a slight reaction from the fans, happy to see Haynes take some revenge, but mostly unsure what to make of this whole thing. Mikey stands and Haynes delivers a massive right hand sending Mikey over the barricade and into the seating behind it.

Ace: Spilling it into the crowd now. We knew this might happen with these two.

Blackfront: Those fans need to watch out. Mary Jane was already caught in the middle of this one.

Ace: Speaking of Mary Jane those EMTs are finishing up with her now, she's electing to stay ring side. They have a chair for her, some water. They've given her the all clear. She wants to see how this one ends.

Mikey turns and delivers a left hand to Haynes, who hopped the barricade to continue the fight. Haynes counters with a massive right, driving Mikey back. Mikey moves through the crowd, with Haynes following.

Ace: Mikey looking for something to us to his advantage here. Something, anything.

Haynes comes up on Mikey who turns around and throws a beer into Haynes' face.

Blackfront: Mikey tossing a beer in Will's face. Will can't see.

Mikey is able to slip past Haynes and head back towards the ring. Haynes wipes the beer off his face and gives chase.

Blackfront: Mikey is already on thin ice and the whole night he's been pushing his luck even further.

Ace: He knows he'll never say "I Quit." Makes it easier.

Mikey is slumped by the barricade as Haynes charges him, angry over the beer in the face. As Haynes gets there Mikey explodes up, grabbing the charging THRILL and Powerslamming him over the barricade and onto the floor.

Blackfront: Mikey playing possum and it paid off in a big way.

Ace: Amazing athleticism there from the World's Greatest Entertainer. That one was pure leg muscle as he exploded upwards, clearing the barricade, and slamming Haynes to the floor hard. No signs of quit here tonight from Mikey Unlikely.

Mikey stands Haynes up and spikes his head hard against one of the barricades. Mikey waits for Haynes' head to rebound before tossing him back in the ring, underneath the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Will Haynes down in the middle of the ring here. He's sucking air. He's winded, Tommy.

Ace: Mikey Unlikely has really worked him over recently, Jason. I'd probably be winded too.

Mikey stands on top of Haynes and motions for Knox to hand him the microphone.

Unlikely: Say it. You say "I Quit" Will. Say it.

Blackfront: Haynes is basically unresponsive in the ring, folks. He shakes his head no but nothing else.

Mikey drops a boot into Haynes' chest, before bringing both hands above his head and driving them into Haynes' forehead HARD. Haynes withers in the ground in pain.

Blackfront: Mikey now screaming for Haynes to say "I Quit." Almost willing it. This is a man on a mission here tonight. Mikey has caused plenty of damage to the THRILL since coming back to the UTA but he's not done just yet.

Ace: Nope. And this is all about showing the rest of the UTA just how tough he is. I hope Eric Dane is watching this matchup here tonight because if he wins that title later on this is a guy that could be easily kicking in his door for a title match real soon.

Blackfront: Well what about Haynes? Haynes has a history with Eric Dane dating back to the Ring King tournament. That Leather Strap Match was something else, lemme tell you.

Ace: Yeah, yeah, yeah - save me. That's ancient history at this point, Jason. Mikey is the here and now. And beside there's no way Eric Dane beats Blanca tonight. NO. WAY.

Inside the ring Mikey picks Haynes up only to bring him back down to the mat with a savage looking Swinging Neckbreaker. Haynes spikes off the canvas before collapsing onto his back, seeing stars.

Ace: Look at that talent, Jason. Look at that.

Mikey motions for Knox to hold the microphone. Mikey pulls Haynes to his knees, straighten his head, looking him right in the eye.

Unlikely: Don't you wanna quit, Will? Don't you wanna quit before I hurt you?

Mikey doesn't wait for an answer he drops a hard elbow down into Hayne's neck. He brings both of his hands above his head and connects with a hard Double Axe Handle. Another over the head club comes next.

Blackfront: Mikey hammering away on Will here. And I'm starting to wonder how much more can Haynes take?!

Ace: I can't believe it Jason, finally admitting Will Haynes is soft. About time you came around.

Blackfront: No way, partner. Just saying that Haynes has taken a ton of damage so far in this one. I don't know how anyone can still be standing at this point. It's remarkable.

Haynes gets to a vertical base, with a bit of help from Unlikely. He looks dazed. Mikey pulls him over, placing Haynes head between his legs before pausing for a moment.

Blackfront: And things just went from bad to worse for Will Haynes.

Ace: Unlikely yelling out, asking if Haynes wants to quit. No microphone or nothing. Mikey is finding that extra gear we talked about earlier.

Blackfront: Haynes shaking his head no, he doesn't quit.

Mikey delivers an open palmed smack across the back of Haynes. Followed by another. Haynes charges forward on his knees trying to knock Mikey off balance but it doesn't work. Finally Mikey is able to pull him up and drops Will right onto his neck with a Piledriver.

Ace: Piledriver onto the neck of Will Haynes.

Blackfront: And folks, that might be all it takes. Haynes has had that neck looked at and worked on a few times now in his career. Of course, most notably, were the events just recently where Mikey Unlikely tossed Will Haynes off the

stage like a ragdoll.

Haynes immediately brings a hand up to his neck as he rolls on the canvas in pain. Mikey sits up, taking deep breaths, trying to get the wind back in his sails. Mikey is up and approaches, dropping a Leg Drop right across the THRILL's throat.

Ace: Unlikely working over that neck. Targeting it.

Haynes sits up in pain, holding his neck before falling back to the ring. Mikey grabs Haynes's head and starts ramming it into the canvas.

Blackfront: Mikey working over that neck. This is brutal.

Mikey picks up Haynes and casually tosses him through the middle ropes out to the ring floor.

Ace: This one coming outside the ring once again.

Mikey slides out after him. Haynes on his knees as Mikey positions him for another Piledriver, this one onto the ring floor.

Blackfront: Mikey trying again on that neck, and folks this might be too much to watch. If you have to turn away from your set, we understand.

Mikey leans back and brings Haynes down to the ring floor with yet another Piledriver. Haynes is in obvious pain as Mikey lays on the floor briefly, winded from the beginning parts of this match still.

Ace: And Mikey gave that one everything he had.

Blackfront: And that might be it for Haynes. Two Piledrivers onto a neck that's already in bad shape. Mikey might've done more than ruin a friendship here, he might've also ruined a career.

Mikey pushes himself up and asks for the microphone.

Unlikely: Do you wanna quit, Haynes?

Mikey drops the mic hard into Haynes' head pulling him to his feet and tossing him back inside the ring. Mikey brings Haynes to his knees and delivers another clubber to Haynes' neck. Mikey stands Haynes up and delivers a thunderous elbow that sends Will back to the mat.

Blackfront: And Mikey is continuing his beatdown of Will Haynes.

Mikey takes Haynes by the neck and again, casually tosses him out of the ring. Once on the ring floor Mikey takes Haynes and spikes his head, again, into a barricade. He scoops Haynes vertically, and slams Haynes onto the Spanish Announce Table.

Ace: Action right next to us here, as Mikey is getting that table involved.

Blackfront: I understand this is in the scope of the rules but maybe there should be some compassion from Mikey here.

Haynes slumps off the table as Mikey comes over to place him back on Haynes delivers a huge right hand that forces Mikey back a step or two.

Blackfront: Haynes coming alive.

Mikey comes in again and again Haynes meets him with a HUGE right hand. Haynes stays on Mikey and fires off a left and then a right, and then a left, backing him up into one of the barricades.

Blackfront: Will Haynes will not be denied here tonight. He's giving this all he's got.

Haynes grabs Unlikely's head and spikes it hard off the barricade, right in front of the fans. A replay of the spot flashes

on the screen briefly.

Ace: And Will just spiking Mikey's head off the barricade there. A reminder, if you ask me, that Will Haynes isn't the type of person he says he is, Jason.

Blackfront: I don't know about that. Haynes has said that he isn't proud of what he's being pushed to do here tonight, Tommy.

Ace: Oh I don't know if I buy all of that. I think Haynes has just been looking for a reason.

Blackfront: A reason to what? Bash Mary Jane in the head with a chair? You really think the THRILLmaker wanted to do that?

Ace: Who knows. I'm just saying things are a little more gray with him these days.

Mikey is reeling and slouches over the barricade by the entrance ramp trying to catch his breath.

Blackfront: Mikey has noodles for legs, he can barely stand.

Haynes is over to Mikey. Haynes jabs sloppily at Mikey, Mikey ducks underneath and connects with a desperation uppercut that sends Haynes reeling.

Ace: Mikey fighting back here.

Mikey slumped over breathes deep. Haynes as well, slumped over the other side.

Blackfront: Both men are winded, they're leaving everything they have out here tonight.

Ace: I can't believe they haven't killed each other.

Blackfront: Every punch here tonight has been hard. Every move has been thrown with full force. Neither man, Tommy, has taken their foot off the pedal.

Haynes steps towards Mikey, Mikey sees it coming, ducks underneath a sloppy punch and is able to take Will and drive him down to the ramp with a textbook DDT.

Ace: And again Haynes takes an impact move on that neck. That's gotta hurt.

Blackfront: Haynes in pain right there.

Haynes has both hands on the back of his neck as Mikey pushes himself to one knee, still breathing heavy. Mikey asks Knoxx for the microphone.

Unlikely: Will...

Blackfront: Unlikely can barely catch his breath here!

Ace: That's how intense this one is folks, Mikey can barely ask Will if he quits.

Unlikely: Will, just say it.

Unlikely pulls back on Hayne's neck and shoves the microphone underneath his throat in a choke. Knoxx is pleading with Unlikely to let Haynes answer but Unlikely shakes his head no.

Ace: Oh my God Mikey Unlikely using that microphone to choke the words out of Haynes.

Blackfront: Haynes' eyes are almost popping out of their sockets!

Haynes is bugging hard, gasping for any breath he can muster. Unlikely grits his teeth and digs the microphone in harder into Haynes' windpipe. Finally he lets go. Haynes slumps to the ramp.

Ace: Mikey Unlikely might've just sent Will Haynes right back to the hospital.

Blackfront: I...I just can't believe that.

Mikey Unlikely rolls Haynes over.

Unlikely: Do. You. Quit?

Blackfront: And Haynes can't answer because he's passed out.

Mikey smirks. He barks something at Knox before dropping to his knees and pinning Will Haynes.

Ace: What's Mikey doing here? He can't win by pinfall. He knows that!

Blackfront: And Mikey is barking at Knox to count the pinfall.

Knox waves it off, stating that Mikey cannot win with a pinfall. Mikey slaps his own hand to the ground, once, twice, three times. He motions for the bell to sound - it doesn't.

Ace: Mikey Unlikely just counted his own pin on Will Haynes.

Blackfront: And this seems to be adding insult to injury, now.

Mikey stands up, he motions for Mary Jane to come over - she does. MJ lifts his hands and holds it in the air in mock victory celebration. The fans boo.

Ace: Mikey Unlikely pinned Will Haynes here tonight, everyone remember that.

Blackfront: I'm sure that will be remember as well as the Alex Beckman tap out, Tommy.

Mikey climbs the steel steps and gets back into the ring through the ropes. He motions for Knox to come to him. Knox does. Mikey barks something at the referee.

Ace: Mikey told Knox to start a ten count.

Blackfront: And again, this match cannot be won by countout. Mikey is just trying to embarrass Will here.

Knox won't count but Mikey and MJ start their own.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

FOUR...

FIVE...

SIX...

SEVEN...

EIGHT...

NINE...

TEN...

Mikey again motions for the bell. It doesn't ring. Mikey holds two fingers in the air, as Mary Jane again holds his arm up in celebration.

Blackfront: Terrible, Ace. Just terrible.

Mikey calls for the microphone. Knox tosses it to him.

Unlikely: I can beat you a hundred different ways, Will. DO. YOU. QUIT?

Mikey slides out of the ring and over to Haynes who's still motionless.

Ace: And Mikey trying to get his answer.

Blackfront: Let's see if Haynes can even remember his name.

Mikey pulls Haynes up, Haynes opens his eyes, still groggy. His voice raspy.

Unlikely: Say it, Will. SAY IT!

Haynes stops, motions for the microphone to come closer.

Haynes: Go to hell!

A hard right hand from Haynes drives Mikey backwards. Mikey looks at Haynes, wide eyed - surprised at the fight.

Blackfront: And Haynes seems to have some in the reserve here.

Ace: He was down long enough. Time enough for Mikey to pin him and get him counted out. Mikey has two falls over Haynes far as I'm concerned.

Mikey comes forward and the two lock up on the ramp. Haynes brings a knee up, catching Mikey in the stomach. Haynes drops an elbow onto the back of Mikey's neck, but Unlikely doesn't buckle. Unlikely backs off and back peddles a bit up the ramp.

Ace: Mikey approaching this carefully, he can smell the blood. Knows this one is about over.

Blackfront: Haynes just simply can't take anymore damage. He has to recover best he can. Protect himself. Think about the longevity of his career.

Haynes steps up to give chase, Mikey back peddles some more. Mary Jane stands at the base of the ramp looking after both men.

Ace: And these two are taking the action up the ramp, Jason.

Blackfront: Heading to the stage now.

Haynes gets to the top of the ramp with Mikey and Mikey swings wildly, Haynes ducks underneath of it and chops Mikey hard across the chest to send him backwards. Haynes charges with a clothesline, Mikey pops underneath of it and the two men both come to a stop. They look at one another, and sort of begin circling.

Ace: Here we go, both men with their hands up - almost like a Texas Deathmatch.

Blackfront: Straight punches.

Mikey starts with a quick straight right, Haynes counters with a left. Mikey with a hook, Haynes throws an uppercut that Mikey avoids narrowly. Mikey drives a knee up, he doubles Haynes over and drives an elbow into his neck, and a punch to his head.

Blackfront: Haynes covering up a bit here as Mikey delivers some big blows.

Haynes is forced down to one knee. Mikey brings a knee up, catching him in the face. He pulls Haynes to his feet.

Ace: Mikey has Haynes seeing stars.

Mikey pushes Haynes to the edge of the stage, pulling him close, and sending him off with a whip. Haynes at the last second is able to pull Mikey with him and the two men go sailing off the ramp, crashing through a table below, as spark comes up and the lights in the arena flicker out and then quickly come back on.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD HAYNES AND UNLIKELY SPILL THROUGH THE ELECTRICAL HOOKUPS.

Ace: And Mikey could be badly burnt. That Hollywood face!

The cameras are on the men quickly, a broken table and some rubble surround the men. Haynes is moving slightly, holding his beck. Mikey is face down, hand on his shoulder in a world of hurt.

Blackfront: And I don't know if this one should continue folks.

Ace: Things are getting heated. The power went off for a second, did you see that?

Blackfront: I did, Tommy. I did.

Out of the back steps Michael Lorenzo. He makes his way over to the two men, where Frank Knox is as well.

Blackfront: And the bossman is out here.

Ace: What's this about?

The cameras pick up Lorenzo telling Knox that he should stop the match.

Blackfront: Knox being told to stop the match here in this one. Probably the right decision.

Haynes brings a hand up quickly. He shakes it off.

Haynes: No.

Blackfront: And Haynes doesn't wanna stop.

Ace: Glutton for punishment I suppose.

Unlikely: Don't.

Blackfront: And Unlikely now telling Lorenzo not to stop this thing.

Ace: He wants to keep kicking the crap outta Haynes. I say let him!

Lorenzo looks at Knox and shrugs his shoulders.

Blackfront: Lorenzo telling both men that it's on them that this one is continuing. And he's washing his hands of this one from here on out. Mikey and Will are out here on their own.

Ace: And you'd have to imagine that this one is about to get a little wilder.

Blackfront: If either man can get up, that is.

Haynes is to a knee and uses the barricade to pull himself up.

Blackfront: Haynes bleeding slightly from his right eye.

Ace: The least of his worries, honestly.

Mikey stands on his own but takes a step or two sideways before regaining his balance.

Blackfront: And Unlikely busted open as well, bleeding from his forehead.

Ace: It's trickling down his face.

Haynes fires off a loaded right hand at Mikey. Mikey staggers backward with the strength of it, before firing back with his own left. Haynes takes it and fires back with his right, driving Mikey backwards. He takes Mikey by the neck and throws him forward, down the ramp back toward the ring.

Ace: Will throwing Mikey around here. He better watch himself.

Blackfront: I think enough is enough for Haynes.

Mikey halts his progress as Haynes delivers an elbow to Mikey's head, sending him stumbling back towards the ring.

Blackfront: They're bringing the action back ringside.

Once at the base of the ring, Haynes takes Mikey's head and goes to spike it on the mat. Mikey puts his hands out, stopping himself, before turning it on Haynes and spiking the THRILLmaker's head off the mat instead.

Ace: Mikey Unlikely pulling out the stops here. Last stand time and he just melted Haynes' melon all over the floor there.

Blackfront: And Haynes might not have anything left after that one.

Mikey is down to one knee, breathing heavy. He picks Haynes up and throws him under the ropes. Mikey slides himself into the ring after him.

Blackfront: Action back in the ring folks.

Unlikely puts a boot in the side of Haynes for good measure before rolling him over.

Ace: It's time for the World's Greatest Submission Hold, Jason - the Backstory!

Mikey goes to pull Haynes' feet forward into the hold but Haynes kicks both feet forward causing Mikey to stumble forward and hit the rope, bouncing off just slightly is all Haynes needs. He jumps to his feet and...

Blackfront: Haynes with his last gasp!

Ace: NO!

Haynes leaps into the air and catches Mikey.

He lifts, he rolls.

He cuts!

Blackfront: THRILLRIDE! THRILLRIDE! OUT OF NO WHERE!

Ace: NO!

Both men are down. Frank Knoxx is looking at both men unsure of what to do.

Blackfront: Blood still pouring out of Mikey Unlikely, he's like a stuck pig.

Ace: Mary Jane just staring at Mikey as tears well up in her eyes. This can't be easy for her.

Haynes begins to move slightly. Unlikely still down.

Blackfront: Will Haynes probably unsure of what country he's in right now.

Ace: He's not aware of anything. Certainly not his actions here tonight.

Haynes to a knee breathing heavy.

Blackfront: And the THRILL trying here.

Haynes stands atop the fallen Mikey. He reaches down.

Ace: Oh no. He wouldn't dare.

Blackfront: He would!

Haynes pulls Mikey into it...into the Backstory!

Blackfront: Haynes locking in the Backstory!

Ace: And this is cheap!

Blackfront: This is justice!

Mikey explodes into pain, blood streaming down his face. Trying to reach out for the ropes.

Ace: Mikey the ropes won't help you, the ropes won't help you.

Frank Knox produces the microphone, holds it to Will's mouth.

Haynes: Quit! Quit! JUST QUIT!

Haynes pulls harder, arching Mikey further back. Blood still pouring down Mikey's head as he picks it off the mat in pain.

Ace: I can't watch this. I can't watch this at all.

Blackfront: Frank Knox asking Mikey if he quits. Asking Mikey if he's ready to give up.

Ace: Unlikely just yelling in pain.

Mikey's face slumps and hits the mat, he's no longer yelling.

Ace: Oh no.

Blackfront: And Frank Knox is asking Mikey if he quits. Knox on his stomach now, checking on Unlikely.

Ace: Mary Jane up on the apron now!

Mary Jane is on the apron and she tosses the towel the EMTs gave her into the ring.

Blackfront: Mary Jane threw in the towel! MJ threw in the towel on Mikey!

Ace: That isn't Mikey saying "I Quit" though, Jason.

Knox looks over and sees the towel. He looks at it, he looks at Mary Jane who is still standing on the apron and finally he looks back down at Mikey.

Blackfront: And Frank Knox looks like he's making a decision here, Tommy.

Ace: I didn't hear either man say "I Quit" don't know how this one can be over, Jason.

Knox taps Haynes and pushes him forward, releasing the hold. Knox motions for the bell to sound. It does, tolling out over the arena.

Ace: What's happening?

Blackfront: EMTs out of the back at break neck speed.

EMTs are out of the back and into the ring, they begin to work on Unlikely right away. Knox guides Haynes back into a corner. Mary Jane through the ring ropes and into the ring to get a better look at Mikey.

Blackfront: And this is a somber scene out here, folks, as this one is apparently over.

Ace: And I still want to know what happened, did Mikey say the words? I didn't hear him.

Knox leans over and barks something over to the announcer.

Ace: Here we go.

Announcer: The winner of this match up, by way of referee stoppage, is Will...THE THRILLLLLLL... HAYNNNNNESSSSSS.

Haynes punch drunk and leaning in a corner can barely muster a reaction.

Blackfront: Mary Jane throws in the towel on Mikey and Frank Knox stops the fight. Wow, what an ending.

Ace: And I don't know where Knox is coming from. No one said "I Quit."

Blackfront: Knox did what was right, Ace. He stepped in and he possibly saved Mikey's career.

The EMTS continue working on Mikey as out of the back comes two more emergency technicians with a stretcher and

headboard.

Blackfront: The headboard. You never like to see that, Tommy.

Ace: No you don't. Not at all. We're gonna take a break here and let these men and women do their job.

A Little Help From My Friends

Backstage, one last time.

From titanium knee-braces to leather jacket to the return of the Maybach shades Eric Dane is suited and booted, ready to walk that aisle one more time for all the glory that is the UTA World Championship.

He paces, mentally running through the plans and the variables one last time.

A familiar knock is followed once again by the entrance of Colton Thorpe.

Thorpe: It's time.

Dane continues pacing.

Thorpe: Eric...

More pacing. He is the embodiment of focus.

Thorpe: Hey, Champ!

Colton raises his voice ever so slightly, but Dane snaps his head in that direction as his pacing comes to an immediate halt.

Dane: Yeah?

Thorpe: It's time. You ready?

Dane: The question isn't if I'm ready, Colt. The question is, is the world ready.

Colton nods, a sinister grin plastered on his face.

Thorpe: Let's do this.

The Number One Contender stalks past Thorpe and through the doorway. Colton follows along, catching up and walking side by side with The Only Star.

Dane: Consider it done.

Cut back to ringside.

UTA Trading Cards: Series 2

PRE ORDER YOURS TODAY!

The Lights drop.

The crowd starts to buzz.

Announcer: Making his way first to the ring tonight...

A bluesy bass-riff plays over the P.A. system, as it comes to a crescendo it's accompanied by a pyrotechnic explosion as Heavy is the Head gets to the chorus and "The Only Star" bursts onto the stage to clapping from the Japanese fans.

Beside him, Colton Thorpe steps out to the stage.

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

Eric Dane and Colton Thorpe makes their way toward the ring as Zac Brown and Chris Cornell work their way through the song.

Announcer: He hails from New Orleans, Louisiana...

The Only Star comes to a stop at the ringside area before entering the ring proper. He slaps a few more hands at ringside before continuing to the steps.

Announcer: Being accompanied by Colton Thore... he is... The Only Star..... ERIC... DAAANNNNEEEEE!!!!

Dane smiles and makes for the apron, entering into the ring. Colton follows him.

Blackfront: Eric Dane wants badly to be the UTA Champion.

Ace: Well so did Alex Beckman, but we see how that ended.

The UTA logo is displayed on the screen high above the ring, dead center of your HD Television. Down by Yelawolf begins to play. Cameras turn towards the entrance ramp as the crowd starts to stir.

The song is in full swing as La Flama Blanca walks through the curtain, with a probable big smile on his face. Flaunting his new LFB apparel and his UTA World Championship title belt around his waist, LFB stops, lifting the Ace in the Hole briefcase high in the air.

Blackfront: There is the most successful UTA Champion of the new generation.

Ace: It's the year of the luchador Jason and it's far from over!

He stands at the top of the entrance ramp. The Luchador pauses for a few seconds seeing fans devilish faces hate his guts. He loves it.

Announcer: Hailing from Durango, Mexico...

Blanca walks down the ramp. The Champion looks around the arena as he gets closer to the ring.

Blackfront: The only top champion in the last two years to defend his championship through multiple pay per view events. First winning the title from former friend, Sean Jackson, La Flama Blanca has been almost unstoppable.

Announcer: Standing at Five Feet-Eleven inches and weighing in at Two Hundred-Fifteen pounds...

When Blanca finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the ring apron in one leap.

Announcer: He is a member of DYNASTY, he is the current UTA WORLD CHAMPION... He is LA FLAMA BLANCA!

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

Ace: I can't wait until he destroys Eric Dane here tonight!

Blanca walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd of mouth breathers. Flama Blanca comes to a halt in his corner; La Flama Blanca wipes his feet clean. He is not giving the fans any attention as he takes of his belt, handing it to the ring announcer outside the ring.

Ace: With the Legacy Championship being back in the hands of Dynasty, there is no way La Flama Blanca loses tonight. Dynasty is rebuilding and once again will reign supreme!

The two men are in separate corners. Inside of the ring, two Japanese women stand with bouquets. Each of them walk over to one of the men, handing them the flowers before bowing. Suddenly streamers begin to be thrown from the crowd and into the ring.

Blackfront: Japanese tradition continuing here tonight.

Eric hands the flowers through the ropes to Colton Thorpe who heads to sit them down elsewhere. La Flama Blanca throws his over the ropes and to the floor. The referee tries to clean some of the streamers from the apron.

Blackfront: This is your main event folks!

Ace: This is the main event of the year!

As the ring is cleared, the referee calls for the bell to start things off.

Blackfront: And here we go! The UTA World Championship is on the line!

Both men start to circle. As Eric Dane looks ready to move in for a lock up, La Flama Blanca steps back and shoots forward with a superkick.

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO KICK OUT OF GATE!

Dane moves his head to the side and his arm up, grabbing the ankle of La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Eric Dane was ready for it to!

Ace: Blanca was just testing him, that's all.

Blackfront: Well, he passed that test.

Still holding LFB's leg he lowers it a bit and moves a leg in, to sweep the champion down to the canvas as he lets go.

Blackfront: Eric Dane has been studying tapes. he has been nothing but 1000% focused on this match for the last month. He has lived La Flama Blanca. Breathed him. Morning to night, Eric Dane has prepared for this match and it is not going to be an easy defense for La Flama Blanca.

Ace: All of that is fine. he can prepare all he wants, but he is still not as great as La Flama Blanca!

La Flama Blanca slaps the canvas and rolls over getting back to his feet.

Blackfront: Blanca frustrated early.

He puts his fist up and moves in toward Dane who does the same. The two men come together for a lockup, but Eric Dane immediately uses his size and strength to pick La Flama Blanca up and turn, throwing him across the ring. As Blanca hits the canvas, he rolls before coming to a stop and grabbing his wrist.

Blackfront: Eric Dane using that size advantage to continue controlling the champion here tonight.

Ace: It's Ok, just wait until Blanca gets his stride.

Blackfront: Dane heading over to La Flama Blanca.

He places his boot on the forehead of Blanca, sliding down across it. LFB grabs his head.

Blackfront: Eric Dane staying on the champion.

He drops to a knee, and picks La Flama Blanca up into a sitting position before locking his arms around his neck and holding the side of his head.

Blackfront: Eric Dane now slowing the pace down with that sleeper hold.

Ace: La Flama Blanca will find a way to get out of this, watch!

Eric slides down on his side, keeping the sleeper locked in.

Blackfront: Eric Dane continuing to hold La Flama Blanca in the ring, not letting the champion have even a slight chance of making some sort of move to get free.

Colton Thorpe heads over to the side of the ring where Blanca is facing. Holding onto the edge of the apron he watches on.

Blackfront: Colton Thorpe out here to watch Eric Dane's back as Team Danger were not let into the building earlier tonight.

Ace: Just another Dane Kool-Aid drinker.

La Flama Blanca begins to kick his legs, trying to get free.

Blackfront: The champion now trying to fight back, but Eric Dane has too tight of a grip.

As he tries to kick free, Blanca is able to move his body over some. Still struggling he gets close enough to get his foot to the bottom rope.

Blackfront: And the referee has to force Eric Dane to release the hold.

Ace: I told you Jason, never count La FLama Blanca out.

As Dane lets go, he rolls over and pushes to his knees. La Flama Blanca scoots over to the ropes, drapping his arm up and over the bottom, pulling himself to a seated position.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca trying to catch a breather here, but the dama ge may already be done.

Eric Dane gets to his feet. Aiming for La Flama Blanca's head, he rushes forward and raises his knee up catching the champion in the side of the head.

Blackfront: That knee brace connects with the champion's head as Eric Dane continues to dominate early on.

Blanca is laid out face down on the canvas as Dane grabs his leg and pulls him back toward the center of the ring.

Blackfront: The challenger refusing to let up still, wanting to wear the champion down enough that he can easily get the win.

Eric Dane reaches down, grabbing La Flama Blanca by the waist and lifts him up, displaying his power.

Blackfront: Belly to back here by Eric Dane. Dane lifts... suplex!

Ace: Come on!

Dane rolls over and gets to his feet, pulling La Flama Blanca with him. As he does, Dane holds onto Blanca's arms and lifts his knee up into his face before letting go. Blanca stumbles back, his arms going over the top rope, holding him up.

Blackfront: Eric Dane has been nothing but on top of his game tonight as everything is on the line.

Ace: It's OK. He still hasn't felt the wrath of Blanca. he will.

Blackfront: I'm starting to seriously doubt that Tommy.

Ace: La Flama Blanca has Eric Dane where he wants him.

Blackfront: How's that?

Ace: It's all mind games Jason. Dane will become over confident and that's when the champion will strike!

Blackfront: Some reason I don't see that happening.

Ace: You just have no vision Jason. Just watch.

Blackfront: Dane now heading over to La Flama Blanca who is on the ropes.

He presses his left hand onto La Flama Blanca's chest as he raises his right hand, bringing it down hard across it. Even Colton Thorpe winches while he watches.

Blackfront: Powerful open hand chop across the chest of La Flama Blanca.

Eric Dane steps back, raising his hand again before coming forward with another.

Blackfront: Now another. Those were just painful to watch.

Blanca's body is jolted forward off of the ropes. he falls to a knee. Dane runs to the side, hitting the ropes.

Blackfront: Dane back on the return... that knee brace yet again sent into the side of La Flama Blanca's head!

La Flama Blanca's body is sent up and backwards into the corner post from the momentum of the shot.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca in that corner, only being held up by the turnbuckles.

Eric Dane walks over and grabs the top rope. He begins using them to thrust his shoulder into the chest and mid section of La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Those heavy shoulders into the already hurting champion. No remorse being shown at all.

Ace: Lets just call it like it is Jason.

Blackfront: And what is that Tommy?

Ace: Eric Dane is nothing more than a bully!

Blackfront: A bully? For being able to dominate a smaller opponent when a title is on the line?

Ace: Yes, a bully.

Blackfront: Eric Dane now lifting La Flama Blanca up, sitting him on the top turnbuckle.

Ace: Here's where it's going to change Jason. Watch. Dane is too cocky.

Eric Dane begins to climb up. He wraps his arm around the neck of La Flama Blanca, and hooks his tights.

Blackfront: Eric Dane going for a superplex here...

He starts to lift La Flama Blanca, however, Blanca pushes off of the turnbuckle from the ropes, and twist as he pushes forward, and comes down.

Blackfront: LA FLAMA BLANCA TURNS IT INTO A BIG DDT!!!!

Ace: I TOLD YOU JASON! I TOLD YOU!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca refuses to give up!

La Flama Blanca turns over and drapes his left arm over Eric Dane. As the referee drops he only gets a one count before Dane pushes La Flama Blanca off of him.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca with maybe his only chance to start a com back, unable to put Eric Dane away.

Ace: You are off base Jason. This is just the start!

Eric turns over and gets up, pulling La Flama Blanca up with him. As Blanca is halfway up, Eric shoves his head between him legs. He wraps his arms around La Flama Blanca's waist again before lifting him straight up.

Blackfront: Blanca up... PILEDRIVER BY ERIC DANE!

La Flama Blanca's head pops off of the canvas as Dane just looks at him.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca is out.

Ace: Someone needs to fire Eric Dane.. he tried to break the champion's neck!

Suddenly someone can be heard running down the ramp which causes Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace to turn from

the match.

Blackfront: Oh my God, here comes Sean Jackson, Tommy.

The eyes of Tommy Ace goes wide. He can't believe Mr. Ace In The Hole would pick his spot now to screw La Flama Blanca over.

Ace: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Tommy Ace immediately looks beyond the native of Dallas, Texas.

Ace: Where's Dynasty? Stop him, stop him. He's out here to cheat Blanca. Somebody stop this travesty.

But before anyone can do anything, the former Dynasty member reaches over Tommy Ace and grabs the Ace in the hole briefcase.

Blackfront: Mr. Ace In The Hole is stealing back the briefcase, he's got it in his hands and heading for the hills.

Tommy tries to grab the briefcase, but is too slow.

Ace: BLANCA!!!!

Mr. Ace In The Hole then hops the railing and runs off into the shadows with Tommy Ace still looking for Dynasty, sporting a stunned look.

Blackfront: My God, does this mean what I think it means?

Tommy doesn't say a word, he can't.

Blackfront: Tommy, does this mean Sean can cash in tonight?

Understanding what this now means, Tommy Ace points to the ring.

Ace: Just call the damn match.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson using this as an opportunity to retrieve his briefcase. He now can once again cash in at any time.

Dane leans through the ropes talking to Thorpe and pointing in the direction that Jackson went.

Blackfront: Eric Dane seems to be confirming with Colton Thorpe that Sean Jackson did leave ring side. If he wins tonight, he will have a target on his back from Jackson.

Dane leans back in the ring and heads over to La Flama Blanca. He reaches down and grabs his head.

Blackfront: Eric Dane getting back to the match now, refusing to be distracted by Jackson.

As he begins to pull La Flama Blanca up, Blanca takes every bit of energy he has left and brings his arm up and underneath of Eric Dane's legs.

Blackfront: LOW BLOW BY LA FLAMA BLANCA! LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!

The referee begins to call for the bell.

Ace: YES! I TOLD YOU!

Blackfront: A sickening way to keep his title. La Flama Blanca should be ashamed!

Ace: Sickening? It was brilliant!

The referee can be seen bending over the ropes and telling the announcer his decision. Eric Dane is on one knee as La Flama Blanca drops to the canvas and rolls out of the ring. Colton Thorpe slide sin to check on Dane as Blanca slowly makes his way around the ring, heading for his championship.

Announcer: As a result of a disqualification.... the winner of this match... ERIC... DAAAAANNNEE!!!! Still, UTA World Champion... LA FLAAAAAMMMAAA BLAAAANNNNCCCAAAA!!!!

LFB grabs his championship belt and turns to head back around the ring.

Blackfront: Disgusting.

Colton helps Dane to his feet as both men turn to watch La Flama Blanca heading up the ramp. Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, and CBR step from the back clapping as they walk down the ramp to meet their team mate.

Blackfront: Eric Dane defeats La Flama Blanca here tonight, but Blanca retains his championship in the most distasteful way.

Ace: He was fighting back a larger bully. he did what he had to do and at the end of the day, he is still champion!

The Dynasty members great Blanca who turns around and lifts his title up toward the two in the ring. Eric Dane can be seen yelling toward him.

Blackfront: Eric Dane is understandably upset.

Ace: Why? He got the win. Isn't that what he wanted?

Blackfront: Hell no it isn't what he wanted. He wanted to walk out with that championship belt.

Voice: Hold your horses champ...

Blackfront: Wait.. that's... that's.. MICHAEL LORENZO!

Lorenzo can be seen walking out to the stage, microphone in hand. He raises it up.

Lorenzo: I'm sorry, but that is not going to fly. Not while under my watch.

The members of Dynasty begin stomping in anger. La Flama Blanca holds his title close to his chest as he looks on in horror.

Lorenzo: Blanca.. you are better than that.

Ace: No, no he isn't. let him keep his belt and lets go home!

Blackfront: Shut up Tommy.

Lorenzo: Referee... this match is to be restarted!

Blackfront: YES!

Ace: No!

Lorenzo: And if La Flama Blanca is disqualified again... Eric Dane will become the new World Champion!

Dane claps in the ring. Colton pats him on the back.

Blackfront: Michael Lorenzo proving to be a man of integrity!

Ace: He is terrible! bring back James Wingate!

Lorenzo: Now... get your ass back to that ring Blanca.

Michael Lorenzo turns and heads to the back. Dynasty talk amongst themselves before all taking off down the ramp.

Blackfront: The match hasn't been restarted yet, and here comes Dynasty!

Ace: Now those tides are turning Jason.

As the four members of Dynasty slide into the ring, Eric Dane and Colton Thorpe get ready. The referee tries to hold

them back but can not as the attack is on.

Blackfront: CBR and Kendrix attacking Eric Dane now while Mikey Unlikely and Colton Thorpe exchange blows!

La Flama Blanca holds his title and watches his stable mates attack his foes.

Blackfront: CBR and Kendrix force Eric Dane into the corner, now both with a series of boots to his mid section.

Mikey grabs Colton from behind, holding him. La Flama Blanca runs forward, title up, connecting it with Thorpe's face as Mikey lets go and gets out of the way. He instantly turns and begins to stomp Thorpe.

Blackfront: This is disgusting. Dynasty doing what Dynasty does best.

Ace: Reign supreme?

Blackfront: No Tommy. They cheat! The referee is having no luck restoring order so this match can continue.

Mikey heads over and begins to stomp Dane with CBR and Kendrix. After a few more, they pull him out of the corner, holding his arms out. La Flama Blanca holds the title up and runs forward, slamming it into the face of Eric Dane, sending him back first to the canvas as well.

Blackfront: Someone needs to do something.

The referee points at Dynasty and then throws his arms toward the back.

Blackfront: The referee is ejecting Dynasty!

Ace: You can't do that!

Blackfront: He damn sure can Tommy!

La Flama Blanca can be seen arguing with the referee as the referee continues to order them out of the ring.

Announcer: The referee has declared that everyone is banned from ring side!

The members of Dynasty reluctantly head to the ropes to exit the ring. Colton Thorpe can be seen rolling out as well. The referee checks on Eric Dane who is on a knee holding his face.

Blackfront: Order being restored, but at what cost to Eric Dane?

Eric gets to his feet and assure the referee he is good to go. The referee takes the belt from La Flama Blanca and carries it to the ropes, handing it to someone outside before calling for the bell.

Blackfront: This match now restarts.

As the bell sounds, La Flama Blanca rushes Eric Dane in the corner.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca used that distraction to rest up... charging Eric Dane... He leaps up.. double knee into Eric Dane!

As his knees connect, he grabs Eric's head and falls back to the canvas, pushing Dane up and over, causing him to land on his back.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca looking to put Eric Dane away.. covers him.

The referee drops into position, but Dane is able to kick out right at two.

Blackfront: Dane not out yet.

Ace: That's fine, more time for La Flama Blanca to bring some pain to Eric Dane.

La Flama Blanca slaps the canvas and gets up, yelling at the referee to count quicker.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca arguing now with the referee.

Blanca stomps his foot and steps away. As the referee turns to go check on Dane, Blanca side steps and comes up throwing his leg up, catching the referee under the chin.

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO KICK ON THE REFEREE!

Ace: Ha! He's out!

La Flama Blanca yells down at the referee before turning back to Eric Dane who is on his knees. Blanca heads over grabs the top fo Dane's head and brings a fist down connecting.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca now looking to just put Dane through as much pain as possible.

LFB runs back, hitting the ropes.

Blackfront: Blanca off of the ropes, on the return now... leaps.. senton!

He lands across the chest of Eric Dane hard.

Ace: I love it!

Blackfront: Blanca keeping his momentum as he rolls over and to his feet. Eric Dane trying to get up as well.

Blanca heads back to the ropes again.

Blackfront: Blanca on the return.. WAIT.. DANE READY FOR HIM...

Eric Dane grabs LFB and lifts him up for a quick pop up power bomb.

Blackfront: POP UP POWE-

Except, La Flama Blanca is able to wrap his legs around the neck of Eric Dane. He swings his body down, sending Dane over.

Blackfront: Countered into a hurricarrana!

Ace: La Flama Blanca is the man! Just look at that Jason!

Dane sits up, shaking his head before turning and starting to stand. As he does, Blanca gets to his feet. He waits. As Eric turns around, La Flama Blanca shoots forward with his foot which connects.

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO KICK BY LA FLAMA BLANCA! ESTUPENDO KICK!

Ace: YES!

Blanca drops over Dane, covering him. However... there is no referee.

Blackfront: The referee is still out! La Flama Blanca can't win without a referee!

Ace: This is terrible! Someone send another referee, quick!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca's frustration may have cost him this match as there is no referee and Eric Dane is out cold.

Ace: Wait... here comes a referee!

From the back we see a striped shirt running down.

Blackfront: A second referee on his way. But wait.. that's that's...

Ace: That's MADMAN SZALINSKI!

Szalinski charges down the ramp in a referee shirt and his trademark blue and red mask. As he slides into the ring, La

Flama Blanca is taken back a bit.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca unsure what to do. These two last met at Season's Beatings last year where Madman Szalinski made La Flama Blanca tap out after months of Dynasty attacks.

Ace: I don't know about this either.

Blackfront: Madman trying to let La Flama Blanca know that he's ready to count! Wait.. IS MADMAN SZALINSKI AND LA FLAMA BLANCA IN COHORTS?! HAS MADMAN JOINED DYNASTY?!

Ace: If he has... that would be the biggest swerve of all time! Oh my.. wait... Madman in Dynasty?! BRILLIANT!

La Flama Blanca drops and covers Eric Dane, hooking his leg. he yells at Madman to do his job. Szalinski slides around and drops down to begin his count.

Blackfront: Madman is doing it! Eric Dane is about to lose his opportunity at becoming the UTA World Champion!

Madman gets his hand down a second time. He raises it for a third, as it comes down, he swoops his hand up and grabs his eyes.

Blackfront: Wait.. what?

Madman gets to his feet and can be seen screaming in pain holding his eyes.

Blackfront: What is this?

Ace: This is bull crap, that's what it is!

La Flama Blanca stands up and begins to yell at Madman Szalinski who screams back There's something in my damn eye brother.

Blackfront: Apparently something in Madman Szalinski's eyes. I didn't see anything that could have caught him.

La Flama Blanca continues to yell at Madman, behind him, Eric Dane rolls over and begins to get up.

Blackfront: Eric Dane starting to move.

Ace: Turn around Blanca!

Dane comes up under La Flama Blanca's legs, pulling him over and to the canvas.

Blackfront: School boy by Eric Dane!

Madman leaps down and quickly slaps the canvas three times, getting to his knees and calling for the bell.

Blackfront: WAIT! NO! MADMAN SIDES WITH ERIC DANE!

Ace: This is complete crap!

Announcer: The winner of this match and NEEEEWWWW..... UTA WORLD... CHAAAMPPPIIOOONN.... ERIC... DAAAANNNEEE!!!!

Dane lets go of Blanca and quickly gets to his feet. Madman grabs Eric's hand and raises it in victory. La Flama Blanca rolls to his knees and just looks at the two in utter shock.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca has lost the championship! Madman Szalinski has returned to the UTA.. and has sided with Eric Dane! WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!

Madman is handed the title from outside the ring and carries it over to Eric Dane who takes the belt and raises it high. LFB still has not moved, unable to comprehend what has happened.

Blackfront: Eric Dane is the new UTA World Champion, but no one saw it happening this way.

The fans begin to throw what is left of their streamers into the ring. Blanca drops to the canvas and rolls out of the ring, his hands on his hips.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca still in shock, heading to the back.

Ace: The whole world is in shock!

Madman Szalinski claps for Eric Dane who continues to celebrate amongst the streamers. He climbs the nearby corner and raises the title to the sky.

Blackfront: Folks, what a night! We have a new UTA World Champion in a match that had more happening than we could keep up with.

Ace: This is far from over Jason. La Flama Blanca and Dynasty WILL get the title back. I guarantee it!

We get an shot of Dane on the corner turnbuckle with the belt up and streamers still flying as the copy right comes up and we fade to black.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite