

Ring King: 2014

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: August 24, 2014
Location: American Airlines Center — Dallas, Texas

Results

Ring King 2014

Match

As we have a black screen, the United Toughness Alliance logo fades in for a few moments before we are treated to a shot of the sold out American Airlines Center in Dallas, Texas. In the bottom left corner of your screen, the word LIVE! appear for a few seconds before disappearing.

The camera pans down and across to the top of the stage where our stage is all decked out with UTA paraphernalia.

A series of colorful pyrotechnics arranged along the edge of the stage begin to fire off, followed by a smaller series around the edge of the panels and above. To cap it off, one larger final explosion excites as it fires off from the four corners of the stage. The crowd goes absolutely bonkers.

We fade to the commentator table ringside where Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace sit, headsets on and a look of excitement on their faces. The fans in the front row behind them wave to their family and friends back home as the voices of the UTA welcome us to biggest wrestling pay-per-view of the summer.

Blackfront: Welcome everybody to a HUGE show. I'm Jason Blackfront. Joining me tonight on this action packed show is my broadcast partner, Tommy Ace!

Ace: Man am I excited to be here Jason for this absolutely huge show here in the sold out American Airlines Center where we may have a new champion.

Blackfront: On the edition of Wrestleshow two weeks ago we saw as tonight's main event was set up.

Ace: That's right! Perfection finally put a stop to that fat idiot, Yoshii!

Blackfront: Using a chair while the referee was out of commission, Perfection became the two thousand and fourteen Ring King as well as secured his spot into tonight's main event!

Ace: I can't wait to see Perfection hold the title up!

Blackfront: We also may see a new internet champion as the undefeated CBR, Dan Benson.

Ace: I haven't been able to sleep the last week Jason, tonight is what it is all about!

Blackfront: Well, are you ready Tommy?

Ace: I was born ready for tonight Jason!

Blackfront: Well folks, sit back.. relax and enjoy as we bring to you excitement only like the United Toughness Alliance can!

The camera slowly pans across the screaming fans.

He is a Legend

We find ourselves backstage at the American Airlines Center in Dallas, Texas. The winner of the Ring King Fan Vote, La Flama Blanca stands with Jamie Sawyers.

Sawyers: We on?

He nods.

Sawyers: Flama Blanca, the fans have spoken and they voted you onto the Pay Per View this evening. How does that make you feel?

Blanca: It feels great Jamie. Chicanos!

The fans inside the arena go crazy.

Blanca: I have a mixed feeling to be honest. Yes, it's great that the people want to see me here in Dallas. That makes back to back Pay Per Views for the Luchador. That part is great but going against... Chris Hopper... come on man!

The cruiserweight chuckles.

Sawyers: This fan vote got pretty heated on Twitter between yourself and Will Haynes. Some things were said that... probably shouldn't have been said.

Blanca: I won't speak about that until the time is right. What I will say is Will Haynes and La Flama Blanca will see each other in the ring. I didn't get a chance to see him at Wrestleshow earlier. I was getting ready for my match with Hopper. Glad the fans saw through the B.S. and picked me.

Sawyers: Tonight, you face "The King of Cool" Chris Hopper. Many generations of wrestling fan will be tuning in to see this match.

Blanca: I had only heard about him a little. When I asked around it blew people's minds that I wasn't as familiar with him. So I looked him up and found out a lot. He is a legend. I could go on all day about Chris' accomplishments.

Blanca stops smiling and gets serious.

Blanca: But I won't. Hopper, I know it's not easy to just walk away from the business. Old timers just can't turn off the switch. The competition, the fans, the money, the feeling of being the big swinging... around the locker room. My father didn't want to hang 'em up. Everyone has to do it. No escaping it.

The camera cuts to ring side to catch the fans looking up at the Tough Tron to watch La Flama Blanca on the big screen.

Blanca: Things have been rocky as of late. Wouldn't it be something if I the little luchador beat the big bad Chris Hopper. I'm going to take you to your limit Chris. Do you still have it? How are your knees going to hold up? How about your back? This is a young man's game Chris.

Blanca looks right into the camera.

Blanca: I respect everything you've done for this business, Mr. Hopper. You had your time in the sun. It's time for the young stars of this business to get their time to shine. I'm stepping from the shadows and I'm walking into the light. Tonight, the UTA Universe will see La Flama Blanca take on Chris Hopper. People will remember where they were when they saw this match.

Blanca pauses and looks at Jamie Sawyers.

Blanca: This is just another opportunity that I can't let slip through my fingers. I'm ready Chris. I know you will be too.

The feed cuts on the Tough Tron. Jamie Sawyers and La Flama Blanca stand as the camera lights go off.

Blanca: Nice suit, Jamie.

Sawyers: Oh thanks, Eddie.

Blanca: You've been dressing real sharp lately.

Sawyers: I came into some money when my Uncle passed away. I hadn't seen him in twenty years and the guy leaves me fifty grand.

Blanca: Geeez.

Sawyers: I know. Hey good luck man.

The two men shake hands and Blanca heads towards the entrance ramp.

Opposites Attract

Blackfront: Well folks, a little later on tonight we will see Conrad Teller face off against Apollo Cain in a Steel Cage match... but earlier today, Conrad had an announcement to make about his Wildfire Championship defense coming up.

Ace: What we are about to show you transpired earlier today at a press conference called by Conrad Teller.

The camera cuts to a shot of Conrad Teller sat out in front of a bunch of microphones. His VCW Wildfire Championship is slung over his shoulder and everyone inside the crowded room of reporters and dirt sheet writers is on the edge of their seats waiting for Conrad to begin.

Teller: I would first like to thank everyone for coming down today.

The crowd responds enthusiastically.

Teller: The announcement I'm about to release was not made lightly, and I'm really excited to finally be able to let the cat out of the bag."

The crowd murmurs with excitement.

Teller: As you all know, my match with Mike Harrison for the Wildfire Championship was recently changed to a triple threat involving Hex Girl... which was then changed back to a singles bout - against Hex only... but that doesn't mean I don't still get the chance to pick the stipulation for said match.

The crowd hums in unison as they realize what Conrad's announcement is going to be.

Teller: And I'll be doing that... right now.

Teller smirks but the crowd doesn't seem to have time for it, heckling him to reveal the stipulation.

Teller: Don't worry, I won't keep you in suspense any longer. The stipulation to TNR's Wildfire Championship match will be... Ladder rules!

The crowd cheers the stipulation as Conrad immediately uses his hands to signal them to calm down.

Teller: I knew I was going to make this match a ladder match from the moment it was announced. Why you ask? Well, to be fair of course. I defeated Harrison in a ladder match for this Gold.

Con slaps the gold plates of the Championship slung over his shoulder.

Teller: I wanted to give him a rematch that was also Ladder rules - and even though he isn't involved anymore, I still want Ladder rules. Now, as for Hex Girl, I have nothing but respect for the girl. To be able to hold her own in the VCW is an impressive feat, but ladder matches...

Cain: Whoa, whoa, whoa... what the hell do we have here?

Apollo Cain suddenly appears from the rear of the room...the peanut gallery goes bonkers at his arrival. He will be facing off with the VCW Wildfire Champion at Ring King representing the UTA. These two have a very troubled path and the instances in which they were close turned into two surprise altercations. Cain struts from the back of the room with mic in hand, the frustration and surprise on Teller's face says it all.

Cain: I hope your telling these mindless idiots about how you *Bleep*-ed me over when we were in prison and you're not the freakin' messiah you claim to be.

Teller: Cain, stay out of this. I'm gonna take care of you come Sunday at Ring King.

Cain: Oh yeah, you're gonna take care of me - like you did in Allenwood? Befriend me and then turn your back when the fire gets hot? *Bleep* you Teller!

Cain continually moves toward the front of the room, a few security guards stand in his path but he warns them off with nothing more than a look.

Cain: A lot can happen in 12 hours, Conrad. That's an eternity...and well, quite frankly, I'm getting a little restless.

Cain takes off full sprint for Conrad Teller. Teller gets ready and delivers a stiff right to Apollo's jaw as Cain spears into him, toppling over the VCW background in the process. Security guards and VCW officials clamor to the stage where the brawl is taking place. The two ex-convicts roll around landing blows on each other...neither taking a decided advantage. After a solid minute of punching, scraping and clawing the pair is finally broken up.

Cain has a small trickle of blood from his mouth, staining his gold teeth with a crimson shield. Teller has blood coming from his mouth but both men keep a watchful eye on one another. Cain motions for a mic as security stands in between them.

Cain: Four moth-*Bleep*-in' days Conrad! You...me...and the steel where we first met.

Cain spits blood from his mouth.

Cain: They saved you from an asswhippin' today Teller...but at Ring King there's nowhere to go but up!

Cain fires the mic at Teller, narrowly missing him before he walks back toward the rear. He gives the Johnny Manziel middle finger as he exits. Conrad Teller, meanwhile, plays damage control - making sure everyone in attendance is ok and remaining calm. The cameras cut back to Blackfront and Ace at ringside.

Blackfront: Wow! After watching that, I think I'm even MORE excited to watch this cage match coming up.

Ace: I know! I can't wait to see Apollo put Conrad in his place.

Blackfront: What are you talking about Ace, you know Conrad Teller is going to make Cain snap.

Ace: We'll see, we'll see.

CHRIS HOPPER VERSUS LA FLAMA BLANCA

A loud voice booms over the PA system.

VOICE: MAKE WAY FOR THE KING OF COOL !!!

The lights go out suddenly as the beginning strums of "TNT" by AC/DC start to blare over the loudspeakers. The crowd erupts with a huge face pop as the screen lights up with images of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper. The music plays for a bit and then burst into the chorus.

CHORUS:

'Cause I'm

#T.#

Quick clip of the final second of Hopper landing the Icebreaker on Jinsei Shakanuzi. Followed by a Black letter "T" filling the screen for a second.

#N.#

Quick clip of the final second of Hopper landing the Icebreaker on Robert Hensch. Followed by a Black letter "N" filling the screen for a second.

#T.#

Quick clip of the final second of Hopper landing the Icebreaker on the SECW's Tommy Gilstrap. Followed by a Black letter "T" filling the screen for a second.

#I'm dynamite #

Clip of Hopper's eight foot tall name molding exploding at the entranceway during a TV show. Fireworks are blazing all around.

#T.#

Hopper nailing a DDT on Gorilla in NeCW. Followed by a Black letter "T" filling the screen for a second.

#N.#

Quick clip of the final second of Hopper landing the Icebreaker on Scimitar in SECW. Followed by a Black letter "N" filling the screen for a second.

#T.#

Hopper swinging the aluminum bat right into Extreme's leg at November Nightmare '98. Followed by a Black letter "T" filling the screen for a second.

and I'll win the fight

Camera swings away from the screen at this point.

Hopper then enters the arena and the attention is off the big screen. The music continues through the chorus as Hopper struts down to the ring. Hopper is wearing a T-shirt that says "Nose Bleed Pie!" on the front and "Too Cool" Chris Hopper on the back. He reaches the ring as the chorus ends and another instrumental has begun. Hopper enters the ring and works the crowd from each turnbuckle as he waits for the start of the match.

Going Down by Freddie King begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain. He walks down the ramp and slaps the hands of the fans.

When he finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the outside and hops up to the top rope and then drops into the ring.

Blackfront: We're about to see a true David and Goliath match here as Chris Hopper towers over La Flama Blanca.

Pure brute strength and power being his allies. However, both of these men feed on respect of the business and their opponents. If anyone can make magic happen tonight with Chris Hopper, it's La Flama Blanca.

Ace: I don't care for Hopper myself, but to see someone as big as him destroy La Flama Blanca? It's like Santa came early this year!

Blackfront: Well, he did a couple months ago during the Whell of Chance episode of Wrestleshow.

Ace: Thanks for reminding me of that. Good way to ruin my mood.

The bell begins to sound as both men walk to the center of ring. La Flama Blanca stares up at Chris Hopper with determination in his eyes. The fans are screaming as the action is about to start.

Blackfront: Here we go!

Ace: look at Blanca. You know he is sweating bullets under that mask.

La Flama Blanca takes off to the side, hitting the ropes as Chris turns and prepares for him.

Blackfront: Hopper steps forward, La Flama Blanca under his legs.

Chris Hopper stops and twist around as La Flama Blanca quickly rolls up to his feet. He moves to the right as he turns around, maneuvering behind Hopper. Chris quickly swings his right arm out as he twist around.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca using his quickness early on. Ducks the arm of Chris Hopper.

As he ducks, Hopper's momentum takes him off balance for just a moment which is long enough for La Flama Blanca to leap up and twist around with a spinning heel kick, catching Chris Hopper in the stomach.

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick by Blanca.

Chris is sent stumbling back just a hair as La Flama Blanca takes off again. He hits the ropes and returns. Chris hopper throws a boot up, but La Flama Blanca does a baseball slide under his leg and leaps up quickly. As Chris Hopper brings his foot down, La Flama Blanca jumps up and throws a leg behind him, kicking Chris Hopper in the behind. Chris stumbles forward.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca takes off again. Off the ropes. Hopper regains his balance. Turns around.. Blanca leaps...

La Flama Blanca throws both legs out and catches Chris Hopper in the gut. Chris is sent stumbling backward again. He catches himself in the ropes.

Blackfront: Somehow... some way... La Flama Blanca is controlling this match!

Ace: This is horrible!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca on a roll. He runs!

La Flama Blanca leaps up at the very moment Chris Hopper moves to the side, holding the top rope, and pulling it down with him. La Flama Blanca flies out of the ring. As he comes down, he violently hits the side of the commentator's table. His body is jolted back, and Blanca twist over and down to the ground, holding his body in pain.

Blackfront: Oh my God. La Flama Blanca may be hurt. he hit the side our table here with a lot of force.

Ace: YES!

Chris Hopper holds the top ropes and looks down at La Flama Blanca who has yet to move.

Blackfront: Yea. La Flama Blanca is hurt folks.

Chris Hopper runs his hand through his hair, showing some concern. The referee doesn't even count. He quickly exits to the apron and jumps down to floor before running over to check on La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: The referee checking on la Flama Blanca. I think this one may be over folks.

Ace: This is the best day of my life! The only thing that will make it better is when I see Sean Jackson destroy The Spectre, and then Perfection become the UTA Champion!

La Flama Blanca begins to move. He can be seen shaking his head No to the referee.

Blackfront: It appears La Flama Blanca is telling the referee he wants to continue.

Ace: What an idiot.

Chris Hopper smiles and shakes his head, almost as if gaining even more respect for his opponent. La Flama Blanca reaches back and up, using the table to start pulling himself up. His other arm, held close to his body. Although he is in a mask, you can see the pain on his face.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca is hurt, but wanting to continue as he rolls back into the ring.

Ace: Good. Maybe Chris Hopper will end him for good.

Chris Hopper takes some steps back, allowing La Flama Blanca to get up.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper showing respect to La Flama Blanca. I just don't see how he can continue.

Hopper looks at La Flama Blanca, who is now on his feet, right arm still held close to his bdy. He can be seen mouthing You sure you want to continue? Blanca nods as the referee checks on him one last time as well.

Blackfront: We're back to business now as La Flama Blanca ensures everyone he is ready to continue this match. This man has nothing but heart!

Ace: I wish he has a broken arm!

Blackfront: He might Tommy. We do not know the extent of his injuries.

Chris Hopper moves in. He reaches out, grabs La Flama Blanca's left arm, and uses it to send him across the ring. As La Flama Blanca hits the ropes, Chris bends down to catch him. However, La Flama Blanca, keeping his right arm tucked in, jumps up and literally rolls across the back of Chris Hopper. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Hopper back up and turns. La Flama Blanca with a kick... caught by Chris Hopper!

As Chris holds Blanca's leg, he leaps on one before jumping up and spinning around.

Blackfront: ENZIGURI!!!

Ace: COME ON!

The crack of la Flama Blanca's foot hitting the side of Chris Hopper's head can be heard loud as Hopper is sent down to one leg. Protecting his right arm, La Flama Blanca gets up again. He takes a few steps away, turns, and runs at Chris Hopper, leaping up and throwing his legs around Chris' neck.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca looking to go for a hurricarrana...

As Blanca leans back, Chris places his arms up and grabs the back of La Flama Blanca. He rises up to his feet, and lifts Blanca into a power bomb position.

Blackfront: It looks like La Flama Blanca is about to go for a ride here!

Ace: His cockiness backfired! he should have given up when he had the chance!

Chris, still holding La Flama Blanca, starts running forward. However, La Flama Blanca leans forward himself, and with the agility he has, is able to thrust himself over Chris Hopper's head. He slides down, head first, and although it causes him enormous pain, throws both arms around the waist of Chris Hopper. La Flama Blanca's throws his legs back.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca going for some form of a sunset flip into a powerbomb on Chris Hopper?!!!!

His feet just hit the mat, and La Flama Blanca is just arched, still holding Hopper's waist. Chris pries his hands apart, and La Flama Blanca collapses to the mat.

Ace: And he fails!

Blackfront: Chris Hopper now lifting La Flama Blanca back up.

He puts La Flama Blanca's head between his legs, grabs his waist and lifts.

Blackfront: Blanca up again. Hopper forward.. he tosses him!!! POWERBOMB!

La Flama Blanca's arms go straight out as his upper back hits the canvas hard. Not wanting to chance hurting La Flama Blanca any more than he already is, Chris Hopper walks over and drops to his knees... lightly covering him.

Blackfront: This one is over. La Flama Blanca is hurt and there is just so much of a size difference, there's no way he can win this one.

The referee moves into position and begins his count. However, the pin is so light that La Flama Blanca kicks out at two. The fans go berserk.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca refusing to give up! That's that heart I was talking about.

Ace: No, that's that stupidity I continue to talk about. Just stay down you masked idiot.

Chris just smiles and shakes his head. He pushes his way to his feet. La Flama Blanca, still in a lot of pain rolls over and begins to crawl toward the ropes. Chris Hopper steps forward and reaches down. He grabs La Flama Blanca by the waist and lifts him up, displaying his power.

Blackfront: Belly to back here by Chris Hopper. Hopper lifts... German Suplex!

Ace: Break his neck!

La Flama Blanca seems to be out. Chris Hopper once again, turns over and moves up covering La Flama Blanca. The referee drops.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper looking to end this one again.

However, La Flama Blanca is somehow able to get his leg up and on the ropes. The referee stops his count and gets to his knees pointing. Chris just looks over and smiles.

Blackfront: Even Chris Hopper can't believe the heart that La Flama Blanca is showing tonight.

Ace: This guy really is asking for a beating isn't he?

Chris puts his hands up as he stands up, and takes a step back. A La Flama Blanca chant breaks out in the crowd.

Blackfront: These fans behind the underdog here tonight.

La Flama Blanca begins to get up, his body in pain, his arms till hurt. As he is almost up, Chris Hopper runs toward him.

Blackfront: Running knee lifted by Chris Hopper, catching La Flama Blanca in the face!

La Flama Blanca is sent backwards into the corner post. Chris Hopper grabs the top rope and begins using them to thrust his shoulder into the chest and mid section of La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper now lifting La Flama Blanca up, sitting him on the top turnbuckle.

Ace: Finish him!

Chris Hopper begins to climb up. He wraps his arm around the neck of La Flama Blanca, and hooks his thighs.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper 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: ARE YOU SERIOUS?!

The fans are on their feet.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca refuses to give up!

La Flama Blanca turns over and draps his left arm over Chris Hopper. As the referee drops he only gets a one count before Hopper pushes La Flama Blanca off of him.

Blackfront: Hopper has shown a lot of respect for La Flama Blanca tonight, but that only goes so far. you have to think he is getting frusterated that la Flama Blanca just wont stay down.

Ace: I'm getting frusterated at it!

Chris turns over and gets up, pulling La Flama Blanca up with him. As Blanca is halfway up, Chris 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... PILED RIVER!

La Flama Blanca's head pops off of the canvas as Hopper just looks at him.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca is out.

Ace: FINALLY!

Blackfront: Chris Hopper going for the cover, yet again.

The referee drops down and begins to count. This time he hits three and the bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper does it. He puts La Flama Blanca away, but boy did Blanca give him a hell of a match!

Ace: I hope after this, La Flama Blanca is too hurt to ever return!

Announcer: Your winner, as a result of a pin fall..... CHRIS.... HOPPPEEEERRRR!!!!

Chris Hopper gets to his feet and raises one arm as La Flama Blanca is still out on the canvas. He watches as the referee checks on Blanca. Finally, La Flama Blanca, starts to sit up. Chris bends down and extends a hand. After a moment, La Flama Blanca takes it and is helped up to his feet.

Blackfront: Much respect there between those two. I don't think Chris Hopper thought it would be as difficult of a match as it was, but tonight La Flama Blanca had to have made a lot of people in the back a believer.

Ace: All he did was make me sick.

Angry Phonecall

Cut to the backstage area, the camera moves down a long hallway, there seems to be quite the commotion coming from inside the room at the end of the corridor.

KVT: What do you mean? Did he make an attempt on his life so he can't wrestle? He didn't succeed did he? He's a live isn't he? So why the BEEP isn't he here?

There's a pause in the commotion and the door to KVTs locker room swings open. A sneaky look in from the camera man reveals overturned chairs, clothes strewn about and a pile of shattered glass, which assumingly were the wine glasses that had been left for the First Lady of the UTA on her dresser.

KVT scowls at the cameraman as she pushes him out of the door and out of her way. She's wearing her normal black and pink kick but has a loose black chiffon untied kimono on her top half. It is now obvious she is on the phone as she paces the hall way.

KVT : Wingate, I am not going to go traipsing around this god forsaken dump they call an arena looking for you to discuss this.

KVT stands still for a moment and rolls her eyes as she listens to the response.

KVT: No you don't get it. He signed a contract, he should be here. He's not crippled. He forfeits.

KVT: What do you mean they don't know how long he's going to be there?

KVT: Right, find out where he is and I'll sort this damned mess myself.

KVT cuts the call.

KVT: Never send a man to do a woman's job...

She notices the cameraman is still stood there and steps towards him.

KVT: Can I help you?

She asks him almost rhetorically, the cameraman shakes his head 'no'

KVT: Then get the hell out of my way.

KVT barges past him once again and back into her locker room, slamming the door behind her.

The Communication Problem Will Soon Be Solved

The camera comes to life with backstage reporter Jamie Sawyers standing in front of the camera. As he raises the mic to his mouth, Sean Jackson steps into the picture on one side and Marshall Owens enters from the other side. However, Marshall does have teddy in his hand.

Sawyers: Mr. Jackson, tonight you go one on one for the first time in an UTA ring. Any thoughts while I have you here?

Sean smiles slightly.

Jackson: Oh yes Jamie, I've got several thoughts on the Spectre. But, most can't be said in front of the camera. However, I will make a few comments on a few statements made by the Spectre since he arrived for the first time at Black Horizon. You see, he's gone on record several times to say that there's been a communication problem between us.

Sean turns to face Jamie.

Jackson: But that's been his problem and not mine. You see Jamie, I didn't show up at Black Horizon to screw up one of his matches. I didn't show up at Black Horizon to cost him the UTA championship. I didn't show up at the Chamber in Wheeling, West Virginia to screw Spectre out of anything....

As Sean speaks, Marshall slightly lowers his head, hiding a grin behind teddy.

Jackson: But yet, there's Spectre screaming to the heavens on how I need to ditch Vanessa because she's trying to destroy professional wrestling.

Sawyers: Well Sean, there is some truth to the Spectre's words. He's clearly stated that he wants to see you....

Jackson: Oh yes Jamie, I'm quite sure Spectre would want to see me kick Vanessa to the curb, to completely get rid of her. But the reality of that is the fact that ever since Vanessa has come into my life, I've been on top of the wrestling world. Spectre knows that before Vanessa, I was nothing more than a blip on the radar. I was someone who couldn't even be mentioned in the same breath as Spectre. But now, NOW I'm a man who Spectre has chased all the way to Wrestle UTA....

Sean points towards the ringside area of the building.

Jackson: All the way here to my hometown of Dallas, Texas.

Sean turns his attention from Jamie Sawyers, and towards the camera.

Jackson: And I know why you've chased me Spectre. You've chased me here because you still think there's a chance, that there's some hope you aren't too late to save UTA.

The camera pans in slightly.

Jackson: But unfortunately Spectre, you ARE too late. You wanted to be that hero, who came in to save the wrestling world from the cancer known as Sean Jackson....

The smile from Marshall gets larger, he's not even trying to hide it now.

Jackson: But because you didn't have the guts to do it at Black Horizon. Because you couldn't muster up the cajones of a card board cutout at the Chamber, there's no way you'll get the job done now.

Marshall lets out a boisterous laugh, throwing his head back in complete jubilation.

Jackson: Because UTA is no longer a place for a hero. Especially a hero who's better days are behind him.

With that, Sean and Marshall walk away, leaving Jamie Sawyers by himself in front of the camera.

APOLLO CAIN VERSUS CONRAD TELLER

"I'm So Hood" explodes from the PA system and from behind the curtain emerges the hulking Cain. Cain stops at the entrance and looks to the left and the right with a scowl on his face. He looks down the ramp to the twenty foot high steel cage surrounding the ring.

Blackfront: On his way to the ring, here comes Apollo Cain.

Ace: These two are going to feel nice and warm inside the cage. Just like being at home.

As the beat drops he pounds his heart with his right hand, roars and throws open his arms. Cain stalks to the ring bobbing his head with fire in his eyes.

Ace: This guy is a flipping beast! Look at him! He probably had the most cigarettes in the joint!

Blackfront: Apollo Cain making his way into the ring. Tonight is a big match in his young UTA career. Conrad Teller, quickly becoming a top star here in UTA and Apollo Cain inside a cage live on Pay Per View..

Ace: I can't wait for him to beat the holy hell out of that bum, Conrad Teller. I hope one of them doesn't try to shive the other. I might have warrants in certain states I can't mention.

Blackfront: I'll never understand you Ace.

Ace: I don't even understand myself, Jason.

Apollo Cain walks around the ring side area looking at the cage. He drags his fingers against the cold steel. He

continues walking and walks through the door of the cage. He bounces around inside the ring and gets showered in boos.

Blackfront: Cain stands inside the cell. Teller about to make his way to the ring. Ace, a very good matchup, definitely something you'd pay to see on Pay Per View.

Ace: Absolutely, Jason. Teller has been hot as of late but tonight it ends.

Cain stretches his arms and cracking his neck waiting for his opponent to come to the ring.

"Now it's On" hits and the crowd goes wild as Convict steps out on stage. Con sports his typical bright orange prison scrubs, of which he loses the shirt and tosses it into the crowd as he makes it to the bottom of the runway. He looks into the ring, staring at Apollo Cain as he stands in the cage.

Ace: Tonight, is the night this guy loses. I'm tired of Teller. He's got nowhere to hide in the cage.

Blackfront: So you are an Apollo Cain fan now?

Ace: I love Cain. What's not to like? He's got all the tools to be the best in the business. He keeps it real and right now Teller needs a Reality Check.

Blackfront: Stop it.

Teller stands at the entrance to the cage, before entering the ring Conrad crosses himself and whispers an inaudible amen before he's ready to go. He now stands across from Cain. He stares over at Apollo Cain who hasn't taken his eyes off Teller. Cain points at Teller and mouths something at him.

Ace: Some good ole fashioned mind games being played by Apollo Cain.

Conrad Teller beckons Cain to come at him. Apollo gives Teller a big smile.

Blackfront: Conrad looks very confident. These two men got into it at last Wrestleshow.

Ace: Some backstage beef is going to get settled right now in that very ring. Did we mention it's inside a steel cage? Cuz it is.

The bell sounds and the two walk to the middle of the ring. Conrad Teller puts his hand up and quickly Apollo Cain goes for a lock up.

Blackfront: Going to see a a battle of strength right now.

Apollo Cain lands a quick boot to the midsection of Teller.

Ace: I like it Jason, I like it. Cain, taking the offensive right away.

Apollo lands several elbows onto Conrad Teller's back. Conrad staggers to the ropes as Cain continues to attack.

Ace: Cain keeps it up and he'll get this win tonight.

Blackfront: Cain now takes Teller and Irish Whips him into the ropes.

Conrad Teller bounces off the ropes and comes back at Cain with a shoulder.

Blackfront: Cain hits the mat. Teller is a very strong man.

Ace: Teller is letting Cain get back to his feet. You can tell this guy is a rookie. Classic mistake.

Teller gives Cain a boot into the midsection. He lifts Cain's head and lands a hard right on his chin. Cain starts to fight back with his own hard rights.

Ace: These guys are going right for right.

Blackfront: Cain goes for a Belly to Belly, uh Teller spins the two and connects with his own Suplex.

The fans erupt.

Ace: Looked like a shower scene on OZ, Jason.

Apollo Cain gets to his feet with Teller moving in quick.

Blackfront: Anyway, Teller to his feet giving a succession of Boot Stomps to the side of Apollo Cain.

Ace: Teller is going to send Cain into the ropes.

Cain runs across the ring and bounces off the ropes. Teller puts his head down to send Cain across the ring into the cage.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain with a quick Swinging Neckbreaker on Teller.

Ace: Another rookie mistake, Jason.

Cain goes to grab Teller to bring him to his feet.

Ace: Teller trying to fight of the hulking Cain.

Blackfront: Cain returns with some fists of his own.

Cain lands some elbows to the top of Conrad's skull.

Blackfront: Cain picks Teller up to his feet and looks like he's going to toss Conrad into the cage.

Teller puts his foot up to stop Cain's attack. Teller chops Cain in the chest. Cain punches Teller in the side and tries once agin to throw Conrad into the cage.

Ace: Teller just won't stop.

Blackfront: Lot of fight in that young man.

Teller fights Cain and is able to smash the face of Apollo Cain into the steel cage.

The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Teller ducks a wild right from Cain and sends the "Black Hulk" into the cage.

Apollo Cain grabs at his face. Teller goes after Cain.

Blackfront: Teller going after Apollo Cain, oh man!

Apollo Cain picks Conrad up and tosses him into the steel cage.

Ace: Over the ropes and into the hard steel. Gotta love it!

Cain goes to bring Teller to his feet. Teller trips Cain up and sends the Black Hulk to the mat.

Ace: Teller lands some boots to the knee of Apollo Cain.

Blackfront: He's going for a Boston Crab.

Ace: Too early for that Teller. Work the legs more.

Cain is close to the ropes. He screams out in pain and tries to bring the two closer to the ropes.

Blackfront: Teller trying to wrench back on that Crab.

Ace: Trying to take Cain's wheels away from him. Smart move by Teller.

Apollo Cain powers himself to the ropes and grabs them for dear life.

Ace: Cain saved himself from losing this match.

Teller lets the hold go and turns to start kicking at Cain's leg.

Ace: Teller might cripple Cain here.

Teller grabs Cain by the head and pushes him into the corner of the ring.

Blackfront: Teller landing some heavy knees in the corner.

Ace: Cain needs to turn this around and quick.

Apollo Cain is able to spin Teller and is able to go on the offensive.

Ace: Big European Uppercuts by Cain.

Blackfront: The action keeps going back and forth in this one Tommy.

Ace: These two men don't like each other Jason. I think they had a sour bid in the bing.

Blackfront: What?

Ace: Nevermind. Teller gets whipped into the corner.

Apollo Cain takes a bit of a squatting stance and begins to charge at Conrad. Teller bounces back from the ropes.

Ace: SPEAR!

Teller goes for a Drop Toe Hold and is successful.

Blackfront: Cain get's sent through ropes and into the steel cage! What a reversal!

Ace: These fans are loving it! He got lucky, Blackfront. Remember that.

Blackfront: Teller looks like he is in the driver seat of this one.

Teller lands quick boots as Cain gets to his feet. Teller lands a High Knee.

Ace: Cain is seeing birds after that one.

Teller bounces off the ropes.

Blackfront: Teller going for something right here, Spinebuster! Cain hit a Spinebuster!

Teller lifts his back from the mat. He grabs at his back and rolls back and forth in agony. Cain holds his head and turns to face Conrad.

Ace: This one is getting good. The fans are on their feet!

The referee starts his Ten Count.

Blackfront: Both Cain and Teller are down.

Ace: Come on Apollo!

The referee is currently at Five.

Ace: This match can't end like this.

Both men start to regain themselves. Teller is lifting himself off the mat as Cain tries to use the ropes to get him to his feet.

Blackfront: The ref stops his count. This match continues.

Ace: Teller should have stayed down.

Blackfront: Cain drops to a knee and sends a Chop to the chest of Conrad Teller.

Cain starts to choke Teller in the corner as the ref starts the Five Count.

Ace: Choke him Apollo!

Blackfront: Cain trying to send a message tonight.

Cain breaks the hold and goes back to work. Apollo Cain lands hard fists to the back of Conrad Teller. Apollo grabs Teller and goes for an Irish Whip.

Blackfront: Irish Whip by Cain, now Teller trying to Irish Whip Cain.

Ace: Teller is going to send Cain into the ropes.

Cain runs across the ring and bounces off the ropes. Teller puts his head down to send Cain across the ring into the cage.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain with a quick Swinging Neckbreaker on Teller.

Ace: Another rookie mistake, Jason.

Apollo Cain jumps over to Teller and quickly gets a side mount. He grabs the head of Teller and lands left after left.

Ace: Get him Apollo!

The referee starts a five count.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain taking the count to four.

Apollo Cain gets up and starts walking around the ring. He grabs the ropes and starts to climb. He gets to the middle of the cage as Teller comes to.

Ace: Come on Apollo. Teller is getting up.

Conrad Teller finally gets to his feet. Apollo Cain is reaching the top of the cage as Conrad grabs his foot to keep him in.

Blackfront: Cain kicking at Teller now.

Cain breaks free from Teller sending him to the mat. Teller rushes back up and goes back for Cain.

Ace: Conrad doesn't have any quit. Keeps coming back for more. Glutton for punishment.

Teller tries to climb the cage to bring Cain back into the ring. The two fight while holding onto the cage.

Ace: Cain is a hulk. Teller can't handle the super human strength of Apollo Cain.

Blackfront: Teller looks like he's going for something. Is he?

Ace: He is! Wooooo!

The two come crashing to the mat after a Russian Legsweep off the steel cage.

Blackfront: Oh my.

The fans go crazy. Conrad Teller turns over and begins to push himself up.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller to his feet.

He looks around and begins to head for the cage as Apollo Cain begins to get up behind him. Conrad turns to see Apollo who rushes forward raising his knee to the midsection of Teller..

Blackfront: This one is far from over!

Ace: Come on Apollo!

Blackfront: Cain now lifting the head of Conrad Teller up. He comes forward with a thunderous chop across the chest of the Wildfire Champion.

Conrad grabs his chest and stumbles around, facing away from Apollo Cain.

Blackfront: Cain back and off the ropes, bull dog! He plants Conrad Teller into the canvas, face first.

The fans begin to boo even louder as Apollo Cain gets to his feet. Conrad Teller rolls around holding his head.

Blackfront: Cain back to his feet. He now stomps away at the head of Teller.

Apollo Cain continues to stomp before dropping to his knees above Conrad. He grabs his head and picks him up, wrapping his arms around the neck of Teller.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain now applying a sleeper hold to Teller. If he can render him unconscious he can easily climb over the cage.

Conrad flails his arms, trying to break free, but just allows Cain to get a better grip.

Blackfront: He is using that brute strength to try and put him out.

Teller is able to get his fingers up and into the eyes of Apollo who briefly legs go.

Blackfront: Conrad trying to get away.

Apollo shakes it off and headbutts Conrad in the back of the head.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller able to get away from Cain, but he needs a lot more to get into this thing. Cain pushes to his feet and stomps over, bringing a foot down to the back of the head of Conrad Teller.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain lifting Teller to his feet.

He turns Conrad around and grabs his arm.

Blackfront: Cain whips Teller into the ropes.

As Conrad approaches the ropes, he leaps up and grabs onto the cage. His feet fly around for a second before catching the second rope allowing him to try and climb up.

Blackfront: Teller trying to make a quick escape.

Ace: Go get him Apollo!

Apollo runs over and grabs the feet of Conrad Teller and yanks him back. Conrad flies from the side of the cage backwards, and slams hard into the mat.

Blackfront: It was a good attempt, but a failed one. Cain quickly back to his feet, goes back to work, stomping away at Conrad's side.

Conrad turns over to his stomach, reach out as if trying to reach for the ropes. Cain just smiles as he walks above him.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain now stomping the outstretched fingers of Conrad Teller!

Ace: If he can't use his hands, he can't climb!

The fans continue to get louder with their jeers as Apollo lifts Conrad back to his feet.

Blackfront: Teller whipped hard into the corner by Apollo Cain.

Apollo Cain walks over and grabs the top ropes, using them for leverage as he raises his leg up, putting his foot into the throat of Conrad.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain choking his opponent. This is perfectly legal in this type of match.

Ace: Perfectly legal, and perfectly brutal.

Apollo pulls his foot down and steps back. Conrad is only held up by the way he is leaning on the turnbuckle. Cain heads back a few feet, and turns back to Teller. He runs and lifts his leg as he crashes into Conrad.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain still dishing out the punishment to Conrad Teller.

Ace: He is having fun while doing it as well.

Apollo Cain grabs the middle ropes and uses them to add force as he slams his shoulder into Conrad's stomach, following with a second. As he steps back, Teller falls forward and to the mat, holding his mid section.

Blackfront: I'm not sure if Conrad Teller is going to be able to get back to his feet after the assault from Apollo Cain.

Apollo taps Conrad with his foot. Once he sees that he is down, Cain turns back to the cage and reaches up, grabbing it.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain now climbing the side of the cage. I think this one may be over.

Ace: Conrad isn't getting up. There's just no way.

The fans are on their feet, screaming hate toward Cain who continues to climb. Teller slowly crawls a few inches before turning over to his back and looking up.

Blackfront: Conrad moving, but not at any pace to stop Apollo Cain now.

Teller sees and sits up. He gets to his feet, slowly stumbling toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Come on Conrad! You need to pull yourself together!

Teller throws an arm up and grabs the cage. He starts to climb, obviously not at a healthy pace at all.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain three-fourths of the way up that cage. He is home free.

Ace: I don't know Jason, Conrad is now gaining on him.

Teller climbs a bit and reaches, unable to grab Apollo. He climbs a bit more before stopping and reaching again. This time he touches Apollo's boot.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain now sees that Conrad Teller is right below him.

Cain pulls the foot up and puts it into the cage opening before continuing to climb.

Blackfront: Teller reaching deep inside of him and continues to climb.

The fans start screaming for Conrad as he continues up. He reaches and is able to grab Apollo Cain's lowest boot.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller has ahold of Apollo Cain's foot!

He begins to try to pull, but is still weak from the attack and having to climb. Cain tries to continue up but can't.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain trying to kick Teller down.

Conrad, with one last burst of energy, pulls Cain's foot and uses it to get him self up a bit more. He grabs the shin of Apollo Cain and holds on. Cain's feet come off of the cage and he tries to hold on with his arms.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain trying to hold on but his weight and Conrad Teller's is just too much!

Both men fall backward from the side of the cage to the mat below. As they hit hard, the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller somehow able to stop Apollo Cain from advancing but at what cost?

Ace: Conrad is hurt Jason. That fall did him no favors.

Both men lay on the mat, breathing hard.

Teller rolls to the side of the ring near the ropes as Apollo Cain begins to push himself up.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller using the ropes to pull himself to his feet as Apollo Cain begins to get to his.

Conrad leans on the ropes, trying to gather himself as Apollo Cain gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain on his feet. He runs at Teller..

Conrad sees Apollo coming, and drops down, pulling the top rope down as well as Apollo leaps slamming face first into the cage. The fans explode.

Blackfront: APOLLO CAIN'S HEAD MEETS THE CAGE!

ACE: NO!

Cain ricochets off of the cage and flops down to the mat, flailing around holding his head in pain. his legs kick and we can see crimson coming off onto the mat.

Blackfront: The Black Hulk is bleeding after his forehead met that metal.

Conrad rolls over and gets to his feet. He runs toward Cain who has now rolled over to his back, blood running down his forehead.

Blackfront: Teller leaps up, elbow drop right to the already busted open forehead of Apollo Cain!

Apollo flops around even more, grabbing his head and rolling to his stomach, kicking his feet still.

Ace: What a move as Conrad used that elbow to work that spot of Apollo's forehead.

Conrad quickly rolls over and gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller has hit that point where your body no longer feels pain. He is on his feet and full of energy!

Apollo pushes to his hands and knees as Conrad Teller runs past him and hits the ropes. As he returns he jumps, throwing his feet out, catching the champion in his face.

Blackfront: Two feet to the face of the Apollo Cain.

Teller rolls over and gets up. The fans continue to yell for him.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain not staying down, trying to get back to his feet.

Ace: Apollo Cain is just one tough man and hard to keep down.

As Cain begins to get up, Conrad runs forward and grabs the neck of Apollo Cain, leaping.

Blackfront: Swinging neck breaker!

Ace: Conrad continues to build himself up to potentially being able to win this match!

A Conrad! chant kicks off in the crowd as the fans scream for the challenger to get up.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller getting to his feet.

Ace: He might have this!

Blackfront: Teller climbing the turnbuckle.

Ace: That's how you do it, get to the top rope and then climb the cage. Why try to fight climbing from the bottom?

Conrad reaches the top, but instead of continuing, he turns around to face the ring.

Blackfront: What is Conrad doing?

Ace: This is crazy! Just keep climbing!

Apollo Cain begins to get up, blood still flowing. As he gets to his feet, Conrad Teller leaps off of the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: He jumps!

Teller's legs wrap around the head of Apollo.

Blackfront: Going for a hurricarranna...

As Conrad leans back, Apollo doesn't flip over. Instead he pulls back, fighting against it, and lifting Conrad Teller up before coming forward and bringing him down, hard.

Blackfront: NO! Apollo Cain turns it into a powerbomb!

Ace: Conrad Teller just screwed himself going for a move he knows he has no business trying.

Teller lays, arms and legs out as Apollo rolls over and slowly begins to get up. The fans go back to booing.

Blackfront: I'm afraid that if Apollo Cain wins tonight, these fans may riot. They are just as much apart of this match as the two guys in the ring!

Apollo gets to his knees and rest for a moment.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain now getting to his feet and looking at the cage. He is ready to end this match and end his losing streak here in the UTA.

Apollo Cain gets to his feet. He quickly rushes the ropes and leaps up, grabbing onto the cage and begins climbing.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain trying to get outside now, he wants to put an end to this match.

Inside the ring, Conrad pushes himself up. He looks around and sees what is going on.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller late to the party, but now following Cain up the cage.

Apollo eases the rope and throws a leg over. However, he is tired from the match and takes a breather.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain waisting too much time. I don't think he knows Conrad Teller is up as well!

Conrad finally reaches the top as well. Holding on tight with his left arm, he uses his right to elbow Cain.

Blackfront: MY GOD! MY GOD!

At the top of the cage both men have now climbed up, putting on leg over, sitting on top.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller and Apollo Cain hit each other with heavy rights on top of the cage.

Ace: One wrong move by either, and this match is over!

Conrad blocks a punch by Cain and comes forward with another of his own. Apollo, barely able to hold himself up is dazed. Teller tosses his leg over the top and begins to climb down.

Blackfront: CONRAD IS ESCAPING! CONRAD IS ESCAPING!

Ace: APOLLO!!! STOP HIM!!!

Apollo is able to gather himself and throws his leg over, climbing down as well but noticeably above Conrad Teller.

Blackfront: The first man to touch the floor wins! The referees on the outside watching closely. Wait... no... MY LORD!

Apollo Cain takes a leap of faith and throws himself off of the side of the cage....

As he comes down, he slams into Conrad Teller and both men fall.....

.. and hit the floor at the same... time. The fans are on their feet and the bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: WHO HIT FIRST?! WHO HIT FIRST?!

Ace: APOLLO CAIN DID OF COURSE!

The referees are all in shock. We get an instant replay followed by a slow motion replay showing that both men, in fact hit the floor at the exact same time.

Blackfront: It's up to the referee's to decide, but from watching this, I can tell you.. it looks as if we may have no winner!

The referees huddle before talking to the announcer.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen. After reviewing with each other.. the referees have concluded that... BOTH MEN HIT THE FLOOR AT THE SAAAAAMMEEEE TIIIMMEEEE! There is no winner!

A huge mixed reaction begins as both men are out on the ground outside of the ring.

Blackfront: What carnage! What brutality!

Ace: What a match Jason!

Blackfront: These two are far from over, but I will tell you this.. there is no way they haven't both garnered some form of respect for each other tonight.

We get a few shots from big spots in the match followed by more replays of the ending moments and both men hitting at the same time.

BELIEVE!

The scene opens up with the text "Earlier Today" in the top corner of screen, as three men stand outside of the Air Canada Center as fans are piling into the arena for Ring King. Two of the men are wearing black suits and ties, with black sunglasses and white earpieces, and look almost like identical twins. They both flank a man wearing a navy blue suit with a white cowboy hat and a Bolo Tie. The man in the cowboy hat wears a huge smile across his face as the two suits hand out fliers.

Harrison: Make sure to take a flier everyone, and remember to get out an vote for me, Frank Harrison, as your true Ring King! Lady, you there with the scrunched up nose and the raised eyebrow, unless you have pink eye come grab a flier and make sure to vote!

A random young fan stops by the men and takes a flier. He takes a moment to pauses as he reads the flier, then he looks up to Frank Harrison and the suits.

Fan: If you want to be Ring King, why weren't you in the tournament?

Harrison: Just like typical youth of today, ignorant and always questioning their elders. Listen up, the reason I wasn't in the event is because I don't have to wrestle. I'm better than beating myself senseless for some tournament, when I can just have the vote of America to prove that I am the real Ring King. And as your Elected Wrestling Representative, I will do everything in my power to ensure that I make UTA the greatest democratic wrestling establishment in the world. Belive in Harrison!

The fans just look at him oddly as we fade.

CBR VERSUS DAN BENSON

Rock Me Amadeus by Falco beings to play over the main speakers. On the screen, "It's only Natural" scrolls across in

gold letters on a black background.

Blackfront: Right now, the challenger for the UTA Internet Title walks to the ring.

Ace: Dan Benson finally getting his chance in the big time. Maybe next time.

Dan makes his way to the entrance and pauses for a moment looking amongst the disapproving crowd. His blue sequins robe sparkles when the light hits it just right he makes his way down to the ring.

Blackfront: Benson looks in top shape for this showdown the Claude Baptiste Ranier.

Ace: Jason, CBR is going to demolish Benson tonight.

Blackfront: You keep saying that.

Ace: It's the truth.

Inscribed on the back of his robe reads "SHOCK THE WORLD!" in gold letters. He doesn't stop at all, and when he gets into the ring he holds his arms out showing off as the crowd disapproves of Dan. He removes his robe, and hands it to an attendant outside the ring.

Blackfront: Benson now waits for opponent.

Ace: The champ!

"Seek and Destroy" by Metallica hits the PA system as the Canadian flag appears on the tron. Red lights fill the arena and from the back, CBR comes into view.

Ace: He's here!

Blackfront: Sounds like you lead the CBR Fan Club there Tommy.

Ace: I'm the admin.

Blackfront rolls his eyes.

Wearing his trademark purple and white robe, with purple tinted shades, he makes his way down to the ring, arms raised to the fans in a 'look at me' pose.

Blackfront: One of the best in the business in Claude Baptiste Ranier.

Ace: CBR is the top tier around here.

Ace chuckles. CBR flings the robe off and takes the steps to the apron, slowly getting into the ring. CBR raises his arms, flexing to show off his physique. He takes off his shades and stretches his rut arm.

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: This match is under way.

CBR and Dan Benson circle around in the ring. They lock up.

Blackfront: Collar and Elbow are Benson and CBR.

Ace: Look at the strength in Ranier.

CBR tosses Benson into the corner and lands a few combinations.

Ace: Work 'em Claude.

CBR lands several boots into the mid section of Benson. He lands a powerful right fist that knocks Benson to the mat.

Ace: Ranier is stalking his prey.

Blackfront: CBR landing some boots as Benson grabs the ropes to bring him to his feet.

CBR goes in for a waist lock but is met with elbows to the side of the head.

Blackfront: Benson breaks the hold. Benson runs at CBR and is sent to the canvas by The Canadian Star.

Ace: Big Hip Toss on the challenger.

CBR exhales and walks over to the in pain Natural Boy.

Blackfront: Benson is holding his lower back. CBR now focusing in on the back.

Ace: CBR isn't the champ for nothing. See a weakness and exploit it.

CBR starts to land some forearms to Benson's back. CBR rakes his nails across Benson's back.

Blackfront: That looked like it hurt.

Benson walks from CBR in pain. He turns and lands a quick right jab to the upper chest of the champion.

Blackfront: Looks like Benson is getting the offense going.

Dan Benson grabs CBR in a side headlock and begins to crash knees into Ranier's face.

Ace: Benson going to Knee City on The Canadian Star.

Benson takes a few steps from Ranier and rushes him and lands a boot to the side of the champs head.

Blackfront: A vicious boot to CBR.

Ace: CBR is back on the mat with Benson going to work.

Dan Benson grabs CBR's legs and begins to stomp on the insides of Claude's legs.

Blackfront: Benson is a vet. Benson could be setting the champ up for a submission move.

Ace: This isn't over yet, Jason. This mid carder is biting off way more than he can chew.

Blackfront: Looks like Benson is going for a Figure Four.

As Benson comes in on CBR, Claude begins to fight him.

Ace: CBR trying to fight off the hold.

Ranier tosses Benson to the ropes.

Blackfront: What shear strength displayed by Ranier.

Benson gets up and greets CBR with his finisher.

Blackfront: The Shocker! Benson Shocked the champ.

Ace: Kick out champ!

CBR kicks out at two. The fans can't believe it.

Blackfront: This sold out crowd and us here at ring side can't believe what just happened.

Ace: Benson comes out of no where with The Shocker and CBR kicks out. Amazing.

Benson is himself shocked. He looks to the ref about the count.

Ace: I don't know what Benson is complaining about. That was a solid count.

Blackfront: That was a close one, Tommy.

Benson continues his assault on CBR.

Blackfront: Benson swinging wildly at CBR.

CBR turns around and has his back to the challenger.

Ace: Benson has CBR in a Sleeper Hold.

Blackfront: Benson's going to win it! Benson's going to win it!

CBR struggles to pick himself off the mat. Benson tries to tighten his grip.

Ace: CBR is fighting it.

Blackfront: CBR is trying to get to his feet with Benson still maintaining the Sleeper Hold.

Ace: CBR Body Slammed Yoshii. He can definitely do push ups with Benson on his back.

CBR's face gets red. He is trying with all his might to get to a standing position. Ranier while bent over is able to swing Benson to the mat.

Blackfront: CBR escaped and starts swinging forearms to the side of Benson's head.

Ace: CBR is back in this match.

Ranier gets Benson to his feet just to send him back to the mat.

Blackfront: Snap Neckbreaker by the champ.

Ace: CBR goes for the cover.

Blackfront: Benson kicks out at two!

Ace: CBR needs to hurry this thing up. I got plans for tonight.

Blackfront: Stop it, Ace.

CBR goes to the ropes and takes a blow.

Benson is at a knee. CBR takes a few steps back.

Ace: Ranier at the ropes.

Blackfront: CBR now going in for the attack.

Ace: Dropkick by the champ sends Dan Benson to the outside.

CBR takes a second and drops to the mat and rolls to the outside.

The referee starts the Ten Count.

Blackfront: CBR takes Benson and ohhh drops the Neutral Boy on the guardrail.

Ace: No one can match the strength of CBR.

Benson falls down to the protective mat at ringside.

Blackfront: CBR looking to inflict more damage to Dan Benson.

CBR rips up the protective mat and exposes the concrete floor. The fans start to get loud.

Ace: Yeah CBR, beat your opponent down and get an easy pin.

CBR tries to pick Dan Benson up but is met with Knife Edge Chops

Wooooooo!

Blackfront: Benson lighting up the champ.

Another chop. Woouoooo!

Ace: CBR's chest is getting bright red.

Another chop. Woouooo!

CBR lands a knee to the gut of Dan Benson. He moves in quick and lands a DDT on the exposed floor.

Blackfront: A DDT on the concrete!

Ace: Benson is down, Jason.

Dan Benson grabs at his head to see blood.

Blackfront: Dan Benson is busted open.

Ace: My god.

CBR rolls back into the ring to restart the referee's Ten Count.

Blackfront: CBR back on the attack.

Benson on his knees swings wildly at CBR. CBR lands a solid boot to the mid section of Benson.

Ace: CBR landing some quality shots on the already bloody Benson.

Blackfront: Benson grabs the waist of Ranier and oh my.

Benson lifts CBR up and lands a Side Suplex on the outside.

Blackfront: These fans are getting loud, Tommy.

Ace: The winner of this one can rightfully call themselves champion.

Blackfront: The ref is already at Four.

Benson gets to his feet and rolls into the ring.

Ace: Looks like the challenger is taking a breather.

Benson grabs at his bloody fore head and takes deep breaths.

Blackfront: CBR is getting to his feet.

Ace: CBR needs to get back in the ring and finish this not yet ready for TV player.

Blackfront: Ranier rolls back into the ring. Benson is up on his feet.

Ace: Benson's legs are going to buckle.

Ranier uses the ropes to prop himself up.

Blackfront: Both these men are gasing.

Ace: Looks like one of them is going to need a trip to the ER after this.

Dan Benson begins to head over to CBR.

Blackfront: CBR off of the ropes, big elbow to the head of Dan Benson!

Dan begins to stumble back. CBR runs toward him.

Blackfront: Benson under the clothesline. Both men turn... Dan Benson jumps up.. going for The Shocker!!!!

Except CBR pushes him away, causing Dan Benson to fly up and come down on his back hard. CBR steps toward him, but falls to one knee.

Blackfront: CBR unable to stay up, he needs to win this one now, or he risk fatigue costing him the Internet Championship.

Dan Benson turns over and begins to crawl toward CBR. He reaches up, grabbing the knee of CBR and begins pushing himself up.

Blackfront: Dan Benson using CBR to get up. CBR with a big right to that gushing forehead. I don't think Dan Benson can keep going.

Ace: Be careful CBR! Those independent wrestlers are exposed to a lot of questionable ring rats. You don't want his blood to contaminate you!

CBR holds Benson's head and begins to get up, pulling him up as well. CBR boots his opponent in the gut, causing him to bend forward into a DDT maneuver. He stretches Benson's arm from his body, pushing it backwards. When he falls for the DDT, CBR jumps his legs upwards to lift his knees, putting Benson into the canvas even harder than normal.

Blackfront: THE CRAB DROP!

CBR pushes Dan over and covers him. The referee drops and begins his count.

Ace: YES! I TOLD YOU!

The referee's hand hits three and the bell sounds.

Blackfront: CBR has done it! He has retained his Internet Championship!

Announcer: The winner of this match... and STILLLLL UTA INTERNEEEEEETTTT CHAAAMMMPPPIIOONNNN.....
C.....B....RRRRRRRRR!!!!!!

As CBR's music hits, the referee retrieves the title. He goes to hand it to CBR, but the champion just yanks it from the referee and holds it high, staring down at Dan Benson

Blackfront: Is there anyone who can defeat this guy?!

Ace: NO! It's great!

Blackfront: What a battle. What a match. Just amazing.

RECORDED EARLIER TODAY

"Recorded earlier today" appears on the TV screen. A ground shot of one of the downtown Dallas' biggest landmarks- Reunion Tower.

The view shifts to the observation deck, some 561 feet above the city streets. The Spectre is looking towards the American Airlines Center about a half-mile up the road on Interstate 35. Fans have already began arriving in droves in anticipation for UTA's Ring King PPV. The Spectre himself is already thinking about his first "official" clash in the UTA with Sean Jackson later in the evening.

Spectre: The view from above. From this vantage point you can see so much more than from the ground. From here, you get a better fix on the "bigger picture", and all the things that are missed by looking at things from a limited viewpoint.

Sean Jackson... it's time to stop simply LOOKING at things from ground level, and start SEEING things from a higher plain. It's time to open your eyes to everything that you've been missing. Well, later on tonight, I will make SURE you see what I've been trying to tell you over and over again. I will make SURE the ass kicking I hand to you, finally opens your eyes wide open. And in the THREE seconds it takes for the referee to slap his hand down on the mat and count your shoulders down, I want you to look over at that vile woman Vanessa. I want you to look into her eyes, and see her true colors, and how utterly disappointed and disgusted she will be in you. I want you to see as she begins to walk away from you, out of your life, and abandon you, having ruined her plans for decimating another wrestling organization.

Spectre pauses, cutting a very sinister and devilish grin. He moves in very close to the camera, only his two wild and deranged eyes showing.

Spectre: Then, I want you looking into my eyes... MY EYES... the eyes that saw everything you refused to see! The eyes that tried to look into YOUR eyes, reach you, make you understand that your path was only a deadly one....

...and NOW, the eyes that just want to completely remove you from the UTA, from wrestling, from Dallas, from Texas.....from this very Earth!

Do you NOW see what I am saying? Do you SEE what I will do to you?

Hehehehehehehe....

Look into my eyes, Sean, and call me a liar.

Think you can defeat me??? Hehehehehehehe.... IN YOUR DREAMS!!

SEAN JACKSON VERSUS THE SPECTRE

Blackfront: A feud building across multiple wrestling promotions and finally, here at Ring King we get to see the match up years in the making!

Ace: What you mean is...Spectre has been hiding for years and finally Sean Jackson gets to kick his ass right here tonight

Blackfront: Not quite, but only here in UTA can you get a match signing like this! Over the last few months we have seen a psychological war beyond any belief

Wrestleshow 18

Fade in...

The curtain drops and the door opens... it's....

The Spectre.....

Or a cardboard cut out of him anyway.

Szalinski: GOD DAMN SON! A card board cut out. That's funny as hell!

Jackson gets pissed and charges the pod, exiting the ropes. Perfection begins laughing in his pod as does Will Haynes.

Wingate: Jackson is mad as he pulls that cutout out of the pod.

Jackson lifts the cardboard sideways and begins pulling at it, ripping the cardboard cut out of The Spectre into pieces.

Fade in...

The Spectre begins to come through the mat until he is waist high up and reaches forward, grabbing Jackson's legs, pulling back until Jackson falls face forward to the mat. The Spectre begins to pull Jackson who is trying to get away, but he can't. Suddenly he disappears underneath of the ring with The Spectre.

Szalinski: Umm... ok?

Fade in...

Suddenly, Sean Jackson's arm reaches up and he begins to pull himself out of the hole. A crimson mask of blood covers his face. Perfection looks at him in amazement.

Szalinski: Whoah! Jackson is ba...

Behind him, The Spectre raises up, grabbing his head and laughing sadistically as he pushes Sean Jackson back into the abyss. The referee runs over and looks into the hole. He gets to the mat and puts his head down inside. A few moments later he gets up and starts calling for the bell.

Fade Out...

Back to ring side with Ace and Blackfront.

Blackfront: And that's just one example of a history of events between these two warriors.

Ace: That purple haired freak isn't a warrior, he's a nut case! Certifiably insane and should be released!

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as bright flashes start to burst through out, acting as it were streaks of lighting. A dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

Ace: He's here! He's here and he's going to whoop that freak back the hole he crawled out of!

A hush falls over the arena as the crimson mist pours off the entrance ramp and into the crowd. Without warning, crimson colored lights explode throughout the arena. A video explodes on the screen as you can see the letters slowly fade in, until it forms "The Mental Rapist" Behind the letters, clips of Sean Jackson in the ring over the years comes to life on the video wall above the entrance way. Soon a theme begins, one that was very popular back in the day. That being the opening notes of "In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins.

PA: Can you feel it coming? In the air, tonight?

As soon as the voice over ends, you hear the voice of Phil Collins start up with...

PA: I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord

Through the crimson mist, a ring of fire can now be seen as the fans can see two people rising up from the floor, Sean Jackson and Vanessa. Jackson is motionless while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop. Once both have risen like a phoenix from its ashes, they step out of the ring of fire. Jackson is focused, his face adorned with a serious look while Vanessa runs her hands down the curves of her body and to her hips.

PA: Can you feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord, oh lord.

A slight smile forms on Sean's face as he looks out into the sea of darkness that has enveloped the fans in the arena. He then motions to his Vietnamese darkling that it's time to head to the ring. Sean and Vanessa begin the slow walk down to the ring as the crimson spot lights glisten off of Vanessa's dark vietnamese skin and cast a pale reflection on Jackson.

Blackfront: A huge match up here tonight as Sean Jackson faces off with The Spectre that may very well be a showcase right before our main event tonight.

Ace: It'll be a showcase of Sean Jackson's skill and just amazingness!

Blackfront: and then you have The Spectre....

Ace: Would you be quiet! Respect the entrance!

Vanessa wearing a low cut blood red dress with a long slit showing off her well toned legs and cleavage while Jackson is dressed in his dark gray logo Mental Rapist shirt, black wrestling trunks, with red elbow and knee pads. His black boots have the initials MR on one and SJ on the other. As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he is takes to the turnbuckles and slowly climbs up. As he sets foot on the middle turnbuckle, the ring is surrounded in falling pyro on all sides of the rings as he looks outward to the wrestling fans, in a menacing manner which is much to the approval of a clapping Vanessa. Jackson then hops down off the turnbuckle and leans against the ropes.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson looks very determinate tonight.

"Memphisto" by Depeche mode begins to blare over the loud speakers as the fans give a pop knowing that The Spectre is about to come out. A few seconds goes by and then finally he comes out in full ring attire. The arena still dark with a pulsing blue and green strobes.

Ace: Prepare to be destroyed, freak!

Blackfront: Would you stop.

The Spectre walks slowly and methodically to the ring eying down Jackson as he approaches. He reaches the end of the ramp and just stands in front of it for a little before he makes his way up the ring steps. He makes his way to the turnbuckle as the ref pushes his hand against Sean Jackson's chest to keep him away from jumping The Spectre.

Blackfront: You can feel the tension already! Jackson ready to pounce as The Spectre is entering the ring.

Ace: He should be allowed, he is the former UTA Champion!

Blackfront: And the Spectre is a Hall of Famer.

Spectre enters between the ropes as the lights begin to fade back up and the music fading out. Spectre begins to the walk slowly towards the center of the ring, the referee decides to let his hand off Sean Jackson to approach The Spectre. They finally meet dead center in the ring almost face to face, sans Spectre's added size, as the crowd begins to explode.

Blackfront: And Dallas knows how intense this moment is! Months of back and forth finally to be settled right here tonight!

The bell begins to sound and neither man moves. They each look out to the fans, before moving to the other side in an intense moment right before staring at each other again. Both men begin running their mouths at each other.

Blackfront: This is going to pop off at any moment folks!

Suddenly comes forward with a right hand.

Blackfront: Right hand by Jackson. Spectre with his own. Both men exchanging fist. All of the hate, all of history.. it cumulates tonight.

Sean Jackson takes off to the left and bounces off the ropes, charging Spectre, hitting him with his shoulder as he passes, but Spectre keeps his ground. Sean Jackson looks at Spectre, who cackles.

Blackfront: My God its like running into a brick wall! The hall of famer has always been one of the biggest men in the UTA.

Ace: Sean is no midget Jason. He'll get him down.

Determined Sean Jackson bounces off the ropes again this time hitting Spectre with a dropkick to the knee. The sadistic freak stumbles, but does not fall, the dropkick seeming to only anger Spectre.

Blackfront: Well a dropkick right to the knee and The Spectre is still standing!

Ace: That's what he's got to do Jason. He's got to try and incapacitate Spectre. Use his speed and smarts to overcome Spectre's brawn.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson off the ropes once more!

Sean Jackson bounces off the ropes and as Spectre tries to grab him he evades it by side stepping. Sean quickly rolls behind him, and before Spectre has a chance to turn around Sean Jackson tackles his knee, finally taking the monster down.

Ace: Fee Fi Fo Fum, Spectre just fell on his big fat bum!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson has got him down!

Immediately Sean Jackson starts stomping Spectre's knee, each stomp bringing a grimace to the face of Spectre. Grabbing his leg Sean Jackson rolls Spectre onto his belly and applies a single legged Boston crab. Spectre, in the center of the ring reaches toward the ropes as Sean Jackson wrenches back, applying pressure.

Blackfront: Impressive Boston crab by Sean, but can Spectre get to the ropes before his leg is snapped clean off?

Ace: You can't snap a leg like that off. Look at Spectre's thighs! They're as big across as a man's chest!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson trying to end this one early.

Spectre tries desperately to get him to the ropes.

Spectre lets out a yell and uses his very own leg to toss Sean Jackson off of him.

Blackfront: Spectre able to get free. It's still to early to try and keep him down without working him Sean.

Sean Jackson scrambles to his feet as Spectre gets up himself, favoring his left leg just a bit. Jackson charges Spectre and tries to take him down with a cross body, but Spectre just catches him, holding him across his chest.

Blackfront: Look at the strength, Ace! He just caught Sean Jackson like it was nothing! Sean Jackson is no small man!

Ace: Just like snatching at flies Jason.

Blackfront: Spectre just tossed Sean Jackson over his head like it was nothing!

Ace: How old is this guy? How can he do that like he is still in his prime?

Spectre tosses Sean Jackson, using his hips to toss him over his head. Sean hits the canvas with a loud thud. Turning around he picks up Sean and places his hand violently around Sean's throat.

Blackfront: Spectre with that huge mitt of a hand wrapped all around Sean's throat.

The referee begins to warn Spectre, who refuses to release Sean's throat until the four is called. He follows directly up with a hard hitting short arm clothesline that takes Jackson down.

Ace: Sean's not looking too good. Where's Perfection?!

Blackfront: Probably getting ready for his main event match.

Sean holds his back as Spectre drops to his knees and covers him.

Blackfront: We've got a pin! The ref is on the mat! One! Two! No! Sean kicks out! Sean kicks out!

Ace: Even that purple haired freak can't keep Sean down that easy!

Spectre picks up Sean and tosses him into the corner of the ring, where he slumps against the turn buckle, his arms on the ropes holding him up. Spectre walks patiently to the other corner, and charges at Sean Jackson, hitting him with a massive clothesline.

Blackfront: My God Ace!

The power of the blow sends Sean to the canvas, still in the corner. Looking down Spectre takes his boot and applies it to Sean's throat, choking him with it in the corner.

Blackfront: That huge sized boot is pressed right across Sean's windpipe!

Ace: Come on ref!

The ref counts, 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 . . . Spectre savagely removes his boot, raking it across Sean's throat. The ref tries to get in Spectre's face but he merely brushes him aside, nearly sending the referee as first to the canvas.

Blackfront: Woah look out there ref!

Ace: When men like these two clash, not even the referees are safe!

Spectre picks up Sean Jackson, lifting him high over his head and tosses him out of the ring. The fans begin to cheer as Jackson crashes hard to the outside.

Blackfront: Well that's one way to get out of the ring.

Spectre follows, climbing over the top rope and landing with both feet outside of the ring. He picks up Sean Jackson, whipping him into the guard rail. Walking over to him he punches him in the face, several times, each blow rocking Sean up against the rail.

Ace: Look at that kid in the first row!

Grabbing Sean he rams his head face first into the steel steps. Sean falls to the ground grabbing his face as Spectre lets out a sadistic laugh. Spectre reaches down, and lifts Sean, rolling him into the ring under the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Spectre treating Sean like a rag doll!

Spectre grabs the ropes, pulling himself to the apron before stepping back into the ring.

Blackfront: Spectre going for the cover... KICK OUT! How does he do it Tommy?

Ace: He is the best around. What do you expect?

Spectre runs off the ropes and drops down on Sean Jackson with a leg drop, but Sean rolls out of the way and Spectre lands flat on his bad leg. Spectre grabs for his leg, the crowd buzzing as Sean Jackson tries to get up under his own power. He stumbles to his knees upon trying to get up, and then works his way to the ropes, pulling himself up with the top rope. Spectre too has gotten to his feet, favoring his left leg.

Blackfront: Another dropkick to the knee from Sean Jackson! Spectre is down again!

Ace: Fee fi fo fum, Spectre just—

Blackfront: We know, we know Ace. . .

With the dropkick complete and Sean Jackson up, he quickly lifts his foot and stomps onto the back of Spectre's knee, bending it against the joint. Sean Jackson grabs his leg, and drops down into a figure four leg lock.

Ace: There it is! The famed figure four leg lock!

Blackfront: Applied expertly to Spectre's already injured leg! That's what he's got to do Ace, just chop down this tree until it's felled.

Sean applies pressure, Spectre groaning every time he wrenches back on his leg. Spectre struggles in the center of the ring, far from the ropes, even for him. Sean looks around at the crowd, smiling.

Ace: It's like Beauty and the Beast in there. Look at Sean, he's simply ravishing.

Spectre punches Sean in the face with one of his huge fists, but Sean keeps the hold. After another blow the hold is released and Spectre quickly crawls to the corner of the ring, looking to pull himself up. Sean is up first and heads over toward Spectre, pulling his hair to lift him up. Spectre in desperation grabs Sean from the back of his knees and pulls his legs out from under him, slamming him to the mat.

Blackfront: Both man down here in this grudge match, years in the making.

Ace: We've still got more action to go, though I'm afraid the evening might be over for one these men soon.

Spectre gets up gingerly, and as Sean gets up he picks him up into a press position, and then slams Sean back down the width of his thigh. Sean crumples, but so does Spectre.

Blackfront: Massive back breaker from Spectre, but again he used that injured leg to hurt his opponent.

Spectre stumbles to his feet and as Sean Jackson gets to his feet he kicks him in the abdomen. Bent over, Spectre grabs Sean thrusting him between his legs. He wraps his arms around Jackson's waist and lifts... then throws him down with force.

Blackfront: Powerbomb by The Spectre, Sean Jackson looks like he's in trouble.

Ace: Spectre sure put the power in power bomb with that one, but Sean Jackson isn't out yet!

Sean rolls in pain from the powerbomb, but Spectre doesn't go for the cover.

Blackfront: What's he doing, go for the cover!

Instead Spectre picks up Sean and lifts him over his head in a military press, showing his strength. He lets out another cackle of laughter before dropping Sean face first on the canvas. Sean lies motionless on the canvas as Spectre soaks up the cheers of the crowd.

Blackfront: Wait, what's Sean doing?

Sean can be seen reaching in his tights. His hands reaches in and looking around he hides his hands from the referee. Spectre turns and brings Sean to his feet, and get's a massive right from Sean. Spectre falls like a tree and Sean quickly covers.

Blackfront: No! No! We've got a cover!!!

Ace: Sean wins Sean wins!

Blackfront: I'm just disgusted. Is the ref blind? It's as plain as day. Sean had some weapon in his possession.

Ace: You're seeing things Jason.

Blackfront: LAST MINUTE KICK OUT BY THE SPECTRE!

Ace: Oh come on!

Blackfront: He doesn't deserve a win, hitting Spectre with that foreign object.

Ace: What foreign object?

A replay shows, showing Sean reaching into his pants and placing something on his hands.

Blackfront: Really Tommy? What's he doing there? What's he doing?

Ace: Hey, sometimes, as a man you've got to make adjustments.

Blackfront: Right Ace... Right...

Sean Jackson pushes up to his feet, smiling and pointing to his head as to show how smart he is. He then places his hands together and lays his head on them to signal it's time to go to sleep.

Blackfront: I think I know what's coming next!

As The Spectre begins to sit up, Sean Jackson runs to the ropes.

Blackfront: Jackson off of the ropes, he raises that knee....

Spectre quickly lays down flat as Sean Jackson's leg hovers over him. In the split second it is there, Spectre shoots a fist up, hitting Jackson squarely in the nether regions. The entire crowd as well as Vanessa all gasp as Jackson grabs himself and flies forward, and down to the canvas, still holding himself.

Ace: How did the referee not see that freak cheating?

Blackfront: Really Tommy? After Sean Jackson had hit him with that object?

Ace: There was no object!

Blackfront: I'm really beginning to not be able to stand you Tommy.

The Spectre sits up and looks down at Sean Jackson kicking in pain, and begins to mock him before getting to his feet.

Blackfront: The hall of fame member to his feet. He is now stomping away at Sean Jackson.

Ace: Seriously, where is Perfection? Aren't they a team?! Come save him!

The Spectre bends down and lifts Jackson to his feet. As Jackson gets up, he gets a burst of energy, and pushes The Spectre back.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson not out of this yet!

Ace: I told you! I told you!

Sean Jackson starts to unload on Spectre with rights and lefts, he slows down before sending a knee into the gut of Spectre before attempting to send him across the ring into the opposite corner.

Blackfront: Spectre puts the breaks on.

Spectre doesn't leave the corner though, he holds onto the ropes and uses his strength to pull Sean Jackson towards him and into the corner.

Blackfront: What strength!

Spectre throws a big right hand but Sean Jackson moves out of the way and once again starts throwing rights and lefts, this time to the body of The Spectre. The Spectre manages to get his hands up to protect himself, he then pushes Sean away sending him across the ring.

Blackfront: Another impressive display of strength!

Spectre comes out of the corner as Sean Jackson is getting to his feet, he sends him off into the ropes with an Irish whip and swings for a big clothesline but Sean Jackson ducks it and comes off the ropes on the other side.

Ace: Big shoulder tackle....

Blackfront: And Spectre hits the canvas hard!

As Spectre gets to his feet Sean Jackson kicks him in the shoulder forcing him to stand up straight. Jackson then

pokes Spectre in the eye and locks on a sleeper.

Ace: YES! PUT HIM OUT!

Blackfront: Was that eye poke really needed?

Spectre pushes Jackson back into the corner and breaks the hold before he staggers into the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: It didn't take much for tThe Spectre to get out of that one. Jackson just isn't one hundred percent here.

Spectre turns and charges towards Sean Jackson, but at the last minute he manages to get his boot up and kick Spectre square in the jaw. Jackson then runs out of the corner and hits the ropes on the far side of the ring, he bounces off them and takes Spectre down with a big running boot.

Blackfront: Twice he takes one in the face.

Ace: Sean Jackson with a cover...

Blackfront: He gets a shoulder up.

Sean Jackson pulls Spectre to his feet quickly, throwing an arm around his neck and hooking him for a suplex.

Ace: Two very big men doing battle in the ring now.

Sean Jackson tries to lift Spectre into the air, but he dead weights him. He tries once more but Spectre sends a knee into his gut and Jackson drops to the canvas.

Blackfront: That knocked the wind right out of him.

Spectre starts to ruthlessly stomp away to the body of Jackson who curls up trying to protect himself.

Ace: You can only imagine what size boot Spectre is.

Sean Jackson starts to pull himself up using the ropes. Spectre sends him across the ring with a whip. As he comes off the ropes, Spectre grabs him around the throat as if he's going for a chokeslam. Sean Jackson then starts replying with elbows to the back of the head.

Blackfront: Jackson still fighting back.

Jackson breaks free but almost as soon as he does he gets kicked in the stomach and bent over. Spectre lifts him up onto his shoulder and hooks his legs and grabs him around the chin.

Ace: Or maybe not.

Spectre drops down into a seated position.

Blackfront: SWEET DREAMS! SWEET DREAMS SWEET DREAMS!

Ace: NO!!!! NO!!!! GET UP!!! PERFECTION GET OUT HERE!!! PLEASE!!!!

Spectre rolls Jackson over and goes for a cover. The referee quickly jumps nto action.

Blackfront: There is absolutely no way that Sean Ja... KICK OUT! KICK OUT!

Without missing a second, the moment Jackson kicks out, Spectre rolls him onto his front and tries to hook him for a camel clutch.

Blackfront: It looks like he isn't going to slow down. Spectre wants to end this right here, right now!

As soon as Spectre gets his hands around Jackson's chin, he manages to wriggle backwards and through his legs. The Spectre hits the mat with anger before pushing his way up. He turns around and roughly grabs Sean Jackson's head yanking him to his feet.

Blackfront: Jackson able to not only kick out of the Sweet Dreams, but escape a deadly submission move.

Sean Jackson, knock's Spectre's arms away then lands a big right hand that sends him staggering backwards.

Ace: What a bomb.

Blackfront: But he's still standing.

Jackson throws another big right hand.

Ace: Straight between the eyes.

Spectre staggers back to the ropes.

Blackfront: He's looking uneasy on his legs now.

Sean Jackson sends Spectre across the ring with a whip, as he bounces off the opposite cables, Jackson goes for a big hiptoss. Spectre hooks his arm and resists the maneuver.

Blackfront: He blocks it!

Spectre swings for a big clothesline but Jackson ducks that and kicks Spectre in the mid section before sending him to the ropes with another Irish whip.

Blackfront: Jackson's trying to get some momentum here. I have no idea how though. This one should be over.

Ace: It's because... HE IS THE BEST!

Sean Jackson swings for a big clothesline now, but Spectre hooks the arm and brings him in close before bridging backwards dropping Jackson on his head.

Blackfront: Big T-Bone Suplex.

Ace: NO!

Blackfront: JACKSON KICKS OUT AT TWO AGAIN!

Ace: YES! YES! YES!

Sean Jackson, although able to kick out is feeling the suplex. He holds his head as Spectre surveys the damage he just inflicted on him.

Blackfront: The Spectre growing tired of Sean Jackson now.

Spectre lays Sean out before delivering a big stomp to the neck.

Blackfront: He's going to focus all his attentions on that area now.

The Spectre pulls Sean Jackson to his feet and locks him in a front facelock, he takes his arm and turns him over before they both drop down to the canvas.

Blackfront: Carefully executed spinning neckbreaker.

The Spectre rolls over, and smiles before getting up.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson in real danger now.

The Spectre pulls up Jackson and casually headbutts him as he gets to his feet. He then throws Jackson up onto his shoulder in a powerslam position.

Blackfront: Just look how casually he did that. The Spectre may be the strongest man in the UTA.

Spectre moves across the ring before building some speed up, but Jackson manages to slide off behind Spectre.

Blackfront: He escaped!

Ace: Ha!

Spectre turns round and throws a big right hand but Jackson ducks it and hits the ropes behind him. He comes off and hits a big shoulder tackle sending Spectre to the canvas.

Blackfront: I don't think I've ever seen a back and forward match like this.

Spectre gets up to his feet and Sean Jackson lifts him into the air, holding him across his body.

Blackfront: I didn't think he'd be able to lift him after all he's been through here tonight.

Jackson bridges back throwing Spectre over him.

Blackfront: Big fall away slam.

Spectre staggers to his feet, Jackson carefully waits for him between he hits the ropes, he runs past Spectre and hits the ropes once more before diving at him with a vicious clothesline.

Blackfront: Clothesline from hell!

Ace: He nearly took his head off

Jackson hooks the leg of Spectre.

Blackfront: KICK OUT BY THE HALL OF FAMER! The first real chance Sean Jackson has had so far tonight and he just couldn't do it!

Ace: He needs to stay on him now.

Jackson hooks Spectre around the waist as he begins to get up, and tries lifting him up into a side slam position.

Blackfront: He could be going for another big move here.

Spectre throws an elbow into the face of Jackson and he breaks free. Spectre then tries to lock on a full nelson but Jackson sends an elbow into his face.

Ace: No man able to get the better of the other at the moment.

Suddenly, Spectre boots Jackson in the gut. He grabs around his waist and lifts him yet another time. Jackson goes up and over, his legs flying back, and Spectre grabbing his chin. He jumps and drops in a sitting position.

Blackfront: ANOTHER SWEET DREAMS! ANOTHER SWEET DREAMS!

Ace: NOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Spectre pins Sean Jackson once again. The referee drops into place and begins to count. This time, he hits the three and the bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: SPECTRE DID IT! HE HAS DEFEATED SEAN JACKSON!!

Ace: WHY?! No! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

Memphisto begins to play as The Spectre slowly pushes himself up and to his feet. A giant smile comes across his face and he begins to laugh. the fans are on their feet.

Blackfront: The Spectre wins his first match in the UTA in over eight years! He has just cemented why he is an UTA Hall of Fame member!

As Vanessa hops up on the apron, she immediately begins to scream at the Spectre. As Spectre moves towards her, intent on getting his hands on her, he's unaware that Sean has begun to stir.

Marshall Owens hits the ringside area and hands teddy over under the ropes to Sean Jackson who is on his knees in the ring. While Spectre is still distracted, Sean jumps up and hits Spectre in the back of the head, knocking him down and almost out.

With Spectre down, Sean stands over his nemesis.

Blackfront: How is Sean Jackson even able to get back up? How?

Ace: he may have lost, but he is still the best!

Vanessa hurries into the ring as well as Marshall, who brings a microphone and hands it to Sean.

Jackson: Look at you Spectre, just look at you. The all high and mighty Spectre, the supposed savior of Wrestle UTA....

Sean uses his hand to paintbrush Spectre's face.

Jackson: You thought you had this all figured out. You thought that it was Vanessa calling the shots all this time. Well Spectre, I hate to be the bearer of bad news but...

Sean kneels down next to Spectre.

Jackson: Every bit of it was a lie. That's right Spectre, every bit of it was staged. With fancy theatrics and high priced studios, NONE of it was true. The grizzly ghouls, all fake. The dark master, not even close to being real. In other words Spectre, I played you....

Again, Sean paintbrushes Spectre's face.

Jackson: I've been playing you. From the moment that I stepped into your life in January of 2013, I've been playing you.

A wicked smile begins to form.

Jackson: When I stepped foot back in the NWA in October of 2012, I made up my mind that I was NEVER going to be in the shadows again. I made sure that I was going to be more than a nobody, that I was going to be a man that NO ONE would ever be able to forget. So yes Spectre, in October of 2012, I came up with this elaborate scheme to catapult myself all the way to the top.

Sean uses his free index finger to tap his chin several times, as if deep in thought. His face then lights up.

Jackson: And look what happened? I went from a nobody to NWA world heavyweight champion. Not once, but twice. I went from a nobody to a man that you just HAD to stop. I took you out of your game Spectre, I took you out of your comfort zone. I ended up being the man that filled your conscious and subconscious thoughts on a daily basis. You found yourself trying to save BACW, trying to save the NWA, trying to save yourself....

Sean begins to pat Spectre on the head as if he was a pet.

Jackson: Lack of communication Spectre? oh yes, there was definitely a lack of communication, but it wasn't on my part. I told you back in 2013 that the cross hairs were on you. I told you that I was going to ride the legacy of Spectre all the way to the top. Hell Spectre, I told you over and over again that I was going to take everything from you.

For the first time, Sean Jackson turns his attention from the Spectre and towards the fans.

Jackson: This is all your fault. Spectre's blood is now on your hands because it was YOU who led him to believe that he could stop me. It was YOU who led him to believe that he could just waltz right back into Wrestle UTA and be the man he once was.

Inhale.exhale

Jackson: Don't you realize, he isn't the hero that you all want him to be. Look at him, he's laid out at the feet of a man

who wasn't even a blip on your radar more than a year ago.

The smile disappears, replaced with a growing anger.

Jackson: While I had to scratch and claw to get here, Spectre was handed everything. Title matches, fan adoration, Hall.....Of....Fame.....Status.

His anger grows.

Jackson: Special enforcer in important matches. You're right Spectre, there was a lack of communication between us. But I think that's been solved now, hasn't it?

With that Sean drops the mic and he exits the ring.

Blackfront: What a revelation! Sean Jackson has been lying all of these years! He may have lost the match, but the war marches on!

We get a shot of The Spectre laying in the middle of the ring, out cold.

MINUTES TO GO

We cold cut to Jennifer Williams in the back, microphone in hand.

Williams: Ladies and gentlemen, the UTA Champion...Madman Szalinski.

Madman and Ariel step into the picture. Ariel is holding Peach while Madman has the UTA Championship draped over his shoulder. Peach looks up at Jennifer, sticking her snout out to sniff at the microphone. Madman looks directly at the microphone as Jennifer asks him one question.

Williams: Madman, are you ready to defend your title tonight?

The champion takes a deep breath, his eyes drooping towards the floor.

Madman: I'm as ready as I'll ever be.

Madman lifts his head to look into the camera, with determination firecelly mounting in his eyes.

Madman: Did you ask Perfection if he was ready to beat me for my title tonight?

Peach: BARK!

Madman looks over at Peach:

Madman: When you have a sixty-minute Iron Man match for the UTA Championship, Peach, you can answer the questions.

Peach: ...whine...

Madman: Dad's got to make people think he stands some kind of chance tonight, okay?

Peach:ruff...

Madman: If Sean Jackson tries to interfere in the match, what are you gonna do?

Peach: GRRRRRR!!!!

Madman: Love my puppy.

Madman pets Peach's head, gives Ariel a kiss, and turns back to look at Jennifer.

Madman: I'm ready to do what I gotta do. I'm just curious that while everybody's asking me if I still got it...has anybody

thought to go check and see if Perfection has what it takes to beat me? Or is that not what we're about to go and find out?

Madman winks, readjusting the belt before motioning with a head shake that it's time to go.

Madman: Let's do this. Tired of talking.

The trio exits, leaving Jennifer as the scene fades into a live pan of the crowd.

THREE MONTHS

We roll to a video package, starting with Wrestleshow #15....

Ace: Tonight Jason, we move forward as the Ring King 2014 Tournament begins!

Blackfront: That's right. Tonight will be the first round in the tournament that will see the winner go on for a chance to capture the UTA Championship. A title in which we do not know the future of as we sit.

Ace: Lets take a look at the brackets.

Blackfront: The line up for tonight's show alone is one that will ensure a show that may be bigger than anything we've done before!

FADE

Perfection smile begins to fade to more hostile as he is starting to walk towards the camera and approaching close to Jamie Sawyers.

Perfection: This company, this mockery of intelligence....will...not....stand...if you want me down in VCW, FINE. I'll go down and serve my little punishment but that isn't going to stop me from getting what belongs to me! That won't stop me from getting through these gates one week and making it known who the one being screwed around here is!

The guard asserts his position, not letting Perfection through.

Perfection: I'll find my way to the championship Ring King or not, I WILL have my moment to grab MY belt and if that means breaking every single athlete in VCW until they kick me back up to UTA for insubordinationSO BE IT!

Perfection jams the microphone so hard into the chest of Jamie Sawyers that we can hear the thump through the pickup. Perfection nods at the security guard almost asking him to get involved and begins to walk backwards a few steps before turning around and heading towards a parked limo nearby.

Sawyers: Wait! So does that mean you plan to cause harm to VCW stars? Are you returning back to UTA? Who is your first intended target?!....Perfection!

The camera turns back to Saywers who is obviously being ignored at a distance.

Sawyer: Back to you guys!

FADE

Blackfront: Sean Jackson once again, struggling, but able to lift Yoshii to his feet.

Jackson grabs Yoshii's left arm, pushes him back and yanks back himself.

Blackfront: Irish whi... reversed! Yoshii sends Sean Jackson into the corner!

Jackson hits the corner hard, his body jolting forward from the impact. Yoshii yells and runs.

Blackfront: YOSHII FLATTENS SEAN JACKSON IN THE CORNER!

We are backstage in Perfection's locker room, fresh off his suspension he sits with UTA's columnist Ryan Harris out of focus. The camera is set on Jennifer Williams, UTA's backstage interviewer, she stands facing us as Perfection seems to be finishing a one on one with Harris.

Williams: Live backstage right now trying to see if I can get a few words with returning wrestler, Perfection.

She steps a little off to the side as the camera focuses now on Harris and Perfection, we can catch the final moments of the one on one.

Harris: Some would say that you have no right to demand a shot at the title, what do you say to those people.

Perfection: I say they have no right wasting oxygen on brain cells clearly not working.

Harris: Alright, Perfection, thanks for your time.

Harris stands up and now Jennifer Williams moves in for the kill, camera coming close as she sits where Ryan Harris has left. Perfection looks at her half rolling his eyes and then half checking out the bare legs she crosses in a skirt.

Williams: Perfection, it has been over a month since you've appeared on Wrestleshow or in the UTA. During that time Mr. Wingate sent you down to our development league Valor Championship Wrestling, for a lack of better term, reeducation. How does it feel to be back and not only that be in a Wild Card match for Ring King?

Perfection smirks a little folding his arms

Perfection: First of all, Jennifer, I'd say that is a lack of a better term. I was sent to VCW not because I need to be reeducated but because someone upstairs doesn't see raw talent when it's handed to him! Because someone upstairs thinks I need to earn my way to a title shot. Funny isn't it?

Jennifer now looks at Perfection a little confused

Williams: What's funny?

Perfection: That in one show, James Ranger has given me a contention match for the Internet Championship of VCW while your boss tries every trick up his sleeve to jack me around! One week I carry CBR in VCW in a tag team match the next week I'm headlining Anarchy- which will be live for purchase on Pay Per View.

Williams nods in agreement as Perfection points at her microphone, she again gives him a confused stare as he now reaches towards her microphone.

FADE

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

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca rolling into the ring now as Perfection follows.

As Blanca begins to get to his feet, perfection slides into the rope. La Flama Blanca sees him and waits.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca waiting.. Perfection to his feet...

Blanca shoots forward, throwing his leg up.

Blackfront: SUPERKIC...

Perfection quickly drops down, grabbing La Flama Blanca under his leg, and whipping him to the mat, rolling La Flama Blanca over and into a pin. Perfection uses his legs to push down and hold La Flama Blanca down as the referee drops to count.

Blackfront: PERFECTION COUNTERS WITH A LEG WHIP INTO A PIN! THIS COULD BE OVER!

La Flama Blanca kicks but it's too late as the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time and the bell begins to sound. The fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: Perfection pulling off a surprise victory here tonight securing his spot in the upcoming Wild Card match. Boy, that's got to really tear La Flama Blanca's spirits down. he wanted to advance so badly.

Ace: Well, want in one hand and sh...

Blackfront: TOMMY!

Announcer: Your winner as a result of a pin fall.... PERFECCTTTIIIONNN!!!

Perfection's music begins to play and he leaps to his feet celebrating. La Flama Blanca just rolls over and sits up, ahnging his head.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca brought it tonight, but it just wasn't enough. You have to feel bad for the guy.

Ace: No you don't Jason. He just isn't the better man, ever.

Blackfront: Now that's not true at all Tommy.

Perfection continues to gloat, shouting how he is the best in the UTA as we fade away from ring side.

FADE

As Yoshii moves backward, CBR falls, twisting in the motion and lands on his back when he hits the mat. Yoshii looks out to the crowd who has a very loud Yoshii chant going.

Blackfront: these people love Yoshii. Jed Dye may be questionable, but Yoshii is someone the fans can get behind. Especially facing a self centered, egotistical jerk like CBR.

Ace: Wait, what is this idiot doing now?

Yoshii, over by the turnbuckle now, begins to climb it.

Blackfront: Yoshii, almost six hundred pounds of man, is CLIMBING THE TURNBUCKLE!

He gets to the second rope where he always does his Bonzai drop and pauses... before looking out and taking the power of the fans energy to climb up higher...

Blackfront: MY LORD! HE IS GOING UP TOP!

Ace: GET THAT FOOL DOWN!

Jed Dye frantically runs around the ring yelling No, but it's too late.. Somehow, some way.. Yoshii has made it to the top turnbuckle. Even more amazing, somehow, someway... he begins to stand up, keeping his balance.

Blackfront: I have never see.... HOLY HELL!!!!

ACE: WHAT THE FU....

Yoshii clinches his fist, bends his knees a bit and leaps backward as he throws his legs out and yells BONZAI! The roof may as well have come off from the reaction.

As he lands, and he does.. hitting his mark of CBR's chest.. it happens...

All four ring post buckle and fly out, and the ring crashes under his weight violently to the floor.

Blackfront: CBR has to be dead!

Ace: Did that really happen or did I get into the wrong brownies backstage?

The fans now go into a Holy Shit! chant. Yoshii is jolted to the side, off of CBR who holds his chest and is kicking in

pain. The referee has been tossed to the side of the ring and had fell out as it crashed.

Blackfront: What carnage. What devastation. Never before have I witness something of this magnitude.

Ace: I'm not even playing, someone needs to check CBR, I think he may be dying!

Blackfront: There is no way this can continue! None what so ever!

Ace: Does this mean we have a fatale four way on the next show?

Blackfront: I don't know what this means other than the future of CBR may be in more doubt than that of Madman Szalinski.

The referee uses the side of the ring to pull himself up. he motions to the time keeper to sound the bell, which he does.

Blackfront: The referee is calling this one, it's over. There's no way to continue.

Ace: How did that baboon do that? What made him think that was even remotely a good idea?

Blackfront: History has just been made folks!

Medical staff begin running down from the back, it's all out chaos as they hit the ring checking on CBR. Jed Dye quickly enters and begins scolding Yoshii who has yet to move either.

FADE.WRESTLESHOW #18

Teller is sent up and back, hitting the turnbuckle then falling to a sitting position. La Flama Blanca points to the chamber hanging high and the crowd pops.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca running to the opposite corner... He sets up... runs...

Blanca leaps and throws both feet out, catching Conrad teller in the face.

Blackfront: He connected fully!

Ace: Seriously, what does it take to put this guy out?

La Flanca Blanca rolls over and pushes up to his feet. He grabs Conrad's feet and yanks him away from the corner.

Blackfront: Blanca pulling Teller from the corner, I think he may be going to end this one now!

From the crowd we hear a rumbling. La Flama Blanca begins to climb the turnbuckle, looking to put an end to the match. The camera catches someone leaping over the barricade.

Blackfront: That... that's Perfection! What's he doing out here? He's supposed to be getting ready for the chamber tonight!

Blanca, standing on the top of the ropes, prepares for his 450 Splash entitled the Ay Dios Mio. Perfection, quickly, runs up the steps to the apron. La Flama Blanca looks over, seeing him and almost loses his balance.

Blackfront: Perfection is out here to distract La Flama Blanca. But why?

Ace: Maybe he wants Blanca out of the chamber since Conrad obviously isn't as tough as he looks and I thought he was. He can't even put down a masked idiot like Blanca.

The referee runs over and begins to yell at Perfection on the apron. perfection throws his hands up as to say he's not out to cause trouble. La Flama Blanca turns his attention back to the downed Conrad in the ring. Perfection grabs the top rope and begins to shake it like crazy before leaping to the floor. La Flama Blanca begins to swing his arms and falls forward, slipping in the air and landing back first to the mat. The fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: Oh come on! He caused La Flama Blanca to fall!

Wingate: And the former UTA Champion gets the three count. Conrad Teller has been eliminated.

Sean Jackson gets up to his knee and just looks across at Perfection who's eyes grow wide.

Szalinski: Perfection knows he's in trouble!

Perfection tries to grab the corner of his pod door and pulling it tighter as Jackson stands and walks slowly his way. Behind him, Teller is helped out of the main door. Suddenly the lights begin to move over the pods. Jackson stops and waits.

Wingate: Perfection almost seems relieved.

Szalinski: Wouldn't you be?

The light stops over the mystery opponent cell. Sean Jackson's eyes open wide as he steps toward it and waits.

FADE

Perfection looks cautiously from outside of the ropes before slowly entering back into the ring. He walks over, slowly, to the hole and looks down. Perfection looks back up and around, holding his arms up as to show he has no idea where they went.

Szalinski: If they don't get back into the ring, does the match never end?

Wingate: I would assume it would be a forfeit?

Szalinski: You're the boss, your rules.

Wingate: I trust my officials Madman.

The lights begin to flash over the pods once more landing on the final pod. It begins to open and Will Haynes is ready.

Wingate: The Thrill itching to get into this, in probably the best spot of the match!

As he gets out of the pod and enters the ring, Will Haynes charges Perfection, trying to tackle him immediately to the mat.

Wingate: Will Haynes hot out of the gate looking to end this quick and regain his much needed momentum, however Perfection is ready for him and hammers down on the back of his head with a double axe handle.

He hits another and then grabs him by the head, slamming him head first into the nearest turnbuckle.

Wingate: Perfection gives Will Haynes a face full of turnbuckle.

Szalinski: The Thrill came into this thing ready to go, but so was Perfection after avoiding the match until now, and now The Thrill finds himself in a bad position here.

Will Haynes's head bounces off the turnbuckle and as he turns Perfection tackles him into the corner. Holding onto the middle rope on either side of Will Haynes, Perfection shoulders him in the gut multiple times.

Wingate: I have to admit, Perfection wants to win this one.

FADE

Will Haynes stops the run with his hands and pushes off of the pod, jumping backward with an elbow catching Perfection directly in the face. The fans pop like crazy.

Wingate: Will Haynes once again able to stop the assault!

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

Wingate: Will Haynes dropping down and rolling into the ring now as Perfection follows.

As The Thrill begins to get to his feet, perfection slides into the rope. Will Haynes sees him and waits.

Wingate: Will Haynes waiting.. Perfection to his feet...

The Thrill shoots forward with a kick. Perfection quickly drops down, grabbing Will Haynes under his leg, and whipping him to the mat, rolling Will Haynes over and into a pin. Perfection uses his legs to push down and hold Will Haynes down as the referee drops to count.

Wingate: PERFECTION COUNTERS WITH A LEG WHIP INTO A PIN! THIS COULD BE OVER!

Szalinski: He's going to do it!

Will Haynes kicks but it's too late as the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time. The fans begin to boo.

Wingate: I.. can't... believe it!

Suddenly, Sean Jackson's arm reaches up and he begins to pull himself out of the hole. A crimson mask of blood covers his face. Perfection looks at him in amazement.

Szalinski: Whoah! Jackson is ba...

Behind him, The Spectre raises up, grabbing his head and laughing sadistically as he pushes Sean Jackson back into the abyss. The referee runs over and looks into the hole. He gets to the mat and puts his head down inside. A few moments later he gets up and starts calling for the bell.

Szalinski: I have to say it, one more time, and I hope we don't get fined, but.. GOD... DAMN... SON.

Perfection has his hand raised by the referee.

Announcer: The winner of this match and Ring King Wild Card finalist.... PERRRRFEEECCTTTIIIOOONNN!!!!

Perfection just stares at James Wingate through the chamber, and smiles.

Szalinski: I think he's staring at you Boss.

Wingate: Yea, I can see that.

FADE.WRESTLESHOW #19

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Here we go, the main event of the night. One of these men will be named Ring King and go on to face Madman Szalinski at the pay per view, and one man will not. I can say, the performance of both of these guys in the last two months, no matter who wins, they both have told a story like no other.

Ace: I've got to admit, whomever loses I still see getting a shot at the title in the near future. I'm with you Jason, that these two have been the superstars of the last three months.

Blackfront: Perfection doing what he does best, mouthing off to Yoshii. He does realize the man is more than double his size right?

Ace: Look, when you're as good as Perfection, it doesn't matter.

Perfection pumps his chest out and steps in, standing toe to toe with the enormous Yoshii who just tilts his head to the side and looks at Perfection.

Blackfront: He does have a set of brass on him.

Outside of the ring, Jed Dye yells at Yoshii to get him. Perfection steps to the side and yells at jed Dye.

FADE

Perfection sees his opportunity and strikes, quickly moving back into the ring. He runs and leaps up on Yoshii's back, throwing his arms around Yoshii's head and wrapping his legs around him as best as he can.

Blackfront: Perfection seized an opportunity and is now trying to apply a sleeper hold on Yoshii who seems to not be able to get him off of him.

Jed Dye grabs his hair and yanks it in distress, not able to comprehend how ignorant Yoshii is.

Blackfront: Yoshii trying to grab Perfection who is on his back, but unable to.

Perfection continues to hold on as Yoshii swings his arms and stumbles around.

Ace: I can't believe how glorious this is!

Yoshii stops struggling. He reaches back and grabs the legs of Perfection, who's eyes grow again.

Ace: Oh no.

FADE

He turns around as Perfection uses the ropes to begin pulling himself up. A glazed look covers his face. It quickly turns into horrified as he sees Yoshii running toward him.

Blackfront: HE LEAPS! BIG SPLASH!

Ace: No! Please be OK!

The fans go crazy as Yoshii steps back, and Perfection slides to a sitting position yet again.

Blackfront: Yoshii runs... big kick to the chest of Perfection!

Perfection's chest looks as if it almost caved in, as every bit of air rushes out of his body and he goes limp.

Blackfront: Yoshii grabbing the leg of Perfection... he's dragging him away from the corner. We've seen this one before! I think it's almost over. We might have our Ring King here in just a few moments!

Ace: Get up. Oh please, get up! Where's Sean Jackson!

Blackfront: Still looking for Spectre I'd assume.

Yoshii begins to climb the turnbuckle. Jed Dye runs like a bat out of hell around the ring, cheering his client on.

Blackfront: Yoshii is on the second rope.. we've seen this countless times. Perfection is out cold! We have our winner once he does it... There he goes!!!! Yoshii leaps backward!!! YOSHII BOMB! YOSHII BOMB!!! YOSHII BOMB!!!

FADE

Blackfront: Your two thousand and fourteen Ring King is....

The referee's hand raises the third and final time....

Blackfront: YOSH-

Perfection throws his leg up and over the rope, barely making it in time. If only Yoshii would have landed a few inches further back.

Blackfront: NO!!!!

Ace: YESSS!!!

Blackfront: No one can believe it! Yoshii can not believe it! Jed Dye can not believe it! I can not believe it!

FADE

Once up, Perfection takes a deep breath, wincing as it hurts to do so. Suddenly, he shakes his head and runs toward the group of people.

Blackfront: perfection runs... right hand to the side of Jed Dye's head! He didn't see it coming!

Jed Dye twist and flies from the apron, hitting the floor hard. Yoshii yells and charges forward, but accidentally slams into the referee along the way. he stops and looks down as the referee falls, hitting the canvas.

Blackfront: Yoshii takes out the referee!

Ace: DISQUALIFY HIM!

Blackfront: It was an accident!

Ace: Was it Jason? Was it?

Yoshii looks at the referee with such sorrow, then down at Jed Dye with even more concern. Perfection drops to his knees, and with his good arm brings it up, catching Yoshii between his legs. Yoshii's eyes grow big and he stumbles around and away from perfection, who drops and slides out fo the ring.

Blackfront: The referee is down and Yoshii suffers a low blow. This is the man you want as your Ring King Tommy?

Ace: YES!

Perfection steps over the barrier and threatens a fan to move. He grabs the fan's chair and heads back over the barrier.

Blackfront: Despicable.

Perfection slides back in the ring with the chair, and gets up. You can tell one arm is hurt bad as his face shows it lifting the chair. He swings, hitting Yoshii right across the back. The big man flies forward and down, hitting the canvas.

Blackfront: I'm embarrassed for us right now. This is not right.

Ace: But it works!

Perfection brings the chair down across Yoshii's back again, followed by another. He lays it on top of Yoshii's head and looks around.

Blackfront: Oh now, w hat is he going to do?

Ace: YES! DO IT!

Perfection runs past Yoshii, hits the ropes, and on his return drops, sliding feet first into the chair leaned across Yoshii's head. The fans boo. Trash begins to fly.

Blackfront: I can't believe this.

The referee starts to move and Perfection quickly slides the chair out of the ring. He begins pushing Yoshii with all of his might, trying to turn him over.

Ace: PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT!

Perfection lets out a loud yell as Yoshii begins to turn, finally falling on his back. Perfection quickly covers him, yelling at the now awake referee. The referee scoot sover and raises his hand.

Blackfront: Very slow count, but I think Yoshii is out.

Ace: I know he is!

The referee raises his hand again, Perfection yells to hurry, but the referee is still hurt.

Blackfront: Just one away from three!

The referee raises his hand one more time. The boos are incredible as it comes down and strikes for a third time.

Ace: HE'S DONE IT! HE'S DONE IT!

Blackfront: he did it alright.

The bell begins to sound and Perfection smiles. The referee, now on his feet, helps Perfection up, raising his hand.

Announcer: The winner of this match by pin fall... the two thousand and fourteen Ring King... and the man who will go on to face Madman Szalinski for the UTA Championship.... in a....

Announcer:... sixty minute... IRON MAAAANNNN MAAAATTTCCCHHH....

Blackfront: WHAT?!

Ace: ARE YOU KIDDING?!

Perfection's eyes grow yet again as he can't believe what he just heard.

Announcer: PERRRRFEEEECCCTTTIIIOONNNN!!!!!!

Blackfront: perfection can not believe what he just heard, and neither can I. We heard rumblings of a stipulation already being chosen, but an Iron man match at Ring King?!

Ace: After what he went through tonight? That's not fair!

Blackfront: No, using a chair on Yoshii is not fair!

Perfection's music cues up, and holding one arm against his body, his other raised, he knows the toughest match of his career is coming in two weeks.

MADMAN SZALINSKI VERSUS PERFECTION

Blackfront: It has all been leading up to this folks. Three months since Madman Szalinski captured the UTA Championship. Three months, superstars such as Perfection have clawed and fought their way to try to be in the place he is right now.

Ace: If anything, Perfection fought the hardest Jason!

Blackfront: I will have to say, from everything, Perfection may have had the most adversities getting to where he is.

Ace: May have?! He wasn't even allowed to be in the tournament when it began as he was shipped off to VCW and held back by the suits. Perfection refused to stay down, he fought back, and look where he is now!

Blackfront: Yea, thanks to locking himself away in a pod during the chamber, then using a chair to take out Yoshii, Perfection is here. But now that we are on the grand stage, can he get past a more determined than ever Madman Szalinski?

Ace: Can he? Perfection is so determined to win this match, he is here against doctor's wishes. Look at that cast on his arm! You didn't see Madman getting back in the ring two weeks after he won the title, did you?

Blackfront: He was in a coma...

Ace: Excuses, excuses.

The sound system begins to play the opening riffs of Perfect Gentleman by Helloween.

Announcer: Coming to the ring first. hailing from Los Angeles, California...

The crowd immediately responds with jeers and boos. The one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain raising his arms accepting the crowds reaction to his wonderfulness.

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

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

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. Perfection enters the ring.

? 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)?

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

As the hi-hats count off four to start off Dr. Wily Part One, Madman Szalinski jumps out from behind the curtain. Ariel Shadows calmly walks out behind him as he screams some random words out to the fans.

Grasping his hand, Ariel calms Madman down and the two make their way down the aisle. The couple slaps every single hand that reaches out over the railing.

Announcer: From The Fire Fields....

Szalinski rolls into the ring, standing up to hold the ropes for Ariel. Ariel leaps onto the ring apron, then steps through and into the ring.

Announcer: Being accompanied to the ring by Ariel Shadows, weighing in at on hundred and eighty-seven pounds...

Madman runs to the closest turnbuckle, jumping up to the middle rope. Holding his hands out, he begins to play an invisible "controller", mashing buttons briefly before dropping the "controller" and raising his fists into the air.

Announcer: The United Toughness Alliance Champion.... MADMAN SZAAAAALINSKSKKKKIIIIII!!!

Jumping down from the corner, Szalinski briefly kneels in the corner, head bowed to the turnbuckles, and falls quiet for a few seconds before hopping to his feet and turning remove the title from around his waist and hand it to the referee.

Blackfront: This is going to be a tough one. Madman Szalinski is the champion, but Perfection has a longer reach and outweighs Madman Szalinski greatly. It's your typical Power Versus Speed in this one.

The ref raises the belt high over his head, the gold glinting in the lights as the bell rings. The ref hands the belt off to the stage hand.

Blackfront: Here we go ladies and gentlemen, the moment we have all been waiting for! A sixty minute Iron Man Match!

Ace: If Madman lives that long!

Blackfront: Oh come on.

Both men circle one another, Perfection slapping his shoulders before locking up. Immediately Perfection gains the upper hand, putting Madman Szalinski into a side head lock. Perfection wrenches on Madman before Madman moves Perfection toward the ropes and then Irish whips him into the ropes. Perfection returns and Madman leap frogs over him, Perfection hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and as he returns Madman Szalinski falls to his back and lifts Perfection up into the air, sending him down to the mat.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski illustrating his speed here! Using his leg strength to knock him to the mat.

Ace: Perfection went down with that one.

Madman Szalinski gets to his feet as Perfection does and quickly jumps into the air, dropkicking him into the corner.

Blackfront: Perfection in the corner now after an impressive drop kick.

Ace: That's OK. There's still fifty nine minutes plus to go. Let that masked idiot use up all of his steam early.

Madman Szalinski then gets up and makes his way to the corner of the ring. He grabs Perfection around the head and then sends him over his shoulder with a snapmare. Madman Szalinski then grabs Perfection around the back of the head with a reverse chin lock.

Blackfront: Reverse chin lock by Madman Szalinski. Wonderful placement here by Madman Szalinski, he knows his way around the ring. Perfection stuck in the center of the ring, with nowhere to go.

Madman Szalinski wrenches back on Perfection's head, Perfection wincing from the pain. The referee gets down and checks on Perfection, and Perfection shakes his head. Perfection then slowly gets to his feet, one foot at a time and then elbows Madman Szalinski in the gut twice, before Irish whipping Madman Szalinski into the ropes.

Blackfront: Perfection out of the hold, he sends Madman Szalinski into the ropes.

As Madman Szalinski returns, he kicks Perfection in the gut, causing him to bend over. Madman Szalinski then hooks his arms and DDTs him to the mat.

Blackfront: Impressive DDT by Madman Szalinski.

Ace: I'm not impressed at all.

Madman Szalinski then gets up and charges the ropes. He jumps up on the middle rope and then jumps off, moonsaulting onto Perfection.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski pulling out all the tricks tonight!

Ace: He knows there is no other way he'll be able to beat the Ring King!

Madman Szalinski then covers Perfection, going for the pin.

Blackfront: We've got a quick pin here as Madman tries to get the first pin of the match... No.. kick out by Perfection

Ace: Madman Szalinski trying to go for the easy pinfall but Perfection aint having any of it!

Madman Szalinski gets up, frustrated, then quickly reaches down and gets Perfection in a Boston crab.

Blackfront: Submission move here by Madman Szalinski.

Ace: But Perfection is too close to the ropes!

Perfection reaches out and grabs the bottom rope, and the referee immediately steps in to break the hold. He counts, 1...2...3... Madman Szalinski breaks the hold. Madman then drags Perfection by the leg and goes for another pin in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Another pin by Madman! A count of two and kick out.

Frustrated Madman Szalinski pushes down Perfection's raised shoulder and goes for another pin, yelling at the ref.

Blackfront: Yet another! Madman needs to slow down and work Perfection.

Ace: Nah, let him play. Perfection will get the upper hand and destroy him the rest of the match.

Madman Szalinski gets up frustrated. He turns around, just as Perfection gets to his feet. Perfection rises with an uppercut, hitting Madman Szalinski clean in the jaw and knocking him down to the mat.

Blackfront: Massive uppercut by Perfection!

Ace: It was a perfect uppercut! Ha! you see what I did there? Perfect uppercut!

Blackfront: Yea, yea.

Perfection shakes his head to get the cobwebs out and then goes to Madman Szalinski and brings him to his feet. Perfection then lifts his left arm, measures up a bunch and punches Madman Szalinski above the heart.

Blackfront: Heart punch by Perfection.

Ace: A dangerous move, if done properly it could stop the heart! That was great! Cause him to have another heart attack and let's go home!

Ariel screams, showing legitimate concern as her husband could very well die from a punch to the heart.

Madman Szalinski holds his chest, stumbling away from Perfection to the other side of the ring. Perfection follows him, then tosses him into the ropes. As Madman Szalinski returns Perfection charges him and jumps in the air knocking him to the mat with a running shoulder block.

Blackfront: Running shoulder block by Perfection! And Perfection has momentum.

Ace: The force of that shoulder block was impressive!

Perfection gets up, raises his arms and the fans boo. Perfection then makes his way to a corner and climbs up to the top rope. Perfection then raises his arms again to more boos.

Blackfront: Perfection wasting time here.

Ace: Wasting time? They have a LOT of time left Jason.

Perfection turns around and climbs up to the very top, taking his time and making sure he has his balance. He then jumps off, hitting Madman Szalinski with a huge egg drop.

Blackfront: Perfection stepping out of his comfort zone with the leg drop off the top rope!

Ace: I didn't even know Perfection was capable of such a thing. He got some serious height with that one. I love it!

Perfection then turns Madman Szalinski onto his back and then goes for the pin, hooking his leg.

Blackfront: We've got a pin by Perfection...

The referee drops down and begins to count.

Blackfront: Kick out! That was a close one. 2 and 8 tenths of a second!

Ace: That was a slow count!

Perfection gets up, breathing heavy. He reaches down and grabs Madman the head. As Madman gets up he punches Perfection in the gut, following up two times more times before running off the ropes for momentum and returning. As he returns Perfection reaches up and grabs Madman's neck, slamming him to the mat.

Blackfront: Spinning neck breaker by Perfection!

Ace: That was NOICE.

Blackfront: Nice?

Ace: No NOOIIICCCCEE!

Perfection gets to his feet then reaches down and brings Madman Szalinski up to his. Perfection then promptly wraps his hands around Madman Szalinski, and picks him up, squeezing with all his might.

Blackfront: Bear hug by Perfection! He's trying to squeeze the life out of Madman Szalinski!

Ace: The strength of this guy is no joke. I think I just hear Madman Szalinski's cartilage snap!

Madman Szalinski flails his arms, as the ref gets in his face, asking him if he would like to submit. The crowd buzzes as Szalinski continues to flail around. Madman then reaches up and punches Perfection, then once more before the hold is broken.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski is out of it! And look at him go!

Madman Szalinski runs off the ropes and as he returns he jumps up wrapping his legs around Perfection head and then sending him to the matt.

Blackfront: Hurricanrana by Madman Szalinski.

Madman Szalinski slowly gets to his feet, and soon after Perfection gets to his feet as well. Szalinski charges Perfection, but Perfection bends over and lifts him up over the top rope.

Blackfront: Perfection saw that one coming.

Ace: But what he doesn't see is that Madman Szalinski landed on the ring apron! Here he comes! Turn around!

As Perfection starts to stagger toward the center of the ring, Madman Szalinski quickly gets back in the ring. He grabs Perfection from behind and slams him to the canvas. Madman Szalinski runs toward the corner. He grabs the ropes and leaps up on the top. He turns and with more ease than Perfection head, he dives with a flying elbow.

Blackfront: Flying elbow from Madman Szalinski!

Ace: This guy is as agile as a cat, and unfortuantly has just as many lives.

Madman Szalinski then crawls over Perfection for the pin.

Blackfront: Pin by the champion.. this could be the first pin fall of the match.... NO! Kick out by Perfection!

Ace: Perfection just barely got out of that one Jason.

Madman Szalinski gets up and then brings Perfection to his feet. Madman tries to Irish Whip Perfection into the corner but Perfection holds his ground. Perfection then grabs Madman and tosses him into the corner, the result of which sends Madman through the top and middle rope and right into the steel ring post.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski just collided with the ring post! That'll hurt your shoulder, won't it?

Ace: Sure. Sure it will.

Perfection raises his arms and the fans boo as Madman Szalinski crawls out from the ropes grabbing his arm. He makes his way into the center of the ring and Perfection promptly clotheslines him to the mat.

Blackfront: Huge clothesline by Perfection, he flattened Madman Szalinski with that one.

Ace: What he should do now, is work the arm!

Perfection stomps Madman Szalinskis arm before bringing him to his feet. Perfection then hooks Madman's head

under his arm, tossing his other arm over his head. Perfection then grabs Madman's trunks and lifts him over his head, falling backward, slamming him to the mat.

Blackfront: Textbook suplex by Perfection!

Ace: it was a PERFECT suplex! Ha! you see what i did there again?! Perfection! Cause his name is Perfection!

Blackfront: Oh shut up.

Perfection keeps his hold on Madman and brings him up to his feet. Perfection then lifts him again and slams him back to the canvas.

Blackfront: Another suplex by Perfection!

Ace: Just linking those moves together Jason. That's how a champion should work.

Perfection then crawls over Madman Szalinski and goes for the pin. The ref slides to the mat for the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin by Perfection!

Madman somehow kicks out yet again.

Ace: Woah that one was close.

Blackfront: Awfully close, Ace.

Madman Szalinski, in an effort to get away from Perfection quickly rolls out of the ring. When he lands on the outside he leans back grabbing his back and breathing heavy. Perfection follows in pursuit, climbing out of the ring, but as he reaches Madman, Madman reaches up and punches him promptly in his face. Madman then grabs Perfection and slams him face first into the commentators table.

Blackfront: Perfection just went face first into our table!

Ace: Madman Szalinski letting Perfection get up close and personal! I love it! You can smell the sweat on these guys!

Blackfront: You like the smell of man sweat?

Ace: Uh... what?! No... no... absolutely not. . . .

Madman Szalinski then grabs Perfection but Perfection raises an elbow and elbows Madman promptly in the gut. Perfection then tries to whip Madman into the steel steps, but Madman Szalinski reverses it, tossing Perfection into the steps instead. The fans go nuts at the sound of Perfection barreling into the steps.

Blackfront: And there goes Perfection! He just went right into the steel ring steps!

Ace: Madman Szalinski has got to cease this opportunity and get Perfection back in the ring. You can't pin a man outside of it. But, he is an idiot, so why am I even thinking he'd do anything else?

Madman Szalinski picks up Perfection and tosses him into the ring. Madman then climbs to the apron and heads to the turnbuckle. He begins to climb from the outside and perches on the top, waiting for Perfection to get to his feet. When he does, Madman Szalinski jumps off for the body splash but Perfection catches him. Perfection then throws him back, slamming him to the canvas.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski went for the body splash there but Perfection caught him and took him to the mat with a fallaway slam.

Ace: Did I mention this guy was strong? Madman Szalinski may not weigh as much as some of the other guys, but he certainly isn't as light as a feather!

The crowd goes crazy as the referee looks around and sees both men on the mat. He starts to make the count. 1. . . 2.

. . 3. . . 4. . . Perfection slowly gets to his feet, breathing heavy as Madman Szalinski crawls to the ropes trying to pull himself up. Perfection aids him by grabbing his mask and pulling him to his feet. Perfection then kicks Szalinski in the gut and then places his head between his legs. He then lifts him into the air and slams him to the mat.

Blackfront: Powerbomb by Perfection! Madman Szalinski is down!

The crowd boos as Perfection runs a thumb across his throat, signaling this could be the end and the first pin fall is coming.

Blackfront: It looks like Perfection is going to go for the first pinfall here yet again.

Perfection then brings Madman to his feet and lifts him up into the air slamming him to the canvas.

Blackfront: Huge powerslam by Perfection!

Ace: t was a perfect pow...

Blackfront: WE GET IT!

The crowd buzzes, The referee gets down to the canvas to make the count.

Blackfront: Perfection has the legs hooked.

The referee's hand hits the canvas for the third time and the bell rings.

Blackfront: Perfection did it! he has scored the first pin fall of this match!

Ace: If this was a normal match we'd have a new champion Jason!

Announcer: The winner of the first pin fall.... PERRFECCCTTTIIIOONNN!!!!

The referee has Perfection get back, allowing Madman to slowly get up so that the match can resume. After a few moments, the referee checks on Madman who says he is ready to continue.

Blackfront: The action continues as both of these men are looking to walk out of here the UTA Champion, but only one will!

Perfection mocks Madman, telling him to bring it.

Blackfront: Here we go, they lock up.

Perfection takes charge, placing Madman in a side headlock before dropping to the canvas and applying pressure.

Blackfront: Perfection in charge again as he tries to slow the pace down now, applying that side headlock to Madman Szalinski on the canvas.

Ace: All he has to do now is hold him there for another forty five minutes and we have a new champion!

He applies more pressure, almost resting in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Madman is unable to get free. He needs to conserve his energy and wait for the perfect moment.

Ace: PERFECT MOMENT!

Blackfront: Really Tommy? Really?

Perfection continues to just hold the champion down, tightening his lock.

Blackfront: Perfection now holding Madman Szalinski in that headlock for over a minute, keeping the pace.

Madman begins to try and get up. Perfection, keeping the lock in place, comes up with him. He tightens it even more.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski still unable to get free.

Ace: He has no place to go!

Madman reaches behind Perfection, and begins to lift. The fans start screaming as he is able to get Perfection up just a bit, but Perfection just rolls down, bringing Madman over with him and right into a tighter headlock on the canvas.

Blackfront: Madman had tried to escape but just couldn't.

Madman tries to roll over, but Perfection rolls with him, tightening the hold again.

Blackfront: Madman trying to find the right moment to get free.

Ace: There is no right moment. Just fade out!

Madman is able to push up to one knee, forcing perfection to stand with him, still holding his head.

Blackfront: Perfection refusing to let go as Madman tries another effort here to get free.

Madman just stays on one knee. he tries to hit Perfection, but he just moves, tightening the headlock even more as he does.

Blackfront: Perfection just retching this headlock now.

Madman pushes to a standing position. perfection doesn't let go. The Champion throws his arms up, placing his hands on Perfections face and trying to push him away.

Blackfront: Madman unable to get out of the headlock, but now pushing Perfection back.

Perfections goes into the ropes, and with just the right momentum, Madman is able to get him to let go and sends him across the ring.

Blackfront: Perfection sent across the ring. one the return... Madman Szalinski is there.. big hip toss!

The fans scream as Perfection goes over.

Blackfront: Szalinski back on his feet and rushes Perfection.

Perfection throws his legs up, kicking Madman back. Madman runs again, but Perfection rolls over and leaps up, grabbing his head, and pulling him over and back to the canvas.

Blackfront: Perfection still in full control.

Ace: As he should be.

Madman puts his legs up and places them around Perfections head, squeezing until he lets go.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski able to get free, now holding Perfection in a head scissor.

Madman Szalinski squeezes, now on the giving end of what some would refer to as a rest break.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski applies more pressure here, wanting to wear Perfection down.

Perfection grabs Madman's feet and begins to try and get free.

Blackfront: Perfection over powering Madman, who is still worn down from the first portion of this match.

As he gets free, perfection quickly rolls up and to his feet.

Blackfront: Perfection begins to stomp the champion.

Perfection continues to attack Madman with a series of vicious stomps. He then reaches down and yanks Madman Szalinski to his feet by the mask.

Blackfront: Knife edge chops by Perfection, leaving Madman Szalinski's chest glowing.

Ace: Guess what?

Blackfront: What?

Ace: Those were perfect chops!

Blackfront: Seriously, I need a new broadcast partner.

He grabs Szalinski's arm.

Blackfront: Hard whip, sending Madman Szalinski into the ropes.

Perfection runs forward, throwing his arm out.

Blackfront: Szalinski ducks the clothesline attempt on his return.

Madman leaps to the second rope and leaps up as Perfection turns.

Blackfront: Moonsault!

However, Perfection catches Madman Szalinski, braces him and runs, falling forward.

Ace: Madman Szalinski flattened like a tortilla!

As Perfection gets to his feet, he throws both arms out and lets out a dominating yell.

Blackfront: Perfection jumps over Madman Szalinski, off the ropes, dropping a knee across the chest of his opponent.

Perfection uses the ropes to pull himself up before leaning over them and grinning to the booing crowd.

Blackfront: Perfection seems to feed off of this heated crowd.

Ace: Haters gonna hate Jason.

He moves from the ropes and towards Madman Szalinski, lifting his left leg up.

Blackfront: Kick to the inner thigh of Madman Szalinski.

Perfection picks the right leg up, and brings his boot down the middle.

Blackfront: Now that is uncalled for!

Ace: What? What'd he do?

Blackfront: What'd he do? Come on.

Madman Szalinski holds himself, rolling over face into the mat, as Perfection grabs him by the head, and violently pulls him to his feet.

Blackfront: Perfection directs Madman Szalinski to the corner, introducing his face with the top turn buckle.

Madman Szalinski's head bounces off of the turn buckle. He stumbles back and turns around to receive an European uppercut from Perfection.

Blackfront: Perfection continues to dominate this championship match.

Perfection charges Szalinski, throwing his boot up. At the last moment, Madman Szalinski moves, causing Perfection to put his leg through the middle of the ropes and become temporarily entangled in them.

Blackfront: This could be Madman Szalinski's chance.

Ace: Move Perfection! Move!

Madman Szalinski crawls a few inches and pushes his way to his feet, as Perfection is able to regain proper footing.

Blackfront: Both men meet yet again for a proper lock up. Perfection is quickly able to regain control and place Madman Szalinski in a side headlock.

Perfection applies pressure to Szalinski, however, he is able to slide out of the lock behind him.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski with a vertical jump, standing dropkick to the back of Perfection.

Perfection is sent forward into the ropes, as he hits them and is shot backwards, Madman Szalinski runs, leaping to the second and jumping off with an elbow. However, Perfection is able to hook his arm in and in one motion carry him over to the mat and into an arm bar.

Blackfront: Quick thinking by Perfection may have gotten this back on track. He applies pressure to Madman Szalinski's arm.

Ace: Perfection is just showing what all he will bring when he is the next champion!

Madman Szalinski throws his legs forward, and uses the momentum to stand up, twisting out of the arm lock that Perfection had applied, while at the same time twisting Perfection over and to the mat. The fans cheer at the action.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski to the ropes, he grabs the top, pulls himself up and forcefully leaps to the second, bouncing off with momentum. Madman Szalinski crashes down across Perfection and the referee goes to count. Kick out at one.

The crowd screams as both men begin to get to their feet.

Blackfront: Perfection grabs the arm of Szalinski, Irish whip into the ropes. Madman on the return, he leaps with a double leg sitting drop kick, Perfection ducks and lifts. Quick thinking by Perfection as he throws Madman Szalinski to the canvas. Powerbomb!

Ace: I'm loving every moment of this!

Major crowd heat resumes as Perfection pulls Madman Szalinski to his feet.

Blackfront: Chop by Perfection, followed by another, and another. Madman Szalinski now leans back and comes forward with his own.

Perfection grabs his chest.

Blackfront: Swift kick to the side of Perfection's legs by Madman Szalinski. Perfection to one knee. Madman Szalinski runs past him, off the ropes, soccer style kick to the back of Perfection's head.

Perfection falls forward to the mat, holding his head. Madman Szalinski leans over him, and bends down. Perfection throws a leg up, kicking Madman Szalinski in the face.

Blackfront: Perfection quickly able to get to his feet. Don't count him out yet folks. He turns Madman Szalinski around, whip, no, reversed. Perfection sent towards the corner.

Madman Szalinski runs behind him. As Perfection gets to the corner post he grabs the top rope and leaps up. Madman Szalinski crashes through the post as Perfection lands behind him.

Blackfront: Perfection takes advantage of the situation, grabs Madman Szalinski's head, inverted DDT!

Szalinski appears dazed, but is still able to roll over and get to his feet.

Blackfront: Both men up again. Perfection rushes Madman Szalinski. Szalinski sidesteps, lifting Perfection and sending him now crashing into the corner post.

Perfection bounces off of the turnbuckle, Szalinski runs and grabs the top ropes, throwing his legs up behind him, wrapping them around Perfection's neck. He legs go, swinging around.

Blackfront: Hurricarrana!

Madman hits the mat, and rolls up to his feet. He runs across the ring, and bounces off the ropes.

Baseball slide by Madman Szalinski!

Madman Szalinski gets to his feet and raises his arms to the crowd, getting them pumped. As the fans cheer he climbs the nearby turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski going for a high risk maneuver.

He carefully aims, before leaping, flipping in the air.

Blackfront: 450 Splash!

The crowd goes insane as Madman Szalinski quickly covers his opponent and the referee drops.

Blackfront: He hooks the leg. One.. two...

The referee's hand hits for a third time and the bell sounds.

Backfront: He did it! he did it! the champion wins the second pin fall of the match!

Ace: That was a fluke! Perfection would have already been champion if they hadn't found another way to screw him by making this an Iron Man match!

Announcer: The winner of the second pin fall..... MADMAN..... SZALLLINNSSSSKKKKIIIIIIII!!!

Blackfront: Madman has now evened the score, but you have to wonder, how much gas does he have left in the tank?

Ace: He's running on empty while we all know Perfection is running off the electricity of becoming the new UTA Champion!

The Champion rest as the referee checks on Perfection. After a few moments Perfection is back to his feet.

Blackfront: These two men have been giving us their all as we get closer to the end of the match and possibly a new UTA Champion.

Ace: There's no possible to it, perfection will do this!

Perfection assures the referee he's ready and the signal is given to continue.

Blackfront: Here we go. They lock up yet again tonight. Perfection taking control, putting Madman Szalinski into a headlock.

Ace: You've got to appreciate Perfection working the different parts of Madman, and trying to keep the pace slow. It's brilliant.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski is able to escape, stomping the foot of Perfection.

Szalinski rolls around behind Perfection, wrapping his arms around the waist of the Ring King.

Blackfront: Belly to back by Madman Szalinski.

Perfection tries to rip Madman's fingers apart. Finally, he is able to slip his own fingers in and begins to pull Madman's hands to the sides.

Blackfront: Perfection trying to escape the grasp of Madman Szalinski.

Ace: He is almost free.

Perfection holds Madman's arms up and to the side on each side. He begins to twist around as he bends down, still holding onto Madman's hands. All the way around now, he still holds the hands of the champion who is arched

backward, his head toward Perfection.

Blackfront: Perfection now in control.

Ace: He's been in control of this entire match!

Perfection yanks back, collapsing Madman to the mat. He quickly takes off, running forward. He jumps over Szalinski then leaps up to the second rope, grabbing the top and throwing his legs out. However, Madman Szalinski rolls out of the way.

Blackfront: Perfection sees Madman Szalinski in time to catch himself and land on his feet.

Ace: Quick thinking by Madman and an even quicker reaction by Perfection.

Perfection turns around and steps forward as Madman rolls up to his knees and in one movement, catches Perfection into a fireman's carry, slamming him to his opposite side and leading into an arm bar.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski stretching the arm of Perfection.

Perfection pushes up and twist his arm, using Madman's gasp to pull him into a side knee. As Szalinski bends over, Perfection spins around with a back kick into the knees of Madman.

Blackfront: Madman collapses after that kick to the back of his knees.

Ace: The back and forward so far has been great. I am just ready for Perfection to get another pin and take this one home!

Blackfront: Perfection runs past Madman Szalinski who is on his knees. Perfection off of the ropes and on the return.

As Perfection goes for a shining wizard, Madman quickly springs up, wrapping his arm under Perfection's leg and taking him over.

Blackfront: Dragon screw leg take down by Madman Szalinski.

The fans go crazy. Perfection rolls over quickly and pushes his way up as Madman gets up as well.

Blackfront: These two men are hot tonight. They men charge each other.

Madman ducks down as Perfection leaps over him.

Blackfront: Leap frog by Perfection. Both off of the ropes again.

As they return, Perfection stops and shoots his leg up for a super kick. Madman Szalinski sees it in time and is able to stop his in motion run, with his head pulling back in almost cartoonish fashion, just inches away from the foot of his opponent.

Blackfront: Perfection went for the super kick and almost ended this pin fall.

Szalinski spins to his right and ducks down, while going behind Perfection. He steps up grabbing Perfection quickly and lifting him up and back.

Blackfront: German suplex by Madman Szalinski!

Perfection hits the mat and rolls to his stomach, quickly scurrying back on the mat, keeping his eyes on Madman who turns over and gets to a knee.

Blackfront: Perfection pushes up, runs toward Madman. Szalinski springs to his feet.

As Perfection charges, he stays semi low. Szalinski charges as well.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski leaps....

As he jumps over Perfection, he slides down head first, grabbing around Perfection's waste and pulling him over with him.

Blackfront: Sunset flip into a pin by Madmand Szalinski!

Ace: NO! Slow him down!

The referee drops and begins to count as Perfection kicks his feet.

Blackfront: Kickout at one. Perfection escaping a potential bad situation.

Ace: Madman Szalinski keeps getting these burst of energy. It's frustrating. No one should be able to come back this much!

Blackfront: Perfection holding his own though, showing why he is the Ring King.

Both men once again roll over and shoot up, running toward each other. Perfection leaps up, turning side ways.

Blackfront: Cross body by Perfection!

As they hit the mat, Perfection quickly hooks Madman's leg.

Blackfront: Perfection now going for a pin.

Ace: These two men are really wanting to put each other out.

Blackfront: Kickout at two!

Ace: That was close.

The fans are cheering as both men continue to put on a great match. They both get to their feet yet again. Perfection quickly moves forward with a kick that Madman Szalinski catches.

Blackfront: Madman catches that kick attempt by Perfection.

Perfection looks surprised for a moment and then spins around, connecting with the head of Madman Szalinski.

Blackfront: Enziguri by Perfection!

Ace: He almost took his head off.

Perfection quickly pushes up and runs to the corner.

Blackfront: Perfection climbing the corner.

Ace: Going for a high risk move.

Blackfront: He leaps...

Ace: Perfection is flying have way across the ring!

Perfection comes down with a flying headbutt, that connects.

Blackfront: What a headbutt!

Ace: It was a pe..

Blackfront: STOP DAMN IT! JUST STOP!

Perfection quickly pins Madman Szalinski again.

Blackfront: He may have it.

Ace: I don't know how Madman can continue.

Blackfront: I don't know how Perfection was able to fly so far.

The referee's hand hits the mat.

Blackfront: Kickout in just a split second before the three!

The fans are on their feet. Perfection can't believe that Madman Szalinski kicked out again. Ariel is in disbelief outside of the ring as well.

Blackfront: This match certainly.... wait!

As Perfection begins to get up, Madman Szalinski sits up, wrapping his arm around Perfection's head, and pulling back, locking his legs around the waist of the Ring King.

Blackfront: Guillotine choke!

Ace: NO! DON'T GIVE UP! DON'T DO IT!

Blackfront: He's got the Deathtrap locked in!

Madman Szalinski laughs manically as he pulls tighter. Ariel is jumping up and down on the outside as the referee watches closely.

Blackfront: Perfection has to tap! he has to!

Ace: No regular man can withstand that!

Perfection tries to get away, but he just allows Madman to get a tighter hold.

Blackfront: Come on Perfection, tap!

Suddenly the crowd begins to boo and the camera shifts to show Sean Jackson running down from the back.

Ace: SEAN JACKSON IS HERE! I KNEW HE WOULD COME!

Blackfront: Oh no, things just turned bad for the champion!

Madman sees Jackson and lets go of Perfection. Suddenly the fans begin to cheer and we see La Flama Blanca now running from the back.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca coming down to stop Jackson!

Madman gets up and rushes the ropes, yelling at Jackson. He leaps out of the way as Sean slides in. However, La Flama Blanca is right behind him.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca in as well. Jackson charges The Champion.

Madman runs and slides under Sean Jackson's legs. He quickly gets on his hands and knees as Sean turns around. La Flama Blanca runs and leaps, using Madman to launch himself up with a kick to the face of Sean Jackson. The fans go crazy and are all on their feet.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca and Madman taking the former champion down!

Ace: Are you serious?

Sean rolls out of the ring. Behind the, Perfection is starting to get to his feet. Madman and Blanca bring it in for a hug, before La Flama Blanca turns and runs toward the ropes. He leaps through the middle and crashes into Sean Jackson on the outside. The crowd, still unable to sit down, get even louder.

Blackfront: Perfection up behind Madman Szalinski.

Perfection grabs Madman's arms, and twist around, turning Madman around as well before dropping down.

Blackfront: THE PHOTO FINISH!

Ace: YES!

Blackfront: Perfection turns the champion over and covers!

The referee drops down and begins counting again. As his hand hits the canvas for the third time the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Perfection is now up two to one with not much time left in this match!

Ace: I told you! I told you! This is out new champion!

Outside of the ring, Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca are starting to stir.

Announcer: The winner of this fall via pin fall..... PERFECCTTTIIIOONNN!!!!

The referee checks on the champion.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski needs to get to his feet and get this match going again before time is up.

Ace: How can he after that? He's done. That's it. We have a new champion!

Outside, Sean Jackson sends La Flama Blanca into the barricade.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson tearing La Flama Blanca apart on the outside here. Jackson, as you know, recently formed some sort of bond with Perfection.

Ace: It was only natural. The two best in the business, together!

The fans begin to scream again, this time as CBR heads out of the back and down the ramp.

Blackfront: What's CBR doing here!

He gets to the ring and runs around toward where Jackson is stomping La Flama Blanca. Sean sees him and quickly jets around the other way.

Blackfront: CBR out here to save La Flama Blanca! The numbers game is even again!

CBR bends down and begins to check on La Flama Blanca. In the ring, Madman is getting up. However, Sean Jackson slides in.

Blackfront: Jackson back in the ring!

Ace: No one will be able to stop those two!

Blackfront: I'm not so sure about that! the undefeated Internet Champion now in the ring and standing side by side with Madman Szalinski! All hell is about to break lose!

CBR looks over at Madman, verbally checking on him. Madman nods his head then they both run toward Jackson and Perfection.

Blackfront: The two champions on th... what?!

CBR just stops as Perfection and Sean Jackson grab Madman Szalinski and lifting him together before throwing him forward and to the canvas.

Blackfront: What's going on?!

CBR just cracks a smile. He tilts his head as he looks down at The Champion. Bending down, CBR grabs Madman by the mask and yanks him up.

Blackfront: The Internet Champion lifting Madman Szalinski onto his shoulder... he runs and leaps! POWERSLAM! MY GOD! CBR IS WORKING WITH PERFECTION AND SEAN JACKSON!

Ace: YES! IT'S ALL COMING TOGETHER NOW!

The referee starts calling for the bell.

Blackfront: Wait!

He yells out to the announcer.

Announcer: The winner of this pin fall by disqualification.... MADMAN... SZALINSKI!!!!!!

Blackfront: Madman now even with Perfection, but there is no way he can come back now. He just can't!

CBR, Sean Jackson, and Perfection grab each other's hands and raise them high in the sky, showing their pride of putting one over the champion.

Blackfront: This is disgraceful.

Ace: This is amazing!

Perfection directs CBR and Sean Jackson to let him finish the match. They nod and both head to the ropes, exiting to the outside where la Flama Blanca is still unconscious. In the ring, Perfection stalks Madman who is trying to get up, but his body just not letting him

Blackfront: The score is even and the clock is almost on zero. Madman is down. All Perfection has to do is get the match resumed and pin him.

Perfection trying to grab Madman, but the referee pushes him back, saying madman needs more time. Perfection yells but steps back. outside of the ring, Sean Jackson and CBR stare at Ariel who is obviously afraid.

Blackfront: What a night this has been.

They begin to walk toward Ariel who begins to scream as she backs away.

Blackfront: You animals! What are you going to do?!

She begins pleading for them to stay away. Suddenly, from out of the crowd we see a woman jump.

Blackfront: It's Kathryn Vermont Thomas! What is she doing out here?!

Ace: Does she think she can protect Ariel from Sean Jackson and CBR? Really?

KVT pushes Ariel back, standing in front of her. Sean Jackson and CBR just look at each other and laugh.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas may have had her match canceled tonight, but she is about to make up for it as she comes to the aide of Ariel.

She gets into a defensive position and just waits. Jackson and CBR close in as Perfection watches from the ring with approval, not minding that Madman is on a knee and trying to gather his bearings.

Blackfront: This is just sick. Those men need to stay away from those women.

Ace: You want to be out here with the guys, expect to be treated the same way Jason!

CBR and Jackson each move to the side of the two women who are now back to back.

Blackfront: The most uncomfortable moment in UTA history about to pop off!

Suddenly, KVT turns to Ariel's back and smiles.

Blackfront: Oh no...

She taps Ariel on the shoulder. As Ariel turns, KVT kicks her in the stomach and follows up with a DDT on the floor outside of the ring. The fans begin to shout their displeasement.

Blackfront: it wa sall a rouse! It was all a rouse! Kathryn Vermont Thomas.. she's.. she's apart of this... this...

Ace: This Dynasty! I mean you have the greatest in the business together, as one! it's the dream team!

Perfection just claps with approval inside the ring. He turns just as madman takes off.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski leaps!

As he flies with his legs out, Perfection grabs him in mid air and drops to two knees, slamming Madman back to the canvas. Perfection lifts Madman's legs and pushes forward, keeping his shoulders on the canvas. The referee drops and begins to count.

Blackfront: No! Not with just twenty seconds to go! No! this can't be!

Ace: It can and it is! It's a wonderful night!

The referee's hand hits the canvas for the third time and the bell sounds yet again.

Ace: He's done it! He's done it!

Blackfront: I hate to say it, but I think you are right! All perfection has to do is wait the timer out. It is carnage! La Flama Blanca and Ariel are out on the floor! Madman is out in the ring! This is terrible!

Announcer: The winner of the this pin fall.....

A loud buzzer begins to buzz.

Announcer:... and this match... the NEW... UTA CHAMPION.... PERFECTTTTIIIOOONNN!!!!

Blackfront: My lord, no! What has happened?! This can't be!

Sean Jackson CBR, and KVT all three slide into the ring. They all grab Perfection and begin to celebrate. A few moments later the referee brings over the title belt and hands it to Perfection, who snatches it away. They then hoist Perfection up on their shoulders as he holds the title close and the fans are all booing heavily.

Blackfront: This is a dark night for the UTA. This is a dark night for Madman Szalinski and his wife, who is unconscious outside of the ring with La Flama Blanca. There is no good that will come from this... this... this group of just evil individuals.

Ace: I can die a happy man! This is the most wonderful day of my life!

Blackfront: You're disgusting Tommy, just disgusting.

Suddenly, a large series of pyrotechnics begin to go off as the group continues to celebrate the new champion. The fans throw trash to show their displeasement.

Blackfront: What a night this has been folks, but it is now over, and not soon enough. We can only hope these... these animals explain themselves and that Madman, Ariel, and La Flama Blanca are all alright after this assault.

The supergroup continues to celebrate in the ring.

Blackfront: I'm Jason Blackfront...

Ace: ... And I'm Tommy Ace...

Blckfront: Thank you for tuning into Ring King right here on pay per view! We'll see you next week on Victory!

Perfection holds the title high up as we zoom in on the group and the copyright comes up before fading to black.

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