

Rampage: 12.28.2000

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: December 28, 2000
Location: Dallas Convention Center Arena — Dallas, Texas

Results

JD vs. Michael Owens

Match

The screen fades to black. The sound of a roaring crowd swells in the background—then, with a thunderous *BOOM*, giant green pyrotechnics explode across the stage. Lights blaze back on, revealing the set of *Thursday Night Rampage* in all its glory. A second later, the intro video begins to play, synced to the show's new theme song, "This Town" by Human Waste Project featuring Jonathan Davis.

As the video ends, the camera glides across the sea of fans, capturing waving signs and screaming faces. The lights dim to a grey hue... and suddenly, "Southtown" by P.O.D. hits the PA system. The crowd erupts as JD emerges from the back. Arms raised, he soaks in the adoration, drawing deafening cheers from the live audience.

JD strides down the ramp with purpose, slapping hands along the way. He climbs the steel steps and steps through the ropes, entering the ring confidently. The music fades and the lights return to normal.

Darkness falls again. A single bell tolls.

"Hells Bells" by AC/DC echoes through the arena as Michael Owens steps through the curtain. Calm and focused, he raises a water bottle, takes a swig, then pours the rest over his head before launching the bottle into the crowd. He walks toward the ring with steady intensity.

The music fades. The crowd roars. The bell rings—and that unmistakable voice of Jason Blackfront takes over.

BLACKFRONT: *Folks, we are just four days away from Black Horizon, and what was originally set for the pay-per-view is happening tonight—JD vs. Michael Owens!*

Both men circle the ring before locking up.

BLACKFRONT: *JD quickly transitions into a headlock—but Owens pushes him off! JD hits the ropes, rebounds—Owens with a schoolboy roll-up! One... only a one count before the kick out! These fans are on fire tonight!*

JD gets to his feet, but Owens charges. JD counters with a sudden clothesline that sends Owens crashing to the mat.

BLACKFRONT: *What a shot! JD wasting no time—he drags Owens up by the hair and drives him headfirst into the turnbuckle! Again! And again!*

Owens blocks the next strike, catching the ropes. He spins around—grabs JD—and slams his head into the buckle instead! JD stumbles back.

Owens grabs JD's neck—**NECKBREAKER!**

Owens climbs to the top turnbuckle as JD slowly gets to his knees. The crowd rises in anticipation.

BLACKFRONT: *Owens perched high... waiting... and there he goes—flying with a double axehandle!*

JD sidesteps and drives a knee into Owens' gut mid-air! The impact sends Owens crumpling to the canvas, clutching his stomach. JD flashes a smug grin and stomps down hard.

BLACKFRONT: *JD going for the cover—only a one count! Didn't hook the leg. Rookie mistake.*

JD grabs Owens by the hair again and yanks him to his feet. He unleashes a barrage—right hand, right hand, gut shot, and an uppercut!

Owens drops hard. JD dives for a quick cover, this time hooking the leg.

BLACKFRONT: *One—two—no! The referee spots Owens' foot on the bottom rope! JD looks frustrated. He's in the ref's face now, yelling...*

While JD argues with the official, Owens recovers just enough to crawl behind him—and delivers a vicious low blow!

BLACKFRONT: *OH! LOW BLOW! Look at JD's face!!*

JD doubles over, collapsing to his knees in agony. Owens grabs him from behind—locks in a sleeper hold!

BLACKFRONT: *Sleeper locked in tight! Referee checking the arm—once... twice... a third—NO! JD keeps it alive!*

JD surges back to his feet, Owens clinging like a backpack. JD drives an elbow into his gut—once, twice—and Owens finally releases the hold. JD spins—goes for a short-arm clothesline—but Owens ducks!

They spin simultaneously—Owens with a boot to the gut—hooks both arms—**DOUBLE UNDERHOOK DDT!**

JD is planted. Owens flips him over—hooks the leg.

BLACKFRONT: *One... two... THREE! Michael Owens pulls out the win here on Rampage! Let's take another look at that finish!*

The replay shows the perfect timing—Owens ducking the clothesline, countering with the double underhook DDT to end it.

BLACKFRONT: *An explosive start and a strong showing from both men. If this is any indication of what's coming at Black Horizon, we're in for something special. And trust me—we haven't seen the last of JD and Michael Owens.*

The feed cuts to the backstage area. Sebastian Bush and Candy are seen heading toward the curtain as the show heads into a commercial break.

Kinfe Habte vs. Sebastian Bush

Match

"The Suck for Your Solution" by Marilyn Manson rips through the speakers as a thick cloud of blue smoke rolls across the entrance stage. The crowd immediately erupts into a chorus of boos.

Through the haze steps **Kinfe Habte**, one half of the UTA Tag Team Champions and a known member of *Spawn*. Calm, cold, and focused, he stares out at the jeering crowd before making his deliberate descent down the rampway.

Habte slides into the ring under the bottom rope, rising to his feet as the fog fades behind him and his music dies out. He paces the ring like a predator waiting to strike.

Suddenly, the lights begin to pulse and flash—then the opening notes of "Money" by Pink Floyd hit. The crowd explodes with cheers.

Out steps **Sebastian "Cr0nic" Bush**, flanked by his returning valet, **Candy**. Bush throws up the horns as Candy waves to the fans, and together they make their way toward the ring with purpose.

BLACKFRONT: *There she is! The gorgeous Candy has returned after being sidelined by that brutal assault from Hardcore Sandy weeks ago! And it looks like she's back in Bush's corner just in time for this war!*

They reach ringside, and Bush pauses on the steel steps. He turns to Candy, says a few words, then motions for her to head back to the locker room. She nods and exits, leaving Bush to step between the ropes and prepare for battle.

The bell rings, and the crowd rises in anticipation as the two competitors lock up in the center of the ring.

BLACKFRONT: *And we're underway! Kinfe Habte wastes no time—twists out of the lock-up and transitions straight into an armlock takedown! Beautiful mat work by the tag champ!*

Habte quickly maneuvers behind Bush, grabbing his leg and wrenching it backward while maintaining the arm lock. The submission is locked in tight—both limbs stretched dangerously.

BLACKFRONT: *Look at this! He's stretching Bush like a rubber band! Arm and leg torqued at the same time—Habte trying to rip him apart!*

Bush screams in pain but refuses to submit. He claws at the canvas, enduring the punishment.

BLACKFRONT: *You've got to respect this kid—Sebastian Bush has heart. He's not giving up, even when it looks like he should. And let's not forget—he's aligned with Ironfury, one of the most dominant teams in UTA history!*

Habte finally releases the hold in frustration and stomps Bush hard in the chest. He grabs Bush by the ankle and yanks the leg up—then slams the knee straight down into the mat.

BLACKFRONT: *Oof! Knee-first into the canvas! That'll slow a man down in a hurry.*

Dragging Bush to his feet, Habte Irish whips him into the corner with authority. The turnbuckle shudders from the impact. Kinfe follows in with a series of sharp, echoing chops to Bush's chest, each one drawing a chorus of "WOO!" from the fans.

Habte hoists Bush onto the top rope and climbs up after him. The crowd knows what's coming.

BLACKFRONT: *Oh no... he's going up top. This doesn't bode well for Sebastian Bush!*

With a handful of Bush's trunks, Habte launches him through the air—**SUPERPLEX!** The ring shakes on impact as both men crash down.

BLACKFRONT: *DEVASTATING! That has to be it—but wait, Kinfe isn't going for the cover?*

Instead, Kinfe lifts the nearly unconscious Bush again and delivers a powerful **release suplex**, slinging him across the ring like a rag doll.

Suddenly, the crowd erupts with a renewed energy.

BLACKFRONT: *Wait a minute—that's **Brian Ironside**! Bush's tag partner is charging down the ramp—and he's got a chair in hand!*

Ironside slides into the ring like a missile. Habte turns just in time—**CRACK!** A vicious chair shot drops Kinfe to the canvas. The referee immediately signals for the bell.

BLACKFRONT: *The referee's called for the bell—this one's over! But Ironside's not done yet—WAIT! Chair shot to the referee too! This is chaos!*

Habte rolls out of the ring, dazed. Ironside stands tall, chair in hand, as he checks on Bush who's still clutching his back and knee on the canvas.

BLACKFRONT: *Sebastian Bush may not have won tonight, but thanks to his friend and partner, he'll live to fight another day. Kinfe Habte showed why Spawn—and the Legion of Destruction—are not to be trifled with.*

The broadcast cuts to a promo hyping this Sunday's **Black Horizon** pay-per-view, before shifting backstage outside of Spawn's dressing room. Strange, echoing laughter can be heard from within...

Fade to commercial.

Hardcore Sandy vs. Tyger

Match

The screen fades back in—this time, deep in the backstage corridors of the arena. The UTA Hardcore Champion, ****Hardcore Sandy****, is seen walking briskly down a hallway, title belt slung over her shoulder.

Suddenly, she drops the belt—****WHAM!****—as ****Tatsumi “Tyger” Tanaka**** comes flying into frame and blindsides her with a furious attack! A nearby referee rushes in and signals to start the match. The bell rings somewhere off-screen as the backstage brawl begins in earnest.

BLACKFRONT: **Tatsumi Tanaka just ambushed the champion! Vicious karate chops rain down—now a hard side kick sends Sandy sprawling into the concrete wall!**

Tyger grabs Sandy by the hair and yanks her forward—****CRASH!****—he hurls her across the hallway into another wall with brute force.

Charging in, Tanaka goes for another gut kick—but Sandy catches his leg! With a growl, she twists and takes him down to the ground!

BLACKFRONT: **What a reversal! Hardcore Sandy’s still got fight in her!**

She snatches up a nearby mop from a janitor’s bucket and starts unleashing a furious beating on Tyger with the handle.

BLACKFRONT: **Good lord! Sandy is just wearing Tyger out with that mop! Shot after shot after shot—it’s like she’s trying to beat the spirit right out of him!**

From just off to the side, ****Eyedea**** appears—arms crossed, silently watching the brutal exchange unfold.

BLACKFRONT: **And now we’ve got company... Eyedea’s just standing there, smirking, not even blinking. Doesn’t look like he plans to get involved. Not yet, anyway.**

Sandy lets out a breathless yell, landing one final shot before finally tossing the mangled mop aside. Tyger lies motionless, sprawled across the floor.

Eyedea shakes his head with a smirk and casually walks off down the hallway.

BLACKFRONT: **She may have knocked Tyger out cold! But wait—Sandy’s not done. She’s reaching down... she’s going for the mask! She’s trying to unmask Tatsumi Tyger Tanaka!!**

As she tugs at his mask—****BAM!****—Tanaka jolts up with a desperation punch straight to Sandy’s face! She falls back, stunned!

BLACKFRONT: **HE WAS PLAYING POSSUM! Tanaka had just enough left in the tank!**

Slowly, Tyger climbs to his feet, still wincing in pain. Sandy charges—but Tyger scoops her up—****BACK BODY DROP!****—right onto the hard concrete!

The crowd watching from the Tron gasps audibly in the arena.

Tyger grabs the broken mop handle and with a grimace, ****slams**** it down across Sandy’s stomach—****SNAP!****—the handle breaks in half from the impact!

BLACKFRONT: **OH MY GOD! That might’ve caused internal damage! Sandy could be seriously hurt after that shot!**

Tyger stumbles to the side, eyes landing on a wooden table leaning against the hallway wall. He drags it over and sets it up beside Sandy’s motionless body.

With effort, he pulls Sandy up by her hair. He lands a couple stiff chops to her chest—then lays her across the table.

Climbing up beside her, Tyger signals to the camera, pulling her into ****piledriver position.****

BLACKFRONT: *No way... don't do it, Tyger! Don't do it!*

****BOOM!**** Through the table, crashing down onto the concrete floor below—****PILEDRIVER THROUGH THE TABLE!**** The fans are losing it!

Tyger covers, the ref drops—

BLACKFRONT: *One! Two—WAIT! WHAT THE HELL?!*

****The Man in Black**** storms into frame—****WHACK!****—a baseball bat smashes into Tyger's spine, breaking the count!

The mysterious figure hauls Tyger up—****POWERBOMB!****—straight onto the unforgiving concrete!

He drapes Sandy's arm over Tyger. The ref, shaken but functioning, counts—

BLACKFRONT: *One... two... three! Hardcore Sandy retains! Thanks to the Man in Black, she walks out STILL Hardcore Champion!*

The Man in Black then hoists Sandy up, setting her into position for his own powerbomb—but as he lifts, his knee buckles. He stumbles back, grimacing in pain, and lowers her gently back to the ground.

BLACKFRONT: *What's wrong with him?! The Man in Black looks hurt—he's limping away now. He leaves behind a wrecked Tyger, and a dazed Sandy lying over splinters and concrete...*

The camera fades to black as it transitions into a promo for this Sunday's ****Black Horizon**** pay-per-view... then cuts to a lingering shot outside Spawn's dressing room. From behind the closed door, that now-familiar, eerie laughter can be heard...

BLACKFRONT: *We'll be right back after this commercial break!*

An Odd Spawn Moment

Segment

The Camera cuts to the back where Mr. Fantastic is standing

Devon Lynch walks up. He is bandaged up a bit and walking like he's hurt.

FANTASTIC: What the hell happened to you?

LYNCH: Oh they let Aunt Martha out of her cage for Christmas and she waddled up behind me and thought I was turkey I guess. You remember Aunt Martha from New Years last year?

FANTASTIC: (looking worried about Devon's mental stability) Yeah, big women. I gotta go Devon.

Fantastic walks off leaving Devon confused as the camera cuts to the main stage.

Brian Ironside vs. The Spectre

Match

"Outlaw Torn" by Metallica blasts through the arena. The crowd erupts in a thunderous ovation as ****Brian Ironside**** bursts through the curtain, fired up and full of energy. He sprints down the ramp, arms outstretched, slapping hands with fans on both sides.

Sliding into the ring with momentum, Ironside springs to his feet and immediately points upward at the massive steel cage that begins its descent from the rafters. He bolts to the nearest corner, climbs the turnbuckle, and throws his arms up in defiance of fate—soaking in the crowd's roar.

The mood shifts. The arena dims.

"Memphisto" by Depeche Mode plays ominously as smoke and flickering lights accompany the arrival of the ****UTA World Heavyweight Champion—Spectre****.

He steps out, cold and calculating, the championship belt glistening across his shoulder. The champion moves slowly, deliberately, circling the ring like a predator stalking its territory. He finally unclasps his title and hands it to the timekeeper's table without even looking at them.

Still outside, Spectre lifts the ring apron and peers underneath—paranoid or just thorough. He lets the apron drop, shrugs, and slowly climbs the steel steps, never taking his eyes off Ironside. Standing on the apron, he points to the title and mouths:

SPECTRE (off-mic): *You'll never touch gold.*

He steps over the top rope, entering the ring like a towering executioner. With a deep metallic slam, the cage lowers fully—trapping them both inside a hell of steel. There are no cage doors in UTA. No escapes. Only victory by climbing over the top and touching the floor.

BLACKFRONT: *Here we go, folks! Just three days away from Black Horizon, and this match could change the entire course of the event! These two warriors are locked inside steel—with no doors, no mercy, and no way out but over the top!*

The two men stare daggers through each other. Spectre taps his temple and mouths:

SPECTRE (off-mic): *I'm in your head. You can't win. It's impossible.*

Brian explodes forward—but Spectre cuts him off with a devastating ****big boot**** that drops the challenger instantly.

BLACKFRONT: *And just like that, the size advantage comes into play! Spectre is a full foot taller and fifty pounds heavier—Ironside has to fight smart tonight!*

Spectre lifts Brian and whips him hard across the ring. But Ironside slides beneath the champion's legs, pops up behind him—****BULLDOG!**** Spectre crashes face-first to the mat!

Brian rushes to the steel cage wall—he starts to climb!

BLACKFRONT: *He's going for it! Ironside might steal it early!*

But Spectre recovers, staggers to his feet, and lunges toward the cage—he grabs the fencing and begins to shake it violently. Brian loses his grip and ****falls hard to the mat below.****

Spectre turns around and wraps both hands around Brian's throat, lifting his head off the mat before slamming it viciously back down.

BLACKFRONT: *That... was unsettling. And now Spectre is LAUGHING while he strangles Brian Ironside! This man might be a monster!*

Still grinning maniacally, Spectre climbs the ropes and begins ascending the cage. Ironside lies motionless. The crowd is screaming for him to move.

Near the top, Spectre looks down... and leaps.

BLACKFRONT: *OH MY GOD!!! ELBOW DROP FROM NEAR THE TOP OF THE CAGE!! Spectre just sacrificed his own body to crush Ironside!!*

He writhes for a moment, favoring his arm—but then smirks. Reaching into his wrist tape... he pulls out a canister.

BLACKFRONT: *Wait a second... what is that...? That's... PEPPER SPRAY!!*

Spectre unloads the spray into Brian's face. Ironside screams in agony, clutching at his eyes.

BLACKFRONT: *That's despicable! That should be illegal—but in a UTA cage match, there are no rules! Just survival!*

Laughing again, Spectre makes his way to the cage wall. He starts climbing slowly, soaking in the boos.

But behind him—half-blind and battered—**Brian Ironside rises**.

BLACKFRONT: *How the hell is he on his feet?! He's climbing! He's chasing Spectre up the cage!*

Halfway up, Spectre pauses—just as Brian pulls out a **pair of handcuffs** from his trunks. With perfect timing, he slips one cuff through a cage gap and locks it around Spectre's wrist!

Before Spectre can react, Brian snaps the other cuff around the cage itself!

BLACKFRONT: *HE'S CUFFED HIM! IRONSIDE JUST HANDCUFFED THE CHAMPION TO THE CAGE!!*

The crowd goes ballistic. Spectre thrashes, furious. Brian throws his arms up in triumph atop the cage—then starts climbing down toward victory.

But suddenly—**Shasta King** emerges from the crowd and starts climbing the outside wall!

BLACKFRONT: *It's Shasta King! Another Spawn member! This is madness!*

Brian, sensing danger, climbs back inside—but King meets him and **chokeslams him hard** onto the mat! The impact echoes like thunder.

Above, **Spectre is somehow picking the lock** on the handcuffs. Meanwhile, King stomps away at Ironside mercilessly.

Mr. Fantastic now sprints down the ramp—he climbs the cage and tosses Spectre a lockpick! Then drops down into the ring to join the assault.

BLACKFRONT: *It's a damn mugging! Two members of Spawn are destroying Ironside while the champion ESCAPES!*

With the cuffs undone, Spectre finally drops to the outside floor.

BLACKFRONT: *HE'S DONE IT! Spectre has escaped! The bell rings—he retains the UTA World Heavyweight Championship!!*

The cage begins to rise as Fantastic and King exit, helping the exhausted and smug champion to his feet. Each man grabs one of Spectre's arms and raises it in triumph.

In the ring, **Brian Ironside lies unconscious and bloodied**, surrounded by broken hope and steel. The camera slowly pans in on Spectre, raising one finger high above his head.

SPECTRE (off-mic): *I'm number one.*

The screen fades to black.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite